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FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

CHARLES HALLOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

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INDEX-VOL. I.

A

Adirondacks.	54
Adirondack.	54
Ampersand Mountain—Ely.	84
Folingsby's Pond.	340
Forest and Mountain Region—A great public park—New York Times.	101
Little Tupper's Lake—Markham.	303
October in—Crow.	325
Park, Proposal to make.	73, 136
French on.	244
Gov. Dix on.	353
Advertisers, A. Word to.	10
Agassiz, Prof. Louis.	
Classifying the Fish of the Western Rivers.	107
Growth of Fishes, Plan for determining.	150
School on Penikese Island.	22
The Prayer of.	279
Albanian Characteristics.	131
Albino Quail.	214
Alcohol: Why it Cures Rattlesnake Bites.	406
Allen, S. W.—A great Herdsman.	214
Alligator's Tooth.	121
American Geographical Society, Annual Meeting.	378
America's Game and Fish superior to those of Europe—H. W.	84
American Institute Fair.	136
Anadromous Fishes, Peculiarities of—Norris.	246
Anchovy, American.	5
Capture and Preservation—Brevort.	70
Ancient, Rev. Mr.—Honor to whom Honor is due.	138
Anderson, Charles J.—The Lion and the Elephant.	7
Anglers' Association—Meeting at Boston.	363
Angling Lore and Literature, Ancient.	372
Animal, Extinct, in Siberian Ice.	56
Animals, Collective Instinct in; <i>Nature</i> .	294
Charms for.	156
Longevity of.	38
Wild—Sale at Antwerp.	132
Answers to Correspondents.	
Albinism.	263
Animals, Domestic and Wild, Pulsations of.	391
Aquarium, How to make.	359
Base-ball, St. Louis Club's Trip North.	119
Bass, Black, in the Susquehanna.	215
Sent to England in 1872.	135
Bear, Grizzly, (Adams) Weight of.	391
Bear, Where to see and kill.	311
Birds and their Eggs, Work on.	183
Birds' Claws, How to cut.	199
Birds, Feigned Lameness in.	7
Birds, Taming, by Cold-water Plunges.	199
Black Wolf at Central Park.	167
Boat, Cat-rigged Sail.	327
Boat, Dimensions for one large enough to hold Two Persons.	375
Boatman, "July."	279
Body's walking.	23
Borden's Condensed Coffee.	295
Box-wood for Wood-engravers.	183
Brooklyn, Rifle Practice not allowed in.	391
California Sports—Field and Water.	407
Canada, Crossing the Line to; Custom-house Arrangement as to Guns, etc.	391
Cat-birds as Pets.	119
Cat, Domestic.	151
Cat-skin, How to dress.	183
Cedar of Lebanon.	247
Charge of Powder and Shot, How to measure.	391
Childer's time.	103
Colonge for Hunting and Trapping.	167
Cricketer, English Eleven vs. St. George.	167
Gentlemen vs. Players in England.	7
Curlew, Jack, Great Weight of a.	311
Darter.	151
DEER: Buck, Sending a ball through.	151
When they feed.	375
Dodo in the Ashmolean Museum.	199
Dogs: Beagles, Cost of.	183
Collies, How to procure.	87
Newfoundland, Loss of Appetite, Bleeding, etc., Treatment.	391
Pointer, English.	151
Pointers' Feet, How to handle.	119
Pointers' Nose, The most Difficult Work for.	375
Puppy, Cross between a Setter and a Pointer.	407
Rabbit Beagle, Cost to import.	391
Rabbit-Dogs, The best.	391
St. Bernard, in New York.	23
Setter, How to cure a Cough.	343
Setter, Irish, Raymond's Breed, etc.	23, 71
Setter, not an Original Breed of Dog.	135
Setter Puppy, How to train.	375
Setter Puppy—Is it time to cut tail?	391
Setter Puppy, Distemper.	375
Setter, The Gordon.	327
Terriers' Ears.	151
Dogs—Canker in the ear—Remedy.	279
Distemper in, How to cure.	55
Distemper, Inoculating with.	39
Vermin in, How to destroy.	167
Worms in, How to destroy.	55
Draw-poker Question.	407
Ducks, Close Season for.	39
Elephant, The largest known.	39
Elephant, Size of.	183
Elk, Ancient Irish.	199
Ely's Concentrator. What is it?	391
Falconry in America.	135
Fishing Streams—Canadian System of Guardian-ship.	7
Florida for Duck, Snipe, Quail, and Deer.	375
Gauldings—What are they?	359

Geese, Wild.	199
Geese-shooting—9-bore gun charge.	295
Greenheart—What it is.	327
Gun-barrels, Steel or Twist—Which?	391
Guns, Breech-loaders—How to load for Brant.	87
Breech-loaders, What Barrels are best for.	359
Gun cases, Lining for.	407
Gun-locks, Oil for.	119
Guns, Rusty, How to clean.	391
Guns, Hall's Breech-loading Rifle.	215
Gun, Prussian needle, Cartridges for.	215
Horses—White Saddle-Marks.	215
Horses without Hair.	263
Hunting-grounds in Pennsylvania.	385
Hyde's Fly-hook.	39
Indian Guides, What to pay.	87
Insects, To preserve.	215
Jasper's Birds of North America—Parts.	391
Lafancheux Gun.	215
Land, Your own, Right to Fish and Shoot on, at any Time.	391
Lightning, Effect of on Metals.	259
Lions and Tigers, Weight of.	311
Lurgan's Celebrity as to Dogs.	71
Mange, a Constitutional Malady.	103
Mange, Receipt for Cure of.	7
Mange, Setter-bitch with.	103
Maine, Streams in, for Fly-fishing.	375
Mediterranean, Birds of the.	167
Mercurial Ointment, Gun-barrels and.	327
Michigan for General Game.	55
Mocking-birds, Vermin in, Cure for.	71
Mocking-birds—When they begin to moult.	87
Monkeys, Method of capturing.	311
Moose-snaring in Nova Scotia.	151
Mountain Fever.	263
Mountain Rat.	375
Murray, Rev. W. H., Residence of.	407
Nepigon, Correct.	71
Persian Insect-Powder.	71
Physalia, Stinging of.	263
Pigeon sprung from a Trap, or a Quail in a Field—Which is most difficult to hit?	391
Pigeon, Wild, Domestication of.	103
Pigeons, Sexes of, by Plumage.	151
Pin Fire.	311
Plover-shooting near St. Augustine.	375
Powder, Charge for a Rifle.	263
Quail-shooting in Maryland.	295
Rabbit-breeding.	247
Rabbits, Cure for the Rot in.	199
Rain-fall in England and Eastern Countries.	103
Reptiles, How to preserve.	55
River Salmon of the Wichita.	55
Rod, A perfect Split Bamboo Single Hand Fly.	343
Rod for Trout-fishing (Dean).	375
Salmon, Pacific—Will they take a Fly?	375
"Set line"—What it is.	311
Shooting, Warren and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania, for.	407
Silk-worms.	231
Silk-worms, Food for.	263
Skins of Animals, To preserve.	23
Skylark, English, How to prevent hurting.	39
Soap, Arsenical, How to make.	199
Spanish Mackerel, High Price of.	39
Sportsman's Expense per Diem.	263
Squirrels, Grey, Scarcity of.	39
Sturgeon caught in the Tees.	199
Sun-fish, Food for.	183
Targets for Rifle-shooting.	7
Tar Ointment for Dogs' Feet.	23
Teal-shooting, Blue and Green winged, Where to find.	294
Thunder Bay to Rainy Lake—Distance.	39
Trout and Bait, How far they go for.	199
Trout, Brook, American.	199
Trout catching by Torchlight.	151
Trout eating their Spawn.	87
Trout-fishing in the Megalloway River.	375
Trout-fishing season in Pennsylvania.	39
Trout illegally caught in Maine.	407
Trout principally and Salmon occasionally, Best places for.	375
Turkeys in Honduras.	23
Virginia—No Fish Commissioner.	103
Water-proof Clothes, How to make.	267
Water-tight, How to make.	231
White-fish, Weight of.	7
White Rabbits, White Mice, and White Ferrets.	263
Woodchucks—When they go into the Burrow.	315
Woodcock, Migration of.	247
Wood-duck, Close Season.	391
Yacht Julia, "Not Your Julia."	71
Antelopes, European.	
Anticosti Island, The Journal of a Naval Officer, and other Articles.	1, 33, 50, 65
Ants, Strange Effect of Terror on.	43
Apes, Anthropoid—Hensen's Concern.	37
Aquarium, The New York.	250
Appleton's Journal on.	136
Arabs, Six-toed.	158
Arbor Vitæ.	7
Arctic Exploration—English Expedition—The proposed.	344
<i>Polaris</i> , and Capt. Hall's Death, Investigation.	185
Argonaut—Clarke.	113
Art Exhibition in Brooklyn.	391
Asha-tees, British War with.	138
<i>Pull Mall Gazette</i> Description.	55
Athletic Sports.	
Boating and Gymnastic Club Races, New York.	11
Cornell Sports.	219
Dartmouth College Exercises.	167

Excercise, Out-of-doors.	296
McGill University Sports.	219
National Amateur Gymnastic and Athletic Tournament Association—What it was organized for, etc.	28, 219
New Era of Athletic Sports.	8
New York Club, Annual Meeting.	135
Stevens's Institute Association.	231
Atkins, Chas. G.—Fish-hatching and Mild Weather.	396
Atlantic City, N. J., May shooting at—"Homo".	402
August 12th in England.	55
Avery John, Snow-shoeing in Maine.	386
Avery Pun.	188
Avilude, The Game of.	14
B	
Baden Baden Gone to the Dogs.	121
Bahamas, Fishing in— <i>Wilson's Journal</i> .	227
Bailey, J. M., <i>Danbury News Man</i> , FOREST AND STREAM Notice of by.	125
Baird, Prof. Spencer L.	
Food Fishes in the United States.	330
Salmon in the Hudson.	233
Salmon in Port Edward Waters.	293
Salmon, Young, Introduction into New York Waters.	347
Snakes: Do They Hiss.	327
Water Gar-fish.	375
Baker, Sir Samuel and Lady.	187
Ball Cartridges.	249
Balloon, <i>Graphic</i> .	10, 72
Balloon, Pointevin, Horse Experiment.	84
Barnum Advertises for a Whipper-in.	378
Base-Ball.	
Athletics vs. Philadelphia.	151
Atlantics vs. Athletics.	59
Bostons vs. Baltimores.	151
Championship Games.	135
Championship Question Settled.	189
Mutual vs. Baltimore.	151
Mutual vs. Philadelphia.	87
National Amateur Convention.	371
Chadwick on.	396
Oneida Club—Games Played in 1873.	284
Players, National Amateur Association of, Antagonism towards Champion.	413
Princeton Season.	230
Reform, The Movers in the Cause of.	413
Season of 1873, Games Played, Won, and Lost in White Stockings vs. Mutual.	135
Bass, Black.	
Fishing in Prime.	43
Fishing in the Maumee.	163
Fishing at No Man's Land and Niantic.	43
Fishing in the Upper Potomac.	75
Fishing in Wisconsin and Minnesota Lakes.	13
In the Delaware River.	407
Placed in the North Branch of the Susquehanna and Lehigh Rivers.	107
Transportation, Brakeley.	347
Will They Take the Fly?	135
Kirby.	140
H. W. B.	188
Holberton and others.	195
Cornell Correspondent.	218
S. W. G.	219
Letters.	236, 252
F. L. King.	267
Mills.	314
Bass, Sea.	203
Bass, Striped, Something about.	41
"Squeetage" at Robin's Reef.	67
Battue Discussion.	393
Battue Shooting Contest.	378
Batty, J. H.	
U. S. Geological Survey.	35
Bird-stuffing.	217
Ducks, Strange.	391
Eagle River Country.	389
Mounting Birds with Closed Wings.	372
Muldeer.	292
Rocky Mountain Hare.	310
White-tailed Ptarmigan.	390
Zoological Collectors, a Hint to.	406
Bears, Black, How to Find.	156
Bear, Brown, A Plea for.	10
Bear, Grizz'y, Killing— <i>Tribune</i> Cor. with Hayden's Expedition.	89
Bear-shooting—Carpenter.	355
Bear, Where to Hit—Mead.	355
Bears of the Pyrenees.	359
Beardslee, Commodore, L. A.—Wild Fishing among the Kroos.	3
Correction.	163
Beaver-breeding.	183
Beecher, Rev. H. W.—Rules for Fishermen.	43
Beef, Fresh, from Australia.	170
Bermudas, The.	311
Bertram, Bob—Back Lakes of Canada.	321
Betting in England.	5
Anomalies of.	39
Beverly, Fred—Coon, Fooling a.	198
Peregrine Falcon.	181
Wild Life in Florida.	193, 209, 225, 241
Billiards.	
Boston Three-Ball French Carom Tournament.	284
Chicago Tournament.	252
Daly-Maggioli Match.	396
Daly vs. Garner, Champion One Game in New York.	135
Daly vs. Slosson, Chicago.	220

Dion vs. Snyder, Chicago.	220
Garnier-Ubassy Match. Game at Tammany Hall.	413
Slosson, Geo. H., the Wonder.	348
Ubassy-Maurice Daily Match in New York.	317
Birds.	
Migration, and the Telegraph of.	312
Birds, Early Habits of—Maille.	153
Flight of, <i>Nature</i> on.	294
Gluttony of.	134
How to Stuff—Batty.	217
Paradise, Birds of, Researches after.	200
Rare—R. S. N.	273
Sagacity of— <i>Spectator</i> .	101
Walking Under Water— <i>Land and Water</i> on.	7
Cones on.	149
What Results from their Slaughter.	103
Blooming Grove Park Association, Annual Dinner.	378
Beagle Pups, Giles's Letter on.	414
Hunting at—Clapp.	326
Blot, Prof., Frying Fish.	179
Blue Fish, Information Concerning.	35
Large Takes.	12
Numerous on the New England Coast.	140
Trolling for, by Steam.	43
Boar-hunting in Africa.	339
Bogardus, A. H.—Reply to Ira Paine.	381
Boardman, Geo. A.—Attractions of Natural Science.	68
Boating.	
Amherst College Crew, F.	220
Argonauta Rowing Association, Sketch of.	316
Argonauts, The Lady.	169
Atalanta Club Regatta.	27
Atalanta Club, Annual Meeting.	380
Atalanta and Nassau Clubs, Shell Race.	187
Blackie's "Ten Years Among the Rowing Men."	9
Buffalo Clubs.	103
Buffalo Season—Sheehan.	269
Cat-Boat Race at Newport.	124
Clark-Fruax Scull Race.	140
Columbia Club Regatta.	124
Cloud, Jos. C.—Fatal Termination of His Rowing Experiment.	172
College Regatta—Rowing Association of American Colleges—Convention, Hartford.	397
Editorial Comment on.	392
Captain Dana on.	412
The Decision to Have it in July—H. on.	413
Amherst College Crew, Withdrawal from— <i>Amherst Student</i> on.	413
Cornell Navy, Fall Regatta.	187
Effect of Practice, Prof. Hitchcock on.	9
Harlem Rowing Club vs. Nassau Club.	103
Harlem Rowing Club Regatta.	124
Harvard's Defeat at Springfield Regatta—Holden.	203
Herbert Regwat, Rowing Feat of.	168
Hibernian—Black Rock Rowing Match.	172
<i>Land and Water</i> Criticism.	301
Loose-Roche Race.	93
Low-Atterbury Race.	140
Nassau of New York vs. Analostars Race.	140
National Amateur Regatta at Philadelphia.	153
Neptune vs. Argonauts Race.	172
Nereld Club Barge Race.	124
New Orleans Boating Club, Sketch of.	269
Oarsmen—American vs. English.	216
Oneida Club of Jersey City Regatta.	93
Philadelphia Clubs.	364
Pipenbrink-Moseley Race.	73
Princeton Aroused—"Champion."	398
Regatta Management, Amateur.	53
Ridgefield Rowing Club Regatta.	126
St. John International Regatta.	103
Saratoga Lake Amateur Regatta.	77, 89, 92
Saratoga Rowing Association, Amateur Rowing Clubs, The Addresses of, and.	413
Southworth Cup, Scull Race for.	237
Professional Oarsman, Letter of a.	57
Wesleyan University, Record of.	236
Yale College Regattas.	172, 236
Bonner Vanderbilt Horse Rivalry.	45
Book Reviews.	
Adventures by Sea and Land.	270
Against the Stream.	256
Alcide Hamilton, Penridocke.	158
American Agriculturist.	62
Ames, Mary C., Outlines of Men, Women and Things.	46
Bain, Alex., Mind and Body.	233
Bazaar of Health.	93
Beadle, J. H., Undeveloped West.	62
Benedict, Frank L., Miss Dorothy's Charge.	349
Blackburn, Henry, Artists and Arabs.	359
Braddon, Miss—Strangers and Pilgrims.	153
Breech-loaders, by Sloan.	78
Bryant, W. C., Library of Poetry and Song.	382
Bulwer's Novels.	398
Buyer's Guide to Manufacturing Towns of Great Britain.	206
Campbell, Ewing, The Mask Lifter.	382
Canadian Monthly and National Review.	14
Cary, Alice and Phebe, Last Poem of.	46
Castelar, Emilio, Old Rome and New Italy.	46
Clement, Clara E., Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works.	333
Coleridge, A. D., Recent Music and Musicians.	333
Concordance to the Constitution of the United States—Stearns.	46
Coues, Dr. Elliott, Key to North American Birds.	393
Corwin, Caroline F., His Marriage Vow.	270
Cottage and Constructive Architecture.	158
Cozzens, Sam'l W., The Marvelous Country.	333
Daggett, Mrs. N., Grammar of Painting and Engraving.	110
Danish Story-teller.	160

Dawson, J. W., The Earth and Man... 251
 De Forest, J. W., The Wetheral Affair... 414
 De Girardin, Madame Emile, The Cross of Berny... 333
 Dodge, Mary Mape—Hans Brinker... 334
 Eclectic Educational Series... 414
 Edwards, Mrs. Annie—Miss Forrester... 318
 Elliott, Francis, Romance of Old Court Life in France... 174
 Estes, Dana, Scientific Amusements... 30
 Fern, Fanny, Parton's Memorial Volume... 398
 Field, Kate, Hap-hazard... 30
 Fire, Protection Against... 46
 Flammarion's Atmosphere... 238
 Fleming, Mary Agnes, A Wonderful Woman... 206
 Florida, Rambler's Guide to... 302
 Foster, Dr. J. W., The Mound-builders... 62
 Fox-hunting—Raced... 302
 French Home-life... 333
 Gallengo, A., The Pearl of the Antilles... 414
 Garrett, Edward, Crooked Places... 349
 The Dead Sin... 254
 Greatorex, Eliza, Summer Etchings in Colorado... 382
 Grow, Alex. M., Good Morals and Gentle Manners... 414
 Guinness, Mrs. Grattan, She Spoke of Him... 238
 Hamlin, Dr., The Tourmaline... 158
 Harland, Marian, Jessamine... 206
 Higginson, Col., Oldport Days... 110
 Holden, Chas. F., Book of Birds... 302
 Holland, J. G., Arthur Bonnicastle... 153
 Illustrated Library of Favorite Songs... 190
 Howson, J. S., The Character of St. Paul... 254
 Jasper, Theodore, Birds of North America... 333
 Jewett, John P... 174
 Kinney, Elizabeth C., Bianca Capello—A Tragedy... 302
 Kirby, Mary and Elizabeth, Chapters on Trees... 332
 Land of Moab... 302
 Lankester, Edwin, Half-Hours with the Microscope... 254
 Le Moine, J. M., Maple Leaves... 206
 Lewis, Geo. H., Story of Goethe's Life... 254
 Little Camp on Eagle Hill... 238
 Longfellow, W. W., Aftermath... 318
 Logan, Olive, They Met by Chance... 110
 Lunt, Geo., Old New England Traits... 46
 Maitland, Edward, By and By... 286
 Matthews, Joanna H., Fanny's Birthday Gift... 286
 Maynard, C. T., Birds of Florida... 153
 Miriam Montford... 302
 Nason, Rev. Elias, Gazeteer of Massachusetts... 398
 Newhouse, S., Trapper's Guide... 46
 Nordhoff, Charles, California... 110
 Northern Lights... 318
 Packard, A. S., Our Common Insects... 238
 Pickering, E. C., Physical Manipulation... 254
 Picturesque Normandy... 238
 Pike, Nicholas, Sub-Tropical Rambles... 238
 Power, Rev. P., Truffle Nephews... 222
 Prime, W. C., I Go a-Fishing... 46
 PUNCH, Rev. W. M., Lectures and Sermons... 158
 Pyrenees, A Tour Through... 236
 Ravenswood, Edmund Dawu... 254
 Raymond, Dr. R. W., Silver and Gold... 318
 Reade, Charles, A Simpleton... 222
 Redden, Laura C., Sounds from Secret Chambers... 333
 Reid, Christian, Nina's Atonement... 238
 Rifle Practice, Manual for... 238
 Roehrig, H. L. O., Shortest Route to Germany... 302
 Roe, Rev. H. P., Play and Profit in My Garden... 63
 What Can She Do?... 284
 Romain Kalhris... 190
 St. Nicholas... 236
 Savage, Ed. H., Boston by Daylight and Darkness... 93
 Saxe Holmes's Stories... 333
 Schwartz, Mary S., The Son of the Organ-Grinder... 349
 Schwartz, Sophie, Little Kaven... 222
 Smith, H. Perry, Modern Babes in the Wood... 254
 Soule and Camp, A Pronouncing Handbook... 270
 Sparkle, Sophia, Sparkles from Saratoga... 93
 Spier, Robert F., Going South for the Winter... 126
 Stanley, H. M., My Kailulu... 359
 Stephens, C., Lix-hunting... 302
 Stephens, C. A., On the Amazons... 349
 Stoddard, Charles Warren, South Sea Idyls... 183
 Stowe, Catherine Beecher, House-keeping and Health-keeping... 46
 Stowe, H. B., Women in Sacred History... 333
 Stretton, Hestia, Hester Morley's Promise... 238
 Sweetzer, B. S., The Ministry We Need... 46
 Taine's Tour Through the Pyrenees... 302
 Taylor, J. E., Geological Stories... 238
 The Chronotype... 174
 The Portrait... 270
 The Wooing—O. T... 302
 Trowbridge, J. T., Doing His Best... 318
 Trull, Dr., Digestion and Dyspepsia... 93
 Turnbull, Charlotte, The Laurences... 333
 Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea... 14
 Tyeman, Rev. L., Oxford Methodists... 110
 Under the Greenwood Tree... 14
 Verne, Jules, The Tour of the World in Eighty Days... 14
 Wallace, Gen. Lew., The Fair God... 110
 Wandering Willie... 318
 Wells, S. K., Science of Health... 254
 White Rose and Red... 238
 Wright, D. T., Mrs. Armington's Ward... 332
Bots in Horses.
 Brakeley, John H., Black Bass Transportation... 205
 Brains Overworked... 182
 Brassey, Thos., Member of Parliament, An Amateur Captain with a Master's Certificate... 412
 Brech-Loaders. See Guns.
Brevort, J. Carson.
 Anchovy... 5
 Capture and Preservation of... 7
 Gurnard as an Edible Fish... 86
 Sprat and the Whitebait... 38
 Brighton Aquarium, Method of Feeding, etc... 119
 Brown, Geo., the Famous Sculler... 348
 Challenge of... 394
 Brown, Harvey H., on the Lorillard Badge for Pigeon shooting... 106
 "Buckague," Veteran... 411
 Buckland's Museum, Description... 38
 Buckner, Mrs. Gen., Property Return Story... 93
 Buffalo Fish... 107
 Buffalo, Cheyenne Leader's Appeal for... 28
 Buffalo, Destruction of... 152
 Waste of Animal Life on the Prairies, How to Correct... 376
 Buffalo Fight... 207
 Buffalo Hunting with the Pawnees—Ornis... 335
 Bullet, Explosive, Meigs—Mead, Jr., on... 283
 Burdett Cousta, Baroness, Nets, Prevention from Rotting, Prize Essay... 285
 Burghley House, Fish-breeding at... 406
 Bush-extirmination, Fine for... 198
 Bushey, Hamilton, Rules of the Turf, Reform in Articles in Harper's Monthly and N. Y. Times... 44
 Busy Workers, Recreation for... 26
 Butcher Bird, Notes on... R. P. C... 391
 Butler, Lieut., The Great Lone Land... 313

The Hunter-Naturalist in... 369
 Winter Sports in, G. M. F., Jr... 273
 Canadian Monthly—Hallock's Fishing Tourist, Notice... 142
 Cannibalism in China... 56
 Cape May—a Venerable Fisherman's Complaint... 25
 Cape Breton, Salmon Fishing on the Margaree, J. H. R... 401
 Cape Breton's Seaboard lined with Wrecks... 73
 Cape Brevoort... 138
 Caribou-hunting in Nova Scotia, Purdy's, T. F. C. T... 100
 Hunting—Le Moine... 325
 Carp, Germana, in California... 38
 Carpenter, Lt. W. L., where to hit a Bear... 355
 Cartridge Wad, W. B. Hall's Tool for Fastening... 395
 Cat, Leap of, Wilder... 118
 Cat, Wild—Germantown Telegraph on... 171
 Cattle Disease in England... 297
 Cattle, Short-horns, New York Mills Sale... 89
 Cattle Transportation, McCarthy's Method for... 57
 Centennial, The... 329
 Central Park Menagerie, Animals in, on 1st April, 1873... 22
 Animals Presented to... 118
 Conklin's Report... 184
 Century Plant, Mr. Lee's... 102
 Chadwick, Henry, Amateur Base-Ball Convention... 396
 Chalna—Curious Fish... 54
 Chamois Stalking in the Tyrol—Field... 329
 Chesapeake and its Tributaries for Sportsmen... 220
 Chesapeake Bay—Wild Fowl on the Upper Waters—Wild... 251
 Child's, Geo. W., Cowper and Herbert Memorials... 237
 China, Fish Culture in, Hunter Correspondence... 169
 Fish Protection in... 86
 Chinese Ladies' Feet... 261
 Chipmunks, Instinct of... 342
 Christmas... 312
 Cinchona, Culture of... 265
 Cincinnati Acclimatization Society... 269
 Clams in the Mountain—Tribune... 180
 Clapp, A. F., Hunting at Blooming Grove Park... 326
Clarke, S. C.
 Argonaut, The... 118
 Fishes of East Florida... 257
 Instinct in Young Pointers... 311
 Pointer Belle's Photograph... 410
 Pointers—Anglo-American Field Trial, The Proposed... 394
 Sea Trout, Stock Rivers with, Why not?... 123
 Shot-gun Fishing... 236
 Clerk, Dr. Wm. F., Extract of a Letter from... 173
 Clergyman—Base-Ball Playing, by Rev. Mr. Hege-man... 5
 Clergymen as Cricketers and Sportsmen... 104
 Climate—Man's ability to moderate it... 279
 Climate, Changes in, Kingsley... 6
 Club, Wide-Awake... 171
 Clubs—How they are Started in England... 119
 Coaching in Ireland... 21
 Coaching, Revival of... 25
 Cockney and Duffer, Origin of... 247
 Cold Room, Sleeping in... 229
 Pointers, Young, Instinct in... 279
 Prize and Field Dogs... 328
 Puppy Twelve Weeks Old... 86
 Puppies, Training—"Homo"... 382
 Queen's Hounds at Melton... 295
 Rail ads and the Shipping of—New Arrangement... 395
 Retrievers, Breaking... 382
 For Duck-shooting... 166
 Land... 119
 Sixteen to Three Gentlemen... 410
 Sketch... 119
 Setter, A Young, Experience with—Geo. C. E... 162
 Setters, Breeding Distinct... 278
 Dash, an Irish Setter worth £500... 410
 Field Trial Rules to Suit American-bred Setters... 410
 Setter Puppies, Training of—C. B... 246
 Setters, Value of... 38
 Sagacity in Dogs—Washington "Farm"... 86
 Scotch Deer-hounds, Mr. S. L. M. Barlow's... 71
 Sheep-dogs—How they Train them in California... 279
 Show "Rows" in England... 346
 Siberian Dogs—Sketch... 134
 Sporting Dogs, Food for... 262
 Stag-hounds of Queen Victoria... 282
 Stag-hound, The Old-fashioned... 353
 Terrier... 214
 Thorough-bred or Ordinary-bred Dog—R. C. F. on... 323
 Tracing Stolen Goods by a Dog... 353
 Toronto Hounds, Hunting with... 134
 Wild Dogs on Long Island... 22
 Worms in Dogs, How to Cure... 103
 Dolphins and Jonah's Whale... 280
 Donkeys in Mexico... 295
 Dragon-Fly, Wyman on... 134
Dramatic and Musical.
 Amaranth Association (Amateur)... 378
 Big Fiddle, The... 142
 Black Crook at Nihil's, New York... 29
 Financial Panic and the Theatres... 173
 Geneva Cross... 174
 Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, The New—A Marvel of Beauty... 285
 Italian Sunday Concert, Rehearsal of... 237
 Keene, Laura, The Late, Career of... 221
 Led Astray, at the Union Square Theatre... 349
 Lucina and Tamberlik in New York... 142
 Marionettes in New York... 94
 Morris, Clara, in the Wicked World... 238
 New Broadway at Broadway Theatre, New York... 222
 New York Lyceum Theatre, Inauguration... 94
 Nilsson as Violetta... 126
 Opera in New York—Strakosch... 254
 Opera in New Orleans... 205
 Parricide at Fifth Avenue Theatre... 317
 Salvini as Hamlet... 142
 As Othello... 110
 Dinner to... 189
 Tamberlik in New York... 14
 Thompson, Lydia, Troupe in New York... 62
 Torriani the Gallant... 157
 Wallack's "as an Established Institution"... 78
 Wandering Jew at New York Grand Opera House... 94
 Dredging, Deep Sea—"Piseco"... 129
 Drumfish, Coaxing a—Piseco... 403
 Dublin in the 18th Century... 23
 Ducking on 'Change... 104
 Du Chailu, Paul—Return from Norway... 302
Ducks.
 Black, at Fire Island... 220
 Duck, Canvas-back, in Wisconsin—Valentine... 147
 Duck, Eider—F. B... 166
 Duck, Hybrid—Hooper... 374
 Duck-shooting in Canada... 204
 Duck-shooting in New Brunswick—Wilson... 353
 Duck-shooting on the Montezuma Marshes, Seneca City, New York... 106
 Duck—Strange, "Homo," and Batty... 342
 Duck—The Great Head—Merrick Bay Shooting-ground... 238
 Duck, The Ruddy—While call a Coot?—Wanderer... 411
 Duck Tolling, How it is done... 204
 Duck; Wood in Cumberland River Bottoms... 171
 Dumas' Pets... 69
 Dutcher, J. C.—Wild Goose Chase... 178

Deer in Season... 42
 Deer of Florida... 156
 Deer-stalking... 137
 Deer-stalking—Humphries and Count Nersgar-roo... 316
 Deer-stalking in Minnesota, Haviland... 411
 Deer vs. Sheep... 329
 De Montebello, Count, Shooting in America... 267
 Dhole of India, Land and Water on... 115
 Diana at Terre Haute... 315
 Dingo, The... 54
 Doctors ought to Drive... 215
 Dodd's Express... 72
 Dog Law... 182
 Dog, A Boy Rescued by... 202
Dogs.
 An Artist's Ambition—N. Y. Times... 99
 Anecdotes of Dogs—Flora's Despair, Schuyler's Setter Jack... 294
 Beagles... 151
 Black and Tan and Turtle... 202
 Boar-hound... 182
 Brain, Weight in Dogs—Wilder... 53
 Breaking Dogs... 230
 Flogging... 297
 Deer-hound, Habits of... 103
 Distemper in Dogs... 323
 Can Dogs Reason, B. and "Circle"... 343
 Pointers, Intelligence of—E. S. on Tripp... 358
 Wyman... 394
 Chesapeake Water-Dog... 151
 Chinese Edible Dogs... 39
 Collie—Peculiarities... 6
 England, Tax on Dogs in... 202
 Field and Water Spaniels... 71
 Fleas in Dogs, Persian Insect-Powder for... 166
 Fox-hound, The... 86
 Fox-hounds of Georgia, R. P. M... 382
 Fox-hounds of Virginia, Dr. A. W... 394
 Fox-hound—Sneed, R. S.—Letter—Wager... 119
 Fox-hounds—Suit Challenge... 53
 Greyhound, Affection of... 246
 Greyhounds—Cross-breeds... 182
 Greyhounds, Irish, Scotch, Persian, Italian... 134
 Harper's Drawer on... 39
 Harriers... 202
 Intelligence of Dogs, Nature on... 53
 Kennels—Cleanliness... 358
 "Mac," Death of... 202
 Mange in Dogs, How to Cure... 103
 Montargis, The Dog of... 246
 Paris, Fido in... 119
 Peoria, Ill.—Dog in Delirium Tremens... 53
 Pointer, A Disgusted... 151
 Pointers, American... 38
 Belle, the Champion Pointer of England, Prizes won by... 377
 Pointers and Setters—Field Trials, Directions for... 166
 Pointers—Anglo-American Match—Price—Mac-dona Challenge, Correspondence regarding, etc., 296, 312, 317, 344, 346, 360, 377, 392, 394, 410
 Pointers, Young, Instinct in... 279
 Prize and Field Dogs... 328
 Puppy Twelve Weeks Old... 86
 Puppies, Training—"Homo"... 382
 Queen's Hounds at Melton... 295
 Rail ads and the Shipping of—New Arrangement... 395
 Retrievers, Breaking... 382
 For Duck-shooting... 166
 Land... 119
 Sixteen to Three Gentlemen... 410
 Sketch... 119
 Setter, A Young, Experience with—Geo. C. E... 162
 Setters, Breeding Distinct... 278
 Dash, an Irish Setter worth £500... 410
 Field Trial Rules to Suit American-bred Setters... 410
 Setter Puppies, Training of—C. B... 246
 Setters, Value of... 38
 Sagacity in Dogs—Washington "Farm"... 86
 Scotch Deer-hounds, Mr. S. L. M. Barlow's... 71
 Sheep-dogs—How they Train them in California... 279
 Show "Rows" in England... 346
 Siberian Dogs—Sketch... 134
 Sporting Dogs, Food for... 262
 Stag-hounds of Queen Victoria... 282
 Stag-hound, The Old-fashioned... 353
 Terrier... 214
 Thorough-bred or Ordinary-bred Dog—R. C. F. on... 323
 Tracing Stolen Goods by a Dog... 353
 Toronto Hounds, Hunting with... 134
 Wild Dogs on Long Island... 22
 Worms in Dogs, How to Cure... 103
 Dolphins and Jonah's Whale... 280
 Donkeys in Mexico... 295
 Dragon-Fly, Wyman on... 134
Dramatic and Musical.
 Amaranth Association (Amateur)... 378
 Big Fiddle, The... 142
 Black Crook at Nihil's, New York... 29
 Financial Panic and the Theatres... 173
 Geneva Cross... 174
 Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, The New—A Marvel of Beauty... 285
 Italian Sunday Concert, Rehearsal of... 237
 Keene, Laura, The Late, Career of... 221
 Led Astray, at the Union Square Theatre... 349
 Lucina and Tamberlik in New York... 142
 Marionettes in New York... 94
 Morris, Clara, in the Wicked World... 238
 New Broadway at Broadway Theatre, New York... 222
 New York Lyceum Theatre, Inauguration... 94
 Nilsson as Violetta... 126
 Opera in New York—Strakosch... 254
 Opera in New Orleans... 205
 Parricide at Fifth Avenue Theatre... 317
 Salvini as Hamlet... 142
 As Othello... 110
 Dinner to... 189
 Tamberlik in New York... 14
 Thompson, Lydia, Troupe in New York... 62
 Torriani the Gallant... 157
 Wallack's "as an Established Institution"... 78
 Wandering Jew at New York Grand Opera House... 94
 Dredging, Deep Sea—"Piseco"... 129
 Drumfish, Coaxing a—Piseco... 403
 Dublin in the 18th Century... 23
 Ducking on 'Change... 104
 Du Chailu, Paul—Return from Norway... 302
Ducks.
 Black, at Fire Island... 220
 Duck, Canvas-back, in Wisconsin—Valentine... 147
 Duck, Eider—F. B... 166
 Duck, Hybrid—Hooper... 374
 Duck-shooting in Canada... 204
 Duck-shooting in New Brunswick—Wilson... 353
 Duck-shooting on the Montezuma Marshes, Seneca City, New York... 106
 Duck—Strange, "Homo," and Batty... 342
 Duck—The Great Head—Merrick Bay Shooting-ground... 238
 Duck, The Ruddy—While call a Coot?—Wanderer... 411
 Duck Tolling, How it is done... 204
 Duck; Wood in Cumberland River Bottoms... 171
 Dumas' Pets... 69
 Dutcher, J. C.—Wild Goose Chase... 178

Elaphure of China—Theo. Gillon... 243
 Elephant Foot-stools... 71
 Elephant-shooting—Anderson's Book... 71
 Elizabethtown Letter—D. B. S... 171
 Elk-hunting in Nebraska—Ornis... 116
 Ely, Dr. W. W.—Amersand Mountain... 84
 English Game Laws, Possible Changes in... 200
 English Hawthorn... 229
 English House of Commons vs. House of Lords—Steeplechase Contest... 329
 Englishmen, Why they are so Rough in Print... 410
 English Statesmen, Sporting... 23
 Epizootic—Horses most Liable to Attack—Cressey... 138
 Estes, Dr. D. C.—Fishing in Lake Pepin... 337
 Evans, Geo., Black Bass Fishing by Exhibition, the one to be held at the Royal Albert Hall... 26
 Exploration—Yale Party... 293

F

Famine in India... 345
 Farriery, English Blue Book on... 74
 Fever and Ague Destroying Tree (Eucalyptus Globulus)... 310
 Fever, Hay... 151
 Field Clubs—A Suggestion... 266
 Fire-arms, Instructions to a Nephew Regarding Use of... 300
 Fire—Fashion Stud Farm Stables at Trenton, N. J... 74
 Fires, Carbonic Acid Gas to put out... 169
 Fires on Long Island... 10
Fish.
 Fish Commission, United States—Names of Members... 89
 Fish-culture in America—Mather... 10, 260
 Ainsworth Screens... 406
 New York Hatching-house—Mather... 341
 Practical... 212
 Tagg's Trout and Salmon Farm... 22
 Vrank's Experiments—Mather... 323
 Fish Culturists' Association, American... 363
 Fish, Fresh-water—Chevalier's Report... 341
 Fish—Fulton Market, Rare Specimens at... 6
 Fish-hatching and Mild Weather—Atkins... 396
 Fish, Hybrid—Wilmot's Production... 22
 Fish Jewelry from Denmark... 74
 Fish, Migration of... 88
 Fish more of a Relish than a Food, London Times on... 118
 Fish of the Great Western Lakes—Milner... 344
 Fish Preserve in the Adirondacks... 10
 Fish, Queer—Medusa... 407
 Fish, Rotation of—L. W. L... 290
 Fish-story from Dundee, Scotland... 75
 Fish Swallowing other Fish... 33
 Fish, Temperature and, New York Tribune on... 41
 Fisher, Trapping the... 395
 Fisheries—Protection in Canada... 73
 Fishery Commissioners, List of... 397
 Fishes Food in the United States—Prof. Baird's Questions... 370
 Fishes Food and Game—Prof. Baird's Letter... 336
 Fishes, Growth of—Agassiz's Plan... 150
Fishing.
 August... 12
 Lake Superior, East Shore of... 13
 Jefferson County, New York... 122
 Maine, Routes in... 91
 Mooselucmaguntic Lake—Pennock... 173
 Northern Alabama, D. R. H. on... 122
 Rangely Lake—Wellsie... 163
 Savannah to Thunderbolt, through Ossahaw Sound... 173
 With a Shot-gun—Beardslee... 3
 Clarke on... 236
 Trout in Stanley's Creek, Va... 122
 Fishing at Holyoke Dam... 218
Florida.
 Fish, Varieties of, in... 157
 S. C. Clark on... 257
 Game of... 204
 Naturalists in... 161
 Sketches in—Fishing at St. Augustine Mountain... 260
 St. John's River—Piseco... 275
 Tallahassee, Environs of—Monmouth... 292
 Wild Life in—Camping among the Seminoles, 193, 209, 225
 Salt Lake... 241
 Winter in—L. I. H... 156
 Flowers, Colors of, and the Earth—A New Chemical Discovery... 15
 Flowers—Fresh-blown in Winter... 165
 Fly-tying—Firm Fly... 373
 Food-dorl... 105
 Food Adulteration... 266
 Food, John—Return from the Western Lakes... 92
Football:
 Association Rules... 189
 Columbia vs. Rutgers... 231
 Convention in New York, Harvard and... 230
 First Match of the Season... 189
 New Haven Match... 286
 Yale Twenty vs. Eaton... 298
Foot-raes:
 Allison vs. Crandall... 231
 Nears vs. Kerransue... 230
 Racingly Women—The New Camilla... 41
FOREST AND STREAM—Announcement.
 Florida Expedition of... 360
 People, Press Opinions of... 46
 FOREST AND STREAM Sportsmen's Club... 312
 Forest City Shooting Club, Shooting Grounds of... 384
 Officers—Statistics... 235
 Forest, Petrified, in California... 165
Forests. (See also Timber.)
 Clearing of, What the Germans say about effect of... 89
 Committee on the Legislation Necessary for Preservation of... 397
 Concervancy of—Maine Farmer... 339
 Cultivation of—Country Gentleman on... 6
 Cutting Away, Effect of, Prof. Newberry on... 26
 Influence of, on Air and Soil—Plaggi... 149
 Preservation of, Dr. Hough on... 56
 Their Effect on Man... 312
 Fossils in Colorado... 169
 Fowler, Dr., New Reel of... 412
 Fox, A Highland... 199
 Fox-Trapping—C. L. Whitman... 310
 France, First Grenadier of... 231
 French Game Laws—Hunting... 137
 French Game Laws, Change in... 330
 French Geographical Society—Amounts Awarded to Travelers... 266
 French Horn, The... 316
 French, Rev. Clement J.—Adirondack Park... 266
 Great Blue Heron as Destroyers of Fish... 93
 Frog, Common... 379
 Frog Culture... 379
 Frogs, Migration of... 103
 Frogs Preying on Mice... 86
 Frost-Fish... 330
 Fur, Structure and Action of... 188
 Fur Trade of Leipsic... 396

C
 Caledonia Club of Brooklyn, Anniversary... 59
 Caledonia Club of New York, Annual Meeting... 76
 Callaghan, Dan, el, a Centenarian... 314
 California, Science in... 152
Canada.
 Fishing Laws—Venning... 377
 Fishing Sport vs. Slaughter—Whitcher... 397
 Ontario, Game Protection in... 381
 Population, Statistics from Canadian Monthly... 398
 Shooting in... 168
 Le Moine, on... 158
 St. Clair Flats, Shooting in... 381
 Sports in Lac a Belle Truite, G. M. F., Jr... 338
 Summer Sports in Pêche à Malcolm, T. M. F., Jr... 355

D
 Decatur, Geese, Swans, Brant, and Ducks Nesting in... 235
 Dakota Territory, Grouse-shooting in—Edgar... 331
 Dana, Capt., on the Rowing Association Convention... 412
Deaths.
 Agassiz, Louis J. R... 296
 Ball, Dr. Wm. B... 409
 Coste, Jean J., M. C... 121
 Grundy, James... 297
 Heenan, John C... 185
 Howard, P. R., shot by James... 204
 Landseer, Sir Edwin... 137
 Livingstone, Dr. David... 394
 MacMartin, Peter... 163
 Ronald, Sir Francis... 9
 Sabattis, John D... 363
 Todd, Rev. John... 46
 Woodruff, Lieut... 157
 Debts, a New Way to Collect... 361
 Decoys, Unserviceableness of... 282
 Deems, Rev. Dr. Charles F., on the Horse and the FOREST AND STREAM... 40, 44
Deer.
 Does, Antlered... 327
 Deer-driving in the Adirondacks—Dominie... 405
 Deer Feet—Mounting Transit... 357
 Deer at Hallow Lake... 141
 Deer-hunt—My First Transit... 277
 Deer-hunting in Canada—Toronto Club... 290
 Deer-hunting in Maryland—Observer... 243
 Deer-hunting, Metaphysics of... 120
 Deer-hunting in Minnesota, Bedford... 353

E
 Eagle, Flight of... 85
 Airy on... 102
 Eagle of the Tyrol... 375
 Eagle River Country—Batty... 389
 Eagle vs. Tom-Cat. A Combat in the Air. "Canvas-back"... 82
 Eagles—Battle in the Air... 71
 Echo at Canandaigua Lake... 199
 Education—Scientific, Quatrefage's Defence of... 84
 Eel-Killer—A. M. S. on... 140

G
 Gamblers of Monaco, Field on... 894
 Gambling. Does Racing encourage it?... 21
 Game District, Smyth County, Va... 106
 Game in Wayne County, Indiana... 106
 Game, Killing, out of Season, Rev. W. H. H. Murray on... 24
 Game, New York Association for Protection of, Meeting... 293
 Game shipped to New York during the Season... 350
 Gardening, Window or Parlor—Olipod Quill, Articles on... 278, 293, 326, 357, 390, 405
 Georgia Antiquities... 35

Game Protection. Mr. Mills's Bill..... 395
Hunting in..... 238
Geese-shooting, Chincoteague Island, C. B..... 301
Dutcher on..... 178
Gentlemen Riders who can't ride..... 279
Geological Survey, U. S.—Batty..... 35
Gill, Theo.—Elaphure of China..... 242
Mistakes in..... 265
Gloucester Fishermen—Proctor's Book..... 360
Goat Paradise..... 187
Goode, G. Brown. Moon Sickness..... 99
Snakes shedding their Skins..... 356
Snakes swallowing their Young..... 118
Goodenough Horse-shoes..... 359
Gore, Sir George, St. George, Shooting Expedition in America..... 395
Grant and his Four-in-hand, Col. Thorp on..... 69
Graphic—"The Chromometrical Differentiations of Hippophagic Speed"..... 60
Grasses—Dried nature in a Florida parlor..... 390
Gray Clay Discovery in Colorado..... 126
Graying, American—Fitzhugh..... 92
Grayling Fishing..... 122
Graying of Michigan..... 280
"Notes" on..... 314
Green River country—Ornis..... 212
Greenwood, Grace, on Dogs..... 22
Gregory, J. U.—Winnish Fishing..... 53

Grouse.
Blue Grouse, where found..... 28
Cannape, 'he, for shooting..... 106
Hunting in Grass. Winkle Club..... 117
Indiana, Shooting in, Amateur..... 98
Moors destroyed by over-shooting..... 162
Pinnated, where to be found..... 28
Dallas County, Iowa..... 268
Of North America—Ridgeway..... 289
Ruffed, Season..... 12
In prime..... 156
Shooting in Scotland, Cost of..... 153
A bad season for..... 57
In Turkistan..... 6
Where shall we go to shoot them?..... 75
Guano Discovery in Lake Minnetongo Island..... 126
Gun Club of Eng and..... 42
Gun-cotton..... 217
Gun-nipples, stopped, How to clean..... 123
Gunpowder Burns, Treatment of..... 76
Gun-stocks, An old Sportsman on..... 60

Guns.
A Dialogue..... 338
Altering—L. W. L..... 251
An Old Authority on..... 25
Breech-loaders without Indicators..... 91
Breech-loading Fowling-piece Indicator..... 36
Oliver's Collection..... 188
The best Method of caring for..... 381
Gurnard as an Edible Fish..... 86

H
Haddock Fisheries of Norderney..... 324
Hair-triggers and Rests..... 184
Hair-y Terrapin from China..... 23
Hall, Capt., the late, Flag of..... 171
Hall, W. B.—Tool for fastening the Wad in a Cartridge..... 395
Hallow's Fishing Tourist, Field's Criticism of..... 291
Hamburg Zoological Garden—F. S..... 281
Hamerton, Philip G.—Physical and Intellectual Life..... 30
Hampton Park Races..... 44
Hanging one's self, Receipt for..... 40
Hare-hunting—S. L. P..... 326
Hares at the Central Park—Conklin..... 198
Hares and Rabbits—Jacobstaff..... 354
Hares and Rabbits in Great Britain and Ireland—Additional Facts..... 393
Hastings, an old Sportsman..... 84
Hatch, Frank—Trout-fishing in Lake Superior..... 13
Harney, M.—The Great Octopus..... 356
Hawaiian Population..... 35
Hawks, Persian..... 22
Hedgehogs sucking Cows..... 38
Hedgehog shooting—Hersey..... 195
Hedgehog vs. Porcupine—Jacobstaff..... 228
Hegeman, Rev. Mr., as a base-ball player..... 57
Hemlock, Uses of..... 58
Henry IV., Hunting Incident..... 181
Hersey, J. L.—Hedgehog shooting..... 195
Snakes swallowing their Young..... 198
Heroin, Nichols girl..... 268
Heron and Fish, Hammond on..... 75
Heron, Blue-h. destroyed by—French..... 99
Herons, Habits of..... 105
Herring fisheries in Scotland..... 233
Herring, Food of—Mobins on..... 71
Herring, The, Ants' foes..... 103
Hippopotamus, Guy Fawkes, and his Father—Buckland..... 3
Hippopotamus, The Young, How suckled..... 229
Hitchcock, Prof. Edward. Boating; Effect on the system..... 9
Hog story: A "Watch on the Rhine"—Damon..... 307
Holder, J. B.—Does the Porcupine shoot Quills?..... 342
Holiday Publishers' Notice..... 302, 318
Hollister, W. H., Wealth of..... 43
Holly, American..... 102
Holmes, Oliver Wendell—Romance and Science..... 184
Hoopes, B. A.—Hybrid Ducks..... 374
Hoosac Tunnel, Length of..... 266
Hotch-potch, Scotch..... 317
Hoxie, Mr., with a Scouting Party..... 141

Horses.
Bianconi on the Work a Horse can do..... 295
Bits for Horses..... 359
Bobby's Peculiarities..... 375
Clipping, *Maine Farmer* on..... 269
Dealers' License..... 232
Depravity in, Dr. Deems on..... 40
Duty on, in England..... 232
England—Exportation Decrease..... 410
Not very scarce in..... 153
Question..... 232
Toilet in..... 359
Europe—Statistics..... 138
Feeding..... 205
Harry Basset gone to the Stud..... 414
How to manage—New York *Commercial*..... 154
New England *Farmer* on..... 250
Oldest in the United States..... 414
On Prairies—Butler's *Lone Land*..... 343
Prussian..... 121
Rosecrucian, Sale of..... 23
Run-down, How to treat..... 181
Sagacious, Capt. Frank Lane's..... 199
Shoeing—Championship race—Burns-Boyle..... 250
Stallion Sentinel, Death of..... 23
Thorough-bred—Murray..... 154
Tom Aiken, Death of..... 414
Total Number in U. S..... 232
Wild..... 375
In Kansas..... 391
Hudson River. Has Salmon ever frequented it?..... 40
Bard on..... 233
Stoc'ing with Salmon—Piscator and Salmo Salor..... 203
Huemul, The..... 22
Human Remains, Preservation..... 183
Humboldt's First Literary Venture..... 55
As a Conversationalist..... 152
Hungarian Races, *McMillan's Magazine* on..... 29
Hunting grounds, Pennsylvania—Sheehan..... 331
Hunting-ground, Restigouche River..... 90
Hunting in Pike County, Pennsylvania..... 141
Hunting, North Alabama for..... 106
Hyacinth, The..... 215
Hydraulic Fishing..... 346

Hydrophobia.
Cure of—Dryre's Receipt..... 71
Dr. Luke on..... 182
Myers, Philip..... 262
Raymond, Jas. P..... 355

I
Ice Floe, Saginaw Bay, Romance of..... 364
India, Wild Beasts in, Human Life Destroyed by..... 189
Indian Boy, A Dangerous—Mayor Benteen's Six-pence..... 68
Indian Mountain-climbers..... 39
Indian Snake charmers..... 263
Indian Relics—Skeleton found on the Young Estate, Bath, L. I..... 393
Indian River of Florida, T. J. on..... 180
Indian Smoke-signals..... 247

Indians.
Little Salt Lake Creek Fight..... 125
Nitchee, Interview with—G..... 130
Sioux-Pawnee Fight..... 45
Yankton Sioux, A Hunt with—Leeds..... 132
Inhabitants of the Globe..... 247
Insects, Muscular Strength of..... 150
Insects, Gizzards..... 294
Insects, Ravages by, Napier on..... 214
Irrigation—A Great California Scheme..... 406
Irrigation in the Far West, Question of..... 168

J
Jack Rabbit Hunting in Utah—Moon's Experience..... 68
Japan, Birds of—Immunity from Attack..... 106
Fish-culture in—Correspondence..... 169
Jeffrey Trout Farm..... 287
Jelly-Fish, can it sustain Life?..... 105
Jerome, S. H., Fish Commissioner of Michigan—Report..... 379
Jerome Park Villa Site and Improvement Co., Directors, Election of..... 74
Jersey Coast, Decrease of Edible Fishes on..... 115
Jockeys—Tom French, the Greek Rider, etc..... 106
Jordan, Gen. Thos., on the Manatee..... 169
Judd, Orange—Prize to be Shot for by Journalists..... 41

K
Kabyles of Algeria..... 263
Kansas, Game in..... 347
Keeler, Ralf, Switzerland..... 267
Kennel Club of England—Code of Rules..... 409
Kroos, Wild Fishing among—Beardslee..... 3
Kwitchpak, or Yukon River..... 43

L
Lacustrine Dwellings in Germany..... 67
Ladies' Co-operation invited..... 10
Lady Sportsmen, Emily Jane..... 361

Lakes.
Canada—The Back—Bertram..... 321
Como, Fishing in..... 6
Okeechobee..... 238
Pepin—Minnesota, Fishing in, Estes..... 337
D. C. E., M.D., on..... 406
St. John and New Brunswick—Nelson..... 299
Superior, A Reminiscence of—T. S. S..... 244
Tahoe, Le Conte's Visit to..... 206
Lamberton, A. B.—The Hunter-Naturalist in Canada..... 369
In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia..... 259
Lane, Fred. R.—Australian Yachting Cruise of..... 21
Landseer—Dog Story..... 182
Lanman, Charles—Manatee Hunt..... 130
Correction..... 185
Larch, European..... 133
Lawn and How to Make it—O. Q..... 245
Leaves, Falling..... 322
Lee, Henry—Little Cnsses..... 121
Leech, Arthur B.—Letter to Col. Wingate regarding International Rifle Match..... 408
Leeds, Theo. E.—A Hunt with the Yankton Sioux..... 132
Le Moine, J. M.—Cariboo Hunting..... 325
Lewis, Dio—Keep the Legs and Feet Warm..... 263
Lick Observatory..... 194
Life-saving Society of New York—Rules for Resuscitation..... 26
Little Creek Landing, Delaware, Shooting at—Homo..... 338
Little Egg Harbor, Wild-Fowl Shooting at—"Homo"..... 291
Lions in Algiers..... 107
Lions—How Rare they are becoming..... 375
Literary Poaching..... 169
Lizards, Venomous—Capt. P..... 99
Lobster Preservation..... 379
Long-Branch Races, Extra..... 44
Long Island Sound Reminiscences—Shark Fishing..... 35
Loons Under Water—L. W. L..... 258
Loose Leaves from a Surveyor's Journal—Jacobstaff..... 211
Lorrillard Badge, Shooting for, at Saratoga..... 12
Lotos Club Receptions..... 301
Louis XVI., Shooting Excursions of..... 131
Lumber, Bois D'Arc for..... 214

M
Macaroni, Buckmaster's Lecture on..... 58
Macinac Island as a Park..... 313
McClellan, Isaac, Swan-shooting in Northeastern Virginia..... 268
McGrath, the Kentucky Horseman..... 45
Mackerel in Aquariums..... 6
Mad Dog Bite, A Cure for..... 410
Baltimore *American* on..... 22
Magazine Notices..... 414
Mahammed Effendi, Strength of..... 36
Maine Fishery—Commissioner's Annual Report..... 408
Man, How Old is He?—Lyell on..... 201
Manatee or Sea-cow—Lanman..... 130
Manatee at Central Park, New York..... 166
Gen. Thos. Jordan on..... 169
More about..... 181
Manatee Pun..... 218
Mankind, Unification of..... 150
Marker Killed at Sussex, N. B..... 91
Markham, C. C., Among the Adirondacks..... 308
Martin's Rambling—L. W. L..... 198
Maryland Waters, Disappearance of Fish from, Prof. Uhler and..... 173
Massachusetts Anglers' Association—Meeting at Boston—Mains Laws, etc..... 411
Mastodon—Discovery near New Paris, Ohio..... 134

Mather, Fred.
Bass in Trout Waters..... 83
Fish Culture..... 10
Practical..... 212
Trout Spawn..... 260
Vrasski Experiments..... 323
New York Hatching-house..... 341
Ainsworth Screens..... 406
Saw-dust—Does it Kill Fish?..... 179
Snakes—Do they Hiss?..... 278
Mauritius, The Races at..... 391
Maury and the Telegraph..... 201
Maynard, C. J., Naturalists in Florida..... 162
Mead, Jr., S. W., Where to Hit a Grizzly..... 355
Medicine—Insect and Animal..... 179
Melton as it Was and Is..... 378
Menhaden Fisheries of Long Island..... 219
Mercenary Troops in Italy..... 317
Merchant Naturalists..... 57
Michigan Fish Commissioner's Report..... 379

Military.
Army, U. S., Desertions from..... 13
Promotion in..... 29
Recruits, Standard Height for..... 61
What it Comprises—Pay of Officers..... 109
Benz Anecdote..... 45
British Fifty-Second Regiment..... 23
British Regiments, Famous..... 27
Colored Officers and White Regiments..... 33
Company Fund, Disposition of..... 141
Custer, Gen., Dashing..... 13

Gallagher, Frank, Murder Case of..... 125
Hancock, Gen., Appearance of..... 13
Markmanship, Excellence in—Regimental Prize..... 109
Mexican Veterans, Celebration of, in New York..... 93
National Guard—What it is to the Country..... 92
New York Seventh—Cartridge Shell Badge, Contest for..... 171
Norton, Capt. S. H., Feat of..... 157
Oldest Soldier in United States—Lieut. Moore..... 77
Prison, Plans for Building..... 157
Stanley, Gen., Reputation of..... 13
Milner, Jas. A.—Fish of the Great Western Lakes..... 344
Miners' Amusements in England..... 41
Minnesota, Central Northern, Bedford on..... 300
Miramichi River, Salmon Fishing in—T. W. T. C..... 67
Moccasins, Canadian, T. S. S. on..... 156
Transit..... 226
For Hunting..... 89
Mockhorn Island—C. B..... 52
Mollusks, Poison in—Rice..... 54
Monkey Bridge-builders—S. L. S..... 357
Monkeys on the Gold Coast..... 311
Moon Sickness—S. Brown Goode..... 99
Moors, Calling in New Brunswick, Miramichi..... 163
Moose Cow, Imported by Editor of FOREST AND STREAM..... 220
Moosehead Lake, How to reach..... 43
Moss-gathering in Louisiana..... 69
Moths, Crystals, Time to collect..... 262
Mountain Guide—Orteig's Walking Feat..... 414
Muggins, Ephraim—Duk-shutin..... 370
Hunting Experience of..... 227
Steeplechase..... 115
Muhlbach, Louisa, Grave of..... 217
Mule and Horse, Hybrid..... 134
Mule Deer—Batty..... 292
Mule, Kicking..... 36
Mullaly, J.—Winnish..... 82
Murray, Rev. W. H.—How to Drive a Horse..... 414
Killing Game out of Season..... 24
Thorough-bred Horses..... 154
Muscalonge..... 236
Museum of Natural History in Central Park, The Proposed..... 54
Mustangs, Texan, How to catch..... 87

N
Napoleon the Great as a Sportsman..... 344
Narrow Escapes..... 196
Lanman, the Writer of..... 218
Naturalists, Place for, in Legislation..... 376
Nebraska, Agricultural Report of..... 264
Nepigon River, Trout "i" fails" from—Havelock, 4, 19, 49..... 259
New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Lambertson..... 259
New Haven, Fishing at..... 75
New Jersey Fishery Commissioners' Report..... 345
New Year—FOREST AND STREAM Greeting..... 323
New York Association for the Protection of Game..... 218
New York *Times*, Children's Excursions of..... 30
New York *Tribune* Building, Corner-stone Laying..... 394
Niagara Falls, Crossing on a Rope—Bellini's Feat..... 61
Nidd, Angling Match in..... 18
Norris, Theo.—Anadromous Fishes..... 246
Dinner to..... 329
FOREST AND STREAM and..... 346
Rod Factory Rumor..... 412
Shad, Accidental Propagation of..... 346
Northern Pacific, Sport along the—Havelock..... 114
Notornis—A Rara Avis..... 102
Nova Scotia, Autumn in—L. W. L..... 195, 210, 283

O
Octopus..... 54
Lee on..... 342
The one Caught on Newfoundland Coast..... 356
Photograph of—Harvey..... 374
Puget Sound, F. E. E. on..... 377
Ohio Game Laws..... 73
Old Shots..... 84
Old Sportsmen of the Seventeenth Century—Hastings..... 37
Olive Culture in Palestine—Powell..... 229
Orange Culture in Florida..... 68
Ornithology and FOREST AND STREAM—Boardman..... 197
Osage Orange..... 394
Ostrich Breeding..... 363
Oswego River, Salmon-stocking of, J. E. L..... 162
Oter as a Hawk-thief—L. W. L..... 244
Owl that looked like Thurlow..... 151
Oxford, Earl of, Little better than a Madman..... 199
Oysters and Journalism, *Figaro* Newspaper Co. and..... 169
Oysters, Dried..... 372
Oyster Pie, Shrewsbury..... 211

P
Pacific Travels—De Varigny..... 215
Pacific Wave, Action of..... 183
Paleozoic Fishes from Ohio..... 54
Palmer, A., Hand-raised Trout..... 341
Palmerston and the Painter Gordon..... 183
Paper Chase—What it is..... 265
Parasitic Life—C. F. H..... 262
Parrot Story..... 151
And Spanish Sailor..... 203
Partridge Fields of Charles County, Maryland—S. L. P..... 227
Pasque Island Sports—Stearns..... 61
Paync, Josiah, as a Fisherman..... 236
Peak's Island. A Day with the Naturalists—Piseco..... 81
Pecary Hunting in Texas..... 182
Pectoral Sand-piper..... 59
Pedestrians, A Plea for..... 69
Peggy, a Pony..... 215
Pelt, Wm., Striped Bass Caught by..... 140
Pennsylvania Fishery Commissioner's Report..... 392
Horticultural Society..... 104
Peregrine Falcon—Beverly..... 181
Persia's Monarch, How he amuses himself..... 85
Manners of..... 85
Shah's Honors to French Scientists..... 90
Persian Chase..... 314
Petrarch's Remains Exhumed..... 288
Pheasants..... 170
English—Reiche's Collection..... 202
Pigeon, English—Piseco..... 274

Pigeon Shooting.
Auburn Amateur Sportsman's Club..... 60
Babylon, L. I., New Plan Inaugurated..... 332
Bogardus-Charleville Match at Oakland Park..... 315
Brooklyn Gun Club Matches..... 76, 106
Buffalo Driving Park Matches..... 171
Tournament..... 315
Carrier Pigeons, Hubbell's..... 5
Free Advertising Offered..... 122
E. H. Pow..... 231
For War Communications..... 411
Cox-Maddox Match at Wilkesbarre..... 60
Deerfoot Park..... 395, 411
Sweepstakes..... 365
Derrick-Mills Match, Result of..... 347
Dexter's Grounds Sweepstakes..... 347
Ditmar's Farm, Flatlands, L. I..... 156, 315
Matches..... 411
Harris-Ferguson Match at Riley's Coral Narragansett Gun Club Handicap..... 76
New Jersey Sportsmen's Club Match..... 91
Field Day at Fairview..... 235
Diamond Badge Match..... 365
Phenix Gun Club of Brooklyn, "Friendly" Match..... 221
Port Morris..... 268
Rogers-Burgess Match..... 171
Spain, Shooting in..... 339
Strasburg House for Pigeons..... 310
Twelve Canadians v. Twelve Americans..... 300

Ward, J., Skill of..... 235
Pike or Muskelonge..... 107
Pilsbury, Charles A., Down the Potomac..... 97, 113
"Jilted"..... 164
Cupid on Skates..... 402
Pin and Central Fires, Relative Merits of..... 373
Pine Tree..... 105
Plaggi, Charles, Influence on Air and Soil..... 149
Plagiarism from FOREST AND STREAM, Literary Poaching..... 169
Piute Pastoral and Others..... 346
Platt, Lester B., Hunt with the Pawnee Indians..... 86
Plover, Habits of..... 27
Plover Shooting in Virginia..... 68
Plover, Upland—Newcomb..... 316
Wyman..... 342
Poe, Lieut. R. Hutchinson, Anticosti Island..... 1

Poetry.
An Open Secret—E. C. G..... 404
Bobstay-Martingale, A Forecastle Yarn..... 385
Bostwick, Helen Barron, My Lake..... 180
Cary, Phoebe, The Crows Children..... 289
Casabianca..... 260
Churchill, John, The Angler..... 292
Collie Dog..... 324
Coolbrith, Ina D., One Touch of Nature..... 311
Dodge, Mary B., Pictured Autumn Leaves..... 145
Dyspepsia..... 244
Ewing, Martha, Ephemera..... 49
Fascination of Fishing..... 113
Fire Flies..... 19
The Sun..... 129
Farquhar, R., Narragansett Bay..... 100
Fern Fly. In Camp..... 308
"Forest and Stream"—McLellan..... 1
Frost-work—L. W. L..... 321
Griffith, Hiram E.—September..... 97
Herb, Robert, F. L. H..... 340
Hallow, Charles, Legend of Kill Devil Hole..... 177
New Year's Calls..... 324
Ode to a Nose..... 298
The Gobbler's Christmas Carol..... 305
Indian Summer..... 158
Ingle-Nook—T. W. A..... 356
Lamberton, Mrs. Eunice B., Other Days..... 604
Trout-fishing..... 324
McLellan, Isaac, Aurora Borealis..... 257
Early Days..... 65
Great Northern Pickerel..... 212
Mexican Scenery..... 81
The Angler's Farewell to Labrador..... 193
The Canvas-back Duck..... 225
Tropical Hunting Scenes..... 36
Matthews, J. Brander, The Man Without a Shadow..... 369
Modocs, Doom of..... 40
Mother Carey's Chickens—T. W. A..... 276
Mowbray Bull-head..... 286
October—*Aldine*..... 164
Prophecies..... 132
Randolph, Innes, The Drum-fish..... 17
Remembered..... 52
Robbins, Samuel D., To Prof. Agassiz..... 356
Roche, J. J., A Pastoral Parody..... 244
Beautiful Slush..... 372
Enoch Arden..... 401
Hubert the Hunter..... 209
Peace Commission, a Pinte Pastoral..... 33
Pre-Adamite..... 4
The False Fejee..... 116
The Spectre Muleteer..... 337
Wonders of Natural History..... 161
Runnaga, James, Aspiration..... 324
To a Caged Bird..... 388
Sangster, Charles, The Mocking Bird..... 84
Stedman, E. C., Undiscovered Country..... 244
Street, Alfred B., The Old Barn..... 196
The Cunning Carp and the Contented Knight..... 372
The Fisherman's Summons—*All the Year Round*..... 388
The Flower's Revenge—E. C. G..... 353
The Inn—*Chambers's Journal*..... 241
The Old Dress Coat..... 148
The Old Canoe..... 68
The St. John—L. W. L..... 273
Tripp, Luke, The Moaning of the Tide..... 388
Yachting Doggerel, How to Prevent a Collision—*Field's*..... 398

Poison.
Woorari or Curare..... 72
Polo, The Game of..... 10, 39
Henderson's Expedition to Yarkand..... 55
Pool-scelling at Hamden Park Trotting Races..... 56
Popular Science Monthly Notices..... 110, 232, 349
Porcupine, Does it Shoot Quills—Holder..... 342
"Roamer"..... 390
Potato Padding—Peach Blow..... 211
Potomac, Down the—Pilsbury..... 97, 113
Poverty, Shamming..... 163
Prairie Chicken Shooting—T. S..... 83
Prairies, Natural Growth on—Chase..... 198
Pre-historic Remains, French Scientific Congress and..... 198
Price, W. T. Lloyd, Challenge to America. See Dogs..... 221
Prime, Wm. C., Hunting in the Adirondacks..... 314
Princess Bay for Fishing..... 360
Proctor, Geo. H., Gloucester Fishermen..... 360
Python's Belly, Bombay Story..... 346

Q
Quail..... 156
Do they voluntarily retain their Scent?—"Homo" and another..... 390, 406
Feeding-ground of..... 365
Of North America—Ridgeway..... 289
Shooting in Maryland—A. V. V..... 210
The Season for, in New York..... 170
Quinine, Finding the..... 39
Quoit Matches at Cleaver's Light-house..... 253

R
Rabbit Consumption in England..... 338
Rabbit-hunting in Indiana..... 283
Rail-shooting at Fort Penn, Delaware—Remarkable Scores..... 395
Rail-shooting on the Delaware—"Homo"..... 325
Rains, The Effect of Trees on..... 104
Rathbone, Adjutant-Gen., Wingate's Rifle Manual indorsed by..... 381
Rattlesnakes at Lake George..... 125
Reade Winwood, Missionaries, Advice to..... 166
Red Cedar..... 85
Red Deer, Common..... 188
Red Phalarope..... 59
Red River Raft..... 237
Redwood Trees—Chopping them down—*Tribune* Cor..... 70
Reed-birds for the Table..... 141
Reel—Dr. Fowler's New Invention..... 412
Reiche's Aviary, A Visit to..... 148
Rhododendrons—O. Q..... 261
Rhyming Prophecies..... 263
Ridgeway, Rob't—Do Snakes Hiss?..... 327
Grouse and Quails of North America..... 289

Rifle Association.
National, Creedmoor Range (Ed.)..... 24
First Match—The Prize List..... 120
The Match—History of the Range, etc..... 145
What it will be in 1900—S. H. M., Jr..... 371
London *Volunteer Service Gazette* on "Sergeant" on Prizes..... 394
Second Annual Report..... 362
Creedmoor Range Matches in 1873..... 249, 276, 313, 345, 362

Army and Navy Journal Match..... 393
Remington Diamond Badge..... 233
Turf, Field and Farm Badge Contest..... 177
War Department and the National Association..... 329
Fourth Contest at Creedmoor..... 204
Fifth Contest..... 221
Irish Team, Letter of..... 381

RIFLE ASSOCIATION of St. John's, N. B.—D. H. Smith' Letter.....	42
Rifle-balls Hardened.....	40
Penetration of.....	121
Rifle Club, Amateur, Contest for Prize Badge.....	91
Rifle Club, National, Contest at Springfield, Mass.....	91
Rifle Club, New York, Annual Meeting.....	171
Rifle Match at Halifax, N. S.....	171
Rifle Match, International—Leech Letter.....	408
Rifle, Manser.....	23
Rifle Movement in the U. S.—What is Thought of it in England.....	328
Rifle-shooting, A Canadian "Shooter" on.....	292
Rifle-shooting in the Olden Time—Old Shot.....	389
Ring-Bone, Cure for.....	109
Ring Necks.....	59
River Pollution, Commissioners of England, Report.....	409
Rivers, Inefficient Protection of, Curtis on.....	73
Roche, J. J.—Thousand Islands.....	52
Rods laid aside for the Winter.....	187
Rogers, A Coachman's Anecdote.....	391
Robertson, Chris. A., Miramichi River, Lease of (S. W. Branch).....	299
Ruskin on Wood Colors.....	200
Russell, Dr. W. H., Hunting, Noble, in Syria.....	36
S	
Sage Grouse, A Day with—Ornis.....	196
Salmon.	
Columbia River, Preparing.....	397
Catch by Nicholson and Boxall.....	412
First of the Season.....	380
Fishing—A Good Season.....	13
Margaree—J. H. R.....	401
Norway.....	7
St. Lawrence—Score of the Fishing at the God-bout River.....	363
Fort Edward Waters, Baird Letter on.....	298
Fisheries of Oregon.....	299
Protection sought for.....	15
Fry—California Salmon.....	298
From Sacramento River, Placed in Suffolk County, L. I., Streams.....	396
Harvest in England.....	296
Salmon in Hudson—Piscator.....	99
Land-locked.....	13
Native, from the Hudson.....	168
Run in the Nith.....	293
Sacramento, Quality of.....	331
Stone on.....	248
Young, in the Delaware.....	407
Introduction into New York Waters—Baird on "Fern Fly".....	347
Salmon Waters, Boreas River in Vermont—S. W. G. White, or Wall-eyed Pike.....	107
Salmon Eggs from English Waters.....	38
Salmon, How to Catch—Venning.....	20
Salmon, Sea-going—Attempt to place within the Limits of the U. S.....	162
Salmon-Trout Propagation.....	157
Saved from Drowning by a Woman's Hair.....	37
Saw-dust—Does it Kill Fish?.....	178
Schock, Oliver D.—Harrisburg Letter on Sportsmen.....	90
Scotch Games.....	72
Scottish Games—New York Caledonian Club.....	266
Sea-Cow (See Manatee.).....	
Sea-Lions at the Central Park—Conklin.....	229
Sea Serpent, The Sorghum Bay—J. J. R.....	309
Sea-Trout, Stocking Rivers with—Clarke's Suggestion.....	123
Shad, Accidental Propagation of—Norris.....	346
Shad, Angling for.....	13
Shad, Large—Seth Green.....	92
Shade-Trees a Protection against Fire.....	37
Shakespeare, Americanisms in.....	89
Sharks, Spangler on.....	140
Sheep, A Plea for.....	183
Sheep Imported from England.....	362
Sheep, the Rocky Mountain.....	245
Shelter-Planting—L. W. L.....	310, 340,
Shetland Ponies.....	314
Shooting-grounds—Bay Chaleur, Vicinity of.....	75
Shovel, Sir Cloudesley, Fate of.....	55
Sierra Leone, Hunting in.....	382
Sierra Woods—Overland.....	355
Silk Worms.....	247
Varied Color of, Food and.....	86
Skating.	
Canada—Cupid on Skates—A Peep at a Canadian Rink—Pilsbury.....	402

First Day at Central Park.....	396
Skulls, Human—A Discovery in Kansas.....	202
Sleep as a Medicine.....	313
Snail Preserves all the Year round.....	359
Snipe-shooting in Rochester.....	300
Snipe-shooting in Virginia.....	35
Snow-shoeing in Maine—Avery.....	386
Snakes.	
A Martinique.....	339
Bhopal.....	327
Do they Hiss?—Mather.....	278
Baird.....	327
Ridgway.....	327
Moran.....	310
Hampton.....	357
Do they swallow their Young?.....	54
Tribune Correspondence.....	86
Goode on.....	118, 214
C. J. Maynard on.....	166
George Hayden on.....	166
Hersey.....	198
Shedding their Skins—Goode.....	356
Yellow, Bernard on.....	86
Solomon Islanders as Architects.....	281
South American Enterprise—FOREST AND STREAM.....	409
at Vilcomayo.....	232
Southside Sportsmen's Club vs. Kortright.....	232
Shells—Benities—Where they are found.....	23
Spangler, A. M., Sharks.....	140
Sparring—Engelhardt-Russell Bout.....	413
Spearing, Jacobstaff on.....	252
Spider, The Trap-Door—Wyman.....	374
Sportsmen, Hints to.....	186
Sprat and Whitebait, Breevoort on.....	38
Spruces, Black, White, and Balsam.....	70
Norway.....	21
White.....	133
Squirrel Hunt—Potsdam Club.....	171
Squirrels, Migration of—Jacobstaff.....	243
St. John, N. B., Shooting in Vicinity of—Fern Fly.....	331
Stanley—Did he Find Livingstone?.....	55
Stanley, H. O.—Hatching-house in Maine.....	92
Large Salmon caught by.....	36
Stone, Livingstone—Sacramento Salmon.....	248, 363
Sturgeon in the St. John.....	315
Sun-Fish, Irish—New York Sun.....	54
Superstitions, Old—All the Year Round.....	147
Surveyors' Journal, Leaves from—Trapping—Jacobstaff.....	274
Injuns and a Hard Tramp—Jacobstaff.....	386
Swell Sportsman's Outfit—Tripp.....	299
Swimming Extraordinary—Johnson.....	393
Sybiline Leaves—Hints to Woodsmen, 153, 186, 200, 217.....	
T	
Tahitian Hospitality.....	190
Tattersalls.....	23
Gentleman's Magazine on.....	54
Pillars of.....	74
Texas Cattle.....	359
Terre Haute Diana.....	315
Thanksgiving.....	37
The South, Notice of.....	153
Thoreau and his Traps.....	103
Thorp, Col. T. P., Grant and his Four-in-Hand.....	69
Thousand Islands—Roche.....	52
Tiger-killing in India, Smoothbore on.....	410
Tiger Question among English Sportsmen.....	378
Tigers: Can they Climb?.....	198
Timber. (See also Forests.).....	
Timber Estimates, Lumberman's Gazette.....	113
Timber, Waste of—Headley.....	121
Toad on Grand Menan.....	103
Toads and Buckshot.....	6
Toronto Shooting Clubs, T. G. C. on.....	123
Toronto Sporting Times on the FOREST AND STREAM.....	362
Traps, How to Improve.....	396
Tree-planting, The Effect of, in Producing Rain.....	105
Aryan on.....	149
Trees, Famous.....	165
Trees, Noted English.....	198
Trees, Forest, Value of.....	213
Trees, Ornamental and Forest—Country Gentleman.....	118
Trepang or Beche de Mer.....	22
Trespass a Growing Evil.....	89
Trout that will not Cost One Dollar per Pound to Catch—Fern Fly.....	412
Trout Waters, Bass in—Mather.....	83
Trout Waters, Stocking with Bass—Piscator.....	52
Trout.	
Brook Trout: Have they Scales?.....	210

W. E. N. on.....	219
Eating each Other, Voice on.....	140
Eating their Spawn.....	51
Fishing—a Good Season.....	13
Fishing in Wisconsin.....	107
Hand-raised, Food for—Palmer.....	341
Killing by Indians.....	33
Loch Leven Trout.....	15
Old Dr. Jones.....	131
Six-pound, T. S. S. on.....	62
Speckled—Holberton.....	178
Unseasonable, S. on.....	180
Tulips, Fall Setting.....	329
Turbot, English, Middleton, Carman & Co.'s Specimens.....	378
Turkeys, Prize, Weight of.....	123, 137
Wild.....	290
In Maryland—Observer.....	242
Shooting in Missouri—Herbert.....	307
Shoots—Jacobstaff.....	60
Turf, Field and Farm Badge for Rifle-shooting.....	
Turf.	
Races, Short, Coventry on.....	269
Trainers and Drivers' Protective Association—Resolutions.....	414
Trotting, Fastest Single Mile, Harper's Monthly Table.....	44
Trotting Gait.....	87
FLAT RACING, STEEPLECHASING, AND TROT-TING.	
Amenia.....	154
Buffalo.....	12
Beacon Park Association.....	60, 154
Dexter Park.....	139
Doncaster.....	87
Fleetwood Park.....	87, 215
Friendship Park Association.....	61
Hotel Races.....	12
Jerome Park.....	133
Kentucky Association.....	87
Lewiston, Me., Stallion Race.....	60
Long Branch.....	28
Maryland Jockey Club.....	205
Middletown, N. Y.....	60
Nashville Blood Horse Association.....	124
New England Fair Grounds.....	74
Oakland.....	170
Ocean View Park, Cal., Great Race.....	230
Plainville Park Association.....	87
Point Breeze.....	230
Portsmouth, Ohio.....	61
Prospect Park Fair Grounds.....	61
St. Leger.....	90
Sacramento.....	109
Utica Trotting.....	28
Waverly.....	109
Whitby.....	61
White Plains.....	87, 230
Winchester, Va.....	154
Turnstone.	
Winchester, Va.....	59
U	
Unkomofaze, or Limpopo.....	410
Urari, Poison.....	281
V	
Valentine, Richard, Duck Present from.....	235
Vanity Fair Tobacco.....	365
Venning, W. H., Canadian Fishery Laws.....	37
How to Catch a Salmon.....	20
Vienna Exhibition and the Herds.....	345
Vienna, What it Costs to Knock a Man Down in.....	151
W	
Waders on the American Coast.....	59
Ward-Burton Magazine Rifle.....	282
Ward, James—Challenge.....	381
Warner, Charles Dudley, on Beans.....	37
Washington, D. C., National Sportsman's Club of.....	347
Watterson, Henry—Cooking Game.....	106
Weak-fish, Something about.....	26
Weather, The Sky an Indicator of.....	234
Whale—Cable-Breaking Story.....	69
Whale Fishery, New Bedford Standard on.....	330
Whitcher, W. F.—Canadian Fishing Sport vs. Slaughter.....	397
White-Tailed Ptarmigan—Batty.....	390
Whitman, C. L., Fishes, Trapping.....	395
Trapping a Cunning Fox.....	310

Wild, G. H., Chesapeake Bay Wild Fowl.....	251
Wild-geese Chase, Origin of the Expression.....	353
Wilson, J. Newton, A Cruise to Windward.....	306
Duck-shooting in New Brunswick.....	353
Window or Parlor Gardening. (See Gardening.).....	
Wines, Rare.....	155
Wingate, Geo. W.—Promotion to Rank of Colonel.....	411
Winkle Club—Grouse-hunting in Grass.....	117
Winnish Fishing on the Saguenay, Gregory.....	53
Camping on the Saguenay—Mullaly.....	82
Winter Birds—F. B.....	404
Wolf: A Terrible French Story—La Chasse Ilustrée.....	409
Wolves: How they Hunt Deer—Jacobstaff.....	173
Wolves, Hunting of, collectively.....	71
Wolves in France.....	282
Woodchucks: Can they be called Game?.....	132
Woodcock Boring.....	251
Woodcock—Close Season.....	12
Woodcock-shooting in Pennsylvania, Autumn—"Homo".....	371
Woodcock, White—Wilson.....	357
Woodcuts.	
Bear and Forbear.....	123
Cobbler.....	16
Cow-fishing.....	32
Flies—The more Flies the more Fish.....	144
Horses don't Climb Trees.....	208
Trespassers—A Good Chance for a Bite.....	80
Woodmen, Amateur.....	153
Worrall, James, Salmon Fry in California.....	298
Wrestling in Japan.....	122
Wrestling—McMahon vs. Doyle.....	220
Wyman, L., Can Dogs Reason?.....	374
The Trap-door Spider.....	394
Upland Plover.....	342
Wynn, Sir W. W., Hounds of.....	383
Y	
Yachting.	
Bayonne Club—Prizes.....	332
Bennett Prizes. (See also New York Club).....	10, 11
Boston Club Regatta.....	92
Brooklyn Club—Annual Meeting.....	412
Bunker Hill Club—Officers.....	412
Ball of.....	330
Charlestown Club Regatta.....	27
Dorchester Club Regatta.....	77
Eastern, of Boston, Officers of.....	11
Halifax Royal Club Race.....	108
Harlem Club—Election of Officers.....	220
International Regatta at Toronto.....	59
Jilted—How I was Jilted: A Story.....	164
Julia, Whereabouts of—"Blue with a Gold Castle" on.....	412
Loubat, J. F., Cape May Challenge Cup and.....	124
Madison, Wis., Club—Annual Meeting.....	412
Meta-Vision Race.....	139
Model Yacht Owners—Meeting in Brooklyn.....	59
New Jersey Club Regatta.....	155, 172
New York Club, Bennett \$500 Cup, Race for.....	139
Bennett \$1,000 Prize, Race for.....	155, 172
Douglas Cups, Race for.....	44
Cruise.....	27
Winter Rendezvous—Arkright's Offer.....	187
Prince of Wales Challenge Cup—Races at Halifax.....	11
Royal Halifax Club—Annual Meeting.....	380
Work of.....	126
Seawannaka Club, Officers.....	364
South Boston Club—The Regatta, etc.....	92, 364
Sprite Presented to Prof. Agassiz.....	11
Wm. T. Lee vs. Brooklyn Race.....	124
Gay Head—A Lament from L.....	36
Reminiscences—A Cruise to Martha's Vineyard—E. M.....	284, 300
Yachtsmen—Charge that they are Fair-Weather Sailors, etc.....	152
Educating, Field.....	253
Yachts, The Old, What Becomes of them? E. M.....	343
Yachts, Tonnage of.....	46
Yaps.....	217
Yellowstone, Crossing the, Gen. Custer's Indian Guide and.....	92
Yellowstone Park—Mr. Hayden's Works.....	70
Z	
Zambesi Falls.....	153
Zoological Collectors, A hint to—Batty.....	406
Zoological Society of Philadelphia.....	361



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FOREST AND STREAM.

ON the fair face of Nature let us muse,
And dream by lapsing stream and drooping wood;
Tread the dark forests whose primeval ranks
Since the creation dawn have cast their shade;
Ponder by flowing stream and ocean tides,
And note the varied forms of life they hold,
Mark the wild game so dear to hunter's heart,
The swarming fow' that skim the salty deeps,
The birds that haunt the woodlands and the plains,
The fish that swim the seas, the lakes, the streams,
And tempt the thoughtful angler to their marge;
Glance at the life that fills our native woods,
And game of Asian plains, and Afric wilds.

When soft May breezes fan the early woods,
And with her magic wand the blue-ey'd Spring
Quickens the swelling blossoms and the buds,
Then forth the russet partridge leads her brood,
While on the fallen tree-trunk drums her mate;
The quail her young in tangled thicket hides,
The dun deer with their fawns the forests range,
The wild geese platoons hasten far in air,
The wild ducks from their Southern lagoons pass,
And soaring high their Northward journeyings take,
The dusky coot along the coast-line sweeps,
The piping snipe and plover that frequent
The sandy bars and beaches, wing their flight,
And all the grassy prairies of the West,
Teem with the speckled younglings of the grouse,
And all the budding forests and the streams
Are gay with beauty, joyous with young life.

Then swell the first bird melodies; the wren
Chirrup and perches on the garden rail,
The blue-bird twitters or the lilac hedge,
Or flits on azure wings from tree to tree;
The golden robin on the apple-bough
Hovers, where last year's withered nest had been,
The darting swallows circle o'er the roof,
The woodpeckers on trunk of gnarled trees
Tap their quick drum-beats with their horny beaks,
The crow caws hoarsely from the blasted pine,
High in mid air the sailing hawk is pois'd,
While from the grove the purple pigeon-flocks
Barst with loud flapping in the grain-sown fields.

Fair is the scene in Autumn, when the frosts
From palettes rich, with prodigal, gorgeous brush
Color the nodding groves with brown and gold.
Then silvery-skied, and purple-haz'd the dome
Of heaven's deep vault, and fair the earth below.
Far up, where sunny nplands scope their sides,
Shaggy with woods, prone to the brimming stream,
Where bowing beech trees shake their laden boughs,
And oaks their varnished acorns high uplift,
Where the broad butter-nut its gummy fruit
In russet husks slow-ripens day by day,
And where in crowded ranks the chestnut groves
Wave out their broad-leav'd pennons to the air,
And from their prickly burs shake treasures down,
There the quick chatterings of the squirrels sound.

The gentle valley with its belt of hills
Crown'd to their tops with grand, primeval woods,
Glows with all forms and hues that nature loves,
Deep in its hollow stretch meadows brightly green,
Kept verdurous by the full o'erflowing stream;
Yet the deep swamps and thickets that engird
The river-reaches, are resplendent all,
Their umbrage tinctur'd with imperial dyes.
The maples tall with blood-red foliage burn,
The hickories clap their palms of burnish'd gold,
The poplar thrusts its yellow spire in air,
The russet oaks and purple dogwoods blend
Their colors with the alder's sable green,
And scarlet sunnicks; all contrasted rich
With sombre evergreens, and willows pale,
And when the winds autumnal, wailing strip
The frosted foliage, like a host they stand,
With trailing banners and with drooping plumes.

Such be the scenes in wondrous forest-land
Such be the scenes by sea and lake and stream
That we would picture; wild romantic scenes,
Dear to the hunter's and the angler's soul.

ISAAC McLELLAN,

ANTICOSTI.

THE JOURNAL OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

TILL within the last few years, the island whose name stands at the head of this article, has been to the great majority, what may well be termed "*terra incognita*." Heard of but seldom, and then only in connection with disaster, it is perhaps no wonder that the island has from the earliest times acquired an ill-omened reputation, from the long list of ships whose timbers have found a last resting place on its shores, and whose names swell the ghastly record of missing vessels. Situated at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and lying in the centre of the highway of that tide of shipping which sets in towards the lumbermart of the world, it is not a matter of surprise that at the opening and close of the navigable season, the heavy storms which sweep the Labrador coast, and dense fogs which then prevail in those latitudes, coupled with the insidious currents, should lure many a ship within the line of reefs which circle its shores. The mind is however apt to magnify dangers it cannot fully comprehend, and there is little reason to doubt that were the island better known, many of the wild reports, amounting almost to superstition, with which fancy is wont to invest it, would be dispelled. Some forty years ago before the erection of light houses, shipwrecks were of much more frequent occurrence than they are at present, and the tales of suffering which from time to time startled the public ear, and caused the imagination to dwell with horror on the scenes of want and misery enacted on its shores, have done much to keep up the evil notoriety of the island.

In the beginning of this century the only residents were a few trappers who earned a good living from the rich furs with which the island then abounded. The black and silver fox were often met with, and a good skin fetching as much as £40 or £50, the proportionate gains of the trappers can be easily imagined, to say nothing of otter, marten and bear, with which latter animal the island almost literally swarmed. By far the most profitable source of these worthies' income, who in many cases appear to have been little better than pirates, was however derived from the ships cast away on the reefs encircling their buccaneering home. The howl of the storm as it swept down the valleys and moaned fitfully through the pine branches, and the ceaseless lashing of the surf, breaking angrily on the shore, was to the dwellers there music of the sweetest import. They well knew the treacherous nature of the coast, and it was seldom that the morning broke without revealing some scene of disaster. Perchance some had escaped, and hailed with joy the advent of a friend, for in what other light could they regard the stranger who now approached. In many cases fortunate were those who perished midst the roar of the tempest, rather than live and learn the savage cruelty of man. Too often, alas, there is reason to believe that many a life spared by the elements, was sacrificed to the cupidity of the wreckers. In those days, when the loss of a vessel could only be known months after its occurrence, there was absence of proof, and the length of time which had lapsed since the fatal day soon stilled the rumors of bloody deeds which were now and then whispered abroad.

It was not till the year 1829 that the government of Canada was roused into activity by the general consternation which was displayed when the news of the loss of the "*Granicus*," with all hands, and the almost incredible horrors undergone by those who had escaped shipwreck only to meet a more horrible death, became known. Towards the end of 1828, anxiety began to be felt for the safety of the "*Granicus*," a large ship on her passage to Quebec, and as the winter months rolled on, and no tidings reached those who anxiously awaited some loved one's return, she was probably put down in that long list of ships which have foundered in mid ocean, and whose fate must for ever remain a mystery.

In the latter end of March, or beginning of April, of the following year, some sealers cruising in the vicinity of Fox Bay, on the north-east side of the island, were astonished at seeing a "*Jacob's Ladder*," hanging over the side of a limestone cliff near the head of the bay. In such a spot so strange a sight denoted something unusual, and pulling hastily ashore, the sealers discovered that the ladder was securely fastened at the top of the cliff. To ascend was the work of a few minutes, when they were startled by the scene before them. A number of rude huts and tents stood on the summit, and as they examined each, and no sign of human life appeared, and all seemed bare and deserted, the question presented itself to their minds, where could the occupants be. It was soon answered. One small square hut still remained to be examined, and as they tried to raise the latch, they found it barricaded from within. Surely here at last they would discover some sign of life, or at all events something to throw light on the mysterious surroundings. Hastily forcing the door and pressing in, the sight that met their gaze was one not easily forgotten. Before them sat the skeleton of a man, with a ghastly grin, as if to welcome these visitants to the abode of death. That which invited their attention however, and made the blood run cold and curdle in their veins, was a deep pit in the centre of the floor. In this lay the remains of a human trunk, the head, legs and arms having been previously cut off, while the blackened and charred appearance it presented told only too plainly what the ashes beneath confirmed. No diary or any record was to be found, though from a rude kind of calendar on the wall they were led to believe that the unfortunate occupants had survived till the end of January. Two skulls and a few bones were all that remained in the other tents, though, from the number and size of the latter, the greater portion, if not all, of the crew and passengers must have been saved. One tent a little apart from the rest showed by its better construction and a few articles of apparel that it had been inhabited by a lady, the only female on board. The horrors and sufferings undergone by these unfortunates baffled description. We can picture them when first wrecked, probably towards the latter end of November, thankful at their merciful escape and busily employed in building huts and tents for their shelter. If they were not cheerful, at all events they were tolerably contented under the circumstances, and perhaps thought of the time when they should look back, not without some feeling of pleasure, at their sojourn as castaways. As the winter days closed in, and the cold snow and bitter frosts descended, seizing everything in their icy grasp, we can still picture them as first awakening to the sense of their danger; but as the days and weeks rolled on, and they saw their scanty stock of provisions dwindling rapidly away, straining their eyes far out to sea, for help, from whence no help can come, it is difficult to realise the awful feeling of despair which must have seized them. While "*life remains there is hope*," is an old saying, but the reverse is very often true; so long as the flame of hope burns, no matter how small and flickering the spark, all is not over; but once extinguish it and let in despair, and the rest is quickly told. One by one their little numbers melted imperceptibly away; starving, their bodies numb and paralysed with cold, their minds worn out with weeks of mental agony, all hope of success vanished, and in mute despair, they lay them down to die. The snow forms their shroud, and the plaintive moaning of the winter blasts as they sweep through the pine tops, their funeral dirge. Now at last we might suppose their troubles were over, and that their fleecy covering would keep them pure and safe in its close embrace, but even yet they are not suffered to rest in peace. The bears root out the corpses, and fight and scuffle for the prize, and soon a few bones are all that remain to tell the tale of woe. The skeleton found must have barricaded himself in to resist their attacks, and then commenced his awful work of cannibalism; he had apparently fallen lifeless before completing the act, and so been mercifully spared that additional horror.

When the news of this disaster reached the main land, the government dispatched an official to investigate the matter,

and report on what steps could be taken to prevent a repetition of such scenes. The gentleman who went in charge happened to know, and he has told me that so numerous were the bears at this time, that he has seen men cutting up the carcass of a whale on the beach, actually obliged to leave their work and beat them off.

From this time dates the establishment of Provision Posts, which were built at different parts of the island; one at Fox Bay, near the scene of the wreck, another at Gamache, or Ellis Bay, and a third at Shallop Creek. These have been since added to, and at the present time besides the above, there are stores at West Point, South West Point, and East Point. Boards were also nailed to trees, or posts, in conspicuous positions near the beach, with the distance to the nearest provision depot, and direction east or west leading to it, marked upon them. These have done much to alleviate distress, while the construction of light houses which followed soon after, has greatly diminished the number of wrecks.

During the summer of last year a hunting party was organized for the purpose of visiting the island, and the writer of this article was invited to join. The opportunity was one not to be lost, so applying for two month's leave of absence, which was granted not without some little difficulty, he proceeded to meet them. From several causes the starting of the expedition was delayed until it finally was broken up. Mr. De Courcy and myself, however, determined not to be done out of the trip altogether, and resolved to spend a fortnight there. My leave would not admit of a longer stay. We started for Gaspé in Canada, where we hoped to hire a schooner, and Indians to take us across. Here again fortune was unpropitious; we were two days delayed in obtaining a vessel, and, when at length we did get away, were three days in going a distance we should have accomplished in a few hours. We were anxious to see as much of the island as possible, but as the short space of time at our disposal would not allow much shooting and fishing combined with rapid traveling, the object of our trip, as regards sport, was almost *nil*. In many other ways, however, it proved most enjoyable. If, in the following imperfect sketch, the writer can give some idea of the wild, weird island, with its low spruce-clad shores, and picturesque quiet bays and inlets; of the fertility of its soil, which in many places is quite equal to the best in Canada; of the bright bracing-climate; and if he can in any degree dispel some of the gloom and popular aversion with which the mention of the island is invariably associated, he will be more than satisfied.

Having prefaced thus far, let us now take a glance at the quiet village of Gaspé, and follow the preparations there being made for the trip. Situated at the head of a noble bay to which it gives its name, the village lies nestled on the slope of a hill overlooking the south-west arm of the harbor, which here forms a basin shut in by mountains on every side. Some of these, sloping gracefully backward, are cultivated almost to the summit of their greatly rounded heights, whilst others, clothed to the base with pine and spruce, descend abruptly to the water's edge. Here and there picturesque cottages with gabled roofs, and green jalousies, each surrounded by its well trimmed garden, dot the surface of the hills, and the landscape is one of quiet but exceeding beauty. The town and neighborhood of Gaspé appear to have sunk into a kind of Rip-Van-Winkle torpor, which perhaps has its effect in contributing to the still and peaceful feeling which pervades the very atmosphere. Fifty years ago probably nearly as many houses might have been found as there are at present. Of town, or village, properly called, there is none. A few wharves, with large wooden blocks of store houses, two or three shops which combine under one roof the grocery, hardware, and drapery business, in the most wonderful manner, (the Post Office, by the way, forms part of one,) a small wooden hut which serves as a telegraph station, and we have its extent. As one contemplates the grass-grown kind of square in which these stand, and the deserted aspect of the wharves, he is forced to ask whence springs the source of that quiet ease and snug air of comfort which is to be seen in the surrounding homesteads. Visit the place a month later and the problem is solved. As the close of the fishing season approaches, and the boats return from their summer cruise, an amount of stir and bustle not often seen may be noticed. As schooner after schooner discharges her cargo, and the vast store-houses are filled with cod, only awaiting transhipment to be carried over the navigable world, the secret of their riches lies revealed; the only thought that suggests itself is one of astonishment at the demand that must of necessity exist.

We remained here two days, taking up our quarters at the Gulf House, a small wooden building, all doors and windows, pleasant enough in fine weather, but very chill and disagreeable on a wet day. It was clean, and the proprietor we found willing and obliging to the best of his ability, though steeped in lethargy, and perfectly blind to his own interests. During the summer he had from fifty to sixty people constantly boarding with him, and was obliged to hire spare barns and houses to accommodate them. The charges were certainly moderate: five shillings a day included lodging, attendance, and three "square" meals, plain but wholesome of their kind; but the majority of the visitors, merchants with their families seeking a little relaxation and escape from the cramp of hot dusty towns during the summer months, would gladly have paid more for better accommodation and increased facilities for seeing the country. Horses were only to be procured with the greatest difficulty, pleasure boats not at all, and the natural consequence was that people were thrown too much on their own resources.

Possessing as it does so many natural advantages, fine scenery, pure bracing climate, sea bathing, good harbor for boating, and ample scope for the angler or tourist to follow the bent of his inclinations, Gaspé only requires a little American enterprise and energy to develop into a fashionable watering place.

Meantime we ascertained that the "packet," a small schooner which under contract from the Canadian Government carries the mails during the summer, to the settlements along the Labrador shore, was to sail in a few days on her monthly visit, and we made arrangements with the captain to drop us at West Point, Anticosti, which though not a regular place of calling, is often touched at.

Our time was now fully occupied in selecting the supplies such a trip demanded. The forethought of kind friends in Quebec had provided us with an ample store to choose from, and the only difficulty lay in deciding what portion we could take. Space was limited; once fairly started we knew everything must be carried either in the canoe, or on our backs, and so selecting a round of corned beef, a couple of tongues, a piece of bacon, some sauces, and a plentiful supply of flour and tea, indispensable articles on occasions of this kind, we set to work to stow them away. One of our camp kettles held the meat, the other a frying-pan, tea pot, plates, pannikins, and the various requisites forming our *cuisine*. A barrel of beer, a case of claret, and one of brandy, now awaited our approval. Claret was out of the question; beer was a luxury not to be despised; so we put it on one side, together with a large wicker *cruche* of brandy. Our effort, worthy of a better cause, did not meet with the success it deserved, for, as the sequel will show, we had to leave the greater portion of the beer at the West Point light house. A leather case held our bedding, consisting of a light mattress and blanket each, which when rolled up formed a bundle some two and one-half feet long, by one and one-half feet in depth. Our waterproof sheets served a double purpose: during the day a small and portable haversack in which a change of clothes, two flannel shirts, a pair of boots, and two pair of socks were always packed, and at night they proved a most acceptable addition to our bedding. A small package of quinine powders, and a bottle of chloroform constituted our medicine chest, which, with a field glass, and a few toilet necessities De Courcy carried in a small bag over his shoulder. We each took a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, a trout and a salmon rod.

Nothing now remained but to procure a couple of Indians and a canoe. Unfortunately nearly all the men were camping far up the river, and could not be summoned under three or four days. Through the kindness of Mr. E., the harbor-master, we were at last enabled to secure two, and having agreed to pay each of them one dollar and twenty-five cents for the use of the canoe, besides finding them in provisions (for which we allowed them ten dollars), we ordered them to get our baggage and the canoe on board the schooner. Shortly afterwards we received a message from the captain that should the wind be favorable he would start at daybreak. So we turned in early, and slept soundly till about four o'clock, when the deep guttural voice of the Indian under our window warned us it was time to be off.

It was a cold, gray morning; a thick mist hung over the land-locked basin of Gaspé, and in the eastern sky the frost streaks of Aurora were topping the hills. Naught broke the stillness save the cry of the black ducks winging their morning flight far out to sea, and the voices of the schooner's crew, as with a cheery "heave away, haul away," they hove round the capstan. In less than five minutes we were on board the packet, which was lying with her head up the stream. The anchor was already tripped, and as she paid off under the jib, we hoisted the fore and main sails, and with a fair breeze stood out of the harbor.

Let us now briefly glance at the little vessel and her occupants. The former needs little description, being an ordinary fishing schooner of some twenty-five tons. The latter consisted of the captain and two men, natives of Gaspé, fine able-bodied fellows, with honest faces well tanned by exposure to many a winter storm and summer sun. Our party numbered five: De Courcy, myself, Flanigan, De Courcy's servant, an Irishman who had served with him in the —th Hussars, (a great character, and a constant source of amusement to us), and last but not least, the Indians. The nationality of one of the latter was unmistakable. His small piercing eyes closely set together, long coal black hair which fell in straight thick masses down to his shoulders, and dark sallow complexion, proclaimed him a descendent of those children of the forest who for countless ages held undisputed possession over the boundless prairies, and far-stretching mountains and valleys of the vast continent of America. Peter Joeque was a good specimen of his race, lithe and supple, (though from a natural deformity he walked a little lame). Of a gentle and tractable disposition, we had every reason to be satisfied with him. He proved a capital canoe-man, and if any hard work was to be done, was invaluable. Of his companion and foster-brother, Hamilton, one cannot speak so well. He was a half-breed, his father being a Scotchman, and his mother a squaw. He had inherited the fair complexion and curly hair of the former. Of his Indian descent there was not a trace, though having been brought up from infancy among them, he spoke the Micmac language, that of his tribe, with fluency. He was an active man, and could work well if he chose, but was of a lazy, stubborn nature, and on more than one occasion gave us trouble. Peter was a teetotaler, a "*rara avis*" in that respect, drink being one of his countrymen's worst failings. Hamilton, however, fully maintained the credit of his race. Several times we found him "three parts in the wind," though he generally had the decency to wait till evening, when it was not of so much consequence.

Meanwhile the schooner had run along the coast, and was now abreast of Sandy Point Beach, a long, low spit of sand, stretching almost across the bay and dividing it from the harbor, properly so called. Under the lee of this natural breakwater vessels may lie completely sheltered from the heavy swell which at times rolls into the outer bay. On rounding the point we found that the wind was drawing ahead, and we consequently had to beat out.

As we stood across the bay, first on one tack then on the other, we had a good opportunity of observing the scenery and aspect of the coast. On one stretch we headed for the pretty little village of Douglas, which stands on the rising ground at the south side of St. John's river, and where there appears to be more land under cultivation than at Gaspé. The coast from Douglastown to the entrance of the bay gradually rises, and forms a succession of cliffs of shale and sandstone which in many places attain a height of two hundred feet. There are few houses, and the general appearance is bleak and sterile. On the other tack we lay over to the north-east side of the bay; the bold steep nature of this coast thickly covered with the houses of the fishermen. The store-houses in many places are built on some reeving ledge half way down the face of the cliff, and the curious zigzag manner in which the "flakes" (platforms of spruce boughs resting on uprights, on which the fish are spread to dry), run along the tops and down the sides of the rocks, is very striking. One of these fishing establishments, some four miles within Cape Gaspé, known as the "Grande Greve," employs nearly two hundred men, of whom the larger half are engaged in fishing, while the remainder work on shore, and superintend the "curing."

The wind had been falling light all the afternoon, and towards evening we found ourselves becalmed outside the bay, some few miles to the north-west of Cape Gaspé. On our left the cape and its range of cliffs rose sheer from the water's edge to a height of six hundred to seven hundred feet, grim sentinels guarding the entrance to the bay—a bleak forbidding coast—the home of countless flocks of sea birds which hovered around us, filling the air with wild complaints, till as the shadows stole down the cliffs and the western sky grew red and warm with the glories of the dying sunset, they betook themselves to its clefts and crannies for the night. In front the low neck of Cape Rozier stretched far into the ocean, with its rocky shores, white cottages and light house glistening in the sunlight, while far behind on the other side of the bay, the softly rounded outline of the Perce Mountain showed clear and sharp against the evening sky.

The distance from Gaspé Cape to West Point, Anticosti, is only seventy miles, and we had fondly hoped to have spent the night on the island. The accommodation on board the packet was not of the best; we had the choice between the "cabin," a small darksome abode, reeking of cod oil and tobacco, and the forehold, which, though not sounding so dignified, was at all events clean. We preferred the latter, and, having had a long day, about eight of us spread our mattresses on a rude kind of framework built round the hold, and rolling ourselves in our blankets were soon asleep.

On waking, about six o'clock next morning, the wash of the water, as it ran along the schooner's side, fell pleasantly on my ear, and as I lay for some minutes dreamily listening to the gentle ripple, which only a single plank separated from my bunk, I was lured into the belief that at last we had a favouring breeze. Vain delusion; on going on deck where one of the crew sat at the tiller we found we had drifted some seven or eight miles during the night, and were now abreast of Cape Rozier. Of wind there was not so much as a breath, but as we rose and fell on a long ground swell setting from the eastward, which told of the storm that had raged in the Atlantic some days before, the water laved the side with each successive roll, and the cause of my deception was apparent.

On returning to the hold I found De Courcy awake, while a shapeless mass of rugs and blankets lay on the deck. A pair of large boots protruding from one part, seemed to indicate that Flanigan had come to an untimely end. A gentle kick at the centre of the inanimate mass was followed by a grunt; a second met with no better success, and it was not till a third, more forcible than the previous ones, had been administered, that a wild apparition shot from under the blankets, and sat upright, with shock head of hair, and half opened eyes winking and blinking in the gloom of his unaccustomed domicile. It was our "*fidus Achates*," who for a minute or two glared angrily at the intruders of his slumbers, until perceiving where he was, he pulled himself together with a—

"Beg pardon, sir, shure I thought it was one of those Injin devils."

Despatching him to get breakfast ready, we dressed and went on deck, where we were soon joined by the Captain and the rest of our little party.

All day long we lay on deck, listening to tales of adventure by sea and land; of how in the summer of '59, from some cause which could never be explained, the foxes forsook the forests of the Labrador, and were found running along the shores; a strange phenomenon, as they are rarely seen except in winter, when they are occasionally met with sporting on the ice-floes which skirt the coast. Hundreds were killed, and the little schooner in which we now were, had in the short space of a fortnight sailed from, and returned to Gaspé, with over fifty skins, the accumulated value of which (there being a number of the black and silver grey), was over £500. The preceding winter had been one of unusual severity and the return of the Montagnais Indians in the spring, after their long winter hunt, was marked by sadly diminished numbers. Many of their tribe had fallen victims to starva-

tion and extreme cold. At another time we listened to reminiscences of the camp, and stirring scenes of chase after moose and bear.

As the sun sank in the western ocean, the rocky coast and lofty mountains blended in one indistinct outline. We still lingered on the deck. It was a glorious night, and we sat long, watching the many-hued shafts of the northern lights, radiating from the central orb, shoot in strange fantastic columns across the sky, now brightly flashing, illuminating the whole arch of heaven, now gradually dying away in faintest coloring, only to be again succeeded by fresh tinted rays. The moon had risen high in the heavens,—"gaudentque cadentia sidera somnos"—before we betook ourselves to rest.

Lieut. R. HUTCHINSON POE, R. N.

[To be Continued.]

Wild Fishing Among the Kroos.

OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

Did you ever go fishing with a shot gun?

This is no conundrum for you to simply "give up," and expect a "sell" to reveal itself in the answer, for I have, and have fugged home such noble specimens of the finny tribe as seldom fall to the lot of wandering fishermen. Don't puzzle your brains now by traversing in your memory the grand old sylvan temples of the Adirondacks, nor plunge still deeper into the wilder virgin forests of the "Schoodic Regions" in search of a locality where such perversion of the piscatorial art could be practiced with success. Neither the famed Long Island trout ponds nor the fishing grounds and banks along our sea-coast would furnish a favorable response to such an unusual invocation.

On a wilder, rugged, barren shore, where great masses of naked, rocky hills, bearing naught but an ever-shifting burthen of flying sand, loom up, grey, arid and hot; where the fierce sun of the tropics sends day after day from a cloudless sky its scorching beams, to burn, wither and destroy utterly all trace of life; where man dwells not, nor beasts sojourn; there, on the land where all is wrapt in the solemn silence of an African desert, Nature still maintains a balance, and, driven from the inhospitable shore, animal life seeks the all-embracing ocean, and the blue waters beating on the rugged beach fairly teem with animation. Fish of all sorts, sizes and descriptions abound, from the mammoth whale down through all grades of size to the tiny sardines, flying in countless thousands from the pursuit of voracious enemies. Away up in a sheltered corner of this beautiful bay extends for a mile a pure white sandy beach, which preserves for rods its gentle slope. There our Kroo-boys haul the seine. No rocks nor coral reef to tear the yielding meshes, but a smooth, sloping floor, soft and pleasant to their bare feet as they wade about or stand each like an ebony Hercules. With the strength of Titans they make sport of the heavy haul as the cork beacons come, one after another, closing in and narrowing down that as yet unexplored centre—centre of all our thoughts, hopes and wishes.

With shouts and songs and wild and savage dances of joy and excitement, the net comes slowly in, and fathom after fathom is piled upon the beach. Then the huge bag, with its glistening, quivering, springing mass, comes surging into view. Like a roll of moving quicksilver seems the glimpse we catch of the contents of our trap. Until this supreme moment "Black Will" and "Tom Limerick" have preserved their dignity. They are "Head Kroomen," and get a dollar each more, monthly, than the others. They feel to the utmost the pride and dignity of rank, with more wages, more brains, more strength, more wives than all the rest together, and with more gay silk handkerchiefs treasured up in their dirty bags since our visit to St. Helena. Each handkerchief is destined, without transformation, to furnish a complete suit of clothes to one of said wives. They have so far played the officer and directed; now they spring to it with a will and encouraging shouts, and the great muscles of their chests and arms swell into cordage in alto-relief as they add in their powerful assistance.

And so into the shoal water comes the silvery mass, struggling helplessly, and our haul is successful.

But look out! Not quite so sure a thing after all. A sudden, violent threshing and vigorous beating of the water into foam—a quick, momentary dispersion of the Kroomen with shrieks, half in terror, half in fun, and in the deeper part of the net, where he had lagged sullenly back till the last, is seen a great, dark monster, with horrid, greenish eyes and yawning jaws, snapping viciously at the cordage and plunging furiously in his frantic endeavors to escape. Quickly as they scatter, the Kroos gather again and surround the entangled victim. Armed with oars, stretchers and boat-hooks they rain blows upon the writhing form, taking good care though to spring nimbly back whenever in the skurry the fighting end of the shark comes into an unpleasant proximity; blows which would stun an ox, but which upon the monster fish have but a stimulating effect. And see! the net is giving way. Cut, bitten, or broken, an ugly, ominous rent is seen. Should the shark but perceive it he would soon be at liberty.

But now "Black Will" advances. Taller by half a head than the tallest, with thews and muscles of a demi-god, he stands proudly conscious of his skill and power. With a superb gesture of contempt he motions the noisy rabble to fall back. They obey, and, like in the bull ring, when the matador assumes his part, the contest is left to these two only. For a moment the tired shark lies quiet, and with his devilish eye watches his new adversary. "Will," too, is quiet for the moment. With his yellow, bloodshot eye he searches sharply for the vulnerable point. His thick lips,

drawn spasmodically apart, show his great white teeth, filed to saw-like points; his wide nostrils twitch with excitement; his brawny hand clutches a short, sharp-pointed knife, uplifted for a blow. Suddenly, with a whoop that hand is dropped. With a great convulsive quiver the huge fish straightens out and is quiet, and the well-directed blade is buried in his neck, where, between the vertebrae, there is one weak point that Will's unerring thrust has reached.

Here and there a sudden dense blackness comes clouding up from the bottom, and a space of yards square becomes a pool of ink, into which and from which the frightened fishes enter and emerge and hide themselves from our sight. A huge "Sepia," or cuttle-fish, has been dragged from its lair, and he, too, raises in his defence his only weapon.

But shark and cuttle-fish are thrown out, and our prey landed upon the sand. No great variety, after all. A few flounders and sand eels are sprinkled among the mass, but mullets predominate, and it is well that they can be captured in this way, for they will not take the hook, and are most delicious for the table. We do not count or weigh our catch, for there is beyond all question enough and to spare. The launch and cutters are loaded to their thwarts, and the jolly Kroomen, chanting and singing their wild, native songs, pull slowly off. A big fish chowder, with "yams" and "tarrow" in lieu of potatoes, awaits two hundred men to-morrow.

But I don't see that I have said much about the shot gun as yet. Patience, old friend! you must let me have my own way, and I'll promise it shall come in, in due time. We'll hang the seine to dry, and jumping into the "dingy" pull seaward a short half mile toward that rocky point, where the sterile mountain bathes its stony foot in the sea. Stop when you can see the bottom clearly, and lower your anchor. It is a few feet, you think, but fathom after fathom pays out, and sixty feet of clear, transparent fluid is beneath you as you peer through the liquid depths into a vast aquarium. Now learn the secrets that Nature generally conceals from our sight. Beds of living coral, with green and yellow and white blending one into the other; branches reaching upward like stunted oaks, and bearing strange and unfamiliar foliage; deep crevices, where the greenish water grows blue and bluer till, with its density, the range of vision is arrested; arches and tunnels and labyrinthine paths, through which slowly glide hither and thither, or like meteors dart, strange forms—myriads of fish, of all sizes and descriptions, pursuing the natural tenor of their lives, unscared by the presence of the boat floating so far above their backs—unconscious of their danger because as yet untaught. Huge "gropers" (garropas), snappers, sheeps-heads, and other rockfish, as yet unnamed, are lying quietly upon the bottom, with but their moving gills, and now and then a slight flirt of a fin, to betray that they live. Little coral fish, crimson and blue and scarlet, flash in and out among the crevices, high up above their mighty enemies, or gathered in groups like gorgeous bouquets.

Bait your hook, carelessly as you choose, with a bit of fat pork, and lower it gently to their level. You see so plainly the clumsiness of your gear—the great hook, the wire snell, the coarse cod line—that, if a trout worshipper, you fear for the result. But in an instant all is changed. Where quiet was, confusion reigns, and from all directions dart swift-motivated forms. The little coral fish, frightened, disappear in their crannies. Your hook vanishes, and a sharp, heavy tug proclaims a strike. As the victim feels the sting of the steel he darts off from the scrambling crowd, and you can see your work before you. The others show an instinctive knowledge that there is something wrong, and dash wildly to and fro. Large fish rush at the stricken one and endeavor to tear him from your hook. Round in quickly, for your tackle is stout, and you have no time for playing. Sharp coral edges will fray your line, or sharks rob you of your prize if you delay. Clap on boys, and haul! up with him, hand over hand! With a heavy surge over the gunwale a great red snapper, full forty pounds in weight, lies gasping and struggling at your feet.

Another bait, a few moments to recover breath, another contest for supremacy, and so on till sunset comes, and sheer fatigue moderates your excitement. Then, with wet legs, frayed clothing and torn hands you realize that hard play can be identical with hard work.

I think I'd better get to "shooting fish" though, very soon, or my letter will be like Artemus' lecture on the "Babes in the Woods," where he introduced every imaginable subject except the babes. It didn't amount to much, after all; and in reality, as in this letter, I never bothered with the gun till I had caught my fill with the line. But sometimes at low tide the fish were not on their usual bottoms, and the hook and line gave but poor results. Then we would station ourselves outside the line of breakers, where, from the rocky points extended great tables of flat reef, the surface of which was broken up and had many hollows and pools, left filled by the receding tide. In these comparatively safe retreats multitudes of small fish were gathered. The big fish knew it, and all along the edge they lay in wait. Now and then a little higher wave would for a few instants flood the rocky table, and on its crest the great gropers and snappers would rush headlong in, and if, perchance, they struck a pool, remain monarch and eagerly devour its inmates. As often, though, they missed their aim, and the receding wave left them flapping and kicking about on the rocks. Then was our time—a quick snap shot, and the reflux wave bore to our grasp such monsters in size as often puzzled us to secure.

Com. L. A. BEARDSLEE, U. S. N.

GUY FAWKES AND HIS FATHER.

BY the kindness of Mr. Bartlett, I have had the good fortune to be present on the occasion when the little Hippopotamus, Guy Fawkes—who is now eight months old—was introduced to his disagreeable old father, Obesh, a resident in the gardens for twenty-three years. Obesh was quietly munching his breakfast of grass in the outside den, when at a given signal the portcullis of the mother's den was gradually raised, and the two heads appeared gazing out with a most comical expression. Seeing his wife, the old man left off munching his grass, grinned a ghastly grin, and he loudly trumpeted "Umph," "Umph," "Umph."

Little Guy Fawkes then came forward from behind his mother, with the action and stiffness of a pointer when he has discovered a covey of birds; gradually and slowly he went up to his father, and their outstretched noses were just touching, when the old woman sounded the signal for war, and rushing past the young one, fairly challenged her lord and master to single combat. He instantly retreated a step or two, and his wife began to pretend to munch at the grass, keeping her eyes always fixed spitefully upon him.

Just at this moment the sun shone out, and I was enabled to see most distinctly the remarkable phenomenon of the "blood-sweet" of these gigantic animals when excited.

The usual pale chocolate color of the skin of the husband and wife became densely covered with spots that looked like thin red gum, and when the male turned his head I could see that these spots were globular; they glistened like dew on a cabbage, and stood high upon the skin like blood-stained diamonds. I managed subsequently to wipe off one of these globules, and it stained my note-book quite red. After gazing at each other for about half a minute, old Dil, for that is the female's name, made a savage rush at her husband, and simultaneously both animals reared right up on their hind legs, like bulldogs fighting. They gaped wide their gigantic mouths, and bit and struck and lunged at each other savagely, while the grass fell out of their great coal-scuttle mouths on to the battle-field. The crash of their tusks coming together was truly Homeric, and reminded me of the rattle and smashing clash—only exaggerated—when the Windsor Park red-deer charge and fight with their horns. For a second or two these two gigantic animals closed together and swayed to and fro like Cornish wrestlers.

This scene of the Hippopotami fighting was grand in the extreme, and would form a good subject for an Oxford prize poem or the pencil of Landseer. When they settled on their four legs again the old woman followed up her advantage by giving her husband a tremendous push "well hit" with her head, and while the cowardly old fellow sneaked backwards into his pond, his wife trumpeted a triumphant signal of victory from the bank. All this time little Guy kept well in rear of his mother, occasionally peeping round her sides to see the rare and extraordinary phenomenon of a husband and wife having a row. Dil then slowly, and in a Shah-like manner, walked down the steps into the water, and hunted the old man about until she drove him up into a corner, she then mounted sentry over him. The young one then mounted on to his mother's back, and gazed with filial respect, not unmingled with impudence, at his father. At the least movement on his governor's side, he sank down into the water as quiet as an otter, without making the slightest ripple or sending up a bubble of air, and shortly re-appeared with his pretty little head, erect ears, and bright eyes, and looking like a gigantic frog. During his subaqueous excursion the little rascal had probably gone up to and touched his father, for the old fellow gave a sudden plunge and jump as if he had been touched up from underneath by something alive. Thus the three remained for about half-an-hour, grunting and staring at each other. Obesh made one attempt to get out of his corner and retreat into his den, but his artful old Missis was two quick for him, cut off his retreat and drove him back. The little one, I observed, always kept the far side of his mother, in case his father should turn rusty again. In about three-quarters of an hour the row was all over, and instead of angry trumpeting, the signals gradually assumed a more amicable tone, and it was evident that the two Behemoths were getting into good temper. At last the female swam nearer to her husband, and distending her great nostrils to the utmost, uttered a kind of hiss, not the least like a war cry. When the keeper heard this he said, "They are all right now, Sir; they'll not fight any more. See, the old man's beginning to smile, and he has uncocked his ears and left off staring." The faithful keeper was quite right, for all three Hippos at once became friends, and the domestic row was over.

I understand that on the previous day, when these three beauties were first put together, that little Guy Fawkes immediately went up to his governor, and cheeked him in the most insolent manner; he bristled up, grunted at him, showed his teeth, and actually challenged his father to fight. The mother then charged the old father, scratched his face, and pushed him right bang all of a lump into the water. The little one followed up directly, swam under his father's legs, and actually bit at and pulled the paternal tail. On the second occasion the youngster behaved very differently; it was quite evident that somehow or other his mother had cautioned him and given him orders to keep in the rear while she fought her old man. On this occasion Obesh was terribly alarmed, although his wife frightened more than hurt him. She so alarmed him that a new discovery was made by Mr. Bartlett. After the row was over the cowardly old Obesh changed color. His mulatto-colored skin got gradually whiter and whiter, and the lower part of his head and sides became of a creamy-white tint, and the poor old fellow looked "as white as a ghost." It was some hours before he came to his proper color again. When his wife gave him a hiding on the second day Obesh again turned somewhat white, making his blood-spots stand out with unusual clearness. Now that this family scrimmage is over, we trust that for the future they will enjoy domestic felicity.

By the way, the controversy has not yet been decided whether the present name "Hip-po-po-ta-mus" (which means a horse-river, not a river-horse), shall not be recast into Potamippus, and the little Guy Fawkes received a new appellation—the diminutive of the original word—viz., "Hippopo-tamidon," or "Potamippodion." This, as your correspondent Mr. E. K. Karlake remarks, "would be barbarous." I should like to hear a stammerer tackle it.—FRANK BUCKLAND, in *Land and Water*.

A Cincinnati editor, who has indulged in a heavy life insurance, is said to be followed, whenever he goes a fishing, by several life insurance companies, affectionately bearing life-preservers and sun umbrellas.

For Forest and Stream.

THE PRE-ADAMITE.

HO! for a rhyme of the good old time,
Ere Adam or Eve was born,
When the saurian slept in the sluggish slime
With the nique unicorn;

When the mermaid smiled on the mammoth mild,
And the Dodo sang her lay,
And the behemoth breasted the billows wild
With the plesiosaurus gay.

Oh! a happy wight was the Pre-adamite,
He basked in the griffin's smile,
Or followed the dragon's dizzy flight,
Or angled for crocodile.

Then an omelette, made of the roc's eggs, stayed
His appetite so rare,
While whale on toast, or a walrus roast,
Was his daily bill of fare.

No hotel bills or doctor's pills
Impaired his appetite;
He laughed at gout, with his stomach stout,
And kept his molars bright.

Ho! a tear and a sigh for the days gone by!
And a dirge for the doughty dead!
Let the sea-serpent shuffle his coil, and die;
For the good old days are sped.

J. J. ROCHE.

Trout Trails from the Nepigon.

T A L E I.

RED ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR, July, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

When I saw the prospectus of your new newspaper enterprise, I congratulated myself and the public; for now I know we shall have a paper which will furnish just the kind of information which we sportsmen have long needed and looked for in vain. Excuse the flattery—but I have learned by experience that the man who wrote that, to us useful book, entitled "*The Fishing Tourist*," is well informed of what he writes. I feel assured that he is entirely competent to take charge of just such a journal as we expect the "FOREST AND STREAM" to be, and that under his management it cannot fail of complete success—for which I pray.

Following the instructions printed in the book above mentioned, I have visited the Nepigon river, and cannot but express myself delighted with the careful accuracy of the information given, and more than satisfied with my trip and the attractions of this remarkable river, and its marvelous fish and fishing. Nay, it is more than marvelous. I only wonder that the author should not have given to its pages minuter details, which could not have failed to enchant the reader and enhance the value of the book.

Let me premise what I have presently to say, by the statement that during my ten day's sojourn upon the Nepigon, I took perhaps one hundred speckled trout, (I might as well have taken a thousand) scarcely one of which weighed less than *three pounds*! And to convince your incredulous friends that they are the genuine *salmo fontinalis*, I forward herewith a couple of tails of fish that weighed nearly six pounds each. I saw one trout caught with a hook by a surveyor of the Canadian Pacific Railway, (one of whose routes is laid near this place), which weighed *eight pounds*! These facts fully substantiate the truth of the "*Fishing Tourist*." If they do not sufficiently whet the appetite of the genuine sportsman who has courage enough to come out and rough it, I will amplify hereafter. In this letter, however, I shall merely give a brief outline of my journey and of the river, adding some incidents of personal adventure and experience in other letters which will follow.

Imprimis, I purchased a through ticket from New York to Toronto, via the Erie railroad, and in seventeen hours found myself at Niagara Falls. Thence four hours to Toronto by boat—preferable to railroad, after a sufficiently long journey by land. At the Rossin House I was most hospitably entertained by the Messrs. SHEARS, father and son, the proprietors, not more by the good provender provided, than by their congenial and very intelligent intercourse and information upon all subjects interesting to our fraternity of sportsmen. These gentlemen are recognized as among the most thorough sportsmen in Canada, which is saying a great deal; for, assuredly, for rough, practical, intelligent work, the Canadians much excel the majority of our sportsmen in the States. Any honorable, fair-minded man without prejudice, will acknowledge this. The latch-string of the Rossin House always hangs a long way out for "thoroughbreds."

There is a Shooting Club in Toronto, which numbers two hundred members, besides a yacht and boat club, and other minor clubs. The Shooting Club at Niagara Falls, of which Mr. J. B. King is President, comprises some forty members of excellent grit.

From Toronto there is a choice of routes either to Collingwood or Sarnia, whence good boats run to Sault Ste. Marie, and from there, the first to the north shore of Lake Superior, and the other to the South Shore, touching at Marquette and other points, and on to Duluth. The North Shore steamers connect at Prince Arthur's Landing with other boats for Duluth, one hundred and forty miles distant. A favorite route for Americans is from Buffalo via Lake Erie to Detroit, and thence through Lake Huron to Sault Ste. Marie. Residents of States west and north of New York, will naturally make Detroit their objective starting point. Of the

two routes from Toronto I chose the Collingwood, by your direction, and purchased a round trip ticket for thirty-five dollars gold, which includes meals and stateroom. The fare from New York to Toronto is eleven dollars fifty cents; so that the cost of the entire trip from New York and return is about sixty-five dollars currency. The actual running time of the trip occupies ten days. One cannot complain of the expense. I am explicit in giving information because I hope gentlemen will avail themselves of it, as August and September are the best months for fishing the Nepigon.

The distance from Toronto to Collingwood is ninety-six miles by the Northern Railroad, and I was surprised to find the route lying through a populous and rich country, with substantial farm houses and extensive saw mills at intervals along the whole line. The appointments of the railway are first-class, and the station houses models of neatness and beauty. Nearly all have tasteful flower gardens and lawns attached, with jets of water spurting from fountains that cool and refresh the plants. It is a rare combination, especially in a new country, this association of the finer features of nature with the harsh rasp of gang-saws and the rumbling of ponderous railway rolling stock. This is a touch of nature which appeals to the sympathies of all who love her for herself. At the head of Lake Simcoe, famous for its fishing, and a delightful summer resort, is an unexceptionable lunch room; and while the passengers are breakfasting or dining, the train runs up to Barrie a couple of miles on a branch track. Barrie is a handsome brick town upon the sloping hillside that girts Lake Simcoe, and the locality of a famous Trotting Course, where annual meetings are held in July. At Collingwood there are two large saw mills, a long pier, and an immense grain elevator, and very little else. The place is low and in attractive, and in winter bleak and wind-racked. Three steamers compose the Collingwood Line. It was my eminent good fortune to take passage on the "*Cumberland*," Captain Sandy McGregor, an accomplished gentleman and a most skillful navigator of intricate channels and uncertain shores. For be it known that, although the waters of Huron and Superior are vast and deep, fogs continually envelope their waters during the early summer months, and at all times treacherous gusts and storms are liable to sweep over their expanse. The water of the lakes, especially of Superior, is very cold, and it takes many weeks to equalize the surface temperature and the warmer air above. Often the steamers have to "lie to" for twenty-four hours and more, and when a heavy sea is running, proximity to sunken rocks and fog-enveloped shores becomes unpleasant. Tropical fruit doesn't grow in this latitude; but the Aurora Borealis often gleams out on calm clear nights to remind the tourist that the Arctic "ice blink" is not many degrees to the northward. From the time we left Collingwood until my return in the middle of July, I was not without my overcoat on some portion of each day. At all times warm clothing should be at hand for immediate use, to meet the constantly varying moods of the weather. Yet there are many sunny days which cheer the wayfarer, and make him feel that it "is good to be here."

At Collingwood Landing a motley crowd is gathered to witness the steamer's departure. The deck-hands of the boat are all full-blooded or half-breed Indians, and hard-workers they are, too. Then there is the remarkable consociation of Scotch, English, Irish and French, which are always noticed throughout the Canadian Dominion, all busy about the freight-house and wharf. There is a general scene of bustle and activity everywhere. The only persons not employed are a dozen of do-nothing negroes who lie around loose and impassively watch the proceedings. The presence of so many is an enigma to practical geographers who know that Ethiopia lies in the tropics. These are doubtless retired barbers, waiters, and whitewashers whom handsome fortunes realized have made independent of work.

The freight of the steamer is a curious conglomeration of mills, implements, live stock, furniture and supplies, *en route* for the mines or the more distant and far Northwest. The Canadian Pacific Railroad also adds a large business to the steamboat line, and gangs of surveyors with their outfits are constantly going forward.

Not many hours after we leave the land we are on the broad expanse of Huron, as boundless to all appearance as mid ocean. Seldom does a floating object come into view. There is nothing but the life within the vessel to break the dead monotony of the watery waste without. But on the second day a grateful change is sprung upon the scene. We are in Georgian Bay! Islands succeed islands in an unbroken continuity hour after hour as we glide on; islands of every conceivable size and shape, more numerous than the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence many times multiplied; islands barren, wooded, sandy, rocky, columnar, gracefully rounded, precipitous and gently sloping, windswept and storm-polished, large, diminutive, and infinitesimal; reefs widely spreading, and submarine monoliths whose peaks barely project above the surface. There is a breadth and sweep and never-ending change in the panorama which is all-absorbing to a mind intent upon the picture. For one hundred and seventy miles we steam through this island scenery! In the calm repose of a summer morning, when the waves are stilled and the face of the lake gleams like polished glass, the shadows fall heavily from the indented shores, and every rock and tree is sharply outlined and reproduced inverted in the mirror. Then we seem to float on airy nothing, looking upward into cloudland and downward into cloudland, into depths above

and below that seem illimitable. There is very little animal life upon the islands. The main land is a continuous upheaval of bare Laurentian billows of granite that once were moulted. There is but a scanty growth of trees. Sweeping blasts have scathed them and frequent fires blasted out their vitality. There are very few houses and but little cultivation. Occasionally a bark canoe glides from behind a point, and at intervals a solitary fisherman's hut is descried. Were it not for the gaunt white gulls that hover over our wake or keep vigil on the rocks, this would be a solitude.

In places the flinty strata of rocks yield a mineral wealth sufficient to induce the sinking of a mining shaft, or the back country affords a supply of furs which necessitates the establishment of a trading post and depot. At these the steamboat touches, sometimes to take in wood, sometimes to land a passenger, and anon to discharge some freight. At the hamlet of Killarney, 173 miles from Collingwood, we run into a rocky passage so narrow that we almost touched both shores. Here is a hamlet of a dozen houses, a store, a small fleet of bark canoes, and a score of loungers, chiefly half-breed Indians. A few miles farther is Indian Landing, a wooding place with a single shanty, where an intelligent Indian sells mats, miniature canoes and birch bark toys to curiosity seekers, and drives a thriving trade. There is an Indian village of five hundred people a few miles distant which boasts a very neat stone, chapel and substantial dwellings, some of them of stone. Next on the route comes Little Current, another small hamlet, and here a tide sets between the islands with a four-knot current. Singular phenomenon in this great lake of three hundred miles in length! It is said the tide is caused by the wind, that it sets in whichever direction the wind is blowing at the time. Still further on is the picturesque Hudson's Bay Company's post called La Cloche, with its sunny white buildings, red-roofed. The water is shoal for two miles out from the shore, so that all supplies for the post have to be landed and received at an isolated hut far off. When the boat arrives, great birch canoes manned by Indians of every hue and degree of miscegenation put out from the distant shore, and with sturdy arms and many paddles, skim over the intervening space. From the stern of the foremost flaunts the red flag of England, and under its official aegis a fleet of light canoes filled with lads and squaws and their papposes, follow in the rear. When they have reached the steamboat landing, the men and boys squat in line upon the shore and motionless watch the bustling operations of landing freight. The squaws sit in their canoes and nurse their progeny, never wincing under the scrutiny of the glasses levelled at them from the promenade deck. When the boat departs, the aboriginal coterie, having filled up the measure of this little episode in life, paddle back to headquarters. What noble impulses swell their tawny breasts! what ambition, what pride of race and traditional renown must stimulate them to other deeds of like emprise!

At the Bruce Mines, three hundred and seven miles from Collingwood, are the huge chimney stacks and shops and piles of copper ore and ranges of hovels two miles long that belong to this great company that delves the precious metal from the bowels of the surrounding earth. The works have cost over a quarter of a million of dollars.

We are now near the head of the lake, and presently enter the wide and serpentine St. Mary's river, with its Indian reservation and villages upon the Canadian side, and an occasional farm on the Michigan shore. Forty miles more, and we reach the Sault, with its foaming rapids, its great ship canal, and the rival villages that confront each other from either shore. Here if one elects to tarry, he will find good fishing. There are numerous Indians on hand to lend their services and canoes, and if the sportsman will try the Garden river on the Canada side, he can fill his creel with trout, though the stream is much netted by the tribes of Lo. Sixteen miles below the Sault is Hay Lake and its outlet, affording fine trouting and good duck shooting in their respective seasons. There is a very comfortable hotel at Sault Ste. Marie called the Chippewa House, but the town itself is not attractive. The green parade ground of the old fort alone relieves the monotony of dingy houses and rotting plank sidewalks that characterize the place. The Canadian side is more picturesque, and there are some fine private residences there.

Through the Sault and into Lake Superior! We have traversed one vast Mediterranean, and another is before us. We have still 417 miles to sail by the route to our destination. And Duluth the terminus, is 198 miles further yet! It is only now that we begin to realize the immensity of these inland seas. The voyage for duration is like a journey to Europe. Great ships of thousands of tons burthen, traverse its highways, and storms that are not surpassed in violence agitate its depths. One hundred miles we speed after losing sight of land, and then arrive at Michipicott Island and river. Here in summer the boats tarry a few hours that excursionists may pick up agates along the pebbly shore or catch huge trout in the adjacent waters. Were it not that so much larger fish can be taken in the Nepigon, the size and quantity of these would seem amazing. Some of the agates found here are of unusual beauty and transparency. The light-house keeper, who has a sort of monopoly of the business, in that he has thoroughly raked the placers, will sell a pint of them for a dollar.

Hence to Prince Arthur's Landing and Fort William the distance is 306 miles. The latter place is ninety-six miles beyond the Nepigon. Boats generally go there direct and touch at the latter place on their return. Fort Wil-

liam is an Hudson's Bay post. Its oldest building is one hundred and sixteen years old, built of stone, and loop-holed for musketry. There are some thirty offices, stores, dwellings and out buildings within the main enclosure. A couple of iron cannon guard the entrance; two antiquated sailing craft lie at the landing; and a tall flag-staff towers over all. Very neat and well cared for is the ancient post, with its lawns, hot-beds, flower gardens, grainaries and live stock. The old factors who have sojourned here, totally isolated from civilization until recently, neglected none of those appliances that could make their life tolerable. Good old wines stock the cellars, rare pictures hang on the walls, croquet is set on the lawn, and the bird of Juno screams from the white washed paling. There are Guinea fowl, piggeries, henneries, apiaries, dove-cots, and stock-yards; rare plants, redundant vegetables forced under glass, and trailing vines in profusion. Indian employes and French half-breeds lodge on the premises, and fifty gaunt dogs, long-legged, sharp-eared and wolf-like, stroll at random by day, and make the place hideous by night. The principle store is vast in extent and contains a variety of goods in quantity that would seem to exceed all possible exigencies of demand. In old times, visitors were few and far between, and the Indians who came in the spring to bring their furs, and returned to their traps in the fall with their winter supplies, were the only society the wilderness afforded. As it is, the place is shut out from the world for seven months of the year. But the Canadian Pacific railway survey has wrought a great change. The hundreds of surveyors upon the routes need supplies, and have created a demand for transportation, while the prospect of the speedy construction of the road has induced emigration. Last year the steamboat line was established, and the way to this remote region is now made easy.

Prince Arthur's Landing is three miles east of Fort William. It is a frontier slab and canvas town that has grown up within four years in expectation of being made an objective point on the railroad route. It contains five hundred inhabitants, who are supplied with grog by two taverns and shops. Should the road give it the go-by, its rapid depopulation and decline is predicted. There is a route hence to Fort Garry, Manitoba, which has been laid out to compete with the American steamboat and railroad line *via* Duluth, Brainard, Moorhead, and the Red River. It is called the "Dawson route." Patriotism, want of cash, or a concession to the powers that be, have impelled many a poor emigrant to travel four hundred miles over this dismal succession of alternate ponds and portages to his land of promise in the far Northwest, when he might have accomplished the journey by the American route with more comfort in less time. The conveyances over the portages are rude wagons, and little tug-boats tow batteaux through the lakes and frequent reaches of water. There are some forty portages in all, and baggage and freight has to be shifted as many times as there are portages.

Prince Arthur's Landing lies at the head of Thunder Bay, an expanse of water twenty miles in diameter, encircled by an amphitheatre of fantastic hills and guarded at its portal by Thunder Cape, a rugged headland of columnar trap several hundred feet high. In a fog, when the steamer's whistle sounds, the reverberations leap and re-echo from point to point of the entire circumference of the bay. But when the Titanic voice of the thunder-blast rolls through the broad expanse, it resounds with mighty intonations that shake the cliffs and split the air, and give to cape and bay their most appropriate name. It is the tongue of the Great Spirit, Nana-bijoo, that speaks. But, alas! for the reputation of the Indian storm-god! That divinity once upon a time got drunk, and lying down upon the summit of the cliffs, never rose again. His gigantic form can even now be seen plainly limned in the outline of the adjacent mountain ridge. It has been the custom of the Indians to toss him a bit of tobacco, by way of a propitiatory offering, as they pass! but most of them at the present day regard it as a useless waste of the precious weed—*kavin nishin*—not of much account.

Twenty-two miles east of Prince Arthur's Landing is the far-famed Silver Islet, which yields an annual wealth of revenue to the company of Americans that work it. It formerly belonged to Canadians, who could not make it pay; but they bite their lips now in rueful disappointment to see the precious treasures that are constantly unearthed and shipped away by the hundred barrels at a time. The mines are of untold value and could not be bought, it is said, for less than \$18,000,000. Silver Islet—*almost of solid silver*—was originally a rock but a few yards long that rose from the waves a half mile from the main land. Delving into it, and following the shining lead, the miners sunk their shaft some three hundred feet down into the pyramid, and bringing the debris to the surface have enlarged their insular domain, protected it with massive cribs, and erected their engine houses and other buildings thereon, structures of massive timbers tree-nailed and bolted together, to resist the winds and waves that beat with mighty force upon this coast. The "lead" trends north-east, and the miners are now working under the lake toward the main land, taking the risk of their uncertain roof falling through and letting in the mass of waters that flow overhead. Upon the main land are the company's stores, and other works, and other shafts now being sunk to head off the lead. Steam tugs ply to and from the island and bring over the precious ore and the gangs of laborers employed. So strict are the rules and precautions against pilfering, that each miner is obliged to strip and be searched before he leaves the islet. This discipline he agrees to before he enters the service.

Now for Nepigon, seventy-four miles eastward. Steam-

ing for several hours along the coast, we enter the noble Nepigon Bay, the most picturesque and enchanting of all the many localities of Lake Superior. Within its bosom are large high islands, fifteen hundred feet from base to summit, covered with verdure; little islets that scarcely afford a resting place for the trees and shrubbery that make them beautiful; grassy, marshy lowlands that feed and shelter water-fowl innumerable; and away up at its head, and within the embrace of the river, is the famed Red Rock, sacred to the great Manitou and all the other Indian gods, and covered with devices, totems, and hieroglyphics that tradition says were indelibly graven on its face when the rock was formed. This rock is a red slate cliff some 800 feet high, whose face contrasting with the living green of the verdure that envelops it, presents a charming feature and always a prominent landmark from distant points. The Indians manufacture pipes from the stone, and these pipes are always regarded as "good medicine."

Half a mile above is Red Rock Landing, a Hudson's Bay Company's post and the starting point for our canoe voyage up the river. This letter is already so long that I will only touch salient points that may be of value to sportsmen who contemplate a trip this season. Here can be obtained almost everything requisite for camping out; cedar boats, and birch canoes, tents, blankets, woolen shirts, Hudson's Bay overcoats, corduroys, cigars and tobacco, canned fruits, dessicated meats, condensed soups, milk and coffee, pickles, English ale, whisky for medicinal use, new Testaments, flour, pork and ham, cutlery, boots, shoe-packs—at ridiculously low prices. Good guides and Indian canoe-men can be had at a dollar per day each. The river is forty-five miles long to the great Nepigon Lake at its head, and is broken by fifteen chutes or falls, at all of which is the best of fishing. It has an average width of two hundred yards, and at frequent intervals widens into lakes two miles and more in width, in which the toothsome whitefish and the great lake trout dwell. Camping ground is excellent everywhere, and there is a beaten trail across the portages, over portions of which a wagon might pass with ease; for this has long been a thoroughfare for the Company's employes, who, once a year at least bring down their furs and carry back their annual supplies to Nepigon House above. There is ample easting room throughout. The depth varies, as I have found by actual soundings of my own, from twenty to two hundred and fifty feet, and the water is so cold at all times as to benumb the limbs. Its temperature is about 38°. In September partridges (ruffed grouse), are thick as bees, and the forests abound in bears, rabbits, and other fur-bearing animals and small game. There are a few cariboo, but no deers or any other species of the genus *Cervus*. By August the flies and punkies will all have disappeared. The trout will have become fat and gamey; for they spawn later here than in most other localities. Bring your tackle with you. Include trolling tackle, a stout rod, and red and brown hackles, and you are well prepared for business. Do not permit habit or education to induce you to doubt my instructions, or think the season too far advanced. August and September are the glorious harvest months for trout.

And now, beware how you shake hands with old Bob Crawford, the jovial, genial agent of the Company's post, for he has a heart as warm as mush and a grip like a steel trap. I'll tell you all about it in my next.

Don't forget your warm clothing, for the nights are cold.
HAVELOCK.

STUPENDOUS ENGLISH BETTING.

UPON the Derby of 1867 Lord Hastings lost by far the heaviest sum that was ever lost on a race. It seems but the other day that the air was vocal with the enthusiastic cheers that greeted his appearance on the course at Ascot, after paying away through his commissioners about £100,000 on the Derby settling. In many a little race at Newmarket Lord Hastings backed his horse to win £10,000. It made no difference to him whether the bookmakers asked him to stake £2,000 or £5,000 against their £10,000. Whatever they offered in the way of odds, so long as the sum was large enough, he was content to book; and during his short career on the Turf the odds laid were shorter and the gains won by the bookmakers larger than during any three years of the present century. He often paid away £40,000 or £50,000 upon a settlement after a Houghton or Second October meeting; and since Lord Hastings's time high bets have been the rule at Tattersall's and the Ring. Mr. J. B. Morris, the bookmaker, has been known to lay £40,000 to £600 against each of five of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, against each of six of the Duke of Newcastle's horses, and against a horse of Mr. Chaplin's. Again, £1,000 to £10 has been laid that a certain horse would win the Liverpool Cup, and £1,000 to £10 that Sir Frederick Johnstone would ride the winner; and Mr. Chaplin has been known to win £140,000 upon the Derby, and Captain Machell, his confederate, £60,000. A year or two ago Mr. Chaplin won a levathan bet of £50,000 that The Hermit would beat The Palmer the first time they met, and £10,000 that The Hermit beat Marksman. You may meet men by the dozen at Tattersall's who, if they choose to tell you their secrets would tell you that their wits are worth £10,000 to £20,000 a year to them. Reduced to a system, nothing is safer than "business on the Turf." Lord George Bentinck for years kept up his magnificent stud by his book; and Mr. Harry Hill, his chief Ring commissioner, could, I fancy, tell us some piquant stories if he were to turn to his notebooks. It is said that in a single year Lord George netted nearly £50,000 upon a couple of horses alone.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

Quite an interesting pigeon shoot came off Aug. 12th at Ditmar's farm, Flatlands, L. I., among a few gentlemen from Brooklyn. The birds were only middling, and the most of them did not fly direct from the trap. There were 140 birds shot at. Dr. W. killed eighteen out of twenty, and Mr. Radin's seventeen out of twenty. Several gentlemen practiced at thirty and forty yards with varied success.

Natural History.

AMERICAN SARDINE AND ANCHOVY.

THE minor fisheries of our coasts have as yet been entirely neglected and overlooked, though affording a sure and unfailing return for the capital invested in them. For instance, we import sardines and anchovies while countless millions of them are playing along our coasts. The sardine of Europe is the young of a species of herring, known, when full grown, as the Pilchard. They are found from the Mediterranean to the English Channel, are easily captured, and are preserved in sweet oil or pickled. On the St. Lawrence river, below Quebec, the French *habitans* put up quantities of young herring in this last-mentioned way, and thus prepare to meet the long winter and supplement their scanty and often failing crops of potatoes and barley. Any young herring can be thus preserved, and would meet with a ready sale everywhere. We cannot yet furnish the olive oil for the second mentioned method of preserving them, though it is to be hoped that the olive may be planted on the southern Alleghanies, where it would thrive admirably, as well as the cork oak. We ought not to be dependent upon Europe for such easily-raised products.

As for the anchovy, another of the herring family, we have it on our coast—a different species from the European one, to be sure, and perhaps smaller in size, but equally good for use. It is described in DeKay's "Fish of New York" as the *Clupea Vittata*, or satin-striped herring,* and is a well-marked fish, easily known by its projecting upper jaw, long gills and the bright silver stripe along its sides. It averages two and a half inches in length, but another species, found on the coast of California, is much larger. It is found at sea, near the coast, in countless myriads, and is a favorite prey of the blue fish. Only a few days since, while trolling for these ravenous pirates of the deep near the New York light ship, every bluefish we captured was gorged with the American anchovy. This delicate little herring is generally preserved by salting, or by grinding them up into a fine paste with salt. They are caught with fine purse nets, and would repay the small labor and capital required to go into the business in one season.

If the few remarks we have jotted down should prove interesting, we may continue the subject and describe the proper mode of harvesting these valuable but entirely neglected sources of wealth.
J. CARSON BREVOORT.

*It is a true *Engraulis*, or anchovy, and was recognized as such by Baird and Girard. No figure of it has been published.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

SINCE the siege of Paris, where only balloons and carrier pigeons escaped the vigilance of the Prussians, much attention has been directed towards this most interesting representative of the *Columbidae*. Very few people whose tastes run towards pigeons are aware how many really bitter feuds have been fought out among ornithologists as to the exact classification of this well-known bird. Linnæus insisted that they should be classed with the Passers. Cuvier placed them in the category of gallinaceous birds; while Buffon gave to them the dignity of a distinct order. Another fact but little known is, that the Dodo, an extinct bird, whose fancy form is the constant illustration of most books of natural history, was the colossal bird of this family. Why is it, then, that the Dodo should be held in such ridicule by those having little respect for the sacred character of ornithology? Perhaps it is on account of his name, or because of his ludicrous form. If not too late, the proprietors of the *Graphic*, who are doing such wonders in a journalistic way, might add a Dodo or so to their list of professors and carrier pigeons, to go in the balloon! There is no reason to suppose that the Dodo would not be true to the instincts of his race. Instead of being limited, however to a tiny note, written on the flimsiest of tissue paper, like his diminutive congener, the Carrier Pigeon, he might tug along a whole United States mail bag, padlock and all, from the upper regions of air to the earth, 10,000 feet below. To be sure there might be this trouble in the way: it is possible he would lay his course for the Island of Mauritius, where alone he was once born and bred, and it is a long way from Mauritius to New York; but then as all things are possible for the *Graphic*, a special cable might be laid from thence hither, to transmit the news. As to the carrier pigeons to be used in the coming balloon voyage, if they are dropped at sea, we doubt whether any of them will ever reach their homes. We speak seriously now. The question of how the carrier pigeon finds its way home, must always be a puzzling one. Mr. O. S. Hubbell, an amateur breeder of these birds, who will furnish carrier pigeons for the *Graphic* balloon, writes as follows to that paper in regard to them:

"I go to my farm next Thursday, and will take in hand training the birds for you myself, and will deliver to you a dozen birds that you may depend upon, and you shall have proof of their ability in a few days, when I will send a basket of them, and you shall liberate them, each with a mes sage, which I will transmit by mail to you as proof of their usefulness.

"These birds never find their way over long distances unless they have been trained by gradual stages.

"Their power of vision is very acute, and at the altitude in which they fly they have a view of the earth beneath, with its great land marks and recognizable features.

"At 400 feet, the boundary of vision is a radial line of twenty-five miles.

"As they rise, the prospect widens in amazing proportions, and they fly

as much by a knowledge of the map beneath as the mariner does by the little one he carries. When lost, they fly in circles, gradually enlarging, until they recognize some old outline with which they had previously been familiarized. Their only guide being *intelligence* and an unswerving love of home (or what the phrenologists term *Locality*.)"

Our fishermen at Fulton market frequently receive fish which they are unacquainted with. Such specimens, if of small size, generally are classed by them under the comprehensive title of *affal*. Three peculiar specimens were presented to our notice lately, and were on exhibition at a noted restaurant in New York.

The first was a thin, flat sea-fish, about six and a quarter inches long by five inches breadth, and less than one inch in thickness. It is rather a rare species in these waters, and perhaps a dozen are caught during the year. It is of the *Scambridae* family, genus *Vomer*, and this individual rejoices in the name of the *Vomer Brownii*, and may be considered as a poor relation of the mackerel tribe. The fish is remarkable for its bizarre and lustrous tints, and is not uncommon on our coast. A native of the tropical seas, its geographical range is so great as almost entitle it to be considered a cosmopolitan. It is found on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. New York is probably its northern limit, and it is occasionally caught during the months of July and August. Sometimes it has been found a foot in length. It feeds on sea-weed, from whence the peculiarity of its form. (See DeKay, pl-25, fig. 78.) J. Carson Brevoort, Esq., in his contributions to Ichthyology, gives a full description of the *Selene Argenta*, another variety of this same family.

The second specimen was described quite accurately as "having a belly like a frog, with spikes on his back and belly, a corrugated concern, and fixed in his shell, and swimming like a jack in a box." This fish proved to be one of the *Astracionidae* family, genus *Lactophrys*, and was the dromedary trunk fish, *Lactophrys Canchinus*. It has been occasionally taken on the shores of Long Island, but is rarely found further north. Some of the same family are known in the West Indies as the Trunk fish.

The third specimen bears a strong resemblance to the weakfish. Prof. Agassiz's assistant designates it as the silver corvina (*corvina argyrotaea*) of De Kay, or silvery perch (*bodianus argyroleuces*) of Mitchell. It is a native of the Caribbean Sea, and extends its northern range to the coast of New York. In Curvier's natural history of fishes it is called *le corb blanc d'argent*.

A letter from Turkistan to the Berlin Geographical Society describes a species of grouse upon the arid steppes which is a great adept in the art of flying. Many a time it must have miles and miles to travel before it can expect to find a spilt drop of water at the well-side. When in the air its movements are so quick and alert as frequently to baffle all the fierceness and strategy of the hawk. The only other animals living in that dreary waste are eagles, hawks, falcons and turtles. The birds prey voraciously upon the reptile, yet are unable sensibly to diminish its numbers.

The editor of the Macon (Georgia), *Telegraph* tries to make folks believe that toads eat buckshot. He says, with unchanging countenance: "The writer has seen one seize and swallow buckshot after buckshot as it was rolled towards it, until weighed down with the load it bore, further motion became impossible."

FORESTS—THEIR CULTIVATION.

THE *Country Gentleman* says: Thousands of persons have more land than they care to cultivate to ordinary crops, and some of it often which is not good for such crops, but would do well for timber. Then why not do something for posterity—and perhaps for themselves, too, by planting it to forest trees? It is easy now to do this; the information gained and imparted by such men as Andrew S. Fuller, Arthur Bryant, Sr., and others, has made forest planting comparatively an easy matter. Many farmers say they are working merely for their children; they desire to leave the latter something in the shape of property which will be good for a start. In such a case, why not plant a forest? By a judicious selection of varieties and careful culture through the balance of a farmer's life of about middle age, a forest may be established which will be worth many thousands of dollars, twenty, thirty, or forty years hence. There is, too, in planting a forest, this marked advantage over a natural forest—you can select the best varieties, such as are reasonably certain to be always in demand. You can choose maples, tulips, pines, the hemlock, black walnuts, hickory, the ash, chestnut, locust, &c., &c., separately or together, the matter to be determined largely by the character of the soil. How to start in such an enterprise can easily be learned from the authors mentioned above, and from other sources, and a little attempt at tree-growing from seed or seedlings on a small scale, in advance of starting plantations by the acre, would result in an amount of practical experience which would be of great benefit. Cultivation of artificial forests would not be necessary more than a few years, as the shading of the earth by the trees would soon keep down the growth of weeds and grass, while the leaves would constitute a mulch, as in natural forests. The growing scarcity of timber for the thousand purposes to which it is applied, with little probability of any substitute for it which can seriously lessen the demand, renders it well nigh certain that forests planted now and well started, will be a rich legacy to future generations, and in many cases even to the planters themselves.

Attempts to keep mackerel in aquariums, seem to have been so far unsuccessful. The fish are so impatient of confinement, that they dash against the glass or rock work, and speedily kill themselves.

The lake Como affords but poor fishing. The chub is occasionally caught there. The presence of trout is quite possible, though none have been caught for the last two or three years.

In Japan there is a journal devoted exclusively to rabbit culture.

The Kennel.

WRITE about dogs, their instinct, their peculiarities, their thousand lovable traits? Why, there is not more than one man in a thousand who can do it. It is a gift, a peculiar one, and is as rare a talent as to write children's stories. There are but few who are so gifted. The power of making a dog analysis of character we are not all blessed with. It is only but yesterday that we commenced to study their expressions, with Darwin as our teacher. If dog literature proper, and most charming reading it is, has a particular country where it flourishes, and therefore must be appreciated, that country is Scotland. All good dogs and good dog stories come from there. How pleasant are the stories of Sir Walter Scott and his dogs, and of the Ettrick Shepherd. Nowhere can be found subjects so genial, or more close to our sympathies, than the stories of our dogs. In a late number of *Chamber's Journal* there is an article simply entitled "About Dogs," which is so charming in style that we only regret that want of space prevents our taking it bodily into our columns. Let the extract, however given, suffice; though treating principally of the "Collie," still the intelligent sportsman can make his own deductions, for the same underlying traits of character are found in all breeds of dogs. We quote:

"Without training, a pointer would point at any kind of vermin as readily as at the game of which the sportsman is in quest, but a well trained pointer will make no such mistake. Without training he would only stand pointing for a few seconds, and then run in upon the game, and put it up; but a well trained pointer waits till he receives the word of command, when his master has come near enough to use his gun. It may be in part through instinct that a shepherd's dog performs many of the important services which he renders to his master in the driving and tending of sheep; but it cannot be altogether through instinct, for the best shepherd's dogs are always those who have been carefully trained. Even that which the shepherd's dog does without training, and which seems natural to him from his puppyhood, is probably very much ascribed to what is called hereditary instinct, the training of many successive generations. But all cannot be ascribed to instinct, whether natural to the race, or acquired and become hereditary. How can any one think so, who has observed a shepherd's dog at his work, and marked his prompt obedience to the command of his master; how readily he understands each word or sign, and at once hastens to do what he is bidden? Perhaps to bring in a number of sheep from a distance, which he accomplishes very quickly, and yet without hurrying them too much, for he is very careful not to do them any harm, and his barking, although sharp, is not angry, nor do the sheep seem to think so, or to be in the least degree alarmed, for they also have profited by experience, and they know him and his ways. Let the object of the shepherd be to get sheep through a gate; the dog evidently perceives it at once and knows what to do, to bark behind the sheep, to run before them and bark, to drive them to the gate, and prevent their passing it. More remarkable still, and decidedly an evidence of the possession of reason, is the fact that a good shepherd's dog will assist a sheep to rise when it has fallen, rolled over on its back, and cannot get up again, because, in consequence of its thick fleece, it cannot get a foot on the ground. This often happens, especially on hill pastures, in the latter part of spring and beginning of summer, before the sheep-shearing time, and the shepherd must visit his flock several times a day, lest the sheep that have rolled over on their back should die. But his dog saves him much walking and fatigue, scouring over the hill for him, and as soon as he finds a sheep on its back, proceeding to turn it over with his muzzle, till he gets its feet to the ground, so that it is able to rise.

No wonder that the sheep-dog is a favorite of his master, and is treated as a kind of humble friend. He is not turned into a kennel nor into an outhouse when he comes home from his work; his place is at the fireside, where he often wags his tail and puts on a very intelligent look, as if he understood some part of the conversation that takes place. Certainly "Collie" knows well enough when he is spoken of, and dogs of some other kinds evidently do so too. They know when they are alluded to in terms of praise, and when with blame; in the former case, giving unmistakable signs of delight; and in the latter, hanging their heads and looking ashamed. Sir Walter Scott mentions this concerning a favorite dog that he had, a noble hound, of a very different race from the shepherd's dog. But it is very observable in the shepherd's dog. The shepherd's dog, or at all events, the *collie* of the south of Scotland, which I take to be the most refined and cultivated breed of shepherd's dog, shews himself very sensible of the affront, and vexed by it. He has a ready appetite for oat-cakes; oatmeal in one form or other, but mostly in that of porridge, being a chief part of his food, as it is of his master's; he will at any time gladly receive a little bit of oat-cake; but let any one hold out to him a very large piece, and he evidently thinks it a cruel jest, feels himself insulted, turns away his head, and will not look at the cake, much less accept it. We know of no other kind of dog that so generally shows his fastidiousness. We have tried the experiment with collies, and always with one result; they would have nothing to do with a very large piece of bread. We have tried it also with other dogs of various kinds, but almost always with the opposite result. No piece that was offered seemed too large for any one that we ever tried—Newfoundland, pointer, terrier—except in one case, that of a Skye terrier, which turned away, as if aware of being mocked, if a whole side of bread was held out to it, and would not approach the sugar-bowl even if it was set on the floor, although very fond of sugar, and ready to beg long for a little bit of it.

It is worthy to be observed concerning the shepherd's dog, that no severity is ever used in his training. The shepherd has no dog-whip. A single punishment, such as a game-keeper often finds or thinks it necessary to inflict on a pointer, would spoil a collie altogether, and make him worthless for life. He would not resent it by turning savagely on his master, but he would at once become broken-spirited and inert. Words of commendation or of censure are all that he needs, all that suits his nature. The same thing may be observed in animals of some other kinds—as in the elephant and the finest breeds of horses. The fine feelings of the Scottish shepherd's dog, and his capability of having his feelings deeply wounded, are sometimes

very strikingly illustrated. The grandfather of the present writer had an excellent collie, by name Wattie, which was a great favorite, and greatly attached to him and all the family. When the dog grew old and feeble it was thought necessary to get another one; but on the new dog's arrival, poor old Wattie left his place at the fireside and went out to a green bank beside a pond, where he lay down, and no persuasion could induce him to return to the house. He wagged his tail a little when kindly spoken to, but he continued to lie in the same spot and would not rise. He refused food, and in two days was dead. He seems to have felt that his day was over, that his services were no longer valued, and his old place no longer his, and took it all to signify that his time was come to die. His death, however, seems not to have been the result of mere old age, but to have been hastened by his wounded feelings."

The following dog story of an ugly retriever is worth preserving:

"I had been shooting at Marshfield, and had taken the dog with me, and having some time to wait at Blankborough Station for the train, I thought I would have a glass of sherry, so I went into the refreshment-room and the dog followed me. Standing at the bar were two men, one of whom was discussing cold chicken. Haven taken a mouthful or two from a leg which he held in his fingers, once or twice he stupidly held it down almost close to the dog's nose, evidently on purpose to tantalize him. The animal, of course, thought the bone was meant for him; and at last, when the man's attention was for a moment attracted by something else, he snapped it out of his hand without more ado. The fellow instantly turned round, and kicked at the dog savagely. The consequence was the animal sprang upon him, and before I could interfere had him down, and had fastened his teeth within a couple of inches of his throat. Of course I pulled him off as quickly as possible, when no sooner had the man got on his legs than he began to abuse me in most unparliamentary language for keeping such an animal. I stood this for some time, but at last it became too strong, so I said to him: 'If you take my advice, sir, when you are again picking a bone of chicken between your finger and thumb you will do well not to tantalize a hungry dog by holding it close to his nose. And I have only further to remark that this quarrel is not mine, but simply rests between you and the dog, so that unless you keep a civil tongue in your head I shall let him loose, and you may settle it between you.' I need hardly say the discussion was dropped, and a few mutterings in a scarcely audible tone of voice being the only reply I received."

GREAT CHANGES IN CLIMATE.

THERE can be no doubt that the climate of this Northern hemisphere has changed enormously more than once. There can be no doubt that the distribution of land and water, the shape and size of its continents and seas, have changed again and again. There can be no doubt that, for instance, long before the age of ice, the whole North of Europe was much warmer than it is now. Take Greenland, for instance. Disco Island lies in Baffin's Bay, off the west coast of Greenland, in latitude 70°, far within the Arctic circle. Now there certain strata of rock older than the ice, have not been destroyed by the grinding of the ice-cap; and they are full of fossil plants. But of what kind of plants? Of the same families as now grow in the warmer parts of the United States. Even a tulip-tree has been found among them. Now how is this to be explained? Either we must say that the climate of Greenland was then so much warmer than now that it had Summers probably as hot as those of New-York; or we must say that these leaves and stems were floated thither from the United States into Baffin's Bay. The polar current sets out of Baffin's Bay southward, bringing icebergs down, not leaves up, through Davis' Straits. And in any case we must allow that the hills of Disco Island were then the bottom of a sea: or how would the leaves have been deposited in them at all? So much for the change of climate and land which can be proved to have gone on in Greenland. It has become colder. Why should it not some day become warmer again? Now for England. It can be proved, as far as common sense can prove anything, that England was, before the age of ice, much warmer than it is now, and grew gradually cooler and cooler, just as, while the age of ice was dying out, it grew warmer again. Now what proof is there of that? This: Underneath London—as, I dare say, many of you know—there lies four or five hundred feet of clay. But not ice-clay. Anything but that, as you will see. It belongs to a formation late (geologically speaking,) but some what older than those Disco Island beds. And what sort of fossils do we find in it? In the first place, the shells, which are abundant, are tropical—*Nautilus*, *Cones*, and such like. And more, fruits and seeds are found in it, especially at the Isle of Sheppey. And what are they? Fruits of Nipa palms, a form only found now at river-mouths in Eastern India and the Indian islands; Anona seed, Gourd seeds, Acacia fruits, all tropical again, and Protaceous plants, too, of an Australian type. Surely your common sense would hint to you that this London clay must be mud laid down off the mouth of a tropical river. But your common sense would be all but certain of that, when you found, as you would find, the teeth and bones of crocodiles and turtles, who come to land, remember, to lay their eggs; the bones, too, of large mammals, allied to the tapir of India and South America, and the water-hog of the Cape. If all this does not mean that there was once a tropic climate and a tropic river running into some sea or other where London now stands, I must give up common sense and reason as deceitful and useless faculties, and believe nothing, not even the evidence of my own senses.—*From Town Geology, by Rev. Canon Kingsley.*

The following paragraph does not fall strictly within the line of sport, but we print it. It is the copy of a bill for hanging and boiling a Friar at Canterbury, England, in 1539:

"Paid for half a ton of timber to make a pair of gallows for to hang Friar Stone, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter for making the same gallows, and the dray, 1s. 4d.; to a labourer that digged the holes, 3d.; other expenses for setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from Stablegate to the Dungeon, 1s.; for a hurdle, 6d.; for a load of wood and for a horse to draw him to the dudgeon 2s. 3d.; paid to two men that sat at the kettle and parboiled him, 1s.; to three men that carried his quarters to the gates and sat them up, 1s.; for halters to hang him, and Sandwich cord, and for screws, 1s.; for a woman that scowered the kettle, 2s.; to him that did execution, 3s. 8d.; total, 14s. 8d."

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

NO. I.—ARBOR VITÆ.

THE study of hedge plants—there use, and the various kinds best adapted to the different sections of the United States—is in itself sufficient for quite a large volume. Yet in answer to several questions as to what are the best kinds adapted to, and their special cultivation for, several localities of South and West, we will give a brief sketch of our experience in the cultivation of these elegant substitutes for the stone and wooden fences, rustic railings, &c., which years ago were so widely used all over our country, for the reason they were the best kind then known. Experience, study, and the mission of the landscape gardener, with the refining influence of the application of the principles of high art to the common necessities of life, have opened a wider field both for the use of the beautiful and practical. Our own experience has led us to make various experiments, and we are gratified to be able to say, that for the most part our experiments have been profitable and very acceptable to those who have used them.

There are some six or more plant materials from which some five or six years of careful labor and attention will give a beautiful and excellent hedge; and some of great beauty, even in this varying climate of ours. Let no one, however, who loves the beautiful in the hedge-row, suppose for a moment that all that is necessary to give him a fine hedge is to plant out the seed and let the same take care of itself. If he only plants the seed, and goes fishing, and forgets all about his hedge, he had far better have "gone fishing" before he planted his seed. Care and careful watching are absolutely necessary in order to have a fine hedge of any kind; such as can be had of great beauty, capable of resisting the attacks of every kind of cattle; a well grown barrier, too, that will outlast many generations. Among the five or six really best hedge plants for general use, we place at the head of our list the Arbor Vitæ or (flat cedar) found growing abundantly in many localities. This well known plant is probably the best that can be used for evergreen hedges, possessing as it does the remarkable qualities of quick growth, the foliage being of a beautiful deep green and growing down to the very ground, retaining its evergreen character during the entire year. The Arbor Vitæ found in the region of the Hudson river seems to be a distinct species from many other kinds with which we are familiar, and is perhaps unsurpassed by any other kind in this climate. This kind we have found from experience to be perfectly hardy, in the most adverse situations. It is very rarely attacked by insects; the slug, aphid, and many other "bugs of prey" give it a wide berth. Under favorable circumstances, it is a very long lived plant; how long it would live we do not know, but probably to one hundred years.

The Arbor Vitæ of the Hudson, and the Arbor Vitæ obtained from the State of Maine, are decidedly the best to be had, and these we can recommend as being quite likely to give entire satisfaction to all who love a good piece of work and are willing to give to the work the attention it deserves.

No plant bears the shears better than the Arbor Vitæ. Easily kept in order by two prunings in a season only, it very readily takes the shape desired, and soon becomes a thing of beauty, or a "horrid fright," under the clippings of the man of intelligence, or the boor.*

I have received many letters within a period of some ten years asking for information and my opinion upon the different qualities of the hedge plant, their adaptation to soil, climate, and other important matter relating to the same. "How shall I plant it?" is a frequent question asked, and a pertinent one too.

Every one having the care of grounds in the country, large or small, is aware of the past want of some good rapid-growing, well developing, evergreen plant for screen hedges and blinds, barriers, &c. Well, you have the very thing in the hardy beautiful Arbor Vitæ, adapted it seems by Providence, to the very wants of man. We shall speak of other and valuable beautiful hedge plants in discussing the subject of hedges and hedge plants; but in this paper, confine ourselves to this one plant. The great ease with which it gives you a splendid hedge, is a great recommendation to its universal use. While the "browns" disfigure many other kinds of hedges, the Arbor Vitæ is always green; while with the Red Cedar, somewhat used in hedges, some of the larger branches and very hardiest trees suffer from an attack of "the browns," and die off without any apparent cause. Such is sometimes, and I may say often, the case with the Chinese Arbor Vitæ. While such a disagreeable and repulsive feature, surely, may be looked for as not uncommon to the Red Cedar and Chinese Arbor Vitæ, such a thing as a dead tree of the Arbor Vitæ of the true kind I have never yet seen.†

I have a hedge of the Arbor Vitæ now upon my grounds in the town of Arlington, Mass., some two hundred rods in length, seven feet in height, which is one beautiful compact screen of green, unimpaired and beautiful. It is about fourteen years old. This hedge was set out one very warm day in the month of July, and was not watered except by the natural rains which fell, for the entire season. I have

*We have no patience with that horrid exhibition of bad taste, called "topiary trimming" of Arbor Vitæ into monstrous beasts, birds, and unheard of dragons.

†Last winter, 1872 and '73, was one in the East New England States, that tried the bark of trees. The thermometer fell far below zero, and the cold was intense. I was called professionally for advice in relation to the best usage of the Arbor Vitæ hedges by several persons who had planted in a very exposed situation. I recommended their waiting until June and July before putting the knife to them. My advice was good. They are now all right.

two circles composed of Arbor Vitæ plants, upon my lawn grounds, set out for ornament, which are twenty feet diameter and of a height of twenty-two feet, forming a perfect plot or group, and presenting an evenness of exterior as though clipped with the shears, and yet they have only been twice clipped each season. Those plants were when set eighteen inches in height, and set one foot apart. The plants of the Arbor Vitæ can always be obtained. The best time to plant them is in the Spring, from May first to June; they will thrive if well planted in July. The same great law of vegetation, however, seems to govern all plants; when the buds begin to swell, you can with safety begin to plant.

Good plants from the nurseries are worth from eight to thirty dollars per hundred; choice ones from one to four feet high, range a little higher. Having determined to plant a hedge, after well trenching the ground, you would do well to select your plants at the nursery yourself, and having obtained good plants, be quite particular in doing your work of setting out well, and in the most thorough manner. The general rule for setting is one foot apart. *Mulch* your plants, when practicable, upon setting out the same, and by no means drown them because you have an abundance of water. We believe the Arbor Vitæ as well adapted to the Western States, as to the New England States, they with due care thriving well in either locality.

OLLAPOD QUILL.

News From Abroad.

ENGLAND is complaining of excessive heat, and Sydney Smith's suggestion "of stripping off one's flesh and sitting in one's bones," is frequently alluded to. However much they suffer, they seem to take an optimist's view of what they cannot prevent. The partridge they say, will not be worse for the weather, and as the young birds are strong and plentiful in number they can stand drought at their age much better than wet. Grouse require perhaps more water, but the hot spell, English sportsmen think will not hurt them. Cricket is played just as ardently as ever, though the temperature is such as might have roasted Mr. Alfred Jingle. The corn is in grain, and the land wants the sun, and is grateful for it. One fact to be mentioned, however, for the benefit of future almanac makers is, that it rained on St. Swithin's day, and in the most perverse way, acting the very reverse of the usual prophecy, it has been constantly dry ever since. Some idea of the heat in England and Scotland may be had when we read that on the Trent and in the Highlands during the week ending July 26th, the thermometer stood as high as 90°.

Salmon fishing in Norway seems to be declining. From "Over the Doverfields," a new fishing book by the author of "A Ramble Through Norway," we extract the following:

"Of late there is a complaint that salmon fishing on the whole is rapidly deteriorating in Norway. Year by year the prices paid for the rivers have risen, till it has at length come to the point that a Norwegian river is fully as expensive a luxury to indulge in as a Scotch grouse moor. We have known £300 per season to be paid for a stream barely half a dozen miles in length, and even then saddled with the proviso of giving up the bulk of the fish taken to the proprietor of the river.

The worst of the matter is, that as prices have gone up the fish have gone down (in quantity), a result principally owing to the unprincipled conduct of the natives themselves. Not content with the heavy sums in which they mulet the "mad Englishmen" (for such they consider them), they not only flog the waters most industriously during their absence, but also net them without mercy, particularly at the point where the rivers throw themselves into the fiords, and that with most melancholy success.

The Storting, it is true, so early as 1857—awake to the evil results that would come to pass, should these practices remain unchecked—passed a law forbidding the use of nets at the mouths of salmon rivers. This law, however, has never been carried out in its integrity; the fish are dwindling away to a tithe of their numbers twenty years ago, and the stupid proprietors—while chuckling over their present gains—will find, when too late, that they have been but giving another variation of the old fable, 'killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.'

The following correspondence occurs in *Land and Water*:

"BIRDS WALKING UNDER WATER.—Sir: Last week I took a cormorant in my trammels (bottom fishing nets) in about six to eight fathoms of water. This occurrence is not a rare one, but it has an important bearing on the letters of Mr. F. O. Morris and Mr. W. Reid in your two last issues. To make it a common occurrence, as it is, that birds should be taken in nets, fishing several fathoms under water, the birds must be able not only to dive (vertically or obliquely), but also to swim (laterally) under water, and it occurs to me at once that it would be physically impossible for any bird to do this unless it could in some way assimilate its specific gravity to that of the water around it. I am not sufficiently scientific to hazard an opinion whether it might not be necessary, to enable a bird to get six or eight fathoms deep in the water, that it should be able to make its specific gravity greater than that of the water to equalize it for the purpose of enabling it to swim, and to reduce it for the purpose of enabling it to rise. Mr. Reid's letter goes to support the theory that these things must be. He does not mention the sea-bird, in which, of all others, the power of submersion can be most frequently observed. An alarmed grebe will solemnly disappear until it leaves nothing visible but a slender neck surmounted by a small head, and having behind it a mere suspicion of a back, a back which, in nautical phrase, is 'barely a wash.'

Has any one in the United States observed similar traits in the cormorant?

There is a movement in England, to do away with the barbarous practice of cropping terriers' ears.

A very interesting book by Charles John Anderson, entitled "The Lion and the Elephant," has just been issued in London. The author, half Englishman half Swede, traveled with Francis Galton in 1850, in his explorations into South Africa, when they even went beyond Lake Ngami. The book is said to be not only remarkable as the narrative of a hunting life with all its thrilling incidents, but evinces wonderful research. It is the production of a perfect sportsman and naturalist. The following extract from that portion of the book devoted to elephant shooting, shows how much endurance is necessary for the sport.—

It was rarely or never that I could track, stalk, and kill my elephant and return to camp in less than ten hours; more frequently I was absent from it for fourteen and sixteen hours—nay, I have been as much as two days and a night engaged in a single hunt. My attendants (native) were at times so completely used up—I myself being nearly as much so—that on their return to the bivouac they would fall asleep where they stood, alike indifferent to hunger, to the chilling night air, or the scorching rays of the sun, as the case might be. . . . It was not, however, hunger or fatigue that was most trying; the heat was more so. The sun, 'blazing in a sky of brass,' heated the atmosphere to a state of suffocation, and the loose sandy soil to blistering intensity that made 'Water! water!' the incessant cry; but water, frequently half-boiling, even when we could carry a decent supply with us, rarely allayed our burning thirst. Indeed every fresh draught seemed merely to augment our ardent craving—often almost bordering on madness—for more of the precious liquid. A giddiness, a languor, a sense of oppression throughout the whole system, a choking sensation in the throat, a difficulty of speech, a fearful palpitation of the heart, and a nightmare feeling about the chest, were frequently consequences of our excessive fatigue.

The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is fortunate enough to have a Ladies' Committee, under the direction of Lady Burdett Coutts. The society has lately received a legacy of £10,000, and have invested £34,000. The Duchess of Teck is a prominent member.

A pike weighing thirty-five pounds was recently caught in Loch Corrib, having inside of him a grilse weighing six pounds.

Chain mail gauntlets and suits are advertised in an English paper, for the use of Indian officers.

Answers To Correspondents.

We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

L. H. B.—In regard to the Canadian system of overseers and wardens for guarding their fishing streams, the adaptation of such a plan to our rivers would be excellent. The trouble is that in the United States, at the same salaries as are paid in Canada, it would be difficult to find competent men. An inspector receives in Canada \$728 a year and travelling expenses. County overseers only get from \$50 to \$250. Wardens \$400 to \$750 a year. The assistant inspector of Nova Scotia has a salary of \$800 with travelling expenses.

XXV.—The law in this respect is positive. It says "no person shall kill or expose for sale or have in his possession, after the same is killed, any wood duck, &c., &c., between the 1st day of February and the 15th of August." The Justice of the Peace in your section must be very ignorant of his duties.

ST. JOHN.—Here is a good old fashioned receipt for mange, which almost always cures. Take four ounces of sulphur ointment and add one ounce of turpentine, mix, and rub the dog well with it twice a week. Continue this long enough, bathing him from time to time in a running stream. But if this will not avail, it would be better to shoot the dog.

J. B.—We are not prepared as yet, to execute any commissions confided to our care. We trust, however, before the shooting and angling season is over, to do the best we can for our friends.

DAVID.—Any information you may require as to the formation of a rifle club in your town, would no doubt be cheerfully given you by the Secretary of the National Rifle Association in this city.

BLAKE.—A very large white-fish will weigh six pounds, occasionally one has been caught of eight pounds. Generally two pounds is a very fair average. The exact orthography of the Maskinonge we can hardly give you. We have heard both Muscalong and Mascalonge. Mr. Scott gives its derivation, as coming from the Ojibwa "maskanongia." We rather think the French "Masquetonge," meaning a long-headed fish, as far fetched. The head is by no means out of proportion to his body.

MORRIS.—Mr. Prime in his charming book "I-go-fishing," notices almost a similar fact as reported by you. He says: "I have seen a trout start from a point forty feet distance for a bait thrown into the Pemigewasset and take it, and I was so much surprised that I measured the distance." We should be pleased to hear from you more fully. What we want is not merely a fisherman, but one who combines the naturalist's habit of observation.

A. H.—As courteously as possible we beg to state, that we must decline solving betting questions. It is not in our line.

DOVE.—The cost of the journey would be \$200. Indian guides are not always to be had. If you start three weeks later than you propose you will be in good time. The calibre of your rifle is about right. We shall be glad to hear from you.

BALTIMORE.—The fact you mention in regard to feigned lameness of birds, is quite novel, at least in this country, having perhaps escaped observation. English writers have, however, mentioned it, and in a late number of the London *Field* you will see somewhat similar traits recorded of the wood pigeon.

BROOKLYN BOWLER.—Of course the match took place. Cricket would not be cricket in England without the Gentlemen vs. Players. The results were as usual, the Players were nowhere. If our memory serves us right, the two brothers Grace on the Gentlemen's side made between them 200 runs. The play took two days, and the Gentlemen won by fifty-five runs. This match has been played regularly for sixty-seven years.

H. M.—For distances over 100 to 150 yards for rifle shooting, round targets are not advisable. At long ranges, it is difficult to communicate with the riflemen the exact position of his shot on a round target. How true it may be, however, that the four corners of the square, indicate better to the marksman the exact centre, we do not know. But very certainly at anything over 100 yards, better practice is made with a square than with a round target. The system of averages is even fairer than the one of measurement. Approximate precision is all we can look for now, and all that it is needed at long ranges.

THOMPSON & TAGG, PA.—Your favor will appear in our next.

G. V. L. Cincinnati.—The reply to your query is answered in part in our angling column.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY;

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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us two subscriptions and Ten Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

Advertising Rates.

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To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their personal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will wander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement of business nature of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

THURSDAY, Aug. 14.—Utica Trotting Park Association, Utica N. Y.—Second meeting Saratoga Association, Saratoga, N. Y.—Danville Agricultural Society, Danville, Penn.—Regatta Seawanhaka Yacht Club of Oyster Bay.—New York Yacht Squadron Cruise.

FRIDAY, Aug. 15.—Danville Agricultural Society, Danville, Penn.—Utica Park Association.

SATURDAY, Aug. 16.—Atalanta Rowing Club Regatta.—Danville Agricultural Society, Danville Penn.—Saratoga meeting, Saratoga, N. Y.—Amateur Oarsmen of the U. S. meet at the Metropolitan Hotel in the evening.

MONDAY, Aug. 18.—N. Y. Yacht Squadron at Newport.—Amateur Regatta, Geneva Lake, Wisconsin.

TUESDAY, Aug. 19.—Hampton Park Association, Springfield, Mass.—St. Catherines, D. of Canada, Amateur pigeon shooting.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 20.—Hampton Park Association, Springfield, Mass.—Single scull match on the Connecticut river.—Monmouth Park, Long Branch.—Kingston Driving Park Association.

THURSDAY, Aug. 21.—Calconia Club, annual meeting, Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn.

TO INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS.

Persons receiving the first number of the FOREST AND STREAM, will do well to preserve it. As we do not stereotype our forms, we cannot supply back numbers to any great amount, although we shall print an extra large edition to meet anticipated future demands.

Let it be impressed upon all that the paper will be valuable, not only as a work of reference, but as a compendium of useful information on all topics. We offer it in a very desirable condition for binding.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We may well congratulate ourselves and the public upon having secured so valuable a corps of contributors as have pledged us their support. Without mentioning names at present, we will merely state that we include many of the most eminent naturalists, scientists, fishery officials, and gentlemen sportsmen in the United States. Most of these are now scattered from the Labrador to California, but when the summer is ended, and they have returned from their several missions, we shall hope to reap the benefit of their experience and investigations. A rich fund of material is in store for us for autumn and winter reading.

We shall adopt the practice of appending the real name of the contributor to his article, unless objected to. We shall print nothing that is worthless, and in many cases the name adds the weight of authority to the article.

We claim to have the most graphic, suggestive, and artistically elaborated engraved title of any journal in this country or Europe. We have spared no expense in its preparation. Drawn by J. W. Beard, the well known animal painter, and engraved by J. H. Richardson.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

UPON the occasion of a self-introduction to the public, it is becoming to manifest a certain degree of modest retirement—a kind of yielding resistance, so to speak, to the impelling motives that may qualify the intrusion if they cannot excuse the pretension. As regards the debutants of courtly salons, who have been taught in the school of strict etiquette and self-assurance, or have a Turveydrop's keen sense of the proprieties, this presentation act is always invested with a charming grace. But for us of the FOREST AND STREAM, attired in the rustic garb of the woods, and fresh from our inner seclusion, what else can be expected than an *entree* made awkward by a natural diffidence? Our embarrassment is more than a pretense. As well might it be expected of the Dryades and Hamadryades to appear in the full glare of the public gaze and dance unabashed to Orpheus' step-compelling lute. Our tastes are rural and our habits of the simplest. We drink from pellucid fountains, or, if we quaff Falernian, it is of the purest natural juice and not of the stimulating stores of Bacchus, or of Silenus, his foster-father. We read from Nature's book alone, and our instructions are written on Sybilline leaves. Here is our card, good reader, to announce our mission. It is of simple birch bark, peeled from a tree in whose veins the sap flows freely. In texture it is more delicate than the ancient papyrus. It is odorous of balsam and fir and sweet trailing vines. Herewith we bespeak your favor. Though a stranger, we feel that you will bestow it, for is it not written, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin?"

Through the columns of our beautiful paper we would make you familiar with the living intelligences that people the woods and the fountains. We would teach you those secrets which necessity compelled the savages to learn—how to wrench fire from dry sticks; to feed, clothe and shelter themselves with the simple roots, barks and skins which the wilderness provided. They familiarized themselves with the habit of every form of animal life. Under each decaying leaf, in each blade of grass or rolling log, they discovered a microcosm. They learned to read the trackless forest as though it were an outlined chart. And if they did not find "sermons in stones and beauty in everything," they at least found utility. Let us go back to first principles. Out of these our civilization grew, but of the principles themselves we are ignorant. Remove temporarily our modern appliances and we are helpless. Let us acquire the rudiments anew. We know not at what moment the storm may lay us ashore upon an island uninhabited, the earthquake leave us naked to the elements, or some adverse circumstances beset us as we travel on our wilderness journeys.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognized medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which, if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular game animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yachting news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those outdoor games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find place or favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognized throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall

continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timber-lands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished and competent army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of a competent reform. We shall perhaps even *clamor* for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with a single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

Mr. SIMON A. ATKINSON, connected with the Georgia press for over twenty years, has charge of the business affairs of the Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

THE NEW ERA OF ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THAT the taste for athletic sports has at last passed through that critical period called "the growing one," is now we believe quite certain. If we as a people have given some attention to out-of-door sports, it has been heretofore of rather a sporadic character, developing itself at most by out-croppings of base ball clubs all over the country. Without placing too much stress on this game, even according to it all the merit it deserves, we see now that for the very first time in the United States, other and better exercises, of a more manly and varied character, have been fully inaugurated.

Open-air sports should never be limited to a single kind. We must not play base ball to the entire exclusion of cricket, any more than we must always pull boats, and never run foot-races. We should be able to do each and all of them; giving all of our attention to a single athletic sport dwarfs true spirit in the matter. Just as certain as there is exclusiveness—one particular sport engrossing the entire attention—all the rest must languish. It is for this peculiar reason, that we must confess that we look at the decline of base ball with something akin to a grim satisfaction. Of course it was far better for our young men and boys to have had that, than nothing else. There was something even commendable in the fact that if we had not invented the game, we had at least revived an almost forgotten ball-play. Its course to public estimation, was as rapid as its decline. The nobler game of cricket was neglected for it, and base ball was heralded as the coming American game.

It is not sufficient to assert that base ball has gone out of fashion, because professionals had taken it entirely in their hands, and that amateurs could not cope with professionals. If the game had possessed within itself any sound vital merits, the gentlemen would soon have been able to play it quite as well as the professionals. Cricket is a game requiring ten times as much address and skill, but what is more, wants sound judgment, which is the soul and animus of all such sports. It is well known perhaps to the majority of our readers, that the best cricket eleven in England is composed of gentlemen amateurs, and that there is no professional team in England who can play with them. We feel certain even that the bad repute base ball has fallen into, though partly due to the gambling introduced into it, is not entirely owing to it. We are even pleased to notice that certain corrective measures introduced by professional players in their midst, are likely to create a reform in the character of the game. It is not to be in the least understood, that professionals either in base ball or any other sport, are to be decried by us for their calling, or are to be blamed as a body, for the rascally proceeding of some of their members. Quite as honest men are to be found in their ranks as in any other profession. The best deduction to be made however in explaining the decline of base ball, is that there was not enough in the game itself, and that it was played to excess; and wanting variety, it has now only fallen into the third-rate place to which it naturally belonged. For the good it has done, and may yet do, we, as lovers of athletic sports, are quite grateful.

The newer era of athletic sports is manifested by the careful attention and fostering care given to them by men of wealth and education. To Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who has offered prizes for foot racing, a sport rarely if ever practised in the United States, our gratitude is also due. It is another step taken in the true direction. Its apparent exclusiveness, that the reward shall be given to non-professional winners is its merit. Professional runners can always find their proper spheres and can win their laurels, and will learn that their services as trainers will be even more called into play. Our aptitude for athletic sports, it should be remembered, cannot exist on the reputation of any particular runner or boatman. It is not because the Japanese breed a single race of men, huge as elephants and strong as bulls, as wrestlers, that we accord to this peculiar people any athletic excellence. What we want is, that our sons should revel in these sports, that their every muscle and fibre should be drilled and trained, not for the vain-glory attached to the conquest of a cup, or the sporting a knot of ribbons, but that they should feel that innate pride of perfect manhood, which should urge them to excel, and to improve the physical qualities nature has given them.

The last collegiate boat race, was another notable advance made in the annals of American athletic sports. If due applause has been given to the contestants, conquerors and conquered who pulled through that notable race, the highest commendation should be accorded to the administrative heads of those seats of learning, who have at last given this most important subject of physical development, not only their earnest attention but their hearty approval. Our American College Faculties have but acted according to the precedents laid down, by the Dons of those venerable Alma Maters on the other side of the water. They have discovered that instead of frowning down a most natural aspiration of youth, that desire to excel in healthful sports, that it was wiser that they should give it its proper bent; they have learnt, too, that instead of grudging a reluctant assent to what they could not prevent, it was better to even cherish and foster it. The aid and encouragement given to the collegians by our leading Faculties, is what every sensible man has been asking for, for the last twenty years. The boy now in his preparatory school, will learn to run, to leap, to row, to develop all the life God has given him, with the hope that when he enters his collegiate life, in addition to classical honors, the double prize of the athletic conquest may be awarded him. Slowly perhaps will parents and guardians learn that the masters to whom they confide their sons, do not think now as they did even ten years ago, that a hale, hearty youth, ready to race his mile, or pull his boat from sunrise to sunset, cannot be made quite as great an ornament of learning, and just as fitting for the highest collegiate honors as the more weakly boy, whose sick and rachitic tendencies, through want of physical culture, showed that he has scarce vital power enough to carry him through his course of study.

How long indeed it has taken us to understand, that there is nothing incompatible in a man's throwing a summersault one moment and the next translating Euripides. What strange conventional portraits we have drawn for ourselves and kept repeating the outlines, depicting the possessor of high mental acquirements, with haggard face, deep sunken eyes, and generally emaciated contours! It is the physique of a Tyndall, the power to climb the glacier, to scale the Alpine heights, to even tire out his guides, which give to this greatest of all modern scientists, all his scope and vigor. The intellectual life of Gilbert Hammerton tells us the same story over and over again. "Even philosophy itself, owes much to mere physical courage and endurance. How much that is noblest in ancient thinking may be due to the hardy health of Socrates." It has taken even a century, for statisticians to find out what was the most natural of God's laws,—that physical and mental culture must go hand in hand. A book is just fresh from the press on this very subject, which shows to an astonished world what they should have known long ago, and this is, the sapient fact, that the college oars of England, the famous boatmen of the Universities, live not only quite as long, but even longer, are less prone to disease in their older age, than those who have never pulled an oar. Strange to say, even novelists have gone out of their way to decry physical culture, and Wilkie Collins wrote a book, where the hero, from an over zest in athletic sports, perverts all his nobler qualities, until he becomes a drunkard and a murderer. But what is more absurd is, that there are found readers to believe such fiction. To-day it is quite questionable whether the morbidity of some men's minds, that inclination to suicide, to injure others of the human race, does not more usually occur in individuals whose physical condition has been most neglected. Consciousness of power—the knowledge of possessing strength, by one of the wisest of God's provisions, mostly tempers the passions of one blessed in this way. It is a slander on all mankind to suppose that physical prowess engenders brutal instincts. Strong men are proverbially good natured.

The question of money wagered on athletic contests, as appertaining to this subject, has been replied to time and time again. It is ever a narrow, bigoted argument, which tries to settle this gambling disposition on athletic sports. Is it to be supposed that because A. cannot outrun the writer, that from this fact A. must combine with his fleetness of foot, more decided gambling proclivities? It is not the race-course that turns men into gamblers, it is the blacklegs who corrupt the race-course. Unfortunately there are few human events, bringing together concourses of men, not marred by this vice. Must we to follow up this argument

abandon our privilege of freedom, and not vote, because a gambling pool is made up, to be decided by the hap-hazard of an unknown event?

We do however commend in the highest terms the stringent measures adopted by the Springfield authorities, on the occasion of the late boat-race, to crush out the gambling spirit, and perhaps it is quite worthy of comment to record the fact, and one we should congratulate ourselves upon, that the amount of money wagered on this race was quite insignificant. Though somewhat difficult to encompass, we see no reason why the rowing clubs themselves should not introduce some stringent rules, forbidding members from betting. If our memory serves us rightly, we have we think seen such rules as above suggested, incorporated in the regulations of certain clubs. Of course it not within the province of the FOREST AND STREAM to become the censor of public morals. But did we know any method by which all betting or lotteries could be abolished, we would willingly give such a plan all the help in our power.

One fact not to be overlooked, is the exceeding good taste and judgement evinced by the religious press of the United States, on their departure from former preconceived notions in regard to rational athletic sports. Clergymen playing croquet are no longer excommunicated as miserable sinners, to be excluded from grace. Theological students are no longer held up as solemn warnings because they can pull an oar.

The sound and wholesome advice given by these particular journals, has done more to fully establish athletic sports, to place them on a sounder basis, than all the weaker stuff, produced *ad nauseam*, by the so-called sporting organs.

It is, then, to the schools and colleges that we look for the thorough propagation of all athletic sports, for certain are we that in the exercise of them comes the sense of manly honor and right. The time has passed away when a billiard room or a bowling alley in a college gymnasium are considered as lures of the evil one. Human nature and students are much the same all over the world, but we believe that by fostering the natural inclination for exercise inherent in youth, they will not only be the more scholarly, but the more christian.

COLLEGE BOATING.

ALTHOUGH the great excitement in boating consequent upon the Springfield regatta has somewhat subsided, rowing men will read with much interest and no little profit an article in *Harper's Magazine* entitled "Ten Years Among the Rowing Men," by William Blaikie. This paper is an eminently sound one, and treats in a rational way the much vexed question of training. Mr. Blaikie has no faith in those empirical rules in use some few years ago, when the least possible amount of common sense was employed. Men in training are free to partake now of every kind of food and fluid; all that they should be debarred of is the use of stimulants. Human beings are no longer to be considered in the same light as horses, to be restricted to two or three kinds of diet only, in order to get them up to the highest pitch of physical excellence. The antiquated formula for bringing up the system was not only absurd, but injurious, as it commenced by reducing it. Mr. Blaikie says: "This barbarous custom came from such wisdom as one found in *Boxiana* and works on training in by-gone days, and perhaps for the men it was meant for—prize fighters, sporting men, and their associates—it was well enough; for a hearty fellow, long used to loafing about bar rooms, and by his unrestrained appetites adding daily to his weight a puffy, beer-soaked sort of flesh, might find his body none the worse for, and his sensual nature cooled by, heavy sweating between feather beds, and by long walks and runs with top coats wrapped about him."

The old fashioned method, as described in the books of twenty years ago, never fails to start off with the necessity of preparing the man for his work, no matter whether he was well or ill, by first giving him a strong purge. This was supposed to remove all the bad humors, and to give him a new foundation to build upon. The natural reduction of the system, the dispersing of the extra quantity of fat, should be induced solely by the exercise, always remembering, however, that a certain amount of it is absolutely necessary for the human organism, and that to train too low down, or "too fine," loses more races than the opposite.

What a comfort it is, too, for the lazy ones to know that contestants for athletic distinctions sometimes err by overwork. "We hold that even to-day men in training are prone to do too much work. When the Harvard crew was in Europe, preparing for the struggle that created such profound surprise, at least among all Englishmen—for the latter had expected them to be beaten from the start, instead of leading probably the best crew Oxford ever had for two whole miles—they would, beside a little walking, paddle about over two or three miles in the morning, and generally go over the track from Putney to Mortlake (four miles and three furlongs) at a racing pace in the afternoon; then, after lying on their oars a little while, till they recovered their breath, would start back easily, and often swing into a stroke that gave the horsemen on the tow path something to do to keep up. And for this they were pronounced by the English press perfect 'gluttons' at work."

With the wide extent of country we have, and its climatic differences, to lay down any positive rules governing the amount of exercise to be taken is, we think, impossible. A good oarsman in prime condition on the Charles River

might take his spurts of speed over and over again without inconvenience, whilst an individual of equal physical stamina in attempting the same thing on the Savannah River, would only be the worse for it. Perhaps the heavy amount of labor the American boatmen impose on themselves arises from the fact that the generality of them have not in younger years inured themselves to the task, and their ambition induces them to somewhat overtax their powers by endeavoring to make up for lost time. There are, however, reasons why the work cannot be distributed over as long a period in the United States as in England. Taking a wide extent of country, from Portland to Baltimore, where boating may be supposed to have the most attention paid to it, our rivers are, on an average, only practicable during six months at the farthest, while in England the boating season is of fully ten months' duration.

One most important question not to be overlooked, and one which we shall use our utmost efforts to solve, is this: Is it found that the regular course of study is interfered with by boating? Mr. Blaikie's comprehensive article touches on this topic. He says: "The English students usually, if we are rightly informed, do nearly if not quite all their severe rowing at a season of the year when their studies exact comparatively little of their time, and thus the achievement of even the highest rank and honors are not, as has been more than once proved, incompatible with prominence on the river. But the American who wants to row a race, if he is yet a student, is very apt to find numerous examinations coming on at just about the time most convenient for the racing; while, if in business, he will attempt to prepare himself for his task after business hours, when he is of necessity more or less worn down by the labor and annoyances of the day."

Of course this is unfortunate, but there is no help for it. Though we are the greatest advocates of athletic sports, we hold that boating must be subservient to study. We are not sure, however, that any ill effects have yet been noticed by those most competent to judge of such matters. A very able letter, referring to this and kindred subjects, will be found at the conclusion of this article, from Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, addressed to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

The arguments advanced by us somewhat at length in the article on the New Era of Athletic Sports, as to the necessity of varying our sports, we deem to hold good in this particular case, where possibly the training for boating might interfere with collegiate duties. The supremacy in boating in England does not arise from the fact that they row only. Other exercises are in vogue. Of course the exact and elegant methods of rowing, under a good coach, take a certain amount of time, but this time is a limited one, and is secondary to the question of their muscle and endurance, which can be acquired by a thousand other ways than by being seated in a boat. The preparation, then, for the water contests in the United States must have its origin in ball play, foot races, cricket, the use of Indian clubs and all gymnastic exercises, which have to be carried on all the year round.

A true enthusiast, somewhat even of a Prussian as he is in his ideas of the superlative excellence of physical training, perhaps the most important portion of Mr. Blaikie's article is that devoted to the subject of having proper men to take charge of gymnasiums. Harvard, it is stated, had, not very long ago, an instructor, "an ignorant negro, who found his stipend so paltry that he was obliged to eke out an existence by giving boxing lessons and keeping an old clothes establishment in a neighboring cellar." Mr. Blaikie urges, and most properly, that in order to gain the respect of his pupils he who teaches in the gymnasium should have a moral and mental calibre sufficient to command the respect of his pupils, and should be conversant with the anatomy and physiology of the human body. "If gymnastic institutions were made compulsory and regular, the results, under the teaching of such a guide, would be swift and most gratifying." We are somewhat afraid of the *compulsory idea*, at least for the present, as far as regards exercise. But who knows? Compulsory education may, in time to come, so thoroughly instruct us as to the other wants of man, that what might seem strange to-day may perhaps be considered as a necessity some fifty years hence.

AMHERST COLLEGE, July 31, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

You ask me for my "opinion" upon the following questions: "What do you think is the effect of constant boat practice in colleges during term time upon the ambition of students to excel in the paramount objects of a collegiate course? Does not the encroachment operate injuriously? Are Professors impelled by public clamor to wink at it against their private conviction?"

Of course I can only answer for the students of Amherst College, and express *my own opinion*.

Of our students, not more than twenty have had more than a general interest in this matter, so that the great mass are unaffected in their ambition to study, and of these twenty, fully one-half are (have been) of such high intellectual ability, that their *rank* has probably not been in the least affected by it. Five or six of the remainder have no doubt suffered in their intellectual standing, and that mainly because they had poor preparation before entering college, and now need more time to prepare their recitations, than those who are quicker in their intellectual perceptions.

But of all our young men who have engaged in boating, there have been none who have *dissipated* in the exercise. If they have suffered at all, it is because required to take so much time for a few weeks of each summer term in their long journey to the water to practice in their boats.

I am sure that none of our Professors are impelled by popular clamor to favor this measure against their private convictions. But at the same time we all know that there is never a time in college when the students, many of them, are not deeply interested in something *only germane* to the intellectual work of the college course. If it be not secret societies, it is chess playing; if not ball game, it is theatricals; when the concert and glee club fever runs low, then a moot court or squabble over parliamentary tactics is sure to make some popular excitement outside the regular college curriculum. And here is where a college Faculty need the most

wisdom, not to repress with such a sudden grip that something will give way in the body scholastic, or that too much license allows the college to degenerate into professional gamblers, politicians, and tricksters. And right here is where the boating inflammation has attacked the college. It is not a constitutional affection, but one that is purely local, and a condition like that of boils brought about by the cold water treatment of disease, a sure sign of vigor and vitality in the body as a whole, which has the power to develop a "crisis," and thus strengthen and fortify against unusual demands and attacks of disease.

The inter-collegiate Regatta seems to develop among not only the students, but the alumni also, a feeling of *ownership* in the college, which in an indirect way is of great service to any college, for what college is there which does not live in its alumni?

And whatever may be the feeling of any Professor, that a few of the boating men with poor preparations for college, and minds not moving rapidly, have suffered because of their preparations for the Regatta, still every officer of our college will not fail to admire the zeal and steadiness, and high moral conduct with which every member of our crews prepared for and went through their ordeal at Springfield; and personally I cannot but feel that as boating is conducted with us at the present, the aquatic exercise is an advantage to the college body as a whole, and in the general average to the students engaging in it. And yet it is simply honest for me to state in conclusion, that some of my associated Professors hold decidedly different opinions on some of the matters mentioned here.

Prof. EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

THE LONG ISLAND FIRES.

THE fires on Long Island have not been as destructive to game as was at first represented. Very little, if any, has been destroyed, although quite a large area, as much as 25,000 acres, have been swept over by the flames. The game existed but sparsely in the peculiar locality, the fire not having reached the South country, excepting in a few portions, and these were between Patchogue and Lakeland, exactly where in former times there had been fires, a ground now covered by scrubby oaks and stunted pines. Little or no game has ever existed to our knowledge within the limits of the late fire. Had it, however, extended across the Long Island Railroad, or east or south in the open fields bordering, on which large timber and good feeding ground is found, an irreparable damage might have been done to the game, such as quail and woodcock, which abound there in greater quantity to-day than for many years before. If it is possible that any good can come out of a calamity of this nature, if the fields and woods have suffered, the fisherman can derive some comfort from the fact that it is quite possible that the small streams running through the burnt district will even be benefitted by the fire. It will start into active growth again the scrub trees on the banks of the streams, and as it may take years before the hand of man can cut them, they will shade the springs, which will be of benefit for the fish. The fire seems to have extended to West Pond (Woodhull's), on the west side, but did not harm Canaan Pond to any great extent. As to larger game, there are no deer to be found in the immediate locality of the fire.

These frequent fires are becoming dangerous as well as simply destructive. Is there no way to prevent them? Shall we drive off the locomotive, or crush out the charcoal burning industry, both of which are much blamed as the origin of these fires? Is there no way of checking by reasonable restrictions the carelessness of the brush burners, permitting them to burn only in the winter, or when the verdure is green and flowing with juice? Shall we permit the engineers of trains, even of express trains, to pass heedlessly by a fire just caught, and licking up the parched grass and making its way to brush and thickets which are dry as tinder? What shall be done to cure the indifference of the farmer to the occasion of the thin blue spire of smoke which he sees curling up from his neighbor's territory on a day so hot that wood will almost ignite spontaneously in the sun's torrid rays? Ah! Messrs. Farmers, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and sometimes a little more attention to the pecuniary interests of your neighbor, and less to his morals, will save yourselves a "heap" of trouble. We have seen many conflagrations which were permitted to gain an uncontrollable headway because the gradually rising flames did not seem to threaten your own crops and fences.

TO THE LADIES.

We humbly invite the co-operation of the ladies. What success is complete without their countenance and sympathy? We shall print articles with special reference to their perusal and edification. Every word in this paper will be as chaste as Diana herself. She was the patroness of the chase and of forest sports, and a divinity whose beck no cavalier or rough rider would be loth to follow. Why should not our ladies of the present day emulate the spirit and action of their female ancestors, not in riding, spurred and booted, astride the saddle, man-fashion, but in cultivating the blush of rosy health upon their cheeks by open-air exercises in which men can participate? We cordially invite their contributions upon all topics which come within the general scope of our publication.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Dealers in all kinds of supplies likely to be required by sportsmen will perceive upon critically examining our paper that it must at once become a valuable advertising medium.

The ramifications of a sportsman's requirements are so numerous and divergent, that they reach to many branches of trade. We shall aim to put the purchaser in direct communication with the seller, by informing where any required goods can be bought. Sportsmen are often obliged to hunt the city for some essential article, because it is not advertised. A journal like this which deals in specialties, is far more useful to the class of advertisers whose patronage it seeks, than one which advertises miscellaneous business.

A PLEA FOR THE BROWN BEAR.—We enter a plea for the unfortunate trick bear which is daily paraded through the streets of New York and Brooklyn, and made to go through his exercises under the sweltering sun. Bears who have the freedom of the forest can indulge in siestas under the shade of the laurels and underbrush, but this poor beast must endure the full force and glare of the midday heat, half sick with the process of shedding his hair, and clad in a thick shaggy overcoat which Nature compels him to wear in the dog days. The few bystanders who stand in the shade and watch his evolutions with a painful interest that is plainly visible on their faces, perspire freely in their linen coats, while the man who bosses the bear fairly glows with the heat and reeks with sweat, which he sops with his handkerchief. The bear is docile, obedient, cowed, and obeys each well-learned signal of his master, but should he demur at any time a savage jerk at the iron ring which passes through his nose, or a threatened blow from the ever-impending club, will at once discourage any attempt to resist.

More than once the woes of this miserable bear have appealed to the sympathies of the public, and ought to be regarded. To be sure, both man and bear must subsist; if they have chosen this method of earning a livelihood let the partner of the concern having the most intellect set apart proper hours and seasons. If he does not, we advise the bear to "strike" and break the contract. Mr. Bergh, please notify your deputies.

UP IN A BALLOON.—The daily *Graphic* publishers are preparing their big balloon, and we wish to assist in giving it a good "send-off." Although our paper bears the distinctive name of FOREST AND STREAM, we claim to devote some attention to the *air* and *ocean*,—and though this big balloon is neither the one nor the other, but rather something *between the two*, so to speak (that is, the projectors say it will be next 25th instant), it nevertheless comes within our ken and notice. Briefly, we have great hope of the enterprise. The balloon is sure to go up, and when that goes "all is gone save hope." Winging its way heavenward, mounting to the zenith, vanishing at last into thin air, gone perhaps forever, will not the enterprise, with its projector and voyager, have fully established itself as an *airy naught*? (See *aironaut*.) Under its competent Professor, who is both Wise and weather-wise, can anything but success be expected? We trust it will strike that eastern current, and, guided by the same propitious star which led the "wise men of the East" long since, be wafted to its destination. We ought to do at least as much for the balloon as the war has done for us—give it "inflated currency."

We are pleased to give the fullest notice—and it is well merited—of still other prizes offered to yachts, &c., by Commodore James Gordon Bennett, but would particularly call attention to the fact that Mr. Bennett provides four purses, one of \$1,000 open to all schooners of any recognized yacht club, two of \$500 open to schooners and sloops, and one of \$1000 open to pilot boats, working schooners and smacks.

The colossal wealth of our bankers, merchants, and railroad men, is the constant theme among all classes. Why can't we induce more Bennetts, Lord Hardys and Jeromes to give prizes? Let a prominent man in each seaport and inland town of note, give a purse for yachting, boating, and athletic pastimes, and he would receive more thanks from the higher class of sportsmen who are really beginning to feel that there is some good to be done in recreative amusements among the young men of America, than if he left thousands to be squandered by his heirs.

AN ADIRONDACK FISH PRESERVE.—We understand that a party of gentlemen are about leasing Preston Pond, Essex county, in the Adirondacks, for the private use of a club. These ponds form the sources of Cold River, a tributary of the Racket, and are filled with the finest quality of trout. For the past fifteen years they have been poached during winter and spring, and as many as fifteen barrels of trout have been taken out of them each year. We are glad that there is a probability of such valuable waters as these being rescued from the snares of the wanton and unscrupulous spoiler. We have a friend's authority for saying that some anglers (?) one day brought in from these ponds a tin lunch box which contained eighty-two trout. Poor little fingerlings! Noble line of sportsmen.

AN OLD RELIC GONE.—The *London Times* mentions that the historical York House, Twickenham, is about passing under the auctioneer's hammer. Here dwelt Clarendon during the zenith of his popularity. It was his literary Villa, and it is probable that during his residence there, Ben Johnson, Edmund Walter, Sir Kenelm Digby and Isaac Walton were the frequenters of York House.

FARMER, LITTLE & Co., type founders, have furnished the elegant typographical dress for this paper.

Polo seems to have become now a regular game in England, though rather of an aristocratic character, and confined to cavalry officers, with a sprinkling of hunting men. A London paper says:

"There has been some regular play at Lillie Bridge during the week, but on Friday the public were treated to some of the most fast and exciting games that have ever been played there. The afternoon was devoted to a charitable purpose. Attendance of the public on such short notice proved that they were actuated by a sense of good as well as by a love of manly sport.

The turf, considering the late broiling weather, was in capital order, and the ground was gaily decorated with blunting on every side. There could not have been less than 2,000 spectators present, and the carriage ground was

crowded also. Play began at four, and kept on with a few intermissions only till seven A. M. The band played some very choice airs, and the spectators stayed to the end, and were highly pleased. Mr. A. Murietta's side won by three goals to one."

FISH CULTURE.

AN expression of astonishment is often heard from persons who have not kept posted in the progress of fish culture in America, at what seems to them a strange, new business, that has, like the genii of Arabian Nights, sprung suddenly from almost nothing into vast proportions, and they often, while reading an account of the stocking of some lake or stream, or perhaps the starting or success of some private trout farm, give vent to their astonishment in the exclamation, "What a business that has got to be!"

They do not see the processes by which the results presented in a newspaper paragraph are arrived at; they cannot see the patient watching, the anxiety, with its accompanying periods of hope and despair, that have made the time seem long to the few earnest men who embarked in the new business before its success was assured, and gained the knowledge that now seems so simple, by hard work and careful experiment, often accompanied by the sneers of the unbelieving.

If, while Seth Green was at Holyoke for the first time trying to hatch the eggs of the shad, which floated, contrary to all his experience with fish eggs, and it was doubtful if he would succeed that season, the unbelieving had confined themselves to sneers, he would have felt grateful, but when to these weapons they added stones, and upset his boxes, it plainly showed that the opposition of the ignorant fisherman was stronger than he had supposed.

Had these things happened a hundred years before, he would have been put to death as a wizard. Yet these same men who persecuted him in his first attempts, no sooner found out that he had succeeded, and that the culture of shad was destined to become a fixed institution on the Connecticut River, than they came whining around for a job, and he showed a christian forgiveness by employing them.

The writer found something of the same spirit in the spring of 1866, while trying for his own amusement to hatch yellow-perch and alewives, (*Alosa tyrannus*) or as they are called on the Hudson River, herring, between Albany and Castleton, and only five miles from where he was this year employed by Mr. Green to hatch shad. The natives did not use stones, but after several times emptying an old leaky boat in which were placed the perch spawn hanging in long lace-like strings over sticks they broke it to pieces and carried off the shoe boxes in which the herring eggs were glued to twigs and plants.

These petty annoyances, however, were comparatively easy to bear, coming as they did from an ignorant class of men who probably feared damage to their business; but were as nothing compared to those who under the guise of friendship, took care to throw cold water upon everything connected with the new project.

These things are fresh in the memory of all the pioneers in fish culture, who, having borne the heat and burden of the day, are now rejoicing at the popularity which their once derided schemes for increasing the food fishes are attaining.

That fish culture, although of such surprising progress to some, is only on the threshold of its usefulness, is admitted by all who are at all familiar with it. The day will come, and that shortly, when the great State of New York, instead of one hatching house to supply its whole area with salmon trout and whitefish, will maintain one on every lake.

They already have one at Cooperstown, on Otsego lake, which is doing a grand work in stocking its waters with the variety of whitefish which they persistently miscall Otsego-bass.

But we can afford to pass the hair-splitting about names to those whose interest in such things is confined to non-enclosure, and shake hands with the public-spirited men who have built the hatching house and employed competent men to save a valuable fish from extermination. They have set an example that should be followed by the dwellers near the other inland lakes with which the State is so bountifully supplied.

As the Hudson River has furnished those living near it with tons of cheap and wholesome food, so can each of these beautiful lakes, which are now only so much waste space taken from agriculture, be made to yield a larger return, acre for acre, than the best grazing lands in the State.

That some few things have been done that will not be approved of in another decade is not to be wondered at; for instance, in the opinion of the writer, too much value is placed on a fish (in some quarters), for his game qualities; hence the popularity of the fresh water black-bass. Waters have been stocked with pickerel and muskellunge, simply because they afford sport. This ranges a few men against State appropriations for fish culture, because sport is often considered in place of cheap food. At the State hatching house there is little demand for whitefish because they do not take the hook, and therefore this most valuable fish is not disseminated in as great quantities as the salmon trout; but if the State would decide for itself which fish to stock certain waters with, and do it, instead of waiting for persons who are public-spirited enough to come and take them at their own expense, and who will only take such fish as may seem acceptable to their crude ideas, it would be far better.

It is not to be expected that we will all agree on many

points, and we would be more than human if we had no small differences of opinion. And while we may regret the loss of those fish which the State of California lately attempted to take over the long miles that lie between her and the Atlantic States, but which found a nearer resting place in the Elkhorn River, let us rejoice that the villainous yellow-perch was not allowed to reach its destination and multiply on the Pacific coast until it becomes such a nuisance as it has in the Atlantic States. It was a matter of surprise that a man like Mr. Stone would try to introduce this predatory bunch of bones along with the valuable cargo of useful fishes that he had in charge. If our lakes and ponds could be drained, and every pickerel, yellow-perch and sun-fish exterminated, it would be a grand opening for the fish culturist to introduce the better fish without having these worthless wretches devour his more valuable fry. They are the weeds, so to speak, of fish culture.

The New Hampshire Commissioners are introducing the smelt, which was formerly supposed to exist in salt water only, and which is a valuable addition to our food fishes, as it is not a destroyer of fry. This fish, or one so closely allied to it that the writer cannot tell the difference, is found in the trout streams in northern New York, where it is called by the guides frost-fish, and might be profitably introduced into other waters.

The variety of catfish that is common in the Hudson river, and called a bull-head—the square tailed sort—is a fish that for the table is nearer in flavor and texture to the aristocratic brook-trout than any other fish. I am aware that this is rank heresy, and that it may call down on my devoted head the anathemas of all sportsmen, who think the trout should never be mentioned in the same day with such a plebeian as this *Pimelodus*, but if there be any ignominy attached to this, let it be mine. I will go farther; if this aforesaid low-born bull-head was a shade handsomer, and gamey to catch, he would be considered the equal of the trout, and appear on an aristocratic bill of fare under a better name. His name!—there is another point against him—what lady would like to ask a waiter at Delmonico's for bull-heads!

The big oily yellow catfish of the Mississippi and its tributaries is hardly eatable; those from Lake Champlain not much better; but all specimens of this fish that I have eaten from Boston to Albany, and from there to Philadelphia, are splendid. This fish seldom bites at a minnow, but is readily taken on a worm. It will live in waters that are too warm for trout, is a better fish for the table than the black-bass, and does not destroy its neighbors.

The State cannot be expected to introduce fish for sport, and the sooner the fish culturist cease to consider gameness as a recommendation in any class of fish, and look only to its usefulness, the sooner fish culture will become more popular with the masses.

FRED. MATHER.

Athletic Pastimes.

CRICKET IN THE UNITED STATES.

WE have a large appreciation of the game of Cricket, and are inclined to give it a place among athletic sports higher, perhaps, than most Americans may yet be willing to accord to it. We have watched with satisfaction its gradual growth in favor in this country, and now feel assured of its firm establishment here. Its success we do not hesitate to say, is mainly due to the excellent English element incorporated in it. Take any Eleven, and the chance is that almost seventy-five per cent. is English. With true British pertinacity, they have stuck to it, and at last have imbued in Americans a fondness for the game. Without wishing to make any invidious comparisons, we are inclined, when contrasting the games of the various cities, to give the palm of cricket to the Philadelphia and Germantown players. Men cannot become true adepts in this splendid game when they take to bowling at twenty, or first hold the bat at the same age. That clear and intuitive perception necessary to become a master of this game can only be acquired in boyhood. Time matures and adds judgment, but it is the early *elan* which marks the fielder, the batter and the bowler.

The supremacy which Philadelphia holds is not manifested so much by their winning matches, as by the general acquaintance they have with the game, and arises we think from the fact, that perhaps more than twenty-five years ago, there was established near Philadelphia a woolen mill. Thither came the sturdy Nottingham and Leicester workmen and their families. If the workmen themselves did not play, their sons the English boys did. So it came to pass that in Germantown stumps were planted, balls were bowled, and bats were wielded. There was a fine set of American striplings growing up there, who wondered at this foreign game. It is true that in Philadelphia an antiquated club had been in existence for years, but it rarely if ever played. To the late Dr. J. K. Mitchell of Philadelphia, father of the present distinguished physician, Dr. S. W. Mitchell, much of the precedence which Philadelphia now enjoys is due. Dr. Mitchell in 1845 did much to organize the boy's clubs. Then matches were for the first time played between the American and English boys—real honest, sturdy games. At first Nottingham and Leicester made all the scoring, but after awhile the Germantown and Philadelphia boys held their own. This was the early school of the Newhalls, Fishers, and Wistars, and of the best native players of the day.

If this game is ever to be popular among the masses, it

must be commenced in this very way. The older clubs should do all they can to encourage the younger players. Fathers should teach their sons, and send wickets, bats and balls to their schools for their use. Then the time will come, when a fresher element will be introduced into the existing clubs, as from this younger stock they can draw vigorous players. At present there are five principal clubs, the St. Georges, Philadelphia, Boston, Staten Island, Waltham, and Young America. Of smaller clubs there are an infinity.

The New York Athletic, Boating and Gymnastic club met at their club house foot of 133rd. st. East River, on Saturday last to witness two races between members of the club. The track is the sixth of a mile long. There were about 300 members and friends present. The first race was for the 100 yards gold challenge medal, which becomes the property of the member having won it against all comers for two years. Mr. Buemeyer held it for twenty-two months when he was beaten by Mr. Burris. The same gentlemen ran on Saturday, the disparity in the size of the men is very apparent, being a difference of fifty pounds in their respective weights. Mr. Burris sprang away with a leading start, his opponent never catching him and making the 100 yards in ten and one fifth seconds. The time verges on professional. However the grade was considerably in favor of the runners. The second race for the 880 yards challenge prize was called a W. O., but according to the rules, W. E. Sinclair had no easy task to perform, having to beat two minutes and fifteen seconds; he succeeded in running the half mile in two minutes and twelve seconds, he looked in splendid form and is the picture of a gentleman athlete.

The following are the officers of the Club, President, G. M. Smith; Vice President, J. H. Stead; Secretary, R. W. Rathbone; Treasurer, M. E. Burris.

A Scottish *fete*, held at the Alexandra Park, London, attracted nearly 10,000 spectators, and was very successful. The great Scottish athlete, Donald Dinnie, won the Hammer Throwing at 112ft. 3in.; the Stone Putting, at 39ft. 9in.; Tossing the Caber; and the High Jump, 5ft. 6in. There were various other interesting competitions. Donald was in the U. S. some time ago.

A prominent Wall street broker, a member of the Health Lift Co., raises for his daily exercise, 750 pounds minimum and a 1000 pound maximum, dead weight in solid iron, and has lifted when feeling well and in good condition the extraordinary weight of 1400 pounds, without any straps or assistance of any kind.

Yachting and Boating

HIGH WATER, AUGUST 14, 1873.

AT BOSTON,	AT NEW YORK.	AT CHARLESTON.
4 h. 14 m. Evening.	1 h. 0 m. Evening.	12 h. 14 m. Evening.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB OF BOSTON.—This organization is the leader in yachting matters in Eastern waters, and is rapidly increasing in strength and influence. Its muster-roll numbers 260 members, and forty-five yachts are borne on its books. The club has had two successful regattas this season and will probably get up another in a week or so, to which the New York Yachtmen would be heartily welcome. The annual cruise passed off with much enjoyment, and the members were gratified by their voyage among the islands off the rocky coast of Maine.

The officers of the club are as follows, the commandship being vacant through the sudden demise of the late David Sears, Esq.: Vice Commodore, Stanton Whitney; Rear Commodore, John Jefferies, Jr.; Treasurer, Addison Child; Secretary, Henry B. Jackson; Measurer, Frank D. Child.

The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Squadron is in progress. The vessels of the fleet rendezvoused at Glen Cove on Monday, the 11th instant. The programme is to sail to New London, anchoring off that city, and then race to Martha's Vineyard. The fleet will then leave for Boston on or about August 15th, where they will be received by the Eastern Yacht Club, returning to Newport on August 18th, where the magnificent challenge cups, presentation prizes and purses will be raced for.

In consequence of the absence of the Commodore and Vice Commodore, the Squadron will be under the command of Rear Commodore Kingsland; Fleet Captain, W. B. Bend.

Yacht Calypso has been rebuilt on the same lines and rechristened the Atalanta.

Yacht Clio sold and is numbered No. 15 New York pilot boat.

Yacht Phantom is now owned by W. H. Osgood.

C. W. Galloupe has presented Louis Agassiz with his yacht "Sprite," 80 tons o. m. Happy Agassiz, yacht and Island!

Yachts Wanderer and Wivern are for sale.

Yacht Vixen, owned by the late Anson Livingston, is for sale. Mr. Livingston had been an active member of the Squadron for twenty-nine years, and was one of the original incorporators.

Yacht Minnehaha, formerly owned by T. C. Durant, has been purchased by P. Phoenix.

W. P. Douglas has presented two cups to be sailed for by the Squadron at Newport. One for schooners and the other for sloops.

The Commodore, James Gordon Bennett, who is now at Cowes, England, owing to the kindness of W. P. Douglas, is fitting out the famous yacht Sappho for a cruise, his own yacht being in this port.

COM. BENNETT'S GIFTS.—The following cups and prizes are open to be sailed for during the season of 1873:—

No. 1.—Bennett Challenge Cup for schooners—course from Sandy Hook Lightship to Brenton's Reef Lightship and return—now in possession of the Club; value, \$1,500.

No. 2.—Bennett Challenge Cup, course from Sandy Hook Lightship to Five Fathom Lightship, Cape May, and return; held by Dreadnought; challenged by Magic; value, \$1,000.

No. 3.—Bennett Challenge Cup, for schooners, over New York Yacht Club or Newport courses; held by Tidal Wave.

No. 4.—Bennett Challenge Cup, for sloops, over New York Yacht Club or Newport courses; held by Vision.

No. 5.—Cup presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for on the second Thursday of October, 1873, by schooners of any organized yacht club, from anchorage off Owl's Head, to and around lightship off Cape May, and return to Sandy Hook Lightship; value, \$1,000.

No. 6.—Cups presented by the Commodore; one for schooners and one for sloops of the New York Yacht Club, to be sailed for, during the cruise, over Newport course; value \$500 each.

No. 7.—Cups presented by the Commodore, one for schooners and one for sloops, to be sailed for on the first Thursday in October over the New York Yacht Club course; value \$500 each.

No. 8.—Purses presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for on the second Thursday of October, 1873 under the direction of the New York Yacht Club, by pilot boats, working schooners and smacks (schooners) hailing from any port in the United States; the first vessel arriving to take purse of \$1,000, the first boat arriving of each of the other two classes to take a purse of \$250. No class, however, to win more than one prize.

The twenty-fifth annual regatta of the Atalanta Boat Club will take place on Saturday, August 16th. A steamboat and barge with Wallace's full band on board, will start foot of Christopher street, North river, where the members and friends of the Club will meet and sail up the Harlem river to their new boat house, foot of 133d street, East river. This will be their first regatta on the Harlem river. The members speak favorably of their new course, the river being better adapted for practice, &c., than the North river, owing to the great increase of navigation on the latter, which materially impedes their men in their light racing shells. They one and all express regret at being obliged to leave the "old stand" where many of the members have spent happy days both athletically and socially.

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB.—President, Ransom Parker, Jr., Vice President, W. H. Webster; Secretary, J. W. Edwards; Treasurer, H. Sprowell.

DETAILS.—First race.—For the champion silver belt; single sculls, one mile and a half and return.

Second race.—Junior belt; junior sculls, second man, a gold maltese cross: one mile and return.

Third race.—For the Ladies' plate; light oared barges, three entered: the crews are picked promiscuously from the club.

Fourth race.—Married vs. single.

The married men have won twenty years in succession, which speaks praises for the married life. A. Hardy and Thos. Van Raden, two of the international crew who went to England, will pull in this race.

ON Friday, August 1st, the yacht match for the Prince of Wales challenge cup, took place at Halifax. On this occasion a reception was given to his Excellency the Governor, Lord Sufferin. The morning was unfortunately cold and foggy, but this did not dampen the ardor of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club. Though the chances were that the thick weather would make it a tedious race, six yachts started at 10 hours 16 minutes. The boats entered were the Petrel, Cygnet, Kate, Spray, Whisper, and Cloud. The boats arrived at the winning point in the following order: Sloop Petrel first, Cygnet second, Kate third. The Petrel has won the two challenge cups of the year, having taken the cup for first-class yachts, and the Prince of Wales challenge cup.

The coming regatta in New Brunswick promises to be the most successful and grandest aquatic contest ever held in the Dominion. The following programme of arrangements has been made:

The Regatta, if the day be fine, will come off on Wednesday the 17th, September next, or in the event of unfavorable weather, on the first fine day thereafter. The course will be on the Kennebecasis River; \$2,500 will be given in prizes.

The first race is for four oared boats, lapstreaks or shells, open to the world, distance six miles with one turn. First prize, \$1,000, 2d. \$500, 3d. \$250. Entrance fee \$50. No third money to be given unless five boats enter or start.

Second race.—Single shell wherries, lapstreaks or shells, open also to the world, distance three mile, with one turn. First prize \$400, 2d. prize \$200, entrance fee \$20. No second prize will be given unless three boats enter and start. If four boats start, third boat to save her entrance fee.

Third race.—Four oared lapstreak boats, rowed from the gunwale; open to everybody, distance three miles, with one turn. First prize \$100, 2d. prize \$50. Entrance fee \$5. No second prize will be given unless three boats start; if four or more boats start, third boat to save her entrance fee.

Fourth race.—Double scull boats, rowed by Amateurs, not open to the water men, distance two miles, one turn. Prize a gold medal for each oarsman in the winning boat.

Fifth race.—Canoe race, bark canoes, distance two miles, with one turn, prize \$20. Entrance free.

Sixth race.—Tub race, distance two hundred feet, open to all. First prize \$10, 2d. prize \$5. No fee for entrance.

All entries, excepting the tub and canoe races, may be made with the secretary Mr. D. G. Smith, of St. John, until Wednesday, 10th September.

The regatta is under first-class and perfectly honorable management. The stewards are: Hon. Thomas R. Jones, chairman, James Dunville, Esq., M. P., Hon. Edwd. Willis, M. E. C., Thos. M. Reed, Esq., Mayor of St. John, Thos. Furlong, Howard D. Troop, A. C. Smith, Jas. W. Lanergan, W. H. Tuck, Harry Leonard, D. McClellan, I. V. Thurger, Oliver P. Stone, (Treasurer,) and D. G. Smith, Esqrs. Competitors are likely to come from every quarter of the Dominion, and several are mentioned to come from the United States. The above is the official programme. Every arrangement is being made for guests and visitors. The FOREST AND STEAM will have a special report of the race.

The judicial committee of the National Association of amateur oarsmen met on the evening of August 16th, at the Metropolitan Hotel, to decide the question of Amateur oarsmanship, and to define "what is an amateur?"

The Gulick Boat Club is about to be disbanded, and a three-mile race to decide who shall retain the championship badge will be held on the Harlem on the same day that the Atlanta hold their regatta August 16th.

Messrs. Patrick Cummings and Robert Dugan have challenged the Tommy Brothers of Brooklyn, to a five-mile race, in seventeen-foot working boats, for from \$100 to \$500 a side.

The Toronto International Regatta will take place September, 3, 4, and 5. Five prizes are offered. The yacht race is on the third day; open to Canadian clubs only. Entries to be made on or before August 30th, to Mr. I. E. Robertson, Secretary, Queen's Hotel, Toronto.

Any man who shall, after the 2d of September, 1873, row for money, shall be considered a professional oarsman. The entrance fee for each race shall be five per cent. of the amount of the prize for each race.

There is every probability that the long talked of scullers race between Jno. A. Biglin of New York, and George Brown of Halifax, Nova Scotia, will certainly come off the last of the month, at Halifax harbor.

The following boat clubs are members of the Harlem navy: Nassau, Atlanta, Columbia, H. R. Club, Nauticus, Grammercy, and the Dauntless.

There is a rumor current that the Cooper Boat Club of Savannah and the Independents will row a four-oared race at Montgomery. The time is not fixed, but the event will take place within a week or two, if it takes place at all.

J. J. O'Leary of Worcester and Pandien Harrington of Springfield have signed articles for a three-mile scullers race for \$300, to take place at Springfield, Mass., August 20th.

The Horse and the Course.

HOTEL RACES.

It is questionable, whether the races in the proximity of New York, along the route of summer travel, have not been this season, run rather in the interests of the hotel keepers, than for the encouragement of the breed of that noble animal the horse. Monmouth course, near Long Branch, having been founded long before that watering place was ever thought of, is not subject to our remarks. Saratoga races may, however, we think, be classed as the typical hotel races. Of course Saratoga, is not exactly what Baden-Baden once was, but still there are some pretty strong traits of resemblance between our American watering place as it is to-day, and what Baden-Baden used to be. The health-giving water is there, the bands of music, the gambling, and the horse-racing. Of course the Baden horse-racing was always a ridiculous affair, and was looked upon by sportsmen in the light of a big circus, and not simply a feeder to the *rouge et noir*. Despite a wonderful amount of newspaper puffing, we think the most of our readers will agree with us, when we state that this year's contests at Saratoga show all the ill effects of a noble sport under the exclusive control of hotels. It is perfectly natural for the proprietors of these high caravansaries, to bring into the high season of entertainment all the allurements possible, only it happens that those who know how to keep a hotel, may not be exactly competent to manage a race course. At the last race, but very few ladies were present. Some thousands of the sterner sex were there, but many thousands more kept severely away from the track, though in the immediate vicinity. Of course entries were made, and by the owners of the best stock in the country, but the management of the course, has not it is said, met their approval.

Still another subject, which we advance, with a certain amount of diffidence, it is true, fearing it may be entirely at variance with the interests of the hotel keepers, is this. "Why should we race at all in July and August?" These months are the season of the most terrible heats we know of. Is it because some of the leading races in England come off in these months, that we should kill horses in this country, putting them to the top of their speed, when the heat is equal to that of Bengal? There is time enough to run horses up to the 1st of July, then allow an interregnum of fully two months, and to start fresh in September.

Though our racing season is drawing to a close, it would be perhaps premature on our part to attempt to give as yet a thorough *resumé* of it. So far, however, we are pretty positive that the Saratoga racing for 1873 has not only been a decided failure as to the character of the sport, but what is far worse, its general management has been such as to lower the taste for the Turf in the United States.

SARATOGA RACES FOR THE LAST TEN DAYS.—The weather was fine, and there was a fair attendance. Five horses started, and Sunrise won cleverly in 1:44. A two mile race followed, with seven horses starting, which was won by Mate, who beat True Blue on the homestretch by only a neck. Time, 3:32½, which was remarkably good. The hurdle race was a wretched affair, and was won by Blind Tom. On Saturday, the 2nd of August, the leading event was a selling race for two year olds. There were only two horses started—Crow's Meat getting in ahead in 1:19½, which is a fair speed for a three-quarter mile race. The Sequel stakes claimed more attention, and was awarded to Mr. Belmont's colt "The Ill-used." The three mile for all ages was next on the list. McDaniel's Hubbard, Rice and

McCormick's Wanderer, the celebrated horse Harry Bassett, and C. Reed's Lexington made up the quartette. Hubbard won, hard held, coming past the post in a hand gallop; time, 5:34. Tuesday witnessed one of the largest assemblages of the season. There were no less than thirty odd horses nominated, but only eight came to the post. There were false starts without number. After a close and desperate struggle Mr. F. Morris' bay colt Battle-axe came in a clever winner by half a neck; time, 1:45½. Thursday, August 7th, was a very bad day, the rain having come down in torrents up to eleven o'clock, but by half past eleven the sun burst forth, and the track, though heavy, was in fair condition. Sixty-seven horses had been nominated for the Kenner stakes, and only eight started. Distance two miles. Springbok was the favorite, but Springbok gave in and left the contest to Ill-used and Strachino, the former winning by a short neck in 3:39. In the one and a half mile race which followed four horses started, Arizona taking the lead and winning cleverly by three lengths; time, 2:38. The third was a selling race, one and a quarter miles, ten horses starting. Mr. Sandford's very handsome horse Binghamman, who was so successful at Monmouth Park, winning by half a length; time, 2:10½.

BUFFALO.—The Buffalo trotting races were inaugurated August 5th. A great deal of money has been advantageously expended in improving the track and erecting commodious stands and stables. The immense amount of \$70,000 to be given in prizes naturally brought together a very large assemblage of horses and men. The first race was for a purse of \$4,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:34. M. and H. Nye's Mambrino Gift won three heats out of five, as follows—first heat, 2:26½; third heat, 2:27½; fourth heat, 2:30. The second race was for a purse of \$10,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:27. Eleven horses started. John E. Turner's bay mare Nettie won in three straight heats—time, 2:26, 2:22½ and 2:24½. On the second day it was estimated that over 18,000 people were on the ground, many ladies and gentlemen attending the race in their private carriage. The day was superb, and the track, though a trifle hard, in good order. The first race was for the \$20,000 purse, for horses that had never beaten 2:21. There were seven nominations, and only five contestants. Ben. Mace's Sensation won the three last heats—time, 2:24, 2:26½, 2:28. Fullerton won the first heat in the extraordinary time of 2:20½. The second trot was for horses who had never beaten 2:45. This was won by Grave's and Loomis' bay mare Clementine in the three last heats—time, 2:29½, 2:30 and 2:32½.

FLEETWOOD PARK.—August 11; Match \$1,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon.
John Murphy's b. g. Charley Green.....1 1 1
John Ellis's blk. m. Lady Byron.....2 2 2
Time—2:32, 2:37, 2:33.

The San Francisco *Examiner* publishes a rumor that the city has proposed to offer a purse of \$20,000 to be contested for at a great running race to come off in October, the conditions of which will be four miles and repeat, free to all horses in the United States, to rule; the first horse to receive \$12,000, the second \$5,000, and the third 3,000. The entrance to be ten per cent; for California horses, and 5 per cent. for those that may come out from the East—5 per cent. being allowed for expenses of transportation by rail from Eastern States.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR AUGUST.

Woodcock, *Scotopax Rusticola*; Esquimaux Curlew, *Numenius Borealis*; Ruffed Grouse, *Tetrax Umbellus*; snipe, and all kinds of Bay birds, including "yellow legs," "ring necks," plover, &c. Also such kinds of wild fowl as are strong of wing.

In the scorching summer days animals as well as men seek the leafy cover and the secret springs. There is little game to be found and little disposition to hunt. Taught by instinct, the tribes of fur and feather are recuperating from their duties of procreation and preparing to fulfil their future functions; just as our sportsmen should put themselves and their equipments in readiness for the coming fall shooting. Then the birds in their new finery, the deer tribe in their livery of blue, and the sportsmen in brand new cords, may walk forth into the tempered atmosphere of August with a zest and a joy doubly enhanced by rest and repose in the sultry, sweltering hours.

WOODCOCK.—The woodcock is exempted from the provisions of the prohibitory State law, which makes this month an almost universal close season. And even it should be included—for, though the young birds are plump and strong of wing, and fit for the bag and table, the old ones, subject to the laws of nature, and the exigencies of weather and of climate, are moulting. In fact they are feverish and sick, and should not be shot. They taste bitter, are unfit for the table, and by no means strong on the wing. Dogs can neither discriminate, nor can any but the thorough sportsman distinguish, between the old and young birds until both are brought to bag. The laws of Nature are arbitrary and must be obeyed, else men suffer the penalty. Game becomes scarce, and the sportsman's occupation is gone.

The favorite haunts of the woodcock are woods, moist thickets and coarse brakes, where they generally remain concealed during the day, but as soon as it grows dark they resort to moist meadows and swampy open grounds, where they search for bugs and insects, but more especially worms; they thrust their bills into the soft moist earth and

draw their victims forth, probably detecting their presence by the acuteness of their sense of smell. The nest is made of grass and leaves, near the root of a tree or bush. They lay usually four eggs—a yellowish white—blotched and spotted at the larger end with grey and brown. Notwithstanding the severe weather of the past winter, reports come in from several quarters of a more than average shooting. New Jersey being so easy of access to the city, and the feed, &c., by the side of marshes and streams in great abundance, that, with a better care on the part of our Jersey friends as to close seasons, one may shoot seven or eight brace in the early morning and evening.

Several gentlemen left the city in July, and report thirty birds to two guns in the vicinity of Pine Brook, New Jersey; another party in Orange county report sixty birds to four guns; another from the Summit Lake Club, Monroe, near Newburg, killed forty woodcock to two guns. A not uncommon incident occurred, which is sometimes improperly accounted for. The shooter was on one side of a narrow stream, and the setter on the other, pointing steadily; in a second or so two cocks rose almost simultaneously within a few yards of the dog. Now this was no fault of the dog, as he only moved his head, after the birds were flushed, to look round for his master to cross the creek. The dog had been hunted several hours, he was very warm, and a nasty, strong smell exuding from his body (so much so as to cause a remark from the gentleman present), and the wind blowing dead on the birds, it is fairly to be supposed they became alarmed at the strange smell and rose. It is indispensable that your setter retrieve well. As to wearing heavy boots all day long in this sultry weather, and picking up your own birds (a good many would be glad of the opportunity), it is a nuisance, except on special occasions. Moreover, you are very apt to flush other birds when you are little prepared.

RUFFED GROUSE.—The legal season for shooting the ruffed grouse, which is generally miscalled the "prairie chicken," varies in the several Western States where it inhabits. In Minnesota it begins August 1st, in Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, August 15th, and in Wisconsin, August 20th. The birds in Minnesota and Iowa are reported as being extremely abundant this year, and parties are organizing to make a raid upon them upon the 15th. However, we prefer to enjoy awhile longer the pleasures of anticipation, and wait until September. It is too hot now to be beating about in the broiling sun through the scrub oaks, or even to ride over the by-roads and shoot from the wagon.

SNIPES.—We hear of a few scattering snipe at Rockaway Beach, and Canarsie. The sportsmen are on the *qui vive*, and soon the banging of guns will be heard all over the marshes and meadows. A few were shot at Flatlands last week by Dan Hughes. They were very large and fat.

CURLEW.—This bird first makes its appearance in Labrador about the middle of August, on his migratory journey south, and is shot in great numbers along the strait of Belle Isle. A brief sketch of the curlew will appear in our next issue.

The shooting for the Lorillard badge, &c., at Saratoga, was unfortunately not of a very satisfactory nature, owing to the necessity of making it a two days' shoot. H. A. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, won the badge and part of entrance money.

Sea and River Fishing.

GAME FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

Bluefish, (<i>Temnodon Saltator</i> .)	Striped Bass, (<i>Labrax Lineatus</i> .)
Salmon, (<i>Salmo Salar</i> .)	Trout, (<i>Salmo Fortinalis</i> .)
Sea Trout, (<i>Trutta Marina</i> .)	Black Bass, (<i>Centrarchus Fasciatus</i> .)
Grayling, (<i>Thymallus Signifer</i> .)	Land-locked Salmon, (<i>Salmo Gleri</i> .)
Maskinonge.	

Though August is not the angler's month, *par excellence*, it is nevertheless the month of the year in which more varieties of fish are taken with angler's gear than any other, both in salt and fresh water. The fishing, however, except for bluefish, striped bass, black bass and moskinonge, is on the wane, and in those States where close seasons are fixed by law angling for salmon and trout is prohibited in September. In Canada rod fishing for salmon is forbidden under heavy penalty after the 31st day of August in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and after the 15th day of September in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The catching of any kind of trout is prohibited between the 1st day of October and the 1st day of January. In Ontario, however, this restriction applies only to the variety known as "speckled trout," or brook trout. In the State of New York the close season begins on the 15th of September and continues until the 15th of March. This rule is, or should be adopted in all States east of the Rocky Mountains where trout or salmon are caught.

The past few weeks have been remarkable for the extraordinary good run of fish, both in fresh water and in the brine. We summarize:

BLUEFISH.—In all the bays and bights of Long Island Sound, in the Great South Bay, and in the waters outside, far away to the eastward, and down on the coast of Jersey, this splendid fish has literally swarmed. Set nets have taken as many as 6,000 in a single day. Several times vast shoals have been driven on the beach by porpoises and other large feeders, and been picked up floundering by the cart load. Other shoals have chased the shiners, sardines and anchovies close in to shore, and been "jigged" from the surface by the hundred into the boat. Trollers have taken large fish, weighing twelve pounds and more, while the average size of those taken in the nets and along shore has been about three pounds.

STRIPED BASS.—From the eastward along the Elizabeth Islands, off Rhode Island and Massachusetts, come marvelous stories of big fish. Mr. Willy Post took a monster weighing seventy pounds at Newport—so the rumor says—and yet striped bass have been taken (in seines) that weighed 150 pounds! But, egad! seventy pounds is a large fish to land on a trolling rod and fine tackle. Genio must look to his laurels. This rather overlays his "fifty-six pounds."

The striped bass have just begun to work their way down to this latitude, and will soon furnish grand sport. The veteran Andrew Clerk and his squire, Mr. Abbey, went down last week to the Jersey flats, their favorite fishing ground, but saw no sign. Bass, however, have been taken in limited numbers off the mouth of Coney Island Creek. About the 1st of September we shall hear from the main army, of which these are merely the advance squad.

On Friday last, below Communipaw, in Caven Channel, a striped bass weighing sixty-three pounds was caught. The fish are running remarkably heavy this year.

SALMON.—While we in many portions of the Middle States have suffered so much from drought as to cause the springs to run dry and the rivers to fail in their supply, the streams and water courses in Canada have been more than abundantly full; and as a high state of water (not too high) improves rather than deteriorates Salmon fishing, the season now closing has been unexceptionally good. The fish have been larger in size and greater in number. Indeed, they are said to have been more numerous in the St. Lawrence tributaries than at any time during forty years past. This gratifying improvement is undoubtedly due to the persevering efforts of the Government in restocking and protecting the rivers. In overhauling our data we note that General Arthur, of the New York Customs Department, and a friend, took upwards of 270 salmon on the Nepissiguit in the course of a month's fishing, the fish in nearly every instance being very large and fat. Two rods took 130 salmon in twelve days on the southwest branch of the Mirimichi. Ten different parties have visited this river the present season, and all had great success. One man killed thirteen in a single day. In this stream, as in the Nepissiguit, the fish were unusually large. In the Gaspé district Messrs. Clerk, Abbey and Stanton, of this city, had fair luck, considering that Mr. Abbey fished only a couple of days. They took fifty-four salmon on Grapud River within a fortnight, averaging thirteen and a half pounds apiece. The largest weighed thirty-two and a half pounds, caught by Andrew Clerk. Fred. Curtis, of Boston, has been fishing the St. John, (*du Sud*). He took fifty salmon within a fortnight. Harbeck (Henry) has been trying his luck in the Romaine (Lord's River), on the coast of Labrador, and captured eighteen fish the first three days out. On the third day he took six fish before breakfast; but he kept a part of them for dinner. Dr. Patterson's score, on the Grand Caspédiac, Gaspé, shows forty-nine fish in eight days' fishing, twenty-one and a half pounds average; heaviest fish, thirty-five pounds. On the Moisie Dr. Hamilton, with Mr. Turner and friend, fished six days and hung up from ten to fifteen fish each day; unusually heavy. And so the fish have run throughout the Canadian waters. In Nova Scotia, however, some of the rivers have not yielded their usual returns. Gentlemen who visited Gold, Middle and East rivers complained that they took no Salmon, and only a few *grilse*. We have no private intelligence of the early fishing in those rivers, but the fact that the parties referred to took *grilse* shows plainly enough that the full grown Salmon had done running when the fishermen arrived on the ground. The editor of this paper has endeavored in vain to impress upon anglers the importance of going early to the rivers of Nova Scotia. Even February, with its running ice, is a more favorable month than June.

We have some strange intelligence from the lower St. Lawrence. A gentleman of high official position, who has been fishing the Ste. Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay, by courtesy of its lessee, Robert Harc Powell, of Philadelphia, gives a left handed compliment to the Hon. Dave Price, the owner of the fishing rights, who, it seems, is taking pay from anglers for fishing privileges, while reaping at the same time a pecuniary harvest from his set nets below. We quote bodily from the letter:

"We were the first rods on the river, and expected good sport, but partly owing to the high state of the water, and partly to the wholesale system of netting carried on at Tadoussac, we only killed one fish. I did not even get a rise. Mr. Price's people were taking one hundred and eighty in one haul at Tadoussac. There were several American gentlemen fishing with Mr. Powell on the Northwest Branch, and they were nearly as unfortunate as ourselves. They complained much of Mr. Price and his nets. It certainly does seem preposterous that a man who leases the river to other gentlemen, and calls himself a sportsman, should net so unremittingly, thereby totally preventing the fish from ascending the river."

Messrs. Green and Streit, of this city, who fished the other branch of the Marguerite in the latter part of July, took nineteen salmon in the course of two weeks, the set nets having been raised no doubt at intervals, or removed altogether for the season.

Of Salmon, in many parts of the world, it is said that they will not rise to the fly. As regards Newfoundland, this question may now be set at rest forever—for Newfoundland, like the Pacific coast, has been misunderstood and misrepresented, chiefly by reason of neglect to investigate the subject. A letter on our table, from an officer of H. M. S. cruiser "Spartan," reports having passed twelve days at Tassenger and Flat Bays, island of Newfoundland, in the course of which time many Salmon were taken by himself and shipmates *with the fly*. More would have been taken but for the previously high stage of water, which amounted to a freshet—water doubtless corrupted by the inflow from the melting snows which could then (June) be seen sheeting the tops of the high table-lands. The thermometer rarely rose

above fifty degrees. Many large rivers flow into the bays mentioned.

We have been disappointed by the non-receipt of a letter from the river Margaree, Cape Breton, one of the finest salmon rivers in the world, though but little known to anglers.

TROUT.—This delicious fish, in the sacrifice of its beautiful life, has afforded pleasure to thousands of anglers the past season. How many tens of thousands of trout must have been brought to land throughout the country. As far as the record shows, they are now increasing in numbers, thanks to the numerous means and measures adopted by States, pisciculturists and private persons to propagate the species. The Adirondaeks still seem to hold precedence as a favorite resort for would-be sportsmen; and no wonder—for what other part of the globe can be found where all the appliances and luxuries of civilized life exist in the midst of primitive forests and primeval savagery? The wild cat wails under the gaslights of Paul Smith's caravansary; the red deer drinks from the reservoir that supplies the mains that furnish the guests with water; and in the tangled thickets of the wilderness swamp novices might be irrecoverably lost and uselessly advertised for, while jaunty petticoats are flaunted unconsciously along the beaten route not twenty rods distant. A rare combination this for the tyro, which permits him to feel the terrors of the jungle without being compelled to brave them—to enjoy the consciousness that he, with his guide, is a part of these weird, nerve-curling experiences which will make his little brother quake and tremble at their mention when he emerges again into the settlements. Even Mr. Murray could not ignore the sublime sensation that was born of the thought that no human habitation stood within ninety miles of him, (as he states in his book.)

The reports from the Adirondaeks are uniformly favorable. The stage of water has been good and the fish of usual average size. More visitors than usual have made their headquarters at Schroon Lake. Our correspondents from Pennsylvania note a marked increase in the number of trout caught this Summer. For two years past the close season has commenced on August 1st, under the State law, and although the streams have been fished more than ever, the trout seem to multiply; and doubtless the fishing will be still better next year. Two or three gentlemen who have visited the Cheat River country, in West Virginia, and the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, speak in glowing terms of the fishing there. The trout are not large, but very abundant. Next season we shall encourage our sportsmen to reconnoitre in this direction, for the scenery is of the finest in America, and the sport assures full baskets. In Wisconsin the Wolverines have their favorite resorts. Their streams are very clear and cold, as we have learned by experience, when, after wading them for a couple of hours we found our limbs so numb that they were useless to help us clamber up the banks. The following note, from Colonel Frank Hatch, a noted sportsman of the Badger State, mentions some of the best trouting localities:

LA CROSSE, Wis. June, 1873.

Bayfield and Ashland, on the east shore of Lake Superior, can be reached by steamers from Duluth, in an eighty mile ride—or by boat from any point, on the chain of great lakes from the East. Of these two points Bayfield excels for easy access to various steamers along the Lake Shore, and beauty of scenery, and good fellowship. Here are good hotel accommodations, guides, boats &c., and splendid rock-fishing in going to and from the various streams that pour into the lake every ten miles. These streams admit of fine boat-fishing near their mouths, and splendid stream-fishing farther up. Very large trout are taken in these waters, many weighing three and a half and four pounds. Ashland has the same facilities, except it requires greater expense and trouble to reach the sporting grounds. Bayfield is considered the finest location on the lake, and here you can find a class of people that spread hospitality on a broad gauge plan. Refer to Sam Fifield "Bayfield Press," Col. Wm. H. Knight, famous Jim Chapman and Gen. T. J. L. Tyler. I can only add that whoever likes to throw a fly, or use a landing net, will find all the sport they want at this point. Fishing in the interior of our State is fast playing out, on account of milling, logging and railway constructions. The best points to visit at present are Menomonee, Dunn Co., and Hudson. Both these points are reached by rail from Chicago over the North Western Railroad and West Wisconsin Road, in a twenty-four hour's ride. At Menomonee we find the famous "Tea Gardens" situated on Wilson's Creek, ten miles from M. This place is fast acquiring reputation for the number, more than the size of its trout. The Tea Gardens have an established hotel that is devoted to sportsmen who visit there. Aside from this, many other streams, all tributary to the Chippewa and Menomonee Rivers, are to be found in this locality—and chicken hunting in season cannot be surpassed. John H. Knapp of Menomonee will gladly give information concerning future developments. At Hudson the "Baldwin House," Amasa Walker proprietor, will attend to sportsmen, and in no place can a few months be put in better. Hudson is situated on the Lake St. Croix River, and all the streams are well stocked with trout.

Yours Respectfully,

FRANK HATCH.

BLACK BASS.—There are no finer black bass waters in the world than in the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota. A spoon, a gang, a scarlet fly, a bit of red rag, or a piece of pork, are all acceptable to this bold biter; and he is so gamey that when we have succeeded in landing a large one from our eight ounce bamboo, after twenty minutes play, we hardly know where to place our preference—whether on this cavalier in green and gold, or upon the dainty trout in his "speckled pride."

Bass fishing has been unusually good this season. Mr. A. G. Atkins, Secretary of the Caw Caw Club, has been doing a good business the past two weeks, having taken several hundred in Lake Winnebago with the fly. He brought fifty-seven to basket in a single day, which is heavy work for this species of game fish with light tackle. Let us see. Ten minutes to the fish—six in fifty-seven goes nine times and three over, which we will throw off for time. Nine hours steady fishing! Wonder if he stopped for lunch? We can't beat that here in the Middle States, but we notice that our bass fishing is improving, and that many lakes recently barren now give good returns, in consequence of their having been restocked. At Lyme, Connecticut, the bass fishing has been splendid. Anglers at Pharoah, Paradox and Schroon Lakes, Adirondack region, have had fine sport.

Some of the lakes of northwestern Pennsylvania have done well for the first time in many years.

Serpentine Lake, in Minnesota, and all the lakes around Brainard, within a radius of thirty miles, are alive with bass, waiting for gentlemen of leisure to come out and take them. Residents are too busy to give much time to sport. If the sportsman will take this month or the next he can combine bass fishing with "chicken" shooting.

The "Caledonian minnow" with large grabs, has proved a killing bait, and will become a favorite. The "Page fly," a nonentity with scarlet wings and shoulders of the guinea fowl plumage, almost always kills. Well—a bass will take anything when he is in biting humor.

We have been shown a trolling spoon which will take fish, and not catch weeds and lily-pads. The hooks gather in, and have to be compressed laterally to make them spring open. Pulling upon them lengthwise will not spring them. It is the snap of the "beggar's" jaws that does it, you know. Black bass are in season until ice comes.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—"Old sports" generally choose May for the capture of this fish, but the present month and the next are equally legitimate, and the weather and concomitants more pleasant. The "Sehoodies" or St. Croix waters, that divide Maine from New Brunswick, are the preferred localities, but we like the Sebec Lakes equally well. Take the Piscataquis Railroad to the town of Sebec. Good hotel there, and a little tugboat on the lake. Medium sized flies, as large as those used for grilse—a combination of black and yellow, are the most killing. The house of Andrew Clerk, Maiden Lane, New York, has four new patterns, unknown except to a few experts. It is difficult to choose between the land-locked salmon-fishing of Maine and the bass-fishing of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

GRAYLING.—This is a game fish peculiar to Michigan, so far as is yet known, which has been recently added to the sportsman's repertoire. He takes the fly boldly. His haunts are most accessible from Bay City. We shall speak of him more explicitly in future numbers.

ANGLING FOR SHAD.—W. C. Prime and Dr. Thad. Norris seem to have constituted themselves delegates to decide the question whether the shad is a true game fish and free acceptor of entomological invitations when offered. We take decided ground with Mr. Prime, who maintains that they are, and with the more natural reason that fly fishing for shad was a favorite amusement of ours a dozen years ago in the Savannah river, at the head of the canal above Augusta. Fine sport could always be found on the rapids in the spring. We used a brownish fly always, and fished in the early part of the day or at evening—not because we knew that the shad would not take a fly in mid-day (for we didn't), but because the sun was too powerful for comfort.

Military News.

Desertions among the enlisted men of the army for years have been very numerous; in fact they have increased so rapidly that it is time the government instituted a board of competent officers to investigate the why and wherefore of this reduction of the army. As it is, a large part of the time of general courts-martial is occupied in the trial of enlisted men, the majority of whom are charged with desertion. We hope the case of 1st Lieut. George J. Madden, of the Eighteenth Infantry, who was "dropped" from the rolls of the army for desertion is not proof that the infection is extending to the ranks of the officers. A natural inference is that this officer has committed some offence so gross in character that he preferred desertion to trial by court, and the inevitable dismissal from the service.

Major General Winfield S. Hancock, commanding the military division of the Atlantic, headquarters New York city, has changed somewhat his personal appearance since the time he was wont to be termed the "handsomest officer of the army." The invigorating air of Minnesota, his previous department district, has added much flesh to bones, and he now presents in body the rotundity of a first-class "city father." All of which comes, we presume, of Regular habits.

The dashing General Custer, Lt. Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, has been "docked" the large sum of twenty-three dollars and fifty-seven cents by the War Department, for using the wires too much when the pen would have been more economical to the Government. The freedom of "Life on the plains" will sometimes make officers as well as other people reckless in expenditure. Still as the publishers of the *Galaxy* are gradually making the General rich, we presume so small a "dock" will not trouble or inconvenience him in the least.

Adjutant W. W. Cook, of the Seventh Cavalry, has been granted leave for six months, to "cross the sea." He will take less time than this, of course, in crossing, but he won't come back and assume the duties of chief until the expiration of that time. He is not, to our knowledge, on any Government business.

A board comprising Lt. Col. S. B. Holabird, D. Q. G., Major A. P. Morrow, Ninth Infantry, and Captain W. T. Gentry, assembled at San Antonio, headquarters Department of Texas, on or about August 15th, to locate sites for forts and military posts, which the Secretary of War has been directed to purchase. In case of a rupture with our old friend Mexico, the Government deem it expedient to be well prepared along the Rio Grande. In times of peace prepare for war—right in this neighborhood.

Promotion being too slow, 2d Lieutenant Chas. E. Slade has resigned from the Fifteenth Infantry.

General Stanley is in a fair way to establish a reputation

that will far outlive that of his journalistic namesake, the Livingstone discoverer. The Yellowstone expedition, under this intelligent commander of the Twenty-second Infantry, is making great progress, and recent information from headquarters of the Yellowstone expedition at Camp Pearson, announces that the steamer Josephine had succeeded in traversing the Yellowstone river seven miles nearer its source than General Forsyth in the Key West last spring. Colonel Ludlow, of the engineers, is of opinion that the Yellowstone river is navigable as far as the Big Horn, located some 200 miles up the stream. The "expedition" troops have had a rough time thus far, the route being poor and lands bad; still as far as can be seen from the advance of the expedition, the Yellowstone valley presents a beautiful level prairie, and the engineers expect to make good progress. This Yellowstone region of our country abounds in natural wonders, and the amount of scientific and general information to be derived by this army exploration will be of vast importance to the Government and the people. General Stanley July 28th started for Pompey's Pillow and Mussel Shell Shoals, taking with him fifty day's supplies, and expects to return about the middle of October.

The infantry troops are now "trying on" the new infantry equipment, and commanding officers are reporting how the new thing works.

The Yale geological exploration party is on its way to Fort Bridger, where a month will be spent in examining the geological formation of the Wasatch range. A detachment of the second cavalry, (Co. I,) under Captain W. A. Jones, left camp Brown, Wyoming, July 12th, where they had halted for ten days. The object of this exploration is to ascertain, if possible, a wagon road of approachable nature from Wind river and the Shoshonee reservation over the mountains to Mt. Ellis, by way of Lake Yellowstone. If this exploration is successful, the whole trade of Montana, already quite extensive, will take the Wyoming route from the Union Pacific Railroad, and the great national park will be brought within the reach of pleasure seekers without their being compelled to undergo the tedious navigation of the Missouri, or easterly route *via* Corinne and Helena. The Gregg expedition, under escort of Co. C, Second Cavalry, are *en route* up the valley to the North Fork, thence by the head of the Lone Pine creek to the Niokara, at the mouth of the Rapid river. Near Evergreen run this expedition discovered a tract of land covered with heavy pine timber, and the value of this discovery cannot be overestimated. On reaching the Niokara, at the mouth of the Rapid, they found a stream 100 yards in width, heavily timbered with pine and cedar. The existence of wood in this part of Nebraska had never before been suspected, and as the land around is reported as rich, well watered and abounding in game, it will undoubtedly stimulate settlement in these parts very soon.

These expeditions are of vast importance to the country, and the army is performing a great service in protecting and assisting these many exploring parties.

The largest portion of the United States troops are enjoying camp life, and in many instances it is found far more enjoyable than any of the numerous watering places. A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Journal*, writing from the camp of Co. D, Third Cavalry, located on a bluff of the Laramie river, among other things, says: "The tents are covered with shade, making them very comfortable. The weather so far has been delightful, and we have no desire to exchange places with those who frequent your watering places. Daily mounted drills, target practice with carbine and pistol, vary the monotony which, when the Laramie was high, was more varied by the excitement of swimming the horses across the river, an exercise useful, exciting, and a very necessary part of the cavalry drill. Nearly all the horses swim well. One came near drowning, owing to his driver pulling on the bit, which should never be done. The horse got his front leg over the rein, and commenced going down; his face was one of dark despair. At this time "stable call" was sounded, when the despair changed to a bright hope, the noble brute continued to struggle, and finally got out. The change of expression of the beast's face from dark despair to bright hope would have been a picture for an artist. The rider who could not swim was dashed into some brush and got ashore, and a horse named "Pontoon-bridge," from his good swimming, was sent out for him."

The Canadian rifle, known as the Duval Macnaughtan, has been tried at Wimbledon, and has elicited marked expressions of praise from the metropolitan press.

Art and the Drama.

IN spite of the leading idea of our paper, which is to take our readers once a week into the shades of the "forest," and lead them meanderingly beside the flowing "stream," still we have an allotted place for the beautiful and fascinating associations of the Drama and Art.

Nature, delighting in opposites, inspires her true love with the keenest enjoyment at the display of an excellent theatrical representation. The very contrast of the gas-light creations with his honest out-of-door experiences, necessarily leads to this result. If you would have genuine disquisitions upon the intrinsic merits of the Drama, listen to the discourses of the cultured and gentle sportsman on the subject, while beguiling his time at a "deer stand," or, to the disciple of the "rod and line," who gives his reminiscences of the stage while engaged in the glorious work of making a "red palmer hackle" to ensnare the gem speckled trout.

Professing no real sympathy for the "Sensational" Drama, and indulging the hope that the "society play," (a kind of

monstrosity that generally makes the leading actresses mere frames on which to hang costly dresses, or worse, representatives of those gilded vices from which originate the unhappy women of the town,) has had its meridian, and will soon give way to better things. And disclaiming all desire to attempt the part of a reformer, save by good example, we shall in our limited allotted space, note from time to time such excellencies as appear in our judgment worthy of praise, and endeavor to do it with fairness, and in details sufficient to keep our readers posted upon the really noticeable dramatic events of the day.

Our summer, which is rapidly passing into the sere and yellow leaf of fall, has been theatrically dull to a degree quite without precedence. The noble ambition of some of our "sensation sheets," to get up a cholera scare, has had the effect of putting New York for weeks together in quarantine, not at the mouth of the harbor, but through the absence of our country friends from every highway that led to "Rome." Never was our city blessed with more general health, neither was it ever more justly entitled to the name of a first class summer watering place, yet days and days passed in July when our best hotels at the dinner hour often had fewer guests than attentive servants standing at the backs of the empty chairs.

Amusements were almost suspended; not a place of negro minstrels, was, nor is yet opened! Mr. Boucicault, who announces over his own signature, that he is the greatest actor living, kept up a fair house at Wallack's, while the players of Wood's Museum supported lively performances, made up of incidents of backwoods life, the real enactment of which in the lava beds, culminated in the Modoc war.

Two or three weeks ago, in our desperation to oblige a country friend with sight of a play, we visited the "Bowery." The thermometer inside the house must have been one hundred and eighty, at least, for we saw spirit boiling in the faces of the audience. The building was crowded to excess; the gentlemen who abated the nuisances around Washington and Fulton markets, might have been inspired by the seething atmosphere, with the idea that "something ought to be pulled down." The play, however, was healthy and had a good moral. The Madeline Morel and Frou Frou schools evidently have not reached the "East Side" of the town. The poor and simple folk of that benighted region are old fashioned enough to look upon the traits and misfortunes of a virtuous and well meaning people with the greatest interest and greeted their final triumph (in the play) with absolute enthusiasm. Would it not be well for Wilkie Collins to commence his lecture tour in this country from before the foot lights of the "old Bowery"? or, would the fair sex present, take the elaboration of the First Magdalen as an insult? If borne with by this gracious art he might coin money, and do missionary work at the same time.

The opening season promises well for our disquisitions. In our Metropolitan city, strange as it may appear, the Grand Opera never has had a promising existence, yet this fall and winter we are to have two combinations, each one advertised conspicuous for the possession of distinguished artists. If the music is really good; and the terrible peddlers of bouquets and pamphlets are not altogether unbearable from their officiousness, and the public is benefitted by the rivalry, we hail the event with the greatest satisfaction; yet we have been so often disappointed we indulge but little hope. The old routine we fear will be repeated; full dress, kid gloves, extemporized liveried servants, policemen bawling for coaches, hustling in the corridor of the Opera House; this for a few weeks, and then a relapse into silence, to be followed by memories of unsatisfactory experiences, and money gone to the dogs.

The Italian Opera not being a plant of the cactus genus cannot stand firm with its roots in dry sand, and live on air. On the contrary, the opera wants an immense amount of fertilizing material in the form of green-backs, and under the most favorable circumstances in New York city it is a most miserable exotic. We fear it will never be thoroughly acclimated, until something is done to put it in possession of the people at large. This powerful organization in this country builds up and sustains not only our great material interests, but our aesthetic projects. Among its members you find creators of railway routes across the continent, and the most enthusiastic and judicious supporters of Art.

The accepted operatic lion for the hour is to be Signor Tamberlik. This gentleman it seems, now that he is engaged for "the season," is pronounced by his especial friends (the managers and the Bohemians) to have the most extraordinary tenor voice ever listened to, his upper notes on the stage reaching to C sharp in *allegretto*, and off the stage to the still more astonishing elevation of 35,000 francs per month! and furthermore, he is said to possess "more force" than Mario, and "less bounce," than Wachtel.

Signor Tamberlik, we judge from the preliminary notices of his advent, has been doing nothing for the last thirty years, but rehearsing in foreign capitols to perfect himself for this professional visit to New York. Knowing from hearsay how pernicious are our *national airs* to the Italian voice, he has evidently endeavored to gradually acclimate himself by singing for many seasons in all the magnificent towns of Central South America, and for the last two years in the dilapidated Tacon at Havana.

Old Kniekerbocker, in one of his greatest historical compositions, records a case of unfortunate ambition, in the person of a athletic dutch man, *who got out of wind entirely*, by running a full mile to acquire momentum enough to jump over a ditch nine feet wide. If Signor Tamberlik has been over thirty years preparing to come here, it is no wonder he has not the "bounce" of Wachtel. We regret that he did not test the good nature of our audiences say fifteen years ago; the young-lady critics would have forgiven his

thin want of culture, for the sake of the advantages of a youthful person and face.

On the 11th instant, the charming comedians known as the Vokes family, opened at the Union Square Theatre, in a new play entitled "Fun in a Fog." A full house as there should have been, greeted the performance. The charming visitors deserve a long and successful engagement.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."—Hall & Williams, New York, Leisure Hour Series.

As you open the book you read, "To dwellers in a wood, almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze, the fur trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quiverings; the beach rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And Winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy their individuality." On a cold and stormy Christmas-eve, less than a generation ago, a man was passing along a lane in the darkness of a plantation that whispered thus distinctively to his intelligence. All the evidences of his nature were thus afforded by the spirit of his footsteps, which succeeded each other lightly and quickly, and by the loveliness of his voice as he sang in a rural cadence:

"With the rose and the lily
And the daffodown dilly,
The lads and the lasses a-sheep-shearing go."

But here we must leave him, to his interview at Tranten's—and he has fully laid down in this very interesting "Leisure Hour" under the greenwood tree, one of the most lively and imaginative wood-paintings of the Dutch school. We find many of Tranten's opinion, in this world, who cannot see why a "violin or fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clarinet." It brings back to our mind the memories of our boyhood when we sat perched up in the old Unitarian church, (congregational by courtesy) our short legs not nearly touching the floor, and our eyes literally sticking out with wonder, one day, when a new big bass-viol made an unheard of innovation in the village choir. Our own astonishment was not greater than De Frosts, the chorister. At sight of this "big-fiddle" he threw away with disgust his big oaken pitch pipe, and refused all aid so far as accompaniment went to this "device of the devil." Then to think of all the after times of the good things that come off in the "choir"—"Going the rounds," "The Listeners," "Christmas morning," and what happened then. "The great Tranten's party," "O yes, stop till the clock strikes" and they did stop, and it was not a sit still party. Dick was there, and Dick's partner was a girl named Lizzy, and—well readers please get the interesting work and read it and thank us for telling you of it.

"TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEAS."—Published by Geo. M. Smith & Co. 11, Bromfield St. Boston.

Of this book it may truly be said, it is deserving a place beside the "Arabian Nights Entertainment," or the "Hundred and one Stories of Paris." We have seen no book recently, which has attracted the attention that these submarine stories have done. It is a charming book for a hot afternoon in the shade, or to read at the sea-side. No one would be likely to get to sleep over its lively wide-awake stories. We had thought De Foe's celebrated "Robinson Crusoe" a work without a parallel, but we must place on the same shelf in the library of "wonder books" this voyage under the seas. In course of our reading the same, we soon came to the conclusion that to be astonished at any one of these remarkable stories would be out of place, and we made up our mind that "seeing was believing," and have we not these wonderful illustrations, one hundred and fifty of them, before our very eyes? These stories are told with such a profound confidence, too, that we as truly believe in them as in the remarkable travels and adventures of Gulliver, or the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." Were our submarine explorer to meet a "big turtle" clad in complete iron armor, with the date of the year in which it was forged, instead of his natural shell, we should of course believe it, and would on no account spoil this delightful romance, by questioning the slightest tittle of the whole. We swallowed the whole, as we would an oyster, and recommend the same to all lovers of the wild and wonderful, as a very choice collection of never before written stories. This work is sold only by subscription—and agents are wanted everywhere for its circulation.

"THE TOUR OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS."—By Jules Verne—James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This is a delightful book for summer reading. Just the book to take out of one's pocket, as he lays upon his back under the shade of some fine large tree, just the book for a weary man, not to be supposed that all will be lazy, who read it, for the translator Mr. Fowle, has kept the lively scintillating style true to the life. The book, like the ocean breeze, will be found easy flowing and varied, full of ever changing incident, from the time twenty-nine minutes after eleven o'clock A. M. Wednesday, October 2d, when Passepartout became Phileas Fogg's servant, until the ending of the great ice-sledge ride. The reader does not journey quite so fast, yet his imagination has little time to lag, or rest, and one strange or droll incident after another, enlivens every page of this racy little volume. All is well that ends well, and the many readers of this book will be well pleased with its finale.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.—We are indebted to the enterprising publishers—Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co., Toronto, Canada—for beautifully bound volumes of this periodical, embracing the issues for 1872, the initial year of its existence. We confess our surprise as well as gratification to find in it a magazine so exquisite in typography, and so captivating in its general contents; being in all respects worthy of any literary centre in either hemisphere. Its contents are varied, and embrace vigorous and thoughtful papers in biography, criticism, travel, science, political economy, romance and poetry. No higher evidence than this magazine affords, is needed to impress the public with the intellectual life and progress of the Dominion of Canada, and no finer medium exists through which our people may familiarize themselves with the resources and capabilities of a country which, though our neighbor, is to a vast majority of our people almost a *terra incognita*. Canada presents many features of special interest to the people of the United States, and a better knowledge of its people, its institutions, and picturesque natural attractions, no less than the selfish incentive of closer commercial relations, are all objects worthy of encouragement. Therefore we most heartily commend this Monthly to our readers, and hope it will extend its circulation widely throughout our borders. We regret that we do not find the subscription price stated, but specimen copies may be obtained by addressing the Publishers. The August number of the current year has just come to hand.

AVILUDE.—This is a charming little game adapted to children, by means of which, certain ornithological ideas may be acquired. The illustrated cards of birds are neatly printed, and the printed text just sufficient to make it an interesting game. Natural history is so little taught, that any new method of introducing this most useful study, should be welcome. West & Lee of No 10, Main street, Worcester, Mass., are the publishers.

Current News.

Southerners are quite numerous at Cape May this season.

There is to be a grand four-ball American game billiard tournament this fall.

It is estimated that a volcano, long extinct, has broken out afresh in Colorado.

They are experimenting with female horse car conductors in Savannah.

There is no doubt that gold has been discovered in Alaska in paying quantities.

Wild horses are abundant in southern Kansas, and several parties of hunters are after them.

A black drum-fish weighing fifty-six pounds was caught off Robbins Reef, Staten Island, last week.

Ten thousand dollars in premiums will be offered at the Friendship Driving Park, Pittsburgh, August 27th.

Teresa Carreno, the American pianist, has just been married at London to the young violinist, Emile Laurent.

Antoine Ravel, of the famous "Ravel family," so popular in America some twenty years ago, died at Toulouse recently.

Dr. McGregor Jones, at Dexter, Me., has a trout in his well that is forty-six years old. He was placed in the well he owns in 1827.

The Boston Journal says that about twenty-five thousand residents of that city are now absent, of whom about a thousand are in Europe.

It is reported that Anna Dickinson is going upon the stage, and that she will make her debut in a dramatic version of the Scarlet Letter.

The game of pall-mall, now obsolete in England, has been played in Montpellier, (France) uninterruptedly for the last four hundred years.

The genuine tea plant is now grown profusely in all the gardens of Jacksonville, Florida, and some residents use no other tea in their families.

An enterprising dog in Utica secured samples from the clothing of eight lightning rod agents within half an hour after a thunder storm the other day.

The best game in Persia is the *argali* or wild sheep, a large animal, with a peculiar mane, its horns measuring four feet, and weighing alone fifteen pounds.

The cattle disease is raging in Missouri, and several thousand head have been carried off within the past three weeks. In one county the loss amounts to over \$50,000.

A gardener in England claims to have discovered a method of varying the colors of flowers by means of chemical applications to the earth in which they grow.

An Indiana county fair offers prizes of \$5 for the two handsomest babies of each sex, to be placed on exhibition, and prizes of \$10 for the fattest pigs and calves.

The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, don't pay. "we stood it all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

Some one tells a story of a steamboat passenger watching the revolving light of a light house on the coast and exclaiming, "Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can strike it."

Oregon appeals earnestly for laws to protect her valuable salmon fisheries. The fish are much decreasing year by year, through wanton destruction and sheer negligence of proper protection.

Hayseed in the hair and blue drilling overalls are to be the prevailing styles for Western politicians this fall. It is said that the accession to the ranks of farmers for the last two months from gentlemen that never before scented clover, is something wonderful.

Mrs. Josephine Jameison, a native of Virginia, who died in Brooklyn last week weighed over five-hundred pounds, and after death the body had swelled to such an enormous size that the undertaker found it impossible to remove it through the front door.

Thirty-nine short-horned cattle were sold at auction on Tuesday last at the farm of George M. Bedford, in Paris, Kentucky. The average price of the herd was \$357.50 each. One bull brought \$4500, and another bull, the Eleventh Duke of Geneva, was sold privately to Mr. Murray of Racine for \$7,000.

The rush of American travel to Europe is now over. Footings of the departures from this port for what may be called the "season," are, for the present year, 18,533, and those for (nearly) a corresponding period in 1872 are 18,033. This does not exhibit the increase in travel which has been expected, considering the attraction of the Vienna Exhibition, and the fact that three new lines have gone into operation since last summer.

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Good sound Madeira, (five years old,) \$3.50 per gallon, or in bottles; selected Sherries from \$4.00 to \$12.00 per gallon; a natural Dry Sherry at \$5.50, very choice; Champagnes from \$19.00 to \$28.00. Very choice Teas in original packages of 10 pounds each, from \$1.10 to \$1.40 per pound. Fancy Groceries, Canned Goods and table luxuries at very low rates for cash.

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Nine Silver Medals, and the only Gold Medal awarded for finest articles.

HUMORS OF SPORTING LIFE.



A NON SEQUITUR.

INFANT TYRO.—“Father they say trout bite pretty well now.”

PARENTAL BOSS COBBLER.—“Umph! Umph? You stick to your work and they won't bite you.”

(Who knows what the world may lose by this crushing of the youthful bent?)

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and their connections abroad enable them to supply all Foreign Fishing Tackle to the best advantage. In the Fall of 1873 will return to their store, (rebuilt since the Fire,) at

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SPORTSMAN'S DEPOT.
GUNS, FISHING TACKLE,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Sportmen's Goods.
626 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN!
N. Y. State Sportsmen's
ASSOCIATION.

Report of Committee on Stan-
dard for Shot.

Your Committee have the following report to make on the adoption by shot manufacturers and sportsmen of a uniform “AMERICAN STANDARD” of Drop Shot.

We have corresponded with all the manufacturers in the country, and most of them express a willingness to conform to the standard which shall be promulgated by your Convention.

All manufacturers will have eventually to conform, when sportsmen require that their shot shall compare with the standard of excellence which your Committee has fixed.

Upon the most critical examination, your Committee have decided to adopt as the “AMERICAN STANDARD,” the scale presented to us by Messrs. THOS. OTIS LE ROY & CO., of New York, as follows: (Here is given the scale, which can be had, on application, from Messrs. Thos. Otis Le Roy & Co., New York.) The number of pellets as given in the standard, is the correct number of PERFECT shot which will be produced by the given scale of each size.

R. NEWELL, Chairman.
N. M. SMITH,
F. G. SKINNER.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is an extract from the minutes of the meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Association of June 11, 1873.

JNO. B. SAGE, Secretary.

Sportsmen's Goods

To American Sportsmen,
AND DEALERS IN SHOT.

“American Standard.”

As the New York State Sportsman's Association has adopted a Scale of Sizes for shot under the above name, it will be some satisfaction to our friends to know that the standard of diameter adopted is nearly identical with that which we have always used. The only material difference consists in reducing the smaller sizes, known as Nos. 11 & 12, and the larger sizes heretofore designated under the letters “B” and “T.”

As the new standard (which we of course adopt as to diameter) would in this respect deprive our friends of several sizes which they have heretofore used with advantage, we have concluded to supply them under another letter of which we will give timely notice. The number of pellets given in the standard for an ounce does not correspond with the diameter; it is, therefore, impossible to adopt both.

The resolution adopting the new standard, although passed June 11th, was not mailed to us until July 7th—nearly a month after it had been given to another firm, who have thus been enabled to brand their bags “American Standard,” and to exclusively advertise the report of the Committee as a recommendation of their shot for “superior excellence,” as compared with that of all other makers!

Whilst the Report of the Committee may not be fairly open to the construction which has been ostentatiously put upon it, its ambiguous phraseology is calculated to convey the belief that the Committee after “the most critical examination” of all the shot made in the U. S., has adopted a standard which was substantially new, and not supplied by any makers of shot but the parties named.

We are now officially informed that the committee did not intend to recommend any particular make of shot above any other, but merely adopted the scale presented to them.

It is unnecessary to remind experienced sportsmen that the practical excellence of shot does not consist in the standard of size by which it is called; nor in the number of pellets in the ounce, but embraces other important features which cannot be appropriated by the adoption of a name, nor by any cunning deception. We gladly accept this opportunity to assure our friends that the well-known character of our shot will be carefully maintained, and in some important respects improved; and we feel confident that it will be found in practice to be more uniform, heavier, cleaner, and more effective than any other; and thus commend itself to the favorable opinion of all who use it.

TATHAM & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, July 21st. 1873.

Brook Trout,

SPAWN AND YOUNG FISH FOR
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Rev. ALZONO FLACK, A. M., President.
CLAVERACK, N. Y.,

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How to Cure their skins,

How to live in the Woods.

How to build Boats, and catch Fish in the Winter

How to destroy the pests of the Farm and Poultry Yard.

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Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873.

{ Volume 1, Number 2.
103 Fulton Street.

From Appleton's Journal.

THE DRUM FISH.

IN the Chesapeake and her tribute streams,
Where broadening out to the bay they come,
And the great fresh waters meet the brine,
There dwells a fish that is called the Drum—
A fish of wonderful beauty—and force,
That bites like a steel trap and pulls like a horse.

He is heavy of girth at the dorsal fin,
But tapering downward keen and thin;
Long as a salmon, if not so stout,
And springy and swift as a mountain trout;
For, often at night, in a sportive mood,
He comes to the brim of the moonlit flood,
And tosses a glittering curve aloft,
Like the silver bow of the gods—then soft
He splashes deliciously back in the spray,
And tremulous circles go spreading away.

Down by the marge of the York's broad stream,
An old darky lived, of the ancient *regime*.
His laugh was loud, though his lot was low;
He loved his old master, and hated his hoe.
Small and meagre was this Old Ned,
For many long winters had frosted his head
And bated his force and vigor;
But, though his wool all white had become,
And his face wrinkled up like a wash-woman's thumb,
And his back was bent, he was thought by some
A remarkably hale old nigger.
But he suffered, he said, from a steady attack
Of misery in "de head and pain in de back,"
Till his old master gave him "his time to hisself,"
And the toil-worn old bondsman was laid on the shelf.

Happy old Edward! his labor was done,
With nothing to do but sit in the sun,
And free to follow his darling wish
Of playing the fiddle and catching his fish.
He had earned his play-time with labor long,
And so like the other Old Ned in song,
He "laid down the shovel and the hoe,"
And caught up the fiddle and the bow.

Now, I cannot say
That his style of play
Would suit the *salons* of the present day;
For the *tours de force* of the great Paganini
Have never found favor in "Old Virginny."
He never played a tune that "went slow,"
For he perfectly scorned an *adagio*;
But, with eyes half closed and a time-beating toe,
His elbow squared, and his resinous bow
Not going up high nor going down low,
But sawing quite steadily just in the middle,
He played by the rule
Of the strictest school
Of the old-fashioned, plantation nigger fiddle.

It happened Old Ned went fishing one day,
And out on the blue,
In his dug-out canoe,
He carried his fiddle along to play.
Long he fished with his nicest art:
There came not a nibble to gladden his heart;
So he tied his line to his ankle tight,
To be ready to haul if a fish should bite,
And seized his fiddle. So sweet did he play
That the waves leaped up in a laugh of spray,
And dimpled and sparkled as if to move
To invisible water nymphs dancing above.
But slower and slower he drew the bow,
And soft grew the music, soft and low;
The lids fell wearily over the eyes;
The bow-string stopped, and the melodies;
The last strain melted along the deep,
And, Ned, the old fisherman, sunk to sleep.

Just then, a huge drum, sent thither by fate,
Caught a passing gleam of the tempting bait,
And darted upon it with greedy maw,
And ran the hook in his upper jaw.
One terrible jerk of wrath and dread
From the wounded fish, as away he sped
With a strength by rage made double,
And into the water went Old Ned—
No time for any "last words" to be said,
For the waves settled placidly over his head,
And his last remark was a bubble.

Let us veil the struggle beneath the brine
Of the darting fish and tangling line.
The battle, of course, was a short one, since
Old Ned not gifted with gills or fins,
And down in the deep, was as much out of place
As a mermaid would be in a trotting-race;
And motionless soon at the bottom he lay,
As mute as the fiddle that floated away.

They were washed ashore by the heaving tide,
And the fishermen found them side by side,
In a common death, and together bound
In the line that circled them round and round—
So looped and tangled together
That their fate was involved in the dark mystery
Of which was the catcher and which the catchee;
For the fish was hooked hard and fast by the gill,
And the darky was lassoed around the heel,
And each had died by the other.
And the fishermen thought it could never be known,
After all their thinking and figuring
Whether the nigger a-fishing had gone,
Or the fish had gone a-niggering!

INNES RANDOLPH.

ANTICOSTI.

THE JOURNAL OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

[Continued from our Last Issue.]

DAYLIGHT found us becalmed, and drifting west with the current. The only consolation we could get out of the captain being rather depressing than otherwise, he having been once three weeks in making the same passage. In the forenoon a shoal of porpoises working up the gulf in long succession, and a shoal of whales sporting on the tranquil surface of the sea, reminded one of the oft-mentioned sea-serpent. Our rifles were called into requisition, but apparently our shots fell harmless, till Flanigan, rather put out at our skill, begged the loan of a gun. Kneeling down he waited till a "hammer head" (easily distinguished by the length of time they remain under water and their heavy spout on coming to the surface) appeared, when, taking long and deliberate aim, he pulled trigger. Unfortunately, he had forgotten one most important element to success—the rifle was at half-cock, and before he could rectify his mistake the whale had gone down. We laughed heartily at his discomfort, and his vanity was not a little hurt. "Och! what a pity," said he, "shure, thin, I had him intirely covered." Soon after he got a shot, and as the ball struck the water, certainly in close proximity to a whale, he jumped up in a frantic state of excitement. "Begorra, I hit him in the tail; faith, thin, I gave him a pill he won't stomach aisily," and other expressions passed his lips, and his one idea was that we should lower the canoe and at once give chase. Whether Flanigan's shot did perhaps graze the caudal extremity of one of these leviathans must forever remain undecided; but, be that as it may, it was the last we saw of them, and to this day F. firmly believes that he "bagged" a whale.

About twelve o'clock a breeze sprung up, and grew steadier and stronger, and as it struck the schooner, and the sails, which so long had flapped idly from side to side, first barely drew, and then gradually filling, caused the vessel to heel over, we experienced a feeling of relief it is difficult to describe. Before dusk we were bowling along at a rate of five or six knots, which, after our long inactivity, seemed marvellous, and we turned in for the night in the full expectation of finding ourselves next morning in sight of the West Point Lighthouse. The truth of the old saying, "*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*" was again apparent, for in going on deck soon after daybreak I found that we were enveloped in a dense fog, while a thick drizzling rain had taken the place of the wind. It was ten o'clock before the mist began to lift, and a light air springing up an hour later, the tower of the lighthouse, which showed like a thin white line cutting the fog in twain, gladdened our eyes.

Under the now rapidly freshening breeze we soon closed with the land. The lighthouse stands on a low wooded

point. Close by is the cottage of the keeper, while what seemed to be a number of small fishing huts dotted the beach. The wind was blowing dead ashore, and a heavy surf, which made it no easy matter for boats to effect a landing, was rolling in, so the captain proposed running in for English Bay, a few miles to the northward. About half past three we found ourselves at anchor in a snug little bay, well sheltered by a projecting headland from the north, and, though apparently exposed to the full force of the south and southwest winds, so protected by a line of reefs which run three-quarters of a mile in a westerly direction that vessels may lie there in perfect safety in almost any kind of weather. The bay presented quite a busy scene; two schooners lay at anchor, while between us and the shore were some fifty large boats, some empty, while from others just returned from the day's fishing outside the fishermen were pitching the cod with large two-pronged forks into small flat-bottomed scows ready to go ashore. After paying \$25 for our passage we said "good-bye" to the packet, and as we neared the land our olfactory senses were assailed by a "horrible and fish-like odor," the cause of which we soon ascertained. Cod in every stage of the curing process lined the beach, some spread on long "flakes" of spruce and pine for drying, others already dried packed in stacks containing forty or fifty quintals apiece, whilst men and even women, with arms bared and with huge knives, were decapitating and cleaning those fish just landed from the boats. The smell from all these was by no means pleasant, but by far the choicest perfume ascended from large barrels of liver that lay decomposing in the sun. Were some of the advocates of cod liver oil to see the loathsome and stinking mass from which it is obtained we much fear the sight would forever cure them for any predilection for it.

While here it may not be uninteresting to briefly allude to the fishing carried on during the summer and autumn months. From a return made, embodied in the "Annual Report of the Marine and Fisheries Department" to the Dominion Parliament, it appears that during 1869 the yield and value of the fish taken is shown as follows:—830 cwt. cod, 830 cwt. ling, 450 barrels herring, 34 barrels halibut; value, \$8,160. The oil made during the same period was worth \$580. The most profitable fishing establishment is, however, at Fox Bay (the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated "Granicus"), on the northeast side of the island. Quoting from the same return we find that the yield was 1,375 cwt. cod, 1,375 cwt. ling, 1,000 barrels herring, and 65 barrels halibut; of oil we have 530 gallons cod, 530 gallons porpoise, and 250 gallons seal. This represents \$15,108. My visit was three years later, when the number of hands was very much greater. The men are principally inhabitants of Douglstown—fine stalwart fellows, who, by their ruddy cheeks, bear testimony to the healthy nature of their occupation.

As cod generally "strike" early along this coast they usually come over in May, returning to the main land towards the end of August, though two families, induced by the comfort they had experienced, and the profitable returns of the soil, spent the last winter in the bay, and do not seem to regret it. From its proximity to an open sea the winters are not so severe as those felt higher up the gulf, and we were repeatedly told by trappers and others, who from a long residence could speak with authority, that they found the cold greater at Quebec, and so far as actual temperature was concerned they infinitely preferred wintering in the island.

Dense woods of spruce and pine stretch down to meet the waters of the bay on every side, save where in the centre the jungle has been partially cleared away and given place to the log "cabins" of the fishermen. The soil from here to Ellis Bay, a distance of twelve miles, is light, in many places a stratum of gravelly limestone being found only a few inches beneath the surface. Several of the more enterprising families have, however, cleared small tracts of forest in the rear of their homes, and the neatly-fenced plots in which the potatoes were now nearly fit for digging augured well for the success of the little colony.

Having made a bargain with one of the fishermen to take our heavy baggage, in charge of Flanigan, round to the lighthouse, and sending the Indians with a few light traps in the canoe, we started on foot, accompanied for a short distance by a garrulous old man, who informed us that the island was the result of successive deposits of the sea, in proof of which he assured us there was the carcass of a whale far back in the woods. He was evidently rather Darwinian in his ideas, and no doubt could have still further enlightened us, had not we, being rather overpowered by the warm reception of the cod fish, which seemed to infuse itself into all around, bidden him a rather abrupt good night and proceeded on our way. From English Bay to West Point, two miles distant, we travelled along a good beach of stone and gravel, with reefs extending upwards of a mile from the shore, and beyond which the Indians were now paddling the canoe.

The coast is low, and covered with a small dwarf spruce, whose branches, gnarled and twisted by the rude blasts to which they are constantly exposed, are so thickly matted with the underlying growth, and conform so closely to the limestone rocks on which they stand, as at a short distance to resemble grass, and it is not too much to say that in many places it would be almost possible to walk on the tops of the trees, though such a statement may at first sight appear absurd. Near the lighthouse we came across the ribs of a large barque, which had been wrecked some two years ago; her cargo had been planks, which now lay stacked in square piles upon the shore, and which we had mistaken for huts on first approaching in the schooner. We were thus early greeted by a startling evidence of the death and danger which lurked around these shores, and, alas! it was not the first by many a one that was yet to stand forth as a grim and ghastly record, tending to confirm the wild and superstitious tales with which the island is invested. On our arrival at the lighthouse (a circular stone tower, faced with white fire brick, exhibiting a light 109 feet above sea level) we were met by M. Maulivin, the keeper, a stout, elderly French Canadian, who, however, spoke tolerable English, and seemed pleased to see us. He has a capital house attached to the lower basement of the tower, and a nice little farm, with two cows and a horse, besides pigs and poultry.

The mist which had been threatening all day now settled down into a dense fog, and the stillness of the evening was broken only by the report of the gun fired every three-quarters of an hour during thick weather. The canoe had not yet turned up, but the Indians were well able to take care of themselves, so we were not anxious on their account.

The next morning, as if to make amends for the inhospitable reception of yesterday, Nature wore her fairest garb. The plaintive moaning of the surf is lost in the gentle ripple of the water as it washes lazily upon the beach, and the sudden boom of the midnight gun, that seems to tell only of shipwreck and destruction, is succeeded by the musical tinkle of the cattle's bells as they stray through the woods. Along the shore flocks of plover and sandpiper are flitting, now wheeling far out to sea, now circling inward in rapid flight, alternately skimming the surface of the tranquil sea, which, mirror-like reflects their every motion, and rising in mid-air till the receding tide leaves some muddy patch, they slowly settle down, after a few minutes rest to be off again in quest of some fresh feeding ground. Outside the reefs a few fishing boats are already at anchor, while the dark brown sails of others hastening out to swell the number may be seen rounding the point. In the midst of this peaceful picture we are reminded of the far different aspect it too often wears, for close at our feet lies an old twenty-four pounder, red with the rust of upwards of a century. As the water falls more guns and a few round shot become exposed to view, and we learn that they once formed part of the armament of a large English frigate, lost here some time during the capture of Quebec. The crew escaped, and spent some months in the little bay we had just left, and which still preserves their memory under the French name of "Baie de Anglais."

It is worthy of remark that in many parts of the country there appears to be something in the pasturage which has an injurious effect upon certain forms of animal life. Rabbits and hares, without which scarcely an island of any size in the Gulf is found, are never seen, and though often introduced have quickly disappeared; rats which have escaped from wrecks speedily become extinct, and it is strange that, though the interior of the island abounds in lakes and ponds, the sources of numerous streams, the beaver, mink, and muskrat (the latter animal being so common elsewhere) are wholly unknown. The pleasant chirping of the graceful little chipmunk here never greets the ear, and there are but four fur-bearing animals known to the trappers—the black, or brown bear, the otter, marten, and fox, of which latter there are several varieties.

About eight o'clock the Indians turned up, having slept the previous night upon the beach. We started at three o'clock, the Indians taking the baggage in the canoe. We had intended to have camped this evening at Ellis Bay, but what with shooting at plover and yellow-legs, and not paying attention to the tide, now rapidly falling, the canoe had eventually to leave us and pursue her way outside the reefs nearly a mile off. The coast is low and thickly wooded, but it is not without its points of interest. Here a low, overhanging cliff of dark earth and limestone forms a headland, on rounding which we find the shore sweeping in gentle curves to where yon low wooded point marks at once the termination of one and the commencement of another bay; there a tiny stream, the outlet of some inland bog, after many a struggle to force its way over rocky crag and through

tangled jungle, at last emerges in a grassy hollow that skirts the forest, where forming a deep gully it issues forth in pure limpid water upon the gravelly beach.

When within two miles of Ellis Bay night overtook us, and as the evening was closing in with rain and wind we began to be anxious for the whereabouts of the canoe. We were just debating a halt when a faint shout broke on our ears. We fired twice in response, to indicate our position, and in about ten minutes we heard a splashing through the water, and presently Hamilton emerged like a water-god out of the gloom with the cheerful news that they could go no further, and that the boat and baggage now lay on the reef more than half a mile off. The rain was just commencing, so we had a pleasant prospect. There was nothing for it but to carry everything ashore as quickly as possible, and so first lighting a fire, there being luckily no lack of drift wood along the shore, we despatched H. back again. In less than an hour our traps were landed, the men working right well, it being no easy matter to carry five or six hundred weight of baggage half a mile through water and over stone and gravel in the dark. We now began to plan what shelter could be run up most readily for us to pass the night under; it was too late to cut down timber to construct a hut, so carrying the canoe out of reach of the morning tide we turned her bottom up, and then supporting one gunwale on the paddles, the other resting on the shingle, we formed a tolerably dry covering for our heads and upper parts of our bodies. Plenty of boards were at hand, which, after drying by the fire, we laid along the length of the canoe. To pluck some of the birds we had shot and spit them over the burning embers was the work of a few minutes. They were delightfully fat and tender, and were hardly cooked before they disappeared before the hungry crowd that crouched around. After supper and a stiff glass of grog we put on our great coats, and rolling ourselves up in our waterproof rugs lay down; and so, with the rain beating pitilessly down upon our frail covering, the sea laving the beach, and a bright wood fire (in front of which the Indians were curled up in their blankets like two round balls) at our feet, we spent the first night on the island of Anticosti.

The next morning was fine, and as the tide was now high we lost no time in making a hasty toilet, and after a cup of tea and a mouthful of biscuit reloaded the canoe and set off at a brisk walk. A short half hour brought us to the bay, where we were favored with as fair a picture as one could well desire. Hardly a ripple stirred the bosom of the bay, which lay like one vast mirror, reflecting in its crystal depths the wooded shores and limestone cliffs which formed the setting. Here and there huge dark boulders rear their heads above the surface, their summits literally alive with seals basking in the sun, till, roused into activity by the sharp ping of a bullet that whistles close beside them, they flounder into the water with heavy splash, and the next moment are seen twenty or thirty yards off peering cautiously around in search of the intruder upon their wonted solitudes. Ducks, plover, and sea pigeons hover and circle over the outer portion of the bay, while from its inmost recesses flocks of ducks come soaring out in long succession, and yonder, flying in regular order like the letter V, a flock of wild geese sail majestically over the pine woods. From a little cove thin columns of blue smoke are curling upwards from the cottages of the few settlers who live here, surrounded by many a comfort denied to their brethren on the main land. The mouth of the bay is marked by two low wooded points, Cape Henry and Cape Eagle, or Pointe aux Pins, as it is locally named, the eastern headland being a distance of one and a half miles. A good channel three and a half fathoms deep, extending one and a half miles inland and three quarters of a mile in width, with good holding ground of clay, affords a safe anchorage for small vessels in any weather; the reefs which trend, one from Cape Henry in a southerly direction, a distance of one mile, and another from Pointe aux Pins, three-quarters of a mile westerly, forming a natural breakwater, which completely shelters the channel from the heavy surf which breaks on these bars with the slightest swell. The shores gradually rise in height from the entrance, and, doubtless from being more sheltered, the timber now first assumes respectable proportions; the jungle too disappears, and vast plains, or "barrens," as they are technically termed, take its place. Far back into the country lie two elevated ridges or spurs, trending to the north and east, forming the watershed, whence spring the babbling streams and purling brooks which are met with at frequent intervals. Gentle coves with sandy beaches, backed by picturesque limestone cliffs, diversify the scenery, and the bay imperceptibly contracts, like the purse of a seine, till where, some two miles from the mouth, it receives a small sluggish stream, flowing through grassy bottoms, indented by projecting coves of spruce and pine. At the head of a neighboring inlet, known as Gamache's bay, from a worthy of that name, who was one of the first settlers, and of whom some ugly stories are told, stands the provision post, for the relief of shipwrecked mariners, and the comfortable looking cottage of Captain Setter, whose fine breed of cattle may be seen grazing on the marshy land we have just alluded to. At the entrance of the bay I got into the canoe and endeavored to "bag" a seal; they proved, however, too quick, diving simultaneously with the flash, and after several ineffectual "dodges" to try to get to windward, and so obtain a shot at the side of the head (where they could not see the flash), I gave it up, and, paddling ashore, lit a fire, and was soon deep in the mysteries of baking "chupatties" (an Indian cake made of flour and water, with a little butter to fry it in) and other culinary preparations for breakfast; of al

others the meal, *par excellence*, of the sportsman. De Courcey and Flanigan had meanwhile walked some way ahead, and now returned laden with plovers and beach birds, which proved a welcome addition to our larder. They had selected a better camping ground near the head of the bay, and accordingly about twelve o'clock we shifted our quarters to where the Indians had built us a very cozy looking bough "wigwam," prettily situated between the trees on the edge of the wood. On our way to the second camp we passed one of the limestone cliffs, of which mention has been made above, whose general effect was such as, at a short distance, to give one the idea of some moated wall, broken and crumbled by the hand of time. Almost opposite stood a larger cliff, but without any of the peculiar beauty of the one described. In the afternoon De Courcey went out shooting in the canoe, while Flanigan and myself followed the shore and struck into the woods near the head of the bay. After more than an hour's scramble through thickets of alder and dense woods of spruce and juniper, without seeing a sign of animal life, we came upon a small rivulet, which flowed in a dark inky stream from the "barrens" at the back of the bay, and, following its course, at last emerged upon the shore. The black flies swarmed in the woods, and though we wore green gauze veils our faces were literally streaming with blood.

De Courcey had met with poor success, shooting only three ducks and a few plover. The birds, he said, were very wild, and it was quite evident that they are much shot at by the settlers at Gamache Bay. It was a lovely night, and as we lay on our rugs after dinner, the moon shining softly down through the over-arching boughs, and the cry of the duck and shrill cackle of the wild geese feeding on the barrens was borne faintly on the still evening air, we began to realize the full enjoyment of a forest life. Tired with the long day of ceaseless activity we composed ourselves for rest at an early hour, little dreaming of the misery in store for us. About eleven o'clock it began to rain, and continued to pour incessantly all night. At first our covering of boughs and birch bark withstood the pelting onslaught, but presently drip, drip came the heavy drops. Turn how we would we could not escape them, and fitfully dozed and as fitfully woke up with a start.

The following morning after breakfast De Courcey and self started for a "barren" which lay close to the camp. A slight ascent brought us to the plain, which stretched inland some miles, surrounded (save on the side nearest the bay) by woods, which form picturesque capes and headlands in this vast sea. Pools and creeks of dark water, encircled by irregular sized patches of peaty bog, intersect the barren, which is covered with a thick green moss and lichen, and a species of plant in outward appearance closely resembling heather, while squash, pigeon, and other berries attain a large growth. At every step the foot sinks deep in the crisp, dry moss, and renders walking most laborious. From the feathers and numerous "droppings" these barrens are evidently the favorite resort of wild geese, which, with the rise of the tide come sweeping in from the reefs. Unfortunately it was now nearly low water, and they were singularly devoid of life, a solitary yellow-leg alone flitting over the pools. I mistook it for a jacksnipe and fired. The bird fell in the centre of a pool, and could only be approached by passing over some very treacherous looking ground. From a slight experience, however, of the bogs of the "ould country," I flattered myself I could get it, and springing lightly from patch to patch of grass hauled the bird forth and held it up in triumph. My troubles were not at an end, for on turning to retrace my steps my slight support gave way, and the next moment I went souse up to the waist. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The situation was by no means pleasant, as I found myself settling down in the most disagreeable manner. Luckily De Courcey was at hand, and with his assistance and a deal of "tugging" I was extricated minus one boot, and with a coating of rich mud and clay deep enough to have grown potatoes in. I didn't bless that yellow-leg, but it was fortunate it was no worse, as our Indians told us afterwards that men have been lost in these bogs, so deep and tenacious are they in many places. In the afternoon we went out shooting in the canoe and bagged four ducks and one plover. The former are very wild, and it was with the greatest difficulty we got within range. This evening we turned in early, as we purposed crossing the bay at high tide at four o'clock A. M.

[To be Continued.]

Here is an account of a very ludicrous fishing match on the Nidd:

"ANGLING MATCH IN THE NIDD.—The third Walshford Bridge and Knaresborough angling match took place on Monday last. The left bank of the river from Hardcastle's mill at Hunsingore and two miles beyond was staked out as the portion to fish, about twenty yards was allotted to each angler, and 173 competed. The day was excessively hot, but a slight wind caused a nice ripple on the water, which was slightly colored, but the fish captured were meagre in the extreme, many of the rodsters not even getting a nibble. This poor result from this river, and the many experienced anglers engaged, is surely a memorable event in the history of trial fishing. The trees adorning the bank of the river gave shelter to many of the rodsters, but the luckless who were cast for the open had to avail themselves of the slight protection afforded by umbrellas, &c., the heat being overpowering. The competitors were some dozen in number. All the skill of the anglers did not get a stone of fish amongst them. Just before the gun signalled "cease fishing," the fish were only beginning to bite, the power of the sun having decreased, one angler getting a prize with three fish caught, about twenty minutes before time was called." First prize £6, caught 1 lb 6½ oz.

For the Forest and Stream.

FIRE FLIES.

At day's decline I come and see
In garden, hedge, and on the lea—
The flies in jolly repartee,
Light up their lamps so brightly.
O come, they say, and join our glee
And learn to skim as well as we,
Who took the very first degree
For being gay and sprightly.

Flies can not all be diamond flies,
(I don't know how we won that prize)
Though phosphorescent were our eyes,
And flame were our volition.
We could as well our light disguise,
As too a matinee emprise;
Who e'er by day our badge espies,
Scarce grants it recognition.

Though blest with reason, oft we see
That man ignores our self-taught plea,
That all his power applied should be
To some specific shining,
And not as though time did not flee,
His gift from bondage scorn to free,
Until he loose his own degree—
Defeating God's designing.

MARTHA EWING.

Trout Trails from the Nepigon.

TALE II.

CAMP CAMPBELL, Nepigon River, July, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I date my letter from "Camp Campbell," twenty-eight miles up the Nepigon, above Red Rock Landing. What pleasant days we have passed here; what charming associations will always invest this delightful spot! Let us take in the unusual landscape.

Here is a bold, rocky point projecting into the river, upon which stands our canvas tent. It was covered with a thin growth of birch once, and three large evergreens found root and nourishment in the interstices of the rock-bed; but we have cut away all that is not needed for shade or ornament, and the open space affords us an unobstructed view of the river and its scenery above and below. Moreover, it permits a free draft of air, up and down stream, which most effectually clears the camp of flies and mosquitoes, and in midday affords a cool and refreshing relief from the heat. Even in this northern latitude the sun is sometimes oppressive at noon. Our bed is made of balsam boughs laid upon the flat bare rock, and covered with a rubber blanket, with woolen ones on top. By this arrangement we avoid the dampness of the earth, and escape the annoyance of the community of spiders, ants, bugs, wood-ticks, flies, worms, and other varieties of creeping and crawling things that infest the woods, and more especially of that infinitesimal and excruciating mite known in different localities as the sand-fly, mat, punky, and midge, and termed by the Indians "bite-mo-see-em." On the left we are flanked by a dense forest of hard wood and evergreens, threaded by paths which diverge from the camp, one following the bank to "Campbell's Falls," a few rods up stream, and another leading over the portage to the landing, a quarter of a mile beyond. This portage is necessary to surmount the falls, and over it all goods, canoes and stuff must be carried from the navigable waters below to those above. Across this and the several other portages on the river, the voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company once hauled a fifty-ton schooner, lugging skids for its passage.

In front of the camp are the cooking arrangements, and from the tent door the rocky knoll slopes gradually over green sward to the brink of a little land-locked bay, whose head is hidden by a high, round-topped, wooded promontory on the opposite shore. This bay is not more than a dozen rods wide, but it is thirty feet deep, and its waters are as green as those of the Niagara river. In the light of the bay, out of sight around the promontory, a sheer precipice, five hundred feet high, and smooth as a wall, plunges perpendicularly into the water and is lost in the gloom of its own shadow. Directly opposite, on the other side of the bay, rises an equally high cliff of columnar trap, like the Palisades of the Hudson, with its base strewn with five-sided prisms and debris that have fallen from above. From cliff to cliff the slightest sound is thrown back and repeated in many an echo. Even the splash of the great lake trout, as he leaps from the waters that teem with fish-life, is heard with wonderful distinctness, whispered with a weird and hollow sound. This columnar trap formation is one of the chief and grandest features of the Nepigon scenery, and occurs at frequent intervals along the river.

At our canoe landing we have spread an apron of alder-brush, to prevent the delicate craft from chafing its bottom upon the rocks. Half drawn from the water, its prow peers above the brink, and we look lovingly and tenderly upon it, for it is our only means of communication between the wilderness and the settlements miles away. And looking from our tent door out upon the enchanting view of the land-locked basin and wooded mountain ridges, noting the swirl left upon the calm water where a monster fish broke but now, watching the blue smoke curling from the camp-fire, and our little group of Indians in their fantastic attire, we cannot but bless the promptings of our inborn proclivities, which have taught us in this our after life to seek and enjoy these beautiful primitive spots of nature. But this is

only half of the picture. Let us turn riverward. If we open the rear fly of our tent, we have the broad expanse of the river before us, a river as broad as the Connecticut at Holyoke. A high ridge of undulating, forest-clad hills skirts its opposite bank. A wooded island divides it in the middle, and from shore to shore the waves are lashed into a tumult and commotion of white foam and leaping spray, that vies with the rapids of the Niagara, and dins with a never-ceasing roar. Right under and against the ledge upon whose very brink our tent stands, it dashes with sweeping turbulence, filling the air with delicious freshness and droning in continual monotonies of sound that almost drown the voice. At night it is a soothing lullaby that woos sweet slumbers, and gives restoring rest. A dozen rods above is a broken fall some ten feet high, hemmed in between the island and the rocky ledges of either shore. At the foot of these falls, where the water sets back from some jutting point, we can catch the monster speckled trout of this famous river; or, shooting across the seething rapids into the eddy below the island, we anchor the canoe in mid-stream, and with full sweep of casting room and unobstructed channel, hook and play our fish until a surfeit of pleasure makes the task laborious. These falls we have christened "Campbell's Falls," after the name of my *compagnon du voyage*, a Brooklyn gentleman who has explored the whole region, and taken up a claim of two miles square for mining purposes. These falls are included within his boundary lines. With the exception of "Rocky Portage," four miles below, it is the finest fishing point upon the Nepigon.

A rough-looking customer is this city friend of mine in his backwoods attire. I remember him as he stood at Red Rock landing awaiting the steamer which bore me to his chosen companionship, sun-browned to a hue as dark as the Indian's, unkempt, red-shirted, belted, and moccasined, with a flaring, knit woolen cap on his head, and a big knife thrust into a sheath ornamented with beads. A group of aborigines in motley, and a score of mahogany-hued surveyors stood near him on the wharf, and among them he was the "noblest Roman of all."

No ordinary event is the coming of the steamboat in these parts. Until last year it never came at all, and the primitive children of nature had never seen one. But now they are not only familiar with the big fire-canoe, but, alas, they know the way by heart to the bar on the lower deck, and many is the ominous whisper exchanged in the darkness of the passage-way near the shaft, and many a suspicious swelling of the arm as the noble red men lug their blankets to their breasts and quietly steal away to the gang-plank. To the arriving passenger the surrounding bustle, the rattle of trucks discharging freight, the process of wooding up, and the constant passage of figures moving, make the scene a lively one. The cabins are thronged with ladies in city attire, the saloon piano thrums, and there is the presence and familiar name of the steamer itself, so nearly associated with home and civilization. Up on shore are ranges of surveyors' tents, thirty or more, and wagons laden with their supplies are moving off to some distant points. All is activity for the nonce, and the place seems a stirring town. It is not until the steamer moves off down stream out of sight, and leaves one separated seventy-six miles from the nearest settlement, and hundreds of miles from the most accessible civilization, that he begins to realize the situation. And in the morning, when the surveyors' tents are struck, and they and their attendants, and the little group of Indians they hired for guides and boatmen, have silently moved away and left the place deserted, he for the first time feels the perfect solitude. Here is only a single inhabited house, with its adjoining store, warehouse and outbuildings; but another large and substantial frame house is in process of erection, and it is the musical clink of the carpenters' hammers that alone relieves the sudden and almost painful stillness, and makes him feel the pleasure of companionship.

Nevertheless a warm heart beats under the frieze overshirt of the Company's agent, our good friend Robert Crawford, and when he has squeezed your hand in his till the bones crack, and towed you up to the little log house, and made you welcome with a bottle of Bass, you forget your momentary nostalgia, and are prepared to select your outfit for the woods. An important functionary is this same factor; for under the Canadian regulations, he dispenses the necessary permits, without which no angler can fish in the Nepigon.

Plentiful are the stores of pork, flour and tea that are set apart for the voyage, and to these are added such luxuries as individuals may prefer to take—pickles, sugar, condensed milk and coffee, canned fruits, soups and vegetables, desiccated meats, hard biscuit, ham, bread, ale, whiskey, molasses, salt, pepper, soda powders, &c. Where the absence in camp is to be a long one and much of the distance is to be traversed by water, it is wise to provide one's self with all obtainable luxuries. But in all other cases the knowing ones will travel as light as possible, stinting themselves with a meagre bill of fare, and depending upon rod, gun, and snares to keep their larder full. A real curiosity shop is Crawford's store, filled from floor to ceiling with an assortment of goods so endless that it would puzzle a tradesman to pick out his own. "If there is anything you want and don't see, ask for it." As the blood of the Indian is here diffused and commingled with that of the white man, in every shade of degree and proportion, so the habits and styles of dress are combined and assimilated, the French Canadian or Scotchman donning the moccasins, beadwork and fancy toggery of the Indian, and the latter arraying himself in some portion of the habiliments of the white man. I have seen, but in only one rare exception, an Indian

dandy go so far as to assume kid gloves and neatly fitting calf-skin boots, but I doubt if the temporary gratification of his vanity compensated for the excruciating pain of cramped up toes and abraded shin-bones. Wherefore it is that in Crawford's store we find suspended a singular assortment of moccasins, shoe-packs, boots, and a curious variety of hybrids, so to speak, which combine the qualities of all. The like foot-covering of tanned and untanned leather, canvas and woollen cloth, it would be impossible to find elsewhere. Then there is the heavy Hudson Bay coats with their monstrous hoods to protect the head in winter; the beautifully knit and parti-colored sashes, two fathoms long, which are almost invariably worn here in lieu of a leather belt to support the trousers or leggings; tobacco pouches and knife-sheaths, ornamented with beads; snow shoes; baby-erades that don't rock, but which are simply a flat board to which is fastened a pocket highly ornamented with quill work and beads, to put the baby in; toys, napkin-rings and table-mats of birch bark and sweet-scented grasses interwoven; beautifully stained mats made of water-rushes; queer knit woolen caps, scarlet and blue; and so on to the end of the catalogue which supplements the trade-list of patent-medicines, cloaks, pickles, sleeve-buttons, cough-drops, calicoes, tooth-picks, note paper, jack-knives, baking powders, shot guns, and umbrellas, which are sent out from England and Canada.

Perhaps the most interesting curiosity here is the new house which Crawford is building. The winters here are bitter cold, and when the mercury sinks to minus forty, water will freeze, in an ordinary house, between two red-hot Canadian stoves set six feet apart. To secure the requisite warmth for comfort, Crawford is trying to make his house frost-proof. It is a very creditable two-story-and-a-half frame building, forty feet long, with a kitchen and dining room extension. Upon both the inner and outer sides of the joists are laid inch boards, tongued and grooved. Then upon the outside of these is laid a thickness of tough cedar bark; upon this a layer of two-inch planks, and out side of all a coating of clapboards. The inside is furred, lathed and plastered. In this domicile of ten thicknesses the tough old factor of the Hudson's Bay post hopes to keep warm next winter by the aid of his huge two-deck stoves. The cost of this house would startle even a New York contractor, for there are no saw mills here, and lumber and materials have to be brought from Collingwood, eight hundred miles away. The garden fence itself cost a dollar a foot. By the way, Crawford's "gude wife" has succeeded in raising vegetables that it would be supposed would hardly grow in this climate.

Dear me, how I do run on! This letter is already exceeding the limits of your patience, and the columns of your paper. I will call my Indians, get my stuff into the canoe and paddle up stream to camp No. 1. We will imagine tents struck at "Camp Campbell," and ourselves just starting for the voyage, which I would rejoice if it were so that I might live over again those delightful experiences in fact as well as in memory. The camp is only half mile or so up stream, just where the river rushes in turbulent discharge and magnificent breadth from a rapid or fall above. It stands on a grassy plateau surrounded by a hardwood thicket of birch and maple, interspersed with spruce. From the tent door we can see far down the river—the landing, Red Rock and the Islands below. In front the tide rushes by like a mill-race; but a little jutting point above us makes an eddy, and in the still water our canoe rests quietly, the main body of water sweeping down with immense volume until it impinges upon a sand bluff one hundred feet high. Here it spreads out into a vast pool of great depth, and now with scarcely perceptible current glides smoothly on its way. From the bluff down to Crawford's is a half mile stretch that would be prized in the States as a course for a regatta. Opposite the camp is a low, flat island. There are two wigwams on the point. These are occupied by the families of two of the Indians who are to take us up stream. Their canoes are just visible protruding from the alders that skirt the shore. Up the bank nets and clothes are drying. One squaw with a pappoose lashed to her back, is bending over the camp-fire preparing supper. The evening shadows, thrown from the high bluff opposite, are lengthening. The clouds in the west are red. Trout are breaking in mid-channel. A scolding king-fisher is balancing himself on a naked limb that overhangs the bank, keeping a sharp eye to business. The whole is a picture that needs no setting. It is simply enchanting.

Now, while our *factotum*, John Watt, who is both cook and pilot of our expedition, is putting up the tent and cutting wood we will shove off the canoe and catch a few trout for supper. We can catch trout anywhere about here. If you will only toss your fly into the head of the channel that cuts off the island opposite you will strike a four-pounder. Down at the landing there is seventeen feet of water, and just where the tide sweeps past the end of the pier, you can hook them every time. I can see Crawford there now, with my field-glass. Oh, the toiling, sweltering, friends at home! What would you give for one hour of this probation?

"John."

"Sir?"

"In the morning we will walk across to the head of the rapids, and try the fish there at sunrise. Go down to Crawford's and tell him you want his ox wagon to haul the canoe and stuff across the portage, at daylight—remember."

"I will, sir."

"Now, John, get your coals red hot; we will bring you a couple of trout in a jiffy. Shove off the canoe."

HAVELOCK.

HOW TO CATCH A SALMON.

THE following sketch is from the able pen of Wm. H. Venning Esq., Inspector of Fisheries for the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a gentleman in whose genial companionship we have rejoiced, by editorial desk and dashing stream. [Ed. F. & S.]

"At earliest dawn one morning in July, Fred, Charles, Harry and Jim woke from sound sleep on fragrant couches of fresh fir boughs, in their comfortable camp at Burnt Hill on the Miramichi, and after a refreshing plunge in the clear, cool water, proceeded, according to a programme arranged the evening before, Fred and Jim to the "upper casts," where the ice-cold waters of Burnt Hill Brook flow over a succession of small ledges into the main river, Charles and Harry to the "Pool," and the rapids of "Grassy Island," both within five minutes walk of the camp.

Morning had raised the mantle of darkness, and the ruddy glow of the Eastern horizon told our fishermen they had no time to lose, as their hopes of freshly caught salmon for breakfast depended on their skill in luring the monarch from his haunts amid the rocks which, at these points, break the quiet flow of the river into mimic waves and circling eddies. Let us accompany them, gentle reader, and see how salmon are conquered by doughty knights of the rod and skillful squires of the gaff.

Immediately in front of the camp, about twenty yards from the bank, is a flat-topped rock, that rises just above the level of the river, affording good footing and a splendid cast up, down and across the pool. Here we will leave Harry, who has waded to the rock, and is deftly casting a fly far down the quiet pool, and walk with Charles about forty rods further down the bank of the river, where Grassy Island divides the stream, and where the still waters of the pool rush swiftly through a narrow gorge on the hither side, broken into numberless eddies as it strikes the rocks thickly scattered below the island. A ledge, partially submerged, here extends from the shore to the very edge of the foaming current, enabling the sure-footed angler to approach so near that he can cast his fly well across the channel that separates him from the island, and also down to the nearest rocks at its foot. Here our friend Charles has betaken himself, and, with skilful hand, is making his fly dance in the eddy of "salmon rock." The sun has peeped above the horizon and given him an encouraging wink; he is using his best skill, causing his fly to fall with the lightness of the natural insect, allowing it to rest a moment, then making it flutter on the surface, and finally lifting it for a fresh cast. Apparently the wily fish is choice in his food this morning, for he gives no evidence of his presence, and a less experienced fisherman than our friend would hastily conclude that he was "not at home" for the day. Charles knows better; so, having offered his Highness one dish without exciting even curiosity, he is now intent on substituting another of less gaudy hue and more modest proportions.

While he is changing flies, let us just take our lungs full of this invigorating air, every inhalation of which is a positive pleasure, and look on the magnificent panorama before us, as length after length is unrolled in the gorgeous light of the rising sun. Is it not a sight to gladden the heart of the poor dweller in cities, who has almost forgotten when he last saw the sun rise? But look! Charles has caught either the monarch or his rock, for the arch of his rod tells its own tale. Ha! see there! a fifteen-pounder, at least! Again and again, the splendid fish throws himself full length out of water in the vain effort to snap the thread of fate. Foiled, by the dexterous management of our angler, in his cunning attempts to throw himself across the slender line that held him, he made directly for the rapids, and a most exciting combat ensued.

To the left, shorewards from the rock on which the angler stood, was a small, quiet basin, sheltered from the rush of water by the ledge, to the right; the water rushed with the velocity of a mill-race, broken into foam by sunken rocks and projecting points of the ledge. In this basin, could he only succeed in restraining his captive, there was ample room to "play his fish," and every probability of ultimately securing him; but if he once got his nose into the rapid, no tackle could hold him, for the strength of the current was such that it required an effort to draw even the line up it; he would have the game all his own way, would run off from fifty to eighty yards of line, and most probably tangle or cut it round one of the numerous rocks at the foot of the rapid. As the whole energies of the fish were directed to getting into the current, the whole strength of rod and line, and all the skill and judgment of our angler were in requisition to keep him out of it. For some moments it was a tie—the persistent efforts of the prisoner were met by a stern determination to try rod and line to the utmost verge of prudence, and the two forces were so evenly balanced, that, for more than a minute, the fish did not gain an inch. Becoming convinced that his position was a dangerous one, desperation added strength to the prisoner, and slowly, foot by foot, he neared the rapids of hope to him, but of grief to his captor. With thumb on line, anxiously calculating the last ounce it would bear, and with the but of his rod directed to the fish, reluctantly our angler yielded inch after inch to his retreating prey. With disappointment and dismay we see him gradually approach the edge of the current, and give up all hope of breakfasting off him. Not so our friend Charles; he had been victor in many more desperate straits, and now, cool and calculating in his judgment, while every nerve was tense with delicious excitement, he stood clamly weighing the chances, equal to either fortune, success or failure. He knew that

if he increased his pressure on the line by another half ounce, one of two results was sure to follow, either the hook would be torn from the fish's mouth, or some part of the tackle would be broken; in either case, good bye monarch; but, by judiciously yielding, there was still a chance of final success; so his eagle eye and steady, skillful hand were both on the alert, ready for what the exigencies of the case might demand. The fish had now fairly won his way within three feet of the rapid, and most fishermen would have relinquished the last hope of turning him, but your true angler never gives away a trick. Our friend Charles, gauging to a hair the strength of his tackle, kept on the pressure to the extreme point of safety, but in spite of coolness, skill, judgment and determination, he had met his match; while resisting to the utmost the prisoner's efforts to escape, he admired his strength, endurance and persistent pluck, and smiled

"With the stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Inch by inch the noble fish fought his way—inch by inch the reluctant line slipped through the rings, the arch of the rod unbroken, and the but following the fish—until at length he gained the rapid; with one wild plunge, and a triumphant wave of his broad tail, down he went! The short arch of the rod was instantly relieved, the line, left free, uncoiled from the whizzing reel, and ran through the rings like lightning, making that most exciting of all music, that none but an angler can appreciate. Down, down the rapid he shot like an arrow, until he reached the water below, when the weight of some fifty or sixty yards of line that he was towing, began to diminish his headlong career. Charles, still apparently cool and collected, but with the fire of intense excitement in his eye, had now his skill tried to the utmost, while our chance of breakfasting off that fish looked slim indeed.

There must have been at least fifty yards of line run off in that splendid rush, and the monarch was now in his familiar haunts, amid visible and invisible rocks, scattered thickly around. To exercise much control over him at that distance was impossible, and it became absolutely necessary to his capture, to turn his head up the stream, and so prevent him winding among the dangerous rocks, and perhaps cutting the line against their sharp angles and rugged edges. While the salmon is running from you on a long line, no control can be had over his movements, he goes where he pleases, and does as he chooses, but when heading toward you a skilful hand can guide him where he will. Hence our angler now directed his attention to turning his fish, and reducing the distance that separated them. So, with hand again on line, and "butting" him well, he bore with steady strain on the flying prisoner, held now by the slightest of bonds. Finding his progress impeded, and his strength impaired, the preplexed fish again throws himself out of the water in desperate efforts to break away. Cool, self-possessed and wary, the angler foils these cunning tricks, by depressing the tip of his rod, which takes off the strain, the moment the fish leaves the water, and elevating it again, which replaces the strain, the instant he touches it in his fall. Unsuccessful in his efforts, and still feeling the strain of the mysterious thread, the courageous fish rushes madly up stream, putting the skill and quickness of our friend to the severest test, for if the prisoner can only succeed in getting this inexorable strain off the line, he will probably dislodge the tempting sham that lured him to his fate. Elevating his rod, he winds in his line with a speed and steadiness that practice alone can give, and the startled fish, although going in the opposite direction, still feels the exasperating thread, that is now drawing him forward with as much force as it before drew him back. Utterly mystified, and unwilling to approach the spot from which he had so recently and by such hard labor escaped, he goes to the bottom to rest and consider matters.

Fishermen generally call this "sulking," but our angler knows that the noble fish never *sulks*, never desponds, he merely takes a breathing spell, and is cogitating all the while, studying his next defensive movement, and aware that this will take the form of a succession of short, sharp jerks, to tear out the fatal lure—just as a brave man undergoes the pain of wrenching out the barbed arrow, knowing that present anguish is the price of future safety—our friend Charles takes this opportunity of getting to shore. With cautious step, for the ledge is slippery and the footing treacherous, with one eye on the last visible inch of his line and the other everywhere—"feeling his fish" all the while, carefully letting out line as he recedes from the fish, and reeling it in as he approaches him, so that the same gentle strain shall never cease for an instant, he picks his way rapidly to shore, daring many a dangerous leap with the *foot of faith*. Once safe on shore, he breathes more freely, and feels increasing confidence as to the result, he walks steadily down past the rapid, taking in line and feeling his fish, till he reaches the nearest point in a direct line to his resting captive. The imminent danger of defeat being now over, our angler is quite as willing as his prisoner to rest awhile and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Our monarch had evidently a knotty problem to solve, and was doubtless meditating deeply on "the position"; were it not for the regular and symmetrical arch of the tapering rod, we should not have known his whereabouts. Presently there came a succession of sharp, indignant jerks, then a relapse into quietness. Had these jerks been met by a straight rod, thus bringing the whole force on the hook, instead of on a yielding arch that gave to the slightest strain, the chances were ten to one that the captive's object would have been gained, and the hook torn from its hold;

but our angler had learned from experience that the monarch of the stream is most to be guarded against when most quiet, and was fully prepared to foil this manoeuvre. Accordingly the jerks were met by a long and flexible arch, which offered so little resistance, that the efforts of the fish could only fatigue himself, and render his subsequent struggles less vigorous. Still, these vindictive jerks are not relished by the angler, he knows they mean mischief, and that they are liable at any moment to succeed—for who can tell how a salmon is hooked till he is fairly on shore? So, to avoid a repetition of these dangerous tricks, and to prevent him from recovering energy to repeat them, it became advisable to rouse him from his lair, keep him in motion, and exhaust his strength as soon as possible; for your old angler well knows that the chances of losing a fish increase in a direct ratio to the square of the time he has been on the hook, as every rush, and every struggle, and the consequent strain on the hook, is weakening the integuments in which it is embedded, and wearing out the hold. Our friend knew all this, and felt himself master of the situation. Avoiding that two common practice of attempting to rouse his fish by jerking on the line, thus doing, much more effectually, what the fish has been trying to do, he shortened the arch of his rod by pointing the but in the direction of the fish, thus increasing the steady pull on his prisoner, and causing him to set every muscle to resist the merciless strain; then drawing the hunting-knife from its sheath at his side, he gave a succession of smart raps upon the but of the rod, sending an electrical thrill down the tense line, so surprising and startling that, despite his courage and pluck, he fled again, in a series of short, irregular, zigzag plunges, and once more headed down stream.

Constant exertion and the incessant strain had evidently reduced his strength, and his career was now soon checked by a judicious use of the but; in addition to the weight of line he had to draw through the water, the shortened arch of the rod made it more difficult to uncoil the line from the reel, and he soon gave evidence of fatigue. Unable to continue his course, he came to a halt, still resisting to the utmost the strain applied to turn him, and in the struggle to maintain his place we could see the glitter of his silver side—sure omen of success to the cautious angler. To a steady, careful, persistent, yet gentle strain, he was forced to "give up the position;" slowly but surely the revolving reel shortened the distance between him and his relentless foe. The victory now seemed to us to be won, again our mouths watered at the idea of our delicious breakfast, and we became impatient to see the full length of this brave but conquered hero. Not so Charles. Past experience had taught him that in angling, more than in any other pursuit, there was "many slip 'twix cup and lip," and that a salmon, especially, was never vanquished while he could wave his tail, more powerful in his death throes than in life. Carefully, but cautiously, he wound in the line, his eyes never leaving his approaching prize; gradually the distance diminished, the brave fish coming in sideways, until he was within ten yards of the shore. Our trusty canoe-man, George, was ready, gaff in hand, and only waited a nod from Charles to wade into the water and end the battle. The feeble struggles of the exhausted monarch told that the favorable moment was approaching, and the weary waving of his restless tail was the only indication that the brave old warrior was still alive. The expected nod was given, and George cautiously approached the apparently exhausted captive. Waiting till Charles, by dexterous management, had brought the broad side of the fish directly in front of him, with gaff outstretched, ready to give the final *coup*, he made one step forward, but in his eagerness, placed his foot upon the round surface of a slippery stone, lost his balance, and in the instinctive movement to recover it, brought the gaff down with a splash within a foot of the quiet and unresisting fish. Quick as thought the apparently subdued prisoner darted up stream, making the rod bend and the reel fairly sing with the rapidity of its revolutions. With one glance of indignation at poor, crest-fallen George, our angler, who had never relaxed his care, even in the moment of assured victory, let the fish have his head, knowing that the strength of the current and the weight of the line would soon overcome this last effort of the courageous monarch. The result proved the correctness of his augury. Nobly the gallant fish held his way till at the very foot of the narrow channel near which he was hooked; he had now taken off the reel about thirty yards of line, and to draw this after him in the swift water of the rapid was too much for his exhausted strength. Poising himself a moment on the brink, he made an attempt to shoot the rapid, but being met by the opposing skill of his wary foe, who at this moment shortened the arch of his rod to its quickest curve, by pointing the but directly at him, he fell back, and was carried down by the current. When again brought to the surface, it was evident that fish nature could continue the combat no longer, and fairly exhausted by his last futile efforts to escape his fate, he turned his silver side to the sky and was quickly drawn in to the spot he had so lately left. Our friend Harry, who had watched the battle without a word, but with every feature eloquent with excitement, now seized the gaff, determined that no less worthy hand than his own should give the finishing stroke to this brave warrior. Wading within reach of the nearly lifeless fish, with sure and dexterous stroke he impaled him on the gaff, and walked ashore with the corpse of the gamest fish that ever gladdened angler's hearts or rewarded skill and coolness."

A large number of very fine green turtles have just arrived at this port.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

NO. II.—THE NORWAY SPRUCE.

"The hedge was thick as is a castle wall,
So that who list without to stand or go,
Though he would all the day pry to and fro,
He could not see if there were any wight
Within or no."—CHAUSER.

In our first paper upon hedges—their growth, culture and adaptedness to the wants of the husbandman, the landscape gardener and others—we placed the arbor vitæ at the head of all our evergreens. This favorite and truly beautiful plant stands justly at the head of all our hedge plants, and will always be in requisition for the purposes of strength, beauty and durability, and as the plant for hedges *par excellence*.

Now it is one of the necessities of the well-tilled field that the precious grains therein enclosed should be securely protected from all foes from without—should be securely hedged.

"There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about." Here we have the old authoritative voice of antiquity for our favorite hedges, and we readily find the use and application of "green materials" was a pastime well known even in the days of Homer. You will at once recur to the familiar allusion to hedge-making, known to Laertes on his return from the wars and the enquiry "where is the old king, my father; why greets he not his son?" He found him in his garden breaking up the ground preparatory to planting a hedge, while his servants had gone to the adjacent woods.

"To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn."
—*Pope's Odessey.*

For a beautiful, durable and impenetrable evergreen hedge we place next to the arbor vitæ the Norway spruce. This magnificent tree, the pride of the arborescent gardener, developing itself in stately grandeur when standing alone or in groups upon our lawns, when planted out in small plants, in symmetrical rows, makes one of our very best hedges extant. For the enclosing of parks or grounds where a tall shelter from the prevailing winds from any given point is desirable, this tree seems admirably adapted by Providence for just this use. The Norway spruce will thrive quite well upon almost any ordinary soil, and even in the most gravelly will send up a straight, firmly compacted cone of beauty.*

A few years since, we well recollect, there was quite a lull and cry made as to the utter impossibility of raising evergreen hedges. Many persons, some of them passing for very sensible men, wrote foolish articles, and made still more foolish speeches, on the "Hedge Question." Time has since proved the fallacy of their predictions. Facts have for years been arrayed against these fancies of long ago, and the skillful landscape gardener now points the skeptic of 1850 to a long half mile of majestic Norway spruce hedge, in all its greenness and compactness, truly beautiful to behold, as the once "poor little despised seraglio" they saw in the original seedlings of eighteen inches. † In this case *seeing* has become believing that some things can be done as well as others.

The true value of the Norway spruce cannot easily be overrated when we ask ourselves the practical question, "What do we want such a hedge for?" "Why it is a standard tree, one whose trunk when well developed is a tower of itself, and it flings its huge arms abroad like a young giant?" Truly such is the fact; yet this giant of the forest, this paladin of the lawn, becomes your *servant*, and holds beneath its sheltering arms all the various gifts of pomona. The hedges of Norway spruce in some parts of Massachusetts are used for enclosures, or "break-lands," familiarly called, for the protection of choice pear, peach and fine fruits.

I can cite many cases with which I am familiar where, previous to the planting of hedges of this kind, but few pear trees of our choicest kinds could be grown, and those all inclined in the direction that the prevailing or strongest winds blew. ‡ Some trees never overcome this fixed habit; others can by judicious treatment be brought back again to something like their primitive form.

Every close observer of the most simple laws of nature will have observed that in many regions of our country low currents of cold air in winter are very prevalent, and if they push their inquiries still further they will find this cold element of air always proves very destructive to the stems not only of many species of plants, but especially is it destructive to the stem and twigs of the pear. §

Now, friend, if you would remedy in a measure these effects enclose your orchards with such protection as you

*I have seen some of the most gigantic specimens of this tree jutting out from the crevices of almost perpendicular precipices, showing both life and beauty.

†This hedge is growing within one mile of the residence of "Olipod Quill," and can be seen by any one desirous of witnessing one of the most beautiful hedge rows of Norway spruce in Massachusetts.

‡The best remedy for these effects are found rather in hedging your orchard first and setting your pear trees afterwards. This explanation seems necessary in this place, though really belonging to the department of agriculture.

§I have seen a curious and very peculiar result of the intense coldness of this undercurrent of cold air acting upon unprotected trees. The compression of air in their cells becomes so great by sudden and very severe cold as to produce a sort of explosion, much like that caused by application of fire to gunpowder.

find readily at hand; protect your trees by a good substantial hedge. The lower branches of the trees are those which need the sheltering arms of the firmly-set hedge-row. The higher branches remain uninjured when the lower ones suffer badly. Remember that there is no better protection than a belt of fine, large evergreens for your orchard trees, especially the tenderest kinds.

Such a hedge as I have been describing can be had in nearly every State in the Union under good or ordinary circumstances, and we do not hesitate to say, from a most careful observation, that evergreens, belts and hedges of trees are worth at least ten times the cost of producing the same.

The time for planting out the Norway spruce for hedges we have found to be as soon as possible after the 5th of April to the 15th of June for all States north of Virginia. They can be made to live even later if they are well set, yet they are very jealous of kind treatment. The next best time we recommend to be from the 1st of September to the 5th of November. In all our Northern States the Norway spruce, like the arbor vitæ, stands the severest climate. Even in the years of 1860 and '61—winters of extreme cold—the evergreen trees of our New England States remained uninjured, while those of Great Britain—many of them—were very badly killed.

The Norway spruce hedge, when once permanently established, grows to maturity quite rapidly. The plants should be procured from the nursery—to be of good form, and in height about one foot to eighteen inches. Plants suitable for making a good hedge will probably cost from \$12 to \$16 per hundred, or even less. They should be set from three to five feet apart for a large sized hedge, and may be kept well pruned, as they bear the knife as well as the arbor vitæ. Care is required in starting out a new hedge; they will not need pruning the first year after setting out. Upon setting the same dig a trench two feet wide and two deep, filling in about one foot or little more with good garden mould, preserving the roots unbroken when set out. At setting a slight watering may be given to the roots previous to covering in the soil, which is to be firmly pressed about the roots and leveled. Now mulch with almost any stubble—seaweed, salt, hay, sedge, &c. Keep out the weeds for two or three years, and you will have just such a hedge as will always delight your eye and gladden your heart. The second year this hedge will be ready to give its first *side cutting*, or pruning, the thickness of the hedge to be governed by the inclination of the proprietor, but *not less* than two feet from the bottom are the side shoots to be pruned, and some even claim a width of three feet.

OLIPOD QUILL.

News From Abroad.

England, in a sporting way, has just recovered from the effects of the Goodwood races. This important event may however be represented in the light of a vigorous yawn, prior to a long sleep, for after it comes London's dull time. To-day clubs are mostly abandoned, and unfortunate members wander listlessly through deserted rooms. Even cavalry officers have tethered up their spry little game ponies, somewhat run down by excessive polo playing. But still there is the lively movement of those preparing for the shooting season, and guns are furbished, and dogs are unleashed, and visions of grouse, partridges, plover, and woodcock are in the distance. Opinions are still somewhat divided as to the quantity and quality of the game birds, and fears are entertained that they may not be as plentiful as last season.—In reviewing the athletic sports for the year, strange to say, a leading authority complains of the *overpetting* given by the higher classes to such contests in England, (we only wish we could have some of it here), stating that one of the consequences of this overfondling, has been "that it has checked a useful critical temper and disposition," in regard to such pastimes. If only, we repeat, some little of the over-gushing, what the French call *le trop plein*, would come this way, how it would be appreciated.—Some very little quiet growling is indulged by the papers in relation to the cock-fighting, not as much at the measures used how to prevent it, but because the individual who has been prominent in efforts for its suppression, Mr. Peter Taylor, has been opposed to the flogging of garroters. It is what John Bull calls unreflecting humanitarianism.—All yachting matters are lively, and the general fleet ready for its two months cruising.—On the continent, now that Baden and Hamburg have become strictly moral, vigorous attempts, in the way of pigeon shooting, steeple chases, and running races are to be inaugurated at the watering places, all as incentives for the traveling British, who seem more than any other people on earth, to miss their *rouge et noir*.

—To show how cricket is appreciated we copy the following from the *Field*:

YORKSHIRE v. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Another Yorkshire Chieftain has made an appeal to the public, after a long and honorable career. For nearly twenty years the name of Rowbotham has been intimately associated with Yorkshire cricket. The match chosen for the benefit was the one above named, and reports say that on no previous occasion have so many people congregated at Brammallane, the scene of action. On Monday 11,080 paid for admission; and, as upwards of 4000 tickets were sold, the attendance could not have been far short of 13,000. The spectators also mustered strongly on the two succeeding days, and the weather was favorable throughout.

—Mr. Fred. R. Lane, in his yacht Linda, has reached Australia, having been only thirty-five days in sailing from Port Natal, East Africa, a distance of 4000 miles. The

yacht left England on the 4th of June. It was the intention of this spirited yachtsman to cross the Pacific, making San Francisco his next port. Two members of the cruising club, are doing the Rhine in their canoes.

On the 10th of this month, an interesting pigeon race took place, which we take from the *Field*.

This morning I had the pleasure of liberating at the London Bridge station eight pigeons belonging to the members of the Folkestone Club. These birds competed for a valuable silver cup. They were liberated together in the Belgian manner, and, rising well into the air, they flew straight away in the right direction without a turn. The blue cock belonging to Messrs. Medhurst and Hooper, and the blue hen belonging to Mr. Sutton, flew a dead heat, the time, including that required for capturing and showing the birds, being seventy-five minutes; the exact distance sixty-three miles.

Respecting the use of the cormorant, an adoption from the Chinese methods of fishing, we copy as follows:

In a letter lately received from my good friend M. Pichot, is the following interesting bit of news relating to cormorant fishing: "I have had this morning a very interesting letter from Mr. De la Rue, the forest inspector, who keeps our birds. He has been down to Chatellerault to fish a pond so much crowded with weeds, that it was impossible to take any fish there, either by line or by net. So the master of the place, Mr. Trenille, one of our good masters of hounds, laid a wager of £25 with some friends that he would take fish there with Mr. De la Rue's cormorants, and accordingly De la Rue went down there last week, and won the wager most splendidly. But he tells me of a very interesting episode. His two cormorants are in full flight, and while standing at the foot of the Castle of Chitree, whose ruins stand over the valley of the Vienne, which river runs at about one mile's distance, the cormorants espied the water in the valley, and one of them, named 'Red,' immediately took to his wings, and flew towards the river. All the assistants believed the cormorant lost, but De la Rue calling out loudly to his bird, and waving his glove as a 'lure,' called him back instantly, and the cormorant, after having described a wide circle round the ruins, alighted at the feet of his master. This is the first time I have heard of a cormorant being flown like a hawk." I have for many years used trained cormorants for fishing, but never experienced a similar thing.—F. H. SALVIN.

The coaching rage has run over to Ireland. From the *Land and Water* we cut the following:

"Not content with a Four-in-Hand Club in its chief town, Dublin, Roscommon has determined to make its mark, and actually turned out no less than three coaches on the last fair day, and thus made it memorable. Two more were expected, but were stopped by the ills of horseflesh. The special reporter of the district describes the scene in the following graphic manner:—'The crowd which lined the streets was so vast that barely a narrow lane was left for the teams to pass through, and the cheering was so tremendous that only steady horses and steady coachmen could have done the journey without accident.'"

DOES RACING ENCOURAGE GAMBLING?

THIS tendency of racing to encourage gambling and to promote the breed of blacklegs is a serious and growing objection, the most serious perhaps of all objections, to the sports of the Turf. But race-horses are not dice of necessity; and there is no necessary connection between horse-racing and gambling, because a bet is the touchstone of an Englishman's sincerity, and as long as this is the case it is as hopeless to attempt to put down gambling by suppressing races as it would be to talk of arresting the sun by stopping our chronometers. It cannot be done. Parliament might interdict horse-racing to-morrow, and make it a penal offence to book a bet upon a race for a pair of gloves or a white hat. But gambling would still be carried on; and it is an open question even now whether more money does not change hands on the Stock Exchange in the course of a single fortnight in what are really and truly gambling transactions than changes hands at Tattersall's, and on the race course of England, in a year. It is a foible of Englishmen, and all we can do is to make the best of it. Tattersall's is not the only spot within the four seas where gambling is carried on. It penetrates the whole of our social and commercial life. It is the life and soul of much of our trade. The ironmasters of Staffordshire gamble in iron-warrants. The brokers and bankers of Liverpool gamble in cotton-bales. The Manchester men gamble in grey shirtings. The merchants and brokers of Mark Lane gamble in corn. The shipowners of the Tyne and the north-eastern ports gamble with their cargoes and crews. It is, in fact, hard to find anything in which some of us are not gambling more or less all through the year, from molasses to madollapans. The sports of the Turf are in-themselves a healthy, manly, invigorating pastime; and the pastime, with steeplechasing, hunting, boat-racing, and the rest of our sports, has helped to make the national character what it is. An Englishman loves a horse as much as an Arab does. It is an instinct with us all. It is in the blood. You cannot eradicate it; and perhaps on the whole, it is hardly desirable to attempt to eradicate it; for people must have sport of some sort, and if they cannot have healthy and exhilarating sports, like those at Epsom and Newmarket, they will take to something worse. Horse-racing is at least a humaner sport than bull-fighting. It is healthier than the cards and dice of the Italian and French casinos. It is pleasanter than the beer-bibbing customs of the Germans. The Turf has, and must have, its follies and its vices, like everything else; and when a race-horse is turned into dice on four legs, the sports of the Turf take a form which true sportsmen themselves must reprobate as well as the best of us. But to say, as one of the severest of our satirists has said, that although the horse in itself is one of the noblest animals, it is the only animal which develops in its companion the worst traits of our nature, is to do an injustice to the horse as well as to its rider; and if the observation were true, it would apply quite as much to the highest and noblest of our race as it does to the troop of blacklegs who are to be found on every race-course.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

—In 1870 there were in England 977,707 horses, in 1872, 962,548, a decrease of 15,159. Ireland has about one third less horses than England.

Natural History.

THE PRODUCTION OF HYBRID FISH.—We observe that experimental attempts are now being made by some pisciculturists to produce a hybrid, or more properly, a cross between the salmon and brook trout. It is quite probable that such a mixture may form a desirable addition to our already varied stock of native fishes, partaking perhaps of the fine edible qualities of both the migratory and the lacustrine species. Mr. Wilmot, the celebrated Canadian fish-culturist, produced at his works at New Castle, Ontario, as long ago as 1868, a most successful result by impregnating the eggs of a female salmon-trout with the milt of a male grilse. (The grilse, although not a fully matured salmon, possesses the powers of fecundation.) The cross thus obtained is of the most promising kind. They may not propagate, but if they can be artificially bred in sufficient numbers, the improvement is a material one, and the addition to our supply of fish food quite important. We have the testimony of Prof. Von Seibold and Dr. Gunther for the superiority as table food of barren fishes of the salmon family. Their flavor is excellent, and their flesh more easily cured than that of the true Salmonidæ.

That fish do interbreed in a natural state and without artificial inducement, is abundantly proved by the fact that a friend of the writer, (a thorough and venerable angler,) took a trout four years ago at the outlet of the Piseco lake, Adirondacks, which was marked in every respect like an ordinary brook trout, but had the distinctive forked tail of the "laker," or indigenous salmon trout. It was six inches long. Now the lakera are never found at the outlet, and are seldom taken weighing much less than a pound, certainly not of the diminutive size of six inches long; while the brook trout are found in the lakes. This could not have been a young laker, for it had the spots, marks and fins of the brook trout. It seems to be an authentic case of hybridity.

The Trepang, or Beche de Mer, a favorite food of the Chinese is found in quantity in the islands of New Caledonia. The fishing for this curious creature is in the hands of a few individuals. The *trepang* varies in length between a few inches and a yard; is like a fat, ugly worm, two or three inches thick, with hardly any interior arrangements. Its capture is an easy matter in Bualabio, in fine weather, and the best quality is sold in Noumea, on the mainland, for £80 per ton. But in China the price is more than double, for in the China seas the *trepang* fishing is a matter of skill, patience, and courage. In the months of October and November, the Malays equip thousands of junks for the gathering of these hideous zoophytes on the treacherous coasts, where they have to dive or to drag at great depths in order to get at their prey.

It is at Ouen, in the Australasian group of islands, that the huge shells called by the French *benities* (baptismal fonts) are found, specimens of which may be often seen in gardens in the United States. It is difficult to procure a perfect specimen, because the larger valve is always deeply imbedded in the corals, with which in the long run it becomes incorporated. The inhabitant of this huge shell usually keeps the upper valve open, feeding on everything that the waters bear to him; but occasionally, either at the approach of danger, or that he may seize his prey, he clashes the two valves so violently one against the other that the noise may be heard from afar, and is like that of a heavy stone flung upon a hard rock. It is not pleasant to contemplate the result of putting one's foot by accident into the toothed apertures which lie hidden so harmlessly among the corals.

Prof. Agassiz's establishment at Penikese Island may be considered a "primary school" compared with the Baird's University at Peak's Island, in Portland harbor, Maine, for to the latter place are flocking the most eminent professors of natural history in the country, and the scientific operations are of the most elaborate character. The United States government has placed a revenue cutter and a tug at Prof. Baird's disposal, and you can imagine what good use he will make of them. A large house has been fitted up on the island for a laboratory, with every convenience for preserving, assorting and describing the specimens collected. Photographs are taken, drawings made and colored from the living objects.

The director of Central Park menagerie reports as follows the number of animals on April 1st, of the last three years.

	1871.	1872.	1873.
Quadrupeds.....	89	102	199
Birds.....	143	208	347
Reptiles.....	14	11	35

Births during the last year: 2 lions, 1 leopard, 2 pumas, 1 camel and 1 hyena, the last-named animal being (as is supposed) the first of the species born in the United States.

THE HUEMUL.—The Earl of Derby received a specimen of this animal from Port Famine, in the Straits of Magellan, described and figured in the Proc. Zool. Soc. 1849, p. 64, t. XII., as *cervus leucotis*, and now in the Derby Museum at Liverpool. Mr. Bates has sent to the British Museum a male and female of the Huemul, which were obtained by Don Enrique Simpson in a valley of the Cordilleras, lat. 46 S. These have been described, the horns of the male figured, and the history of the animal given in detail under the name of *Huamela leucotis*.

The animal, like all the American deer, differs from the stags of the Old World in having no tarsal gland.

Bualabio, one of the most beautiful of the islands of New Caledonia, is entirely forsaken by the natives on account of the mosquitoes.

Fish Culture.

MR. Henry Tagg, of "Ingham Springs," sends us a description of his trout and salmon farm near New Hope, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. It was commenced in the summer of 1870, and affords another illustration of the fact that the propagation of fish is an established industry, and if carried on with reasonable intelligence and care, will pay largely on the investment. He writes:

"The spring, which is one of the largest in the State, and admirably situated for the purpose of fish culture, having no other waters or streams near it to affect its purity, or cause its inundation, flows from under a large walnut tree, through a depression or ravine in the land made by the wash of the water, at the rate of eighty barrels per minute, with a temperature winter or summer, of fifty degrees. To contract the flow of water a dam nine feet high has been thrown across the ravine, giving a good fall to the hatching house and ponds to which it is conducted by terra cotta pipes six and twelve inches in diameter.

The hatching house is built of stone fifty-five feet long, thirty-five wide and seventeen to gable-peak. Into this house is conducted six inches of water emptying into a filtering box, and thence along a trough the entire length of the building; this trough being tapped at intervals, supplies other troughs nine feet long, twenty-eight inches wide divided in the center along their length, making a pair each thirteen and a half inches in the clear, in which the spawn is placed. These troughs empty into others set below them of same length, thirty-three inches wide, called nurseries, into which the fry are placed after hatching to remain until sufficiently strong to be placed in the primary ponds thirty-four feet long, four feet wide immediately outside of the house and through which the water from the nurseries passes. The fish are kept in these ponds until late fall, growing in size under careful feeding from three to five inches in length. They are then placed in ponds sixty by ten feet, and three feet deep, to remain until the ensuing fall, again to be changed into ponds one hundred by fifteen feet in size, and five feet deep. These ponds have attached to them spawning races forty feet long by four feet wide, supplied with water direct from the spring, which passes over gravel placed on coarse wire screens. The fish under the influence of the propagating instinct swim up these races and deposit their eggs on the gravel, which, falling through the wire screens, lodge on other finer screens placed directly under, thus enabling the spawn to be collected without handling or disturbing the fish. The eggs are then carried to the hatching house and placed in the first mentioned troughs to hatch. This process is accomplished in about fifty days. The water is well filtered before passing over the eggs, so that any fibre or dirt may not come in contact with them. A steady pure stream is made to pass over them until hatched.

The fish when hatched have attached to them a sack which it brings into the world out of its parent egg. This sack supports them for some forty days, when they are fed on blood until sufficiently strong to eat finely chopped meat, which is increased in coarseness as they grow older and larger. The per centage of eggs hatched under ordinary care is over ninety, and of those that arrive at maturity is not less than seventy-five, while in the wild state the per centage is five and two.

A distinctive feature of this farm is the raising of salmon. It has been held by pisciculturists that migratory fish would not live without being able to return to salt water. The experiment was started in April, 1871, when 4000 eggs were purchased of S. Wilmot, Newcastle, Canada. The result of the hatching was ninety-two per centage, and the fish are now eight and twelve inches in length, and remarkably healthy. The Messrs. Thompson & Tagg are so sanguine of success in acclimating the salmon to fresh water, that they are building a breast for a lake to cover some twelve acres with water, and having in some portions a depth of twenty-two feet, which they intend stocking with salmon and trout. They will this fall experiment in making a hybrid of the salmon and trout, which if they succeed will give a new variety of food fish well adapted to stocking fresh waters. The stock of fish now in the various ponds embraces all the various sizes from three inches in length, to twenty inches, and number many thousands. The different sizes are kept separated as much as possible, as the large devour the small. They are regularly fed on offal meat procured from the large meat-packers, the cost of which is the handling and freight. The fish can be disposed of in any amount in New York markets at seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound. The supply has never yet been equal to the demand. The ova of the salmon and trout, after fecundation, and when the embryo has become sufficiently developed to stand handling, can be carried (packed in damp moss) by express long distances with reasonable expectation of success in hatching.

—Mr. Buckland seems to cast some doubts as to the old story of the surfeit of salmon on the part of apprentices and servants in former times. He seems to think that their nicety of stomach arose from the fact that the servants were fed on fish which were either dead or dying, then salted and dried, and that they rebelled against this diet.

—At lake Lucerne, good trout can be caught, but according to the account of a recent English fisherman, the large fish were only to be had when fished for at night.

—The sturgeon of the Caspian Sea, attains the enormous weight of 2500 pounds, the roe weighing alone 800 pounds.

The Kimmel.

THERE seems to have arisen quite a scare in the neighborhood of Newtown, Long Island, from what is stated to be the attacks of wild dogs. Some years ago a number of Siberian bloodhounds were brought into the country by a German family, and those animals not having been cared for, took to the woods, and are said to have lapsed into the ferocity of wild animals. In the vicinity of Jamaica they have attacked many persons. A hunting party is to be organized who will make an attempt to exterminate the pack.

Grace Greenwood can talk "dog," and do it charmingly. She is in Kansas, at Fort Hays, and though she writes some little about the officers, devotes no end of attention to the many dogs. See how nicely she describes "Hod," a hunting dog: "He is the gentle playmate, the humble slave of the beloved children of the household, but in society rather blunt and blundering, lacking in delicate tact. It is best not to be too familiar with him as his friendship is a little overpowering. He imagines that you cannot have too much spotted pointer. He leaps up on you and crushes your frills, and licks right and left, and collides with you in door-ways, and backs up against you, and sits down on you, and thrashes you with his tail." Now a lady who can stand this kind of rough fondling and not abuse the dog, is not only the paragon of her sex, but a *canophilist* to boot, which is about the highest praise we can give her.

The Ettrick Shepherd pleasantly tells us the of dogs that used to accompany their masters to church, in the pastoral district in which he lived—how they lay quiet and patient during the whole service, till the last psalm was sung, and the minister and congregation stood up for the blessing, when their delight at the prospect of immediate emancipation could no longer be restrained, but expressed itself by joyous barking. Often have we witnessed such a scene, although we never heard a minister advise the people, as Hogg relates, to 'sit still and cheat the dogs.' Nor do we think they could be easily deceived in such a matter. In the pastoral districts of Scotland, the number of dogs present during divine service, always very much attracts the notice of strangers. Many shepherds come to church attended by more than one. It is often almost unavoidable for them to do so, because at certain seasons of the year they must go to the hill and visit their flocks in the morning; and, if possible, they arrange so as to make part of this inspection on the way to church, leaving to the last that part of the morning's work which may be thus accomplished. It is not always, however, on account of that the dogs are brought. The shepherd likes to be always accompanied by his dog, and the dog likes to be with his master. By frequently attending his master to church, he acquires a habit not easily to be relinquished. He seems to regard going to church as a privilege.

MAD DOG BITES.—The recent cases of hydrophobia in this city, says the *Baltimore American*, have excited discussion concerning the nature and origin of this mysterious disease which may contribute something of substantial value to medical science. We find that a large number of intelligent writers are of the opinion that cases of true hydrophobia are exceedingly rare, and those distressing symptoms which affect patients who have been bitten by dogs supposed to be rabid are due in a large measure to the influence of the imagination upon the nervous system. There was a death in this city some time since which would seem to confirm this latter hypothesis. A robust man of middle age was bitten by a dog, which may or may not have been rabid. He professed at first to have no fears, but secretly he brooded over the bite and read everything concerning hydrophobia that he could find in medical books and encyclopedias. To drown his apprehensions, he drank intoxicating liquors to excess. Seven weeks after being bitten he was taken ill. He died on the seventh day after the convulsions appeared. The child that was bitten by the same dog the same time did not go mad, and has continued in perfect health to this day.

There was another case of hydrophobia, however, in South Baltimore some two or three years ago, in which the imagination could have had no possible influence. A little boy about seven years of age was bitten. The little boy paid no attention to the bite, it soon healed up, and the circumstance was forgotten both by him and his mother. Eight months thereafter he was taken with a spasm; a physician was summoned, who found that the cicatrix of the old bite was inflamed, and that a mark extended from the wound to the elbow. The child died in five days; all the symptoms of hydrophobia were present, and a number of physicians who saw the case were satisfied no other known disease could have produced them.

This case seems to establish the theory that the poison, when communicated by the tooth of a rabid dog, is held, as it were, in a little vesicle or sac which forms about the wound, and that it is not absorbed until this receptacle is destroyed by the assimilating processes of nature. If taken up by the blood immediately, hydrophobia would result immediately. The fact that the wound becomes sore just before madness comes on shows that some disintegrating process in the cellular structure must be taking place. Great faith should be put in the cutting out and cauterizing of the wound, for there can be no doubt but that the poison remains there a long time before it is absorbed.

—There are three kinds of hawks used in Persia. The kind called the *cherkh*, a strong and handsome bird, is used to chase the antelope. The dogs and bird are slipped simultaneously, and hunt in unison. The hawk attacks the antelope, striking at his head and eyes, so crippling it that it falls an easy victim to the hounds, which could not otherwise approach it. Does are principally picked out for sport, as the birds may be hurt by the antlers of the buck antelope.

—Dogs are used in France to retrieve the lost balls at the *Jeu de mail* the old game of pall-mall. As they are wooden balls the dogs cannot hurt them.

The Magazines.

AT TATTERSALL'S.

AT Tattersall's! What romance—what mysteries—what iniquities cluster round these words—"At Tattersall's!"—in the imagination of millions of men and women! It is the Mecca of the Turf, and it is to sportsmen all over the world what the House of Commons is to politicians—what the Stock Exchange is to men of business—what Printing House Square is to newspaper men—what Paternoster Row is to publishers—what Westminster Hall is to lawyers—what Westminster Abbey is to English Churchmen. It is a classic spot, a spot over which the imagination of sportsmen broods, like the imagination of a devotee over the associations of a favorite shrine. Originally, Tattersall's was a mere stable yard and horse repository, distinguished from the general run of establishments of this kind only by the larger attendance of sportsmen. The Subscription Room is comparatively the creation of yesterday; and there must be scores of men yet on the Turf—men who have been ruined by their speculations on two-year olds, and men who, beginning as stable-boys, now keep their banking accounts with a standing balance of £10,000—who, when they first consulted "Old Tattersall" about joining the Room or making a book, were bluntly told to keep their money in their pockets; for it is an odd illustration of the caprice of circumstances that the founder of the yard, the man under whose management the Corner attained its highest prestige and became the exchange of Turf-men, had what many of his friends thought an insane horror of a betting book, and did all that a man in his position could do to check gambling by friendly hints and suggestions to youths fresh from college and fired with the idea of making a splendid *coup* at the expense of the Ring.

Fourteen years have now elapsed since Old Tattersall, after a reign of fifty years, handed over his hammer to younger if not more vigorous hands, and in those fourteen years the science of betting has grown and developed more than it had probably done in the previous half-century. What Old Tattersall would have said if called upon, as his descendants have been, to knock down a two-year old with £2,500 of forfeits on his head, I cannot say; but that fact sufficiently illustrates the daring and adventurous spirit of speculation which marks the Turf-men who now meet under the shadow of his rostrum to stake an estate on the throw of a "die on four legs." Tattersall's yard has grown with the growth of horse-racing; and it now forms the central institution of the Turf, is the focus of half the gambling that is carried on within the four seas, gives the cue to every bookmaker, regulates by its quotations the odds on every race-course, and through the system of agency that has sprung up within the past few years is open to every elerker or draper's assistant or stable-boy who wishes to stake half-a-sovereign. In the course of a couple of hours in the afternoon one hundred thousand pounds have been known to be invested on five or six horses. This, in fact, is now a regular branch of commission business, and the account of what was done at Tattersall's yesterday appears in all the newspapers as regularly as the City Article and Court Circular.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

SPORTING ENGLISH STATESMEN.

THIS breed of English statesmen began with the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and till to-day we were beginning to think that it ended with Lord Palmerston, all the men of political mark on the books of Tattersall's breaking up their studs and relinquishing the Turf within a year or two after the disappearance of "Old Pam." The last of these sporting Secretaries of State was General Peal, and General Peal has now left the Turf as well as the House of Commons for five or six years; and, with the exception of Lord Hartington, the front ranks of neither the Conservative nor the Ministerial Benches in the House of Commons now contain a single face which is familiar to the Ring. Mr. Disraeli is perhaps a sportsman at heart, and the best description of the Derby that has ever been written—the classical and historical description—is that from his pen. But Mr. Disraeli is only a sportsman as most of the rest of us are sportsmen, in his love of sport, of horses, and of the genial and healthy excitement of the Turf. And Mr. Gladstone is not even this. If the Premier can distinguish a race-horse from a hunter, or a hunter from a cob, it is all that he can do; and what the Premier is, the rest of the Ministry are and must be, I take it, now, if they are to play their parts well in Parliament and in the work of administration at Whitehall. The Marquis of Hartington may perhaps be able to spare time from the work of governing Ireland to look after a stud of horses at Newmarket, and to make a book upon the Derby, or the St. Ledger; but if the experience of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, or even of Lord George Bentinck, is worth anything, the man who enters into politics as a science—enters into it, that is, heart and soul—must think of no books but blue books, and of no horses but his hunters and his park cob.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

DUBLIN IN THE LAST CENTURY.

PADDY'S pet accident in those days was to fall into the Liffey. One might almost suppose that he looked upon this picturesque but evil smelling river as the Hindoo looks on the sacred Ganges, and believed that everlasting happiness was to be procured by immolating himself in its waters. Does a trooper or a dragoon go down to the river to water his horse? He falls in and is drowned. Does a merchant go to the quay to see a brig unloaded? Does a sailor go down to Ringsend in a boat? Does a girl take some clothes to the riverside to wash? "Drowned! Drowned!" Shakespeare's exclamation was never so applicable. And if anybody falls in, an impetuous but unreflecting bystander generally jumps in after him or her, apparently forgetting that he himself is not much of a swimmer, and both are, as a matter of course, drowned forthwith. In one case a good natured gentleman, seeing a girl lamenting that the tide had carried away some sheets she was washing, goes in after them, but having over estimated his powers of natation the man goes the way of the clothes, and is lost forever. Another gentleman's hat is blown off (no light matter in the days of gold laced head coverings), in he goes after it into the fatal waters, and soon exchanges Liffey for Styx. Persons of "disordered minds" (of whom there would seem to be quite a little army going about), are very fond of trying to cool their heated brains in these "waters of Eblana." But the vast majority of these deaths from drowning are

dismissed with the contemptuous pleonasm that the deceased was "intoxicated with liquor" at the time. By the way, there is a powerful aroma of whisky about this period in the annals of the Green Isle. Two successive viceroys, my Lords Northington and Rutland, are freely spoken of as notorious sots; indeed, Rutland is well known to have drunk himself to death while still a comparatively young man. And so on, down through every class. Lord Northington gives a fancy ball at the Castle. He being very unpopular at the time, the people, with rare temperance, refuse to drink the barrels of ale set running for them by the lord lieutenant, which are left to the soldiers, so that the whole guard, horse and foot, were, as "our own correspondent" eurtly observes, "when we left, helplessly drunk." A favorite mode of shuffling off this mortal coil is to drink an enormous quantity (sometimes specified as pints, five half pints, &c.) of spirits, the not unnatural consequence of which is very speedy death.

If the above sketch should appear exaggerated, I am prepared to assert that among the innumerable papers I have looked over there is a death by drowning, a murder and a fatal accident for every day in the year.—*All the Year Round.*

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THERE is an old military tradition that the Fifth won from the French the feathers which they now wear, and that they dyed their tops red by dipping them in the blood of their enemies. The true story, however, is this. The "Old Bold Fifth" had the distinction of wearing a white plume in the cap, when the similar ornament in the other regiments of the service was a red and white tuft. This honorable distinction was given to them for their conduct at Morne Fortune, in the island of St. Lucia, where they took from the French grenadiers white feathers in sufficient numbers to equip every man in the regiment. This distinction was subsequently confirmed by authority, and continued as a distinctive decoration until 1829, when a general order caused the white feather to be worn by the whole army. By a letter from Sir H. Taylor, adjutant general, dated July, 1829, the commander-in-chief, referring to the newly issued order, by which the special distinction was lost to the regiment, states that, "As an equivalent, the Fifth shall in future wear a feather half red and half white, the red uppermost, instead of the plain white feather worn by the rest of the army, as a peculiar mark of honor." In 1774 they went to put down the so-called rebellion in America. They fired the first shot of the unfortunate war at Lexington, where they came on some armed American militiamen, and were nearly surrounded at Concord, where they had destroyed some military stores collected there by the so-called rebels. In the attack on Bunker's Hill, near Boston, the Fifth had hot work for a June day. With three days' provisions on their back, cartouch box, &c., weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, they toiled through grass reaching to their knees, between walls and fences, in the face of a hot fire, and eventually got possession of the enemy's works on the hill near Charlestown. The Fifth also joined in the reduction of Long Island, the battle of White Plains, the capture of Fort Washington, the reduction of New Jersey and a fight at Germantown, where they rescued the Fortieth regiment from an American brigade.—*All the Year Round.*

HOW THE CONTINENTALS STOPPED THE PLAY.

PERHAPS no regiment in the British service has had its deeds better recorded than the Fifty-second—probably no regiment has won more glory. "A regiment never surpassed in arms since arms were first borne by men," Napier said of it, after the gallant fight at Nivelles. The sentence rings in one's ears like the bugle sounding "the advance," and that it is fully justified the emblazoned words on the regimental colors of the Fifty-second (Hindoostan, Vimiera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelles, Orthes, Toulouse, Waterloo and Delhi) pretty amply prove. The regiment first distinguished itself in the American war for independence, 1775. While investing Boston an odd event occurred, which is thus described by Lieutenant Martin Hunter in his amusing regimental journal:

"During the Winter," he says, "plays were acted at Boston twice a week by the officers and some ladies. A farce, called the 'Blockade of Boston,' written by General Burgoyne, was acted. The enemy knew the night it was to be performed, and made an attack on the mill at Charlestown at the very hour the farce began; they fired some shots, and surprised and carried off a sergeant's guard. We immediately turned out and manned the works, and a shot being fired by one of our advanced sentries, firing commenced at the redoubt, and could not be stopped for some time. An orderly sergeant, standing outside the playhouse door, who heard the firing, immediately running into the playhouse, got upon the stage, crying out, 'Turn out! turn out! They're hard at it, hammer and tongs!' The whole audience, supposing the sergeant was acting a part in the farce, loudly applauded, and there was such a noise he could not for some time make himself heard. When the applause was over he again cried out, 'What the devil are ye all about? If ye won't believe me, be Jabers, you need only go to the door, and then ye'll hear and see both.' If the enemy intended to stop the farce they certainly succeeded, as the officers immediately left the playhouse and joined their regiments."

The Fifty-second fought at the battles of Brooklyn and White Plains, the reduction of Fort Washington, the taking of Rhode Island and the battle of Brandywine. In 1777 they helped to surprise a force of fifteen hundred Americans under General Wayne in a wood, when three hundred of the enemy were bayoneted at their bivouacs.

The Fifty-second lost four captains in the American war; and on the death of Captain Powell in New Jersey, the drummer of his company was heard to exclaim: "Well, I wonder who they'll get to accept our grenadier company now; I'll be hung if I would take it."—*All the Year Round.*

With regard to the new Manser rifle, a German paper says:—"It cannot be questioned that we have a weapon excellent in all respects; in mode of construction, solidity of mechanism, tension of trajectory, security for the marksman, rapidity of fire, lightness of weight, certainty of discharge, and general convenience in handling."

Answers To Correspondents.

ANDREW H.—The best mixture for preserving the skins of animals is one in the proportion of six pounds of alum, and three of salt. Dissolve both in about a gallon of warm water. Use when cool. Place skins not too tightly packed, in a barrel or keg, and pour in mixture. Skins without injury to hair may be kept any length of time in this way, and all in good order at any time to stuff. Best handy book we know of for this kind of lore, is Edwin Ward's Knapsack Manual.

VICTOR S. P. The question of *drift*, depends on the character of the rifle and nature of twist, so that no positive data can be given. At a distance of 1,200 yards, its maximum is about eighteen feet. Your experiments would be of great interest.

T. U., JR.—Body's performance in walking is stated to have been one mile in six minutes forty-two seconds, and Westhall's one-half mile in three minutes ten seconds. We can find you an amateur who can walk at any time, his mile in seven minutes, fifteen seconds.

L. S. G.—"Nepigon" is correct orthography. It is so spelt on Admiralty charts and Government maps. The Indians spell it Nipigo, and pronounce it *Neepigo*, with a French "e" sound.

S. H. B.—We should be glad to have a specimen of the fish for examination, and think we can class it. Pack it in rough dry salt.

OLD HAND.—From the description you give, we think you are in error. The turkey is found in Honduras, and its name is the *Meleagris ocellata*. Its plumage is more brilliant than that of our wild turkey, and its size smaller. Anything you may write about that section will be interesting.

A. B.—An Englishman and his game-keeper will hunt with six dogs, and sometimes in the afternoon, supplement it with a fourth couple, having also a retriever.

J. O. B.—We know of a St. Bernard dog, here in New York, bought of the Monks at the *Hospice* for 800 francs. He cost, we think, pretty nearly \$300, when landed. The animal is good natured but not sociable.

HORACE.—The sisters of the Irish setters you speak of, undoubtedly the best dogs of this kind, were sold for eighty guineas. The dog man you mention is not reliable, we are sorry to say. It is always risky work importing a dog. Will place you in communication with the person, you inquire about.

H. V. & Co.—The tin can of preserved fish is excellent, quite as good as any imported. As an alimentary substance it would be a success. We take great pleasure in fostering any enterprise of this character. See our first number.

INGRATUS.—We have never heard of the grayling (*Thymallus Signifer*) being caught south of Michigan. Send accurate drawing, and if possible the fish itself in rough salt.

RABBY.—We have found a box of tar ointment, carried with us invaluable for dogs' feet, especially in chicken shooting. Wash first the dogs feet in lukewarm water, adding a little salt to it. If he shows a decided tenderness, stop hunting him for two or three days.

S. O., Utica.—We think you have taken the name of the gun maker in vain. Their reputation is excellent, and the work they turn out admirable. We used the same make of gun last year, and please gracious, if answering all the questions put to us, does not prevent it, will use it again this fall.

—A Mr. E. de Borssiere, has some 3000 acres of land in Kansas, which he intends to devote to silk worm culture.

—A Virginia lady, gathering berries, was lately struck twice in the breast by a rattlesnake, but thanks to toilet artifices escaped harm.

—Colonel Noah Orr, of Marysville, Ohio, aged twenty-seven, seven feet eleven inches high, measures seventy inches around the chest, and brings down the scales at 670 pounds.

—At last they have a copyright law in Turkey, and we congratulate the literary world on the fact. There are so many people who have had their works pirated in Turkey. Now they will have a chance for readers.

French sugar makers get one pound of sugar from sixty-six pounds of beets, while in Louisiana from the infinitely richer cane, about one pound of sugar from every forty-five pounds of cane is about the average.

—A school of large whales, some of them seventy feet long, were off Saybrook last week; very few humps or fin-backs among them. The appearance of so many large whales together is a novelty.

—The trotting stallion Sentinel was found dead in the stable at Ash Grove Farm, Lexington, Ky., last week. His owner, Edwin Thorne, of New York, recently refused £30,000 for him.

—"Uncle" John Bullock of Bristol is only 104 years old. Uncle John endured a severe attack of pneumonia in June, and when he was convalescent he called his boys about him and remarked: "That was a severe attack. If I'd been an old man, I guess it would 'have fetched me.'"

—Wolves in immense numbers have appeared for the first time for many years among the settlements near the Strait of Belle Isle on the Labrador coast, and entirely broken up one settlement. On the night of July 1st they attacked a party, killing and devouring three men and one woman.

—Two amusing answers of the son of a Western Senator at West Point are recorded. On being asked into how many pieces a discharged spherical shot will burst, he replied, "Into two, at least, sir, I should think," and on being asked what were the uses of the vent in a piece of ordnance, replied, after mature consideration, that "it showed the upper side of the gun, and it was useful to spike it with."

"HAIRY TERRAPIN FROM CHINA.—In the 'Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce in Pigtail and Petticoats,' by T. T. Cooper (London, Murray, 1871) there is a plate of one of these hairy tortoises from the lakes of Ha-su, above Hankow. These curious little animals were about two inches long, and covered on the back with a long confervoid growth resembling green hair. The tortoise being a sacred emblem in China, the Chinese make pets of the hairy tortoise, which they keep in basins of water during the summer months and bury in sand during the winter. A small lake in the province of Kiang-su is famous for these so-called hairy tortoises, and many persons earn a livelihood by the sale of these curious little pets.' The figure in Mr. Cooper's book looks like an oval door-mat, with a tortoise's head sticking out of one end."



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1873.

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All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

AUGUST 21st.—The Manhattan Cricket Club vs. Walthams, at Waltham, Mass.

AUGUST 22nd.—Bostons vs. Walthams, at Waltham, (Crickot).—New York Yacht Squadron at Newport—Extra meeting at Monmouth Park, Long Branch.—The Park Association, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

AUGUST 23rd.—Meeting of the Athletic club foot of 133rd street, East river.—Extra meeting at Monmouth Park, Long Branch.

AUGUST 26th.—Earl Park Association, Earlville, Ill.

AUGUST 27th.—Herdic Park Association, Williamsport, Penn.—Earl Park Association Earlville, Ill.—Middletown Association, N. Y.

AUGUST 28th.—Earl Park Association.—John Biglin and George Brown sculler's race, Halifax Harbor, N. S.—Middletown Association, N. Y.—Herdic Park, Williamsport, Penn.

CREEDMORE.

IF by any method it could be possible to get at this fact, as to how many men in the United States of American birth, outside of military organizations, were or were not proficient in the use of arms, we feel certain that the proportion familiar with the shot gun or rifle would be found in the majority. Taking Prussia, with her all-absorbing military element, as a comparison, we think that it would not be unsafe to assert that in a squad of ten Germans, on their first introduction to the routine of arms, nine-tenths of them, when the gun was placed in their hands for the first time, would be utterly ignorant of its use. This is that exact distinction, sometimes overlooked even by military authorities, between men "able to bear arms" and men knowing how to use them.

How long this general acquaintance with the use of fire-arms in the United States would have lasted is, however, a question much more difficult to answer. From our own experience, notwithstanding the late terrible appeal to arms, we are inclined to think that this familiarity would have gone on decreasing. The reasons for our thinking so are quite plain. The first school of arms with us would never have been acquired in the camp, but as heretofore would have been obtained by the use of the shot gun and rifle in hunting. As day by day our country is getting more thickly settled and game scarcer, these opportunities, once indulged in by all classes, would have become more rare. We even think that already this change is somewhat noticeable. In our younger days, even in the large cities, every youth of sixteen almost, had his fowling piece—to-day it is getting exceptionable. Other occupations, tendencies towards a sedentary life, disparity of fortune, less time for recreation, with the scarceness of game, have all caused this change.

Though Englishmen were our superiors in athletic sports they certainly were not our equals in the general use of fire-arms, for the very reason that in England game was not so abundant, the hunting ground was limited, and even the right to use arms was placed under certain restrictions.

It is exactly for this reason—the possible decline in the knowledge of how to use fire-arms—that we hail with pleasure the introduction of rifle shooting, and the most laudable efforts to give it every encouragement. Thanks to the exertions of some half dozen gentlemen, among whom a merited prominence must be accorded to Colonel W. C. Church, of the *Army and Navy Journal*, and to Captain J. W. Wingate, the National Rifle Association was formed; and the fine rifle range at Creedmore, now open to the public, is the crowning result of their labors. Creedmore, though not so large as Wimbledon, has many advantages over it, being as flat as a billiard table, and having extent sufficient to allow numerous parties to try their weapons at all possible ranges. Every advantage has been taken of the experience acquired by riflemen at Hythe and Wimbledon, and the targets are the same as are used in England.

Of course there has been, as there always is, in the initial movement of such an important subject, a certain amount of apathy, but our military organizations and sportsmen are rapidly becoming cognizant of the fact that although they might be the possessors of the best guns in the world, they might be surpassed by foreigners in the use of their arm of predilection—the rifle.

Perhaps a field for rifle practice never was opened at a more opportune time. We doubt if in any country so much ingenuity has been directed towards fire-arms, or with such brilliant success, as in the United States, and, with all respect to ordnance officers, we are inclined to think that it is just on such a ground as Creedmore that the merits of the gun of the future will be proclaimed. It will be at Creedmore that the rifle which shoots the hardest and closest, loads and repeats the quickest, stands the hardest usage, will by popular acclamation be adopted as the gun of the soldier or the sportsman. We are no prophets, but the time will come when twenty thousand people will stand on the pleasant grounds of Creedmore to witness some future rifle contest.

KILLING GAME OUT OF SEASON.

SOMEWHERE about A. D. 1867, Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, paid a flying visit to the Adirondack region of our State, and the result was the production of a book, the pecuniary success of which was most satisfactory to the author, and a source of astonishment to the many accomplished gentlemen who have for more or less of a quarter of a century, made our northern wilderness a summer camping ground. The publication developed at least one important fact, viz., that the mass of our people confined to our towns and cities, are fond of reading anything, even of passable merit, if it treats of the backwoods and its kindred associations.

On the first Wednesday of our present month of August, Mr. Murray returned from "his annual excursion" to the Adirondacks. In this trip he was singularly unfortunate in violating the laws of nature and breaking the statutes of our State. But for his own confession, the world would probably remain ignorant of his dereliction; but Mr. Murray is not one of the reticent kind, for he recounts his "victories" over as a "brave" returning from the "war path," and like a red-handed Indian, shakes his scalps in the faces of his tribe, be they in the highway or around the council fires.

Says the red man, when vaunting of his chivalrous deeds, "I have stolen like a cat upon my enemy, and left the bones of the squaw and pappoose to whiten on the plains." Says Mr. Murray in the same vein, "I have deceived the finny tribe and killed and eaten a half score of deer slain by my own hand;" and we add, did this valorous thing in the sickly central month of the summer heats!

Among all true sportsmen there is a bond of sympathy, one touch of which makes the fraternity akin, and within this charmed circle, Mr. Murray has not yet been admitted, and never will be, so long as he continues to slaughter game out of season. What apology can he make for being ignorant of the natural laws which control the sanitary conditions of the gentle deer? Why has he not informed himself, that in the month of July, the brave blue coated buck of the fall and winter months, is moulting like a sick canary? His antlers, half developed, are covered with "velvet." In his nostrils are hidden away great worms that seem to feed upon his brain and eyes. His gait is unsteady, for like a gouty invalid, he seeks the shallow waters of the lake, in the vain endeavor to cool his fevered blood.

The poor doe, in the sweltering time of July, with all the tenderness of a young mother, is nursing and guarding her fawn, keeping it in sequestered nooks, and only when hunger impels, she hides it away in the matted thicket, that she may browse on the gross vegetation of marsh and hill sides, then returning to her charge, half satisfied of food, and wholly self-condemned that she has been away so long.

The great Juno-like eyes of the dying buck speak louder than words, "that I was slaughtered in my sick bed." And if we were to attempt to eat this "diseased venison," the very touch of the shrunken loin of the stricken doe would have recalled the voice of the poor fawn, appealing for succor in plaintive cries from its hiding place, pining and wasting away until death, more considerate than "insatiate man," puts an end to its sufferings.

We confess we cannot understand this desire to kill for the sake of destruction. How noble by contrast is the assertion of the brave and accomplished sportsman, I kill

no bird unless it has a chance for its life on the wing; and no four-footed game except in its season of health, and possessed of all the advantages which God has given it for escape." That was a grand idea of Leather Stocking's, that he would shoot not a single thing more than was enough for his present appetite. But take heart, Mr. Murray, you are only one of the many who have helped within a few years to almost annihilate the game of the forest and streams of our north wilderness. We remember well, that years ago, at a country house at the foot of Mt. Taconic, that looks out on Great Barrington, there was a book in which tourists inscribed their names, and if inclined, their deeds. And in this book was written in a bold hand, and signed by a well known name, the following memorandum:

"Our party found an abundance of trout, and caught and left 1300 to die upon the banks."

Against this waste we shall wage a constant war. Every practical law passed for the protection of game we shall support to the best of our ability, and we venture the prediction, that the Rev. Mr. Murray will slay no more deer in the Adirondacks again in the hot, sultry month of July.

Then, there are those prominent public officials, Woodson the Governor of Missouri, and his party, who crossed the Kansas line and shot grouse out of season. What shall be said of this deliberate violation of law by one sworn to enforce the law? Is there no grain of principle left in men? Are they not satisfied of the justice and reasonableness of these prohibitive and protective game laws? Toadies treated this more than venial offense as a good joke, because, forsooth, the parties are high in office and position; but for us, the larger the mark the more certain our aim, and for such persons there is the less excuse and slower condonation.

RECREATION FOR BUSY WORKERS.

A GOOD deal has been said about the old fashioned conventional rules which govern employers and employees in England. Pretty generally our commercial usages have been modelled after English principles, and we have found ourselves all the better for having followed them. Our early-closing movement is decidedly English, and owes its origin in the United States to the Anglo-Saxon element in our midst. Not that this most humane measure was one entirely advanced by the employed, but in many cases was suggested by the heads of the most prominent English firms in our midst. This good fashion is then pre-eminently English, and possibly the granting of certain holidays owes its origin to customs of five hundred years ago, when the London burghers were obliged by old ordinances to allow their clerks and apprentices certain hours of recreation, so that they might play at "bowles," or shoot their "bowes" astride of London walls.

Though much might be said deprecatory of the intense, all-absorbing character of an American business-life, where neither master nor men spare themselves in performing their allotted tasks, we must still hail with pleasure the gradual diminishing of the working hours, and the granting of additional holidays to that very much overtasked class of men, the salesmen, clerks and bookkeepers.

One point that is overlooked, however, is this, that the masters do not take sufficient interest in the amusements of those under their employ, and in this there is a wide departure from the good old English precedents. Perhaps this idea may invoke a rather disdainful smile from the lips of a member of some distinguished firm, and he may say, "out of office hours we can have nothing to do with our clerks. We give them their holidays, and they spend them as they please. It is no business of ours." We might reply to him as follows, drawing a Liverpool paper from our pocket: "Perhaps you do business with Staple, Yarns & Co.?" "Of course we do; they are among our oldest and best correspondents." "Well, you will see here a gold medal valued at £20, offered by this old established firm, to be awarded to any one of their clerks who can run the fastest mile." If you take an interest in such matters you would notice in addition that all warehousemen have combined to make up a series of prizes amounting to over \$1,000 to be given to any of their employees who may be the most proficient in some half dozen various athletic sports. You will, herefore, notice that these old firms take most decidedly an interest in the sports of their clerks, and in an indirect way supervise the character of their amusements. They are not alone satisfied with giving them a holiday, but what is better see that the time given for recreation is properly employed.

We have in our large cities, establishments employing in many cases hundreds of young men, and perhaps the suggestions we offer to the heads of such concerns, may in time bear their fruit. Why should not the employees of the two most famous dry-goods houses in the United States, after due preparation, engage in a friendly athletic contest? Perhaps the time will come when, at Creedmore, a Stewart may contest with a Clavin the honor of being the best rifle-shots in New York. Once a movement of this character inaugurated by the employers, the advance of all manly sports in the United States would be immense, and the hours of recreation be not only more liberally given, but more than ever usefully employed. If in colleges, why not in stores and warehouses?

—An advertisement of this character would seem strange with us, but very rightly in England is considered as an extra distinction: "An undergraduate of Oxford of three year's standing, who has rowed stroke of his college boat, proposes to take charge of a pupil, etc., etc."

AN OLD AUTHORITY ON GUNS.

HOW strange it is to take up for perusal some American sporting book of even a half century old. At a book stall yesterday, just such a one was found. Its well thumbed appearance, a perceptible black smudge here and there, as if of damp gunpowder, would lead the reader of to-day, think that its old owner might have taken it into the fields, and when game was scarce, had the studied book, gun in hand.

Laugh at its antiquated ideas? Not a bit of it. On the table lies a host of big books of but yesterday, luxuriant in fancy binding, illustrated almost, in every page, telling of a thousand and one sporting matters unknown to our fathers; yet the modest volume of almost fifty years ago compares favorably with the best of them. Within its pages, one can find in a perfectly condensed way, a thorough treatise on the diseases of the dog, and how to cure him, and all written in the easiest simplest language. To paraphrase a well-known quotation, evidently in those days, "dog diseases were not invented, so that prescriptions could be found for them."

Of course, as to shooting, the sporting manual of 1827 is decidedly forty-six years behind the times. It says "the art of shooting flying has not been practised in this country, excepting by a few individuals for more than fifty years, and in England for not more than double that length of time. The greatest improvements in this science and in the fowling piece itself have been made within but a few years." About the time of the publication of the book, the percussion cap was being introduced, it having followed the pellet made of fulminating powder. Our sound old authority, says "the adaptation of inflammable percussion powder, has made quite a revolution in fire arms, and bids fair to explode the flint and steel entirely." The disagreeable effects of the pieces of copper flying back and striking the shooter are complained about. That was a queer idea prevalent some fifty years ago, and recorded in this book, that although percussion locks could be adapted to fowling-pieces, they would be impossible for rifles, because "the force of the cock of the barrel, will depress the piece, and cause the ball to strike low." What difference could exist in this respect, between the fowling-piece and the rifle, both using the same methods of a falling cock, it is hard to state. But stop; is there not some little germ of thought in this? We are getting every day nicer and nicer exactly on these very same subjects. If one thinks well over it, the fall of the cock, which certainly does something to jar the barrel, and depress the piece, might be prevented by a parallel method of mechanism. Now those *dilletanti* about these matters, will notice numerous new patterns invented every day of locks, where the spring motions and striking points are made not at right-angles but parallel with the barrel, and the makers declare that accuracy will be improved thereby. It is wonderful how much conventionality there is in all things, and how even a gun-lock must follow the forms of one hundred years ago.

"The gentleman of Philadelphia county" who writes the book modestly suggests the possibility of using condensed air to ignite the powder. People certainly in those days must have shaken their heads over this. Undoubtedly they would be quite as likely to be somewhat staggered, if the idea was advanced, that the fulminate in the cartridge could be fired by an electric shock, to be generated in the gun. But this is not only possible, and may be expected any day, some of the most ingenious minds having directed their attention towards its accomplishment. The end they aim at, is precisely that intimated in this book of fifty years ago, to get rid of the jar of the lock.

But to return to the subject of old sporting books. Perhaps their scarcity arises from the fact, that like children's books, of any antiquity, they are so much read, that they are sooner or later absolutely thumbed out of existence.

We do not know who has made in the United States a collection of such books, devoted entirely to sporting matters. Such an assemblage of volumes would be singularly interesting. In them would not only be found, the truest chronicle of the advance of inventive power in the United States, the changes guns had undergone, but a perfect epitome of human nature.

HIGH TIMES AT HALIFAX.—The presence of Lord Dufferin, the Governor General of Canada, at the quaint old capital of Nova Scotia, has set the town in a whirl. A naval officer writes us privately in the following melancholy strain:

"For the last week I have lunched and dined out every day; and what with balls, concerts, garrison theatricals, &c., I have not once been able to "turn in" before three o'clock, and sometimes even later. To-night we give a ball on board ship, for which we have been making preparations for the last five days. To-morrow night the Sixtieth Rifles give a ball, and then, thank goodness, we shall once more lapse into our normal state of quietude! At present it is as bad as the Shah."

The delightful climate of Halifax makes these festivities more tolerable than they are found to be at Saratoga.

THE HON. DAVID PRICE, of Quebec, the owner of no less than thirty lumber mills on the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay rivers, and an ardent sportsman withal, is one of the directors of the newly formed "Anticosti Company," who have lately purchased the island of that name in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—an accurate description of which (the first ever published) we are now printing in this paper. The Island until recently has been almost a *terra incognita*, and a terrible bugbear to navigators.

THE BLUEFISH.

VERY little practical information has been written of the bluefish in works of Angling, and their habits are comparatively unknown. We can trace their peregrinations, it is true—can ascertain on what they feed, and how and when to capture them; but their spawning places, and the occasion of their movements, are still a mystery even to the savants. In those months when they make their presence known along our coasts they are found of various sizes, each size constituting a class or family of its own. They are one of our most highly prized game fish, and excellent for the table, whether baked, broiled or boiled.

Size 1.—The bluefish, or snap mackerel (*Tenmodor Saltator*) makes its first appearance at the various inlets between Cape May and Egg Harbor in the latter part of the month of May. These will average about seven pounds in weight, poor in flesh and ravenous as a shark. In June they are found equally abundant off and in Fire Island Inlet, and in a few days thereafter are scattered off Montauk Point, the east end of Long Island, Shagwauna reef, and other reefs adjacent. By or near the 20th of June, depending something upon the forwardness of the season, they have spread themselves over the reefs of New London and to the eastward, on to Block Island, and thence through Fisher's Island Sound. By the 20th of August they are in plentiful supply all through, inside and outside of Vineyard Sound, Nantucket, &c. They have gained flesh, and become quite palatable. The size here described is seldom found to the westward of the Connecticut river. On the main of Long Island Sound it is quite interesting to see them drive the menhaden, or moss bunkers, in shoals, causing a "sleek" on the water as they spill their oil when they chop them up with their great sharp teeth.

Size 2.—Early in June a size of about three pounds weight make their appearance at the same points, though much fatter, and remain in the vicinity of the same grounds for perhaps a month. In July they spread out to the eastward, up Long Island Sound to Saybrook Bar and Faulkner's Island, and westerly to Stamford, and remain until October, though occasionally shifting ground for their food, which, in addition to the moss bunkers, consists of a small species of "shiner," (anchovy.) On some of the outer reefs they remain but one or two days at a time. The writer of this has trolled for them over the reefs at and near Faulkner's Island for two successive days with splendid success, at all times of tide, and on the following day caught nothing. The shoal had left for the main land.

Size 3.—About the middle of July the small creeks and rivers, from Stamford eastward to the Connecticut river, abound in a size weighing about a quarter of a pound, which, in a month grow to half a pound, and these feed on a size still smaller, recently spawned, and scarcely an inch and a half in length. The surface of the Housatonic river, from the railroad bridge to the mouth of the river, is annually covered from bank to bank with countless numbers of this small fry, drifting with the tide as it ebbs and flows, while at the same time a size larger (size 4) say about a half pound in weight, is feeding upon them from beneath. About the 1st of September the small fry are sufficiently large to venture into the Sound, and then they swarm in the creeks and harbors, affording great sport to lads who catch them with a float line, with shrimp for bait. By the month of October both large and small fish are all well fattened.

The peculiarity of this fish is that, by about the middle of October the large size, that weigh from nine to fourteen pounds, are generally found from Nantucket to Watch Hill, around Block Island and outside of Montauk Point; while from Stamford, eastward to New London, on the outer reefs, they are of a uniform size of about two and a half pounds weight, and those in the harbors and creeks are a mixture of small fish just spawned, and a size that weighs from one-eighth to one and three-quarter pounds. Another singular feature is, that by about the 20th of October, or the first freezing weather, these fish, of all sizes, up to two and a half pounds, vacate the northern harbors and sounds; and so sudden has been their departure in many seasons that a change of tide has utterly emptied the waters of their teeming fish-life, with the exception of an occasional pensioner who had been bitten or disabled, and dare not run the gauntlet for southern climes. More singular still, the great mass of fish, except the newly spawned, take the coast within one or two miles of shore, part of them stopping, if the weather permits, at the inlets of Fire Island, Egg Harbor, Townsend's, Canarsie Bay, Cape May, and so on along shore, using up all the feed, therein, and by the month of December they are found in the creeks and rivers of North and South Carolina, where they remain through the winter, to migrate the next season to northern waters.

But what becomes of the small, newly spawned fish that disappeared the previous fall? Have they been eaten up by the larger fish on their journey? or do they remain at the North? They are not seen in the South, nor do the larger fish spawn there.

It is only about forty-two years since the bluefish first made its appearance in our waters. It is one of the finest of mercurial fish on the coast, and for sport is game to the death. On the reefs they are generally trolled for, but will take the hook with live bait. In October, near the close of the season, large catches are made off Montauk Point, and from Watch Hill eastward through the Vineyard Sound, that weigh from ten to fourteen pounds, and are fat as seals; so also in Canarsie Bay, in some years, they have been taken from twelve to eighteen pounds in weight. But it is only in

rarely exceptional cases that these great fish are taken west of Plum Gut.

The bluefish fraternizes with the weakfish, or squeeteague, on inshore grounds, and are of large size, say from five to twelve pounds. Both of these fine fish are taken with the squid or jig in the surf at Montauk, Newport and elsewhere, and afford the most exciting sport—the angler, often standing waist deep in the breakers, throwing his squid to incredible distances by practice, and dragging the fish by main strength to *terra firma* when he has struck.

The bluefish seem to be increasing year by year in size and numbers, individuals having been caught at times weighing between twenty and thirty pounds, whereas a twelve pound fish was regarded as something remarkable twenty years ago. Large shoals were also uncommon until within the past dozen years.

Four generations of fish make their appearance in our waters at the same time. The bluefish is a migratory fish, passing his winters at the South and returning to the North with the advent of warm weather.

THE COACHING REVIVAL.

FROM the other side of the water comes a pleasant rumble. An effort is being made, and with considerable success, to revive the old coaching days, with their prancing steeds and sumptuous drags, and to-day such equipages are bowling over the pleasant hedge-skirted English roads. Will there ever be a second Phœbus Apollo like Sir John Lade, who in a hippic way, might have been supposed capable of threading a needle with his tandem? Will there ever be a new contestant, who could accomplish Lade's feat of driving twenty-two times a coach-and-four at full speed through a gate only two inches wider than his carriage wheels? Perhaps not on our sober and established highways, graded and macadamized as they are, and policed with regulations against fast driving and reckless feats of skill. But we opine that few persons will be found in any age or clime to outline the achievements of the genuine Overland stage-driver who drives his four or six in hand along the verge of ticklish precipices and down the canon steeps where to miss a footing is to leap to certain death. Possibly some dilapidated spark may find in coaching professionally an honest employment; and who can tell but that some sporting *habitué* with fallen fortunes, will not risk his last three or four thousand dollars in the purchase of some neat team and drag, and donning livery himself, drive out aristocratic fares through the Parks or along the "Bloomingdale Road."

Railroads to-day mean greatest speed—the annihilation of space and time. But the tourist in search of simple recreation and pure aesthetics, much more enjoys the rumble of the slower coach, with its easy stages and its many comforts of wayside inns, cooling fountains, and diverting landscapes. There is a journey from Woodstock, New Brunswick, along the St. John river, past the Indian village of Tobique, past the Grand Falls of the St. John, past its many tributaries and along the great lake Temiscouata, to Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence river, which affords one of the most enchanting coaching routes in the country. Another equally agreeable and novel is the 150-mile journey from Pietou, Nova Scotia, across the straight of Canso, and along the Bras d'Or Lake to Sidney, Cape Breton.

We must go to the Provinces for these opportunities now.

A JOKE ONLY 265 YEARS OLD.—Of course, we all have heard it. It is the story of the master who was an egregious story-teller, and of his faithful negro-servant, who always considered it a conscientious duty to swear to his master's lies. The master shoots a deer through the top of the ear and the hind foot, (so he says) and Cuffy vouches for it, dovetailing the lie, by alleging that his master shot the animal when it was in the act of scratching itself. Here it is, in a common place book of one Master George Fox written down A. D. 1608. We transcribe it in the old text:

"A gentleman, very prodigal of his speeche, which made his mouth often to run over, recounted that having one day strolled out into the forest with his bowe, he at one shoot cutte away a deare's ear and his foote together, and killed a foxe. The company saying it was impossible, his man, which stood bye, accustomed to smooth his master's lies, sayd that the deare *cratching* his eare with his hinder foote, lost bothe, and the arrowe glaneing, killed the foxe; yet with this hint in his master's ear, that he should next time lyc within compasse," for quoth he, "I had never so much ad as to bring the eare and foot together."

Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

The Hartford *Courant* has been estimating the chances one runs of being struck by lightning, and figures it up, that in 1870, 202 persons died from its effects. Taking the increase of population from 1860 to 1870, to have been about 7,000,000, the increase was only eleven. The absolute ratio seems to be forty-two deaths by lightning for every 100,000 cases of mortality. The strange rule found by French observers seems still to hold good that males are more prone to be struck by lightning than females, 148 men having been killed, and only fifty-four females. During the same years of observation, there were 1,345 deaths by suicide. Other words an individual is six times as likely to kill self, as lightning is to kill him.

—Four lions broke loose lately from a menagerie where in Belgium, and a regiment of infantry had called out to quell them.

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

THE direct evil effect of the indiscriminate cutting of the woods and forests has become a topic of general comment. Once the Ohio river ran as an almost unbroken stream, all the year around, from Pittsburg to its junction with the Mississippi. To-day the waters are so shallow, impeding navigation to that extent, that the West is awakening to the fact that unless some effort be made, the Ohio will be impassible for boats of even a light draught for fully six months in the year. Huge works to cost millions of dollars are spoken of as necessary to restore the river to its former condition. As a leading journal justly remarks, "the difference between the Ohio now and a hundred years ago undoubtedly lies in the destruction of the forest which once almost completely covered the area watered by the Ohio and its northern tributaries."

Of course civilization has its requirements, but we rarely can infringe with impunity on the primitive condition of things without nature asserting some of her rights. If the cutting of the Suez canal and the proposed planting of trees on its banks may probably in time make meteorological changes of importance, perhaps for the benefit of the whole country, in like manner the denuding of whole sections of land of their trees, must exert a contrary and pernicious action. Professor Newberry, of Ohio, says:

"A dense forest growth is a great equalizer, both of temperature and of the flow of surface water. While the forest is unbroken it acts as a blanket, covering the soil, protecting it from the winds, both drying and chilling. It serves, also, as a great sponge, receiving and retaining moisture, and allowing its gradual escape. When the forest is removed, however, and the soil cultivated, the surface smooth and the drainage facilitated, as it is in a thousand ways, and the sun and winds admitted, the effect cannot but be marked, even though the annual rain-fall be not materially changed."

The remedy lies in the judicious cutting of the forests. Some day, when the natural sequence of things is better understood, men will cease, from motives of self-interest, this indiscriminate leveling of the woods; but until they are thus actuated it would be neither tyrannical nor unwise to have some legislative action adopted to prevent this growing evil.

Sea and River Fishing.

GAME FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

Bluefish, (<i>Temnodon Saltator</i> .)	Striped Bass, (<i>Labrax Lineatus</i> .)
Salmon, (<i>Salmo Salar</i> .)	Trout, (<i>Salmo Fontinalis</i> .)
Sea Trout, (<i>Thyella Marina</i> .)	Black Bass, (<i>Centrarchus Fasciatus</i> .)
Grayling, (<i>Thymallus Signifer</i> .)	Land-locked Salmon, (<i>Salmo Gloveri</i> .)
Maskinonge.	

Salt water fishing is now in its prime, and the Atlantic coast from Buzzard's Bay to Cape May is swarming with bluefish, striped bass, and weakfish, besides the other varieties of scarcer or more sluggish fish, such as Spanish mackerel, kingfish, sea bass, black-fish or tautog, porgies, sheepshead, &c. Within the present summer an unusual variety of comparatively strange fish and heretofore unknown in the waters of the North Atlantic, have made their appearance in this latitude. They are caught in the seines and traps of the market fishermen. We described three of these varieties in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. All are peculiar to the Caribbean Sea and other tropical waters. It is only two years ago that the pompino, a great delicacy of the Louisiana coast, was first observed here. The drum, sheepshead and kingfish are all recent comers, and even the bluefish was unknown forty years ago. It would seem that the temperature of the water, like that of portions of our globe, is becoming warmer, and that climatic changes are causing this migration from Southern seas to our own. What are the specific causes, we must leave to hydrographers to determine.

Although the weakfish does not come within the category of legitimate game fish, he is a beautiful specimen of the finny tribe, and under conditions presently to be mentioned affords sport of the most exciting and interesting character. This fish is also known as the suckermag, squeteague, and sea-trout. He is marked by gorgeous spots upon a ground of blue and silver, and by red and yellow fins, which are characteristic of the fresh water trout, and have undoubtedly given to it the name of "trout" in some sections. Ordinarily it is caught by hand-lines fished from a boat. These weakfish come in with the tide in immense shoals, following the small fry upon which they and their congeners feed, and are caught by the boat-load at half flood, within a few feet of the surface. Bait with a shrimp or shedder, and keep the line constantly in motion, and half the time you will "jig" them in the belly, tail or side, as the finny mass moves over the hook. Down at the "Narrows" of New York Bay, near Fort Richmond, is a favorite place. In New Haven harbor, and other harbors of the Sound, and especially in the vicinity of Montauk Point, Long Island, they are taken in great numbers. However, no one but market-fishermen and novices take weakfish in this way. They prefer to fish with rods and finer tackle in deeper water along the edges of channels and tide-races, where the rocks or shifting sands form shelves and ledges to which the small fry gather for safety and where bits of organic matter are drifted by the tide and deposited. Here the weakfish run singly and much larger in size—four times the weight of those "schooling"—coming along under the still water of the ledges where their prey is huddled, and gulping down large masses at a mouthful. These big fellows are designated as "tide-runners." They weigh about four pounds, and pull well in a five-knot current.

But there is another mode, still, of taking weakfish, of which, verily, many an old fisherman wotteth not. Attention, all! Take a "cat-rigged" boat, a craft with a mainsail only and mast stepped well forward, one that works quickly, for quick work is required, and go to Fire Island Inlet at half ebb. At half ebb, or when the tide is running out like a mill-tail, is the only time to take them. Should you attempt the experiment on the flood, you would lose your boat and your life. Let there be a good stiff quartering breeze, and now with a steady helm and a good rap full, bear right down on the beach, mounting the very crest of the waves that in ten seconds more will break into shivers on the sand. Keep a quick eye, a steady nerve, and a ready hand. You will take the edge of the swift current where it pours out of the inlet. Fear not the mounting "combers," or the breaking foam, the tide will bear you back and keep you off the shingle. Right here at the mouth of the inlet, the action of the tide is constantly washing out the sand, and as it is borne down on the current, it presently sinks by its own specific gravity, and gradually piles up until it forms a little ledge a foot high or more, just as the driving snow in winter is borne over the crest of a drift until it forms a counter-scarp, with an apron hanging over the abrupt and perpendicular verge. Right under the edge of this ledge the small fry congregate, and the "tide-runners" forage for food. Here throw your "squid." Just now is the critical instant. In two seconds you will either be founding on the beach or surging down on the impetuous current of the strong ebb tide. The breeze is blowing fresh. Up mounts your boat on the glassy billow whose crest is foaming just two rods in front. A false move now is ruinous. Ready about, hard down your helm! Now! while she shakes, toss in your "squid" into the deep green brine. There, you have him. Keep her away, and haul in lively. Hurrah! a four-pounder. Lift him over the rail easy; belay your sheet there—steady! Whish! away we go, with wind and tide fair, and a seven knot current, and in a jiffy are swept many rods off from the land, and ready to repeat the manœuvre again. Clear away your line, come about, and charge up to the beach once more. What can be more exciting? No time to stop for lunch now. Here we have all the attractions and excitement of yachting and fishing combined, with every sense on the alert and every nerve tautened to fullest tension. Who will dare turn up his nose in contempt of weakfishing.

Striped bass are rapidly working their way to the southward, and along our own and the adjacent shores of New Jersey, a small run of fish that average a pound in weight, have been taken with shrimps or shedders by fishermen while angling for weakfish. Mr. Masters, of the Brooklyn Sportman's Emporium, however, took some off Gravesend at the close of last week which ran up to six pounds. In a fortnight the season will be at its height and big fish running.

Anglers are having fine sport taking blue-fish with a rod in the vicinity of Fire Island, both inside and outside of the Bay. They are of large size, running from ten to thirteen pounds. An ordinary two-jointed bamboo bass-rod is used, with float and sinker, and shedder crabs for bait. A wire snell is requisite to prevent the fish from snapping off the line. Those who have tried it pronounce the sport very exciting.

George Evans, Esq., of Brooklyn, returned last week from the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence river, where he took one hundred and fifty black bass, some of which weighed four pounds. He used a spoon.

The Rangely Lake Hatching Association are constructing a hatching house at Rangely Lakes, and have put in 40,000 grown fish. This association will propagate both salmon and trout. The works are very large.

Mr. H. O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner of Maine, has just caught a salmon weighing twelve pounds, in the St. Croix river, near Vanceboro, the first taken for forty years in those waters. It was caught with a fly.

Members of the Oquossoe Club took from the Rangely Lake waters in Maine, this season, over 1,000 speckled trout, which averaged a pound apiece. The largest weighed eight pounds.

A WAIF FROM THE SEA.

A venerable fisherman who has had sixty years of experience, utters this complaint of the disregard of all amenities among the fishermen of Cape May:

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Fond of the sea in all its majestic beauty, and seeking retirement from the busy world, I launched my little boat from the quiet landing at Van Gilder's, on Mill creek, in the town of Seaville, Caye May Co., N. J., one beautiful morning, just as the tide began to ebb, and the sun pushed his radiant portion of a circle above the eastern horizon, and took my crooked, winding course for Townsend's Inlet.

The occasional sudden splash of an eel as he rolled from the bank, or the sweet, clear whistle of the willet, reminded me that I was not alone in the world, though the deep-gorged creeks entirely shut me out from the sight of man. Thus I wended my way across the beach, looking seaward and upward as the breakers foamed and lashed the sand beneath my feet—seaward, as I trembled lest the ocean should forget its jurisdiction, and upward in remembrance of the Divine command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

The sight was grand, as the foam-capped billows came frolicking in like flocks of snowy sheep, and the sea-gulls, with graceful curve of wing, darted beneath the waves in search of prey. One in particular attracted my attention, sailing round and round an eddy, swaying to and fro, as if to watch the graceful motion of some royal fish beneath, when suddenly down, out of sight, and up again, sailing towards the beach, and over my head, lo, from its bill

there fell at my feet, no fish, but a roll of manuscript. With eager haste I opened it and found the following:

"History of Sir Isaac Walton, the fisherman, from Sir Isaac's lips before he breathed his last.

"My ancestors were fishermen of Gallilee, with Peter, James, and John, but my father, Isaac, whose name I bear, came to this country in 1780, with Lord Cornwallis, who, landing his army at this inlet and finding the country a trackless desert, detailed Col. Watson with his corps of engineers, to open a road through to Egg Harbor. The work was quickly but roughly done, without the aid of compass, and the British army marched triumphantly through its beautiful concave bed, amid the shouts and cheers of the people in the vicinity. It was a crooked road, made without regard to either lines, curves, or angles. Its sidewalk, equally as well defined as the road, commingled its beautiful irregularities with the grades, in manner much like the creeks emptying into the Sound, they having no bottom to the mud, and it having no bottom to the sand. This road was left by the noble English lord as a legacy to the people of Seaville, together with many a brave soldier who built it, with the injunction that it should never be altered, amended, or disturbed till the day when time shall be no more. Hence its present condition.

"But to my history. My good, kind, genial old father died at three-score years and ten, full of honor, and full of scales, leaving the little family a small farm with fishing privileges usual in those days, and to me his boat and fishing gear, with the injunction that in all my piscatorial excursions I should strictly adhere to the following rules, viz.: 1st, faithfully study the nature and habits of the fish you seek; 2d, give freely of your catch to your neighbor; 3d, never make a noise as you near the fishing ground; 4th, never pass your boat over the lines of other fishermen; 5th, anchor your boat even on the tide with other boats; 6th, avoid the company of every man who refuses to observe these rules; 7th, be a gentleman at all times and places; 8th, fool the fish but not yourself. And now, my dear friends, he said, as he cast his eye around the grotto of the mermaids, in which was congregated the various tribes of whale, sheepshead, drum, bass, blackfish, mackerel, skate, tautog, porgie, weakfish, shark, dogs, goody, oysters, shad, stingaree, and, though last but not least, the bluefish, I call you all to witness that I have kept all these rules from my youth up; not one jot or tittle of them have I broken, and I call you also to witness this day how these good rules been broken and trampled on by the fishermen of this region. The citizens of South Seaville, it is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land, are hospitable, kind, honest, truthful, religious, sentimental, charitable, not given to tattling, sober, and discreet, but the fishermen are shamefully ignorant of the rules and etiquette of fishing, which should, and in other parts of the world do, govern the conduct of every true disciple of mine. In these waters I have been singled as a target to be run over by passing boats; my hooks caught by center-boards; anchors thrown over my lines; boats rushed as near to me as possible in order to frighten a shoal of fish; my kellock has been fished; men, like dogs in the manger, have purposely upset my fishing, and when remonstrated with, reply, "fish are not frightened by passing boats, and all old fishermen say so." These things are so. Yes, the Reach, Seaglies, Brothers, the Sounds, Ware, Thoroughfare, and a host of places are witnesses to it, and I have been grossly insulted." To which the whole convention unanimously cried out, "amen, amen!" and as the last echo of this loud response reverberated through the grotto, the noble stock of the house of Walton gathered up his remaining strength, and rising to his feet exclaimed, with the death rattle sounding in his throat: "My friends, by reason of these things my days have been shortened. To-day I go the way of all flesh. My last request is that the rules that governed me for three-score years and five, be put up in the mouth of every creek and thoroughfare in this your jurisdiction, so that the way-fisherman, though a fool now, may read and become wise hereafter."

SAVING HUMAN LIFE.

Accidents to fishermen, yachtsmen, and sportsmen are so frequent that it is wise that not only they, but the general public should be thoroughly acquainted with all the methods of resuscitating persons taken from the water. We copy in full the series of rules published by the executive committee of the Life Saving Society of New York for the treatment of persons who may be rescued from the water in an insensible condition:

RULE 1.—To drain off water from the chest and stomach: Instantly strip the patient to the waist. Place him face downward, the pit of his stomach being raised above the level of his mouth by a large roll of clothing placed beneath it. Throw your weight forcibly two or three times, for a moment or two, upon the patient's back, over the roll of clothing so as to press all the fluids in the stomach out of the mouth.

RULE 2.—To perform artificial breathing: Quickly turn the patient upon his back, the roll of clothing being so placed beneath as to make the breast-bone the highest point of the body.

Kneel beside or astride patient's hips. Grasp front part of the chest on either side of the pit of the stomach, resting your fingers along the spaces between the short ribs. Brace your elbows against your sides, and steadily grasping and pressing forward and upward, throw your whole weight upon chest, and gradually increasing the pressure while you count one, two, three. Then, suddenly, let go with a final push, which springs you back to your first position. Rest erect upon your knees while you can count one, two, three; then make pressure again as before, repeating the entire motions at first about four or five times a minute gradually increasing to about ten or twelve times.

Use the same regularity as in blowing bellows, and as is seen in natural breathing, which you are imitating.

If another person be present, let him, with one hand, by means of a dry piece of linen, hold the tip of the tongue out of one corner of the mouth, and, with the other hand grasp both wrists and pin them to the ground above the patient's head.

After-treatment.—After breathing has become natural, dry the patient briskly. Wrap him in blankets only, and let him be kept perfectly quiet. Provide free circulation of air. Give brandy and water—a teaspoonful every five minutes the first half hour, and afterward occasionally as may seem expedient.

1. Avoid delay. A moment may turn the scale for life or death. Dry ground, shelter, stimulants, &c., at this moment are nothing—artificial breathing is everything—is the one remedy—all others are secondary. If the breathing has just ceased, a smart slap on the face or stomach will sometimes start it again, and may be tried incidentally.

2. Prevent friends from crowding around the patient and excluding currents of air; also from attempting administration of any stimulant before the patient is well able to swallow; the first promotes suffocation, the second fatal choking.

3. Avoid impatience of results. Any time within two hours, you may be on the very threshold of success, without there being any sign of it.

In suffocation from smoke, coal-gas, or other poisonous gases, as also in hanging, proceed in the same way as for drowning, but omit Rule No. 1.

In case of sun-stroke lay the patient in the shade, in free current of air; loosen the clothing, raise the head slightly, and pour upon it a small stream of cool water.

The following important suggestions to bathers are also given by the society:

Avoid entering the water within two hours after a meal; or when exhausted from any cause; or when the body is cooling after perspiration. Stay in the water usually not more than fifteen minutes.

Leave the water always and dress with promptness, and dress at once. Do it immediately on suffering from chilliness, especially if there be numbness of hands and feet.

The best time for bathing for strong persons is before breakfast. For the young or weakly the best time is two or three hours after breakfast.

Bathing should be entirely avoided by those in whom it habitually causes faintness, giddiness, or disagreeable palpitation of the heart.

Exposures of the head to the sun during bathing is attended with special danger of sun-stroke.

The proper method of bringing a drowning man to shore is to approach the drowning man from behind. Seize him with your left hand by the hair, coat-collar, or shoulder. Turn him upon his back, and then place his head upon your chest, and, with your right arm free, swim upon your back to the land. (If by the left hand alone it be too difficult to turn him upon his back, apply, in addition, the right hand to his right shoulder, and the turning will be easily accomplished.) If he be conscious, encourage him and direct him to straighten out his legs.

If the drowning man be out of sight under the water, watch carefully for the rising of a bubble upon the surface; he will usually be found directly below it.

Yachting and Boating

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK	CHARLESTON
August 21,	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
" 22,	10 55	7 39	6 55
" 23,	11 34	8 15	7 34
" 24,	morn.	8 54	8 09
" 25,	0 09	9 30	8 44
" 26,	0 44	10 04	9 18
" 27,	1 18	10 36	9 52
" 28,	1 52	11 12	10 29

The storm of last week interfered sadly with the programme of the New York Yacht Club, now on its annual cruise. It kicked up an ugly sea on Long Island Sound, and compelled the yachts to run into the several harbors for shelter, where they remained for two days weather-bound. None of the skippers felt inclined to improve the opportunity thus afforded to test the sea-going qualities of their jaunty craft, but preferred to lay snugly at their chains under the lee of the land. The daily press have very unjustly, we think, joined in chaffing these amateur tars and jolly yachtsmen for their lack of pluck in declining to weather out the storm. We much doubt if these writers have any idea of the nasty chop which can be kicked up on the Sound, and we fancy if they had been in the places of those they so glibly ridicule they would have done precisely as they did, and put for harbor. If they didn't they ought to. It is better to do this than to start your seams and lose your top hamper. As the pursuit of the squadron is pleasure, and not a cruise in the high latitudes or across the Atlantic, it seems reasonable that the sailing masters and owners should choose a clear sky and a smooth sea, even at the risk of being called "fair weather sailors." We are free to affirm that it was by no means a lack of courage or seamanship that made them seek security, as the sailing masters and crews are picked men from the mereantile marine of the world, and no one will gainsay but that the owners are at times recklessly daring. We must all recollect that even in these prosperous times the richest of us dislikes to have a brand new set of racing sails split to ribbons just on the eve of the greatest regatta, as regards cups, purses, &c., ever held at Newport. Most all of the yachts carried two sets of sails, one for cruising and the other for racing, and the majority of the yachts that sought good anchorage were in good racing trim.

What would some of our roadsters think of trotting out their light wagons over stony roads, or through deep mud, to test the strength of their wheels and axles, the wind and bottom of their fast steppers, and their own pluck to endure a cold and pelting rain-storm? "How high is dat?"

The New York Yacht Squadron started again, August 18, from Newport on a cruise. It was the intention to anchor overnight at Oak Bluffs, one of the worst anchorages on the coast with the prevailing wind. The weather again was very dirty and stormy, and after cruising for an hour or so, several of the yachts coming to grief, the commodore very properly signalled from the flag-ship the order to return to Newport. The stragglers came in one by one, and reported on board the flag-ship for consultation. The schooners Alarm, Resolute, Madeleine, Tarolinta, Rambler, Columbia, Tidal Wave, Josephine, Idler, Foam, Eva, and Clio, and the sloops Vision and Vindex were represented. Talking over the morning sail the damage was found to be considerable. The Columbia had snapped her main gaff, the Vindex sprung her mainmast, the Vixen sprung aleak in her sternport, and the Eva parted her starboard shroud. After some little discussion, it was decided for the present to give up the visit to Martha's Vineyard, and a telegram to that effect was immediately despatched to the proprietor of the Sea View House.

The Bennett and Douglass cups will be sailed for to-day. If the races are all concluded by Friday night the fleet will leave on Saturday morning for the Vineyard, and return to Newport on Tuesday.

The following yachts have entered for the Bennett cup:—Tarolinta, Madeleine, Tidal Wave, Idler, Foam, Alarm, Eva, Clio, and perhaps the Madgie. The boats will start from an imaginary line between Fort Adams and the Dumplings, and sail around Block Island buoy and return.

The New Rochelle Yacht Club have become an incorporated body, and leased Huckleberry Island in the Sound, near the shore. They are about to build a handsome clubhouse and dock, to cost about \$6,000. The club comprises about twenty yachts, and doubtless will meet with the success it deserves.

The fourth annual regatta of the Charlestown Yacht Club took place August 18, off Long Island. Twelve boats entered. The course for first-class yachts was fifteen miles and for second-class twelve miles. Mystery took the first prize, an elegant silver pitcher, and Daion the second prize. In the second-class Bullbow took the first prize and Odd Fellow the second. Center-board boats, Lilley took the first prize, and Napoleon the second.

The Atalanta boat club held their twenty-fifth annual regatta, and the first regatta on the Harlem river, on Saturday, August 16th. The weather looked ominous in the morning, and deterred many friends of the Atalanta's from participating in the favorite pastime. At twelve o'clock the sun poured down with a vengeance. Many members going down by rail swelled the number on board the steamer (N. Seymour) and barge to almost 600. Take the regatta as a whole it was a great success; take it as an exhibition of rowing, it was scarcely satisfactory; the course should always be kept as clear as possible, the starting point distinctly seen, and the starter heard by pistol shot otherwise.

The first race senior sculls; entries: J. C. O'Neil, majenta and lavender; E. Blake, red and crimson; Eben Losee, purple and red. Distance two miles. Losee took the start, and was fouled by Blake, who upset; O'Neil gave up rowing, and Losee won at good pace, making the distance in fourteen minutes fifty seconds. The second race junior sculls; entries, James Goodrich, George Young, W. A. Penny, and E. Mills. George Young took the first prize, and W. A. Penny the second prize, the gold cross.

The third race, two eight-oared barges entered; the following crews came to starting point. Columbia—W. Knight, E. Mills, Jr., W. C. Mainland, W. A. Penny, P. C. Benjamin, E. Losee, C. D. Zaehman, W. H. Shear, stroke, J. B. Burrell, coxswain.

Atalanta—W. T. Mook, J. Withcy, A. R. Haddock, H. R. Goodrich, M. B. Cox, George Young, W. E. Silken, C. Earwicher, stroke, A. S. Swain, coxswain.

The Columbia crew took the lead and maintained it throughout, wining easily by three lengths.

The fourth race, married vs. single. The married men had previously won twenty years in succession, but failed to obtain their majority. Married—A. S. Swain, Van Zandt, A. Handy, T. Van Radin, stroke.

Single—E. Blake, H. B. Leroy, C. S. Osborn, J. C. O'Neill, stroke.

This race was for the champion flag of the club. O'Neill's crew had their oars first in the water, and gained a decided start, which they kept up until finish, coming in some four lengths ahead.

Between the races of the Atalanta's the Guliek entered four single sculls, John Bryson, W. H. Sear, Thomas Moore, and J. A. Kobbe, who rowed for the champion badge of the club, valued at \$150, to become the final property of the winner, as the "old Gulieks" are about to disband. The younger members propose organizing a new club in the spring. This race was won with perfect ease by John Bryson, who becomes the happy possessor of the champion badge.

On coming home the sight down the river was very picturesque; the shores lined with people, and the several boating clubs sent their single sculls, pair-oars, gigs, eight and ten oared barges to enliven the beautiful scene. On passing Randall's Island, Wallace's full band struck up "Hail Columbia," boys and children lining the shores, and with their shrill voices giving us a parting salute.

The Saratoga Rowing Association hold a grand national regatta on September 11th and 12th. It is open to all recognized amateur boating associations in the United States and Dominion of Canada. Entries must be made on or before September 1st. Saratoga lake, as everybody knows, is a lovely sheet of water, and has an unobstructed course of five miles straight away. As an evidence of good faith on the part of clubs entering their boats an entrance fee of \$20 will be required, to be returned if the boat entered draws into line. The distance in the single, double, and paired oared races will be two miles. In the four-oared shell race the distance will be three miles—one and a half miles and return. The total value of the prizes is \$3,000. Amateurs only will be allowed to row.

John Kyle, foot of 133rd street, East river, is finishing a new boat for the Harlem River Rowing club; the boat is built of white cedar, Spanish cedar upper streak, forty feet long, three feet seven inches beam, sliding seats. Weight 180 pounds.

George Brown of Halifax, and John A. Biglin of New York, will row an "International Scullers' race," two and a half miles and return in Halifax harbor, Thursday, August 23th, for \$1,000 a side. It is the intention of Biglin if he wins, to challenge the champions of the Tyne and the Thames, in England.

The following are the rules adopted by the Stewards for the government of the International regatta, to take place next month near St. John, New Brunswick. We print them, more particularly to serve the future use of those who may like to defer to the judgment of professionals and honorable experts in regatta rules to be adopted:

1. The races shall take place on the Kennebecasis River, on the usual regatta course, on the 17th day of September; or should the weather on that day prove unfavorable, on the first suitable day, thereafter.
2. All races shall be started in the following manner: The starter on being satisfied that the competitors are ready, shall give the signal to start.
3. If the starter considers the start false, he shall at once recall the boats to their first stations, and any boat refusing to start again shall be distanced.
4. No fouling, whatever, shall be allowed.
5. It is in the province of the umpire, when appealed to, but not before, to decide a foul. The boat decided by him to have fouled shall be distanced.
6. It shall be considered a foul when, after the race has commenced, any competitor by his boat, oar, or person, comes in contact with the oar, boat or person of another competitor, and nothing else shall be considered a foul.
7. Any boat taking another's (boats) water does so at his own peril, and it shall be held that a boat's own water is the straight course from its starting point to its turning point.
8. Each boat shall turn its own buoy, the turn to be made in shore toward Rothesay.

9. If in any race in which more than two boats start a foul takes place, and the boat adjudged by the umpire to have been fouled reaches the turning point first, the race shall be decided as the boats come in; but if the boat fouled does not come in first, or if the umpire is unable to decide which boat has committed the foul, the race shall be rowed over again, unless the umpire shall decide that the boat which came in first had sufficient lead at the moment of the foul to warrant it having the race assigned to it.

10. Whenever the umpire shall direct a race to be rowed over again, any boat refusing to row again shall be distanced.

11. Every boat shall stand by its own accidents.

12. The decisions given by the umpire shall be final, and there shall be no appeal therefrom.

When the affair comes off, another batch of regulations will be issued by which the affairs of the regatta shall be governed.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR AUGUST.

Woodcock, *Scolopax Rusticola*; Esquimaux Curlew, *Numenius Borealis*; Primed Grouse, *Tetrao Cupido*, Blue Grouse of Washington Territory, *Tetrao Ciesius*, and all kinds of Bay birds, including the Godwit, *Limosina*, Curlew, *Numenius Arquat*, Plover, *Charadrius*, and Sandpipers, *Tringinae*. Also such kind of wild fowl as are strong of wing.

Under this head last week an unfortunate blunder was made by inadvertently changing the captions of two articles that had been prepared, the one for pinnated grouse, and the other for ruffed grouse. It now stands corrected.

The weather during the early part of our current week was decidedly bad for shooting, storms of more or less violence prevailing from Maine to Minnesota, which drove the birds to elose cover. If there is anything a dainty bird dislikes it is to get his plumage wet. By this time, however, they have probably shaken out their feathers and are on the wing again.

An almost endless variety of birds is found on the shores and inlets of Long Island and New Jersey. The best feeding grounds are Pelican bar, South bay; Egg Harbour, Montauk point, Forked rivers near Barnegat, several promontories near Stonington, Conn., Currituck Inlet, N. C., and Cobb's Island on the Eastern shore of Virginia. At the two latter named places, shooting commences early in September. The Godwit commonly called "Marlin" are getting scarcer every year. It is a very noisy bird and has an odd shrill cry that sounds like "grutto" rapidly repeated; they are very strong on the wing, of a light grey color, and feed in bogs and marshes near the sea shore, have four eggs, and are very delicious as a table bird.

Curlew are generally very abundant and breed in high, hilly, and sandy grounds. The nest is very slight and usually contains four eggs, placed with the small ends together. These birds have a singular way of just keeping out of gun-shot, and rise with a mournful cry, alarming every bird within hearing, thus spoiling the sport among the Wilets, as at certain seasons they frequently associate with one another. The best decoy is to tic a dark bandanna handkerchief on the top of a small stick, the gunner lying concealed behind some dry drift wood, waiving the decoy and imitating their cry from time to time. It is not thought highly of as a table bird, but when properly cooked with a little lemon, and good cayenne, it is not to be despised.

The plover (several species) have a singular habit when alighting on the ground in the breeding time; they drop their wings, stand with their legs half bent, and trembling as if unable to support their bodies. In this absurd position they will sometimes stand for several minutes, uttering a curious sound, and then seem to balance themselves with great difficulty. This singular manœuvre is no doubt intended to induce a belief that they may be easily caught and so turn the attention of the egg-gatherer from the pursuit of the eggs to themselves. Plovers' eggs are recognized all over the world as a great delicacy. The Wilets, yellow legs and Sandpipers have so often been described that most of our readers are familiar with their habits. The first flight of these birds was seen August 7th, by Cornelius Bennett, from his yacht "Mystic," B. Y. C., Freeport, South side L. I. The most successful way to shoot these birds is as follows: If possible, go out early in the morning on a high flood tide, taking care to select a long narrow sand-bar that is not covered at high water, and one that juts out from the main land; gather some dry drift-wood and build a small blind, scooping out the sand. You can then put out a few stools about twenty-five yards from the blinds on the edge of high water, and commence to imitate their whistle; if the wind should be blowing on shore and the tide likely to be very high, the sand bars will be all covered and the birds, having no place to alight, fly backwards and forwards across this point waiting for the tide to recede. Never pick up the wing-tipped ones, as they act as nature's decoys; they flutter their wings, uttering shrill whistles, and bring down hundreds of others to see "what is the matter." Now is the time to let them have it, as you generally can kill several dozens in the next half hour. Another plan is to sail leisurely down on the birds as they are feeding on the bars; but if there are any Curlew there, look out, as it is necessary to remain perfectly still and hide yourself. The slightest oversight on the part of the sportsmen to observe these laws, the Curlew will instantly give the alarm and your sport is nil. With everything in your favor, tides, wind, slightly foggy weather, the shooting at Curlew is generally at long range. Now and then you may get a crack at them as they fly over at forty yards or so. Your clothes should be of a marsh-grass, or sedge color. Always have the barrels of your gun well "browned;" use a ten bore, four and a half drams of powder, and one and a quarter ounces of No. 7 shot, a pair of rubber boots and a light rubber blanket. For the smaller bay snipe you can use No. 10 shot and upwards,

To-day, August 21st, is held the annual meeting of the Calendonians at Myrtle avenue park, Brooklyn. There are no sports more truly athletic, or calculated to test and manifest the latent nerve power and muscle, than these ancient Scottish games, which always attract large crowds of spectators. The athletes sometimes exhibit wonderful feats of strength and agility, and we expect to receive a startling record from the field in the matter of putting the stone, throwing the hammer and tossing the caber. The herculean performances of the great champion, Downie, are almost beyond belief.

The pastor of a certain Congregational Church in Paterson, New Jersey, is about to be dismissed, a morning paper states. He is thus described:—"He is a talented but erratic young man, a devotee of tobacco, a favorite with the girls, a singer in a quartet, and an active member of a base ball nine. He also writes poetry and plays chess. The old-fashioned members of the church are now looking for an old man who has had the smallpox, and who is too stiff to make the distance between the bases."

Saturday, the 16th, was a gala day for the base ball players. A sharp contest for the championship took place at Philadelphia between the Athletic and Washington clubs, which the former won by a score of 14 to 0. The fielding on both sides was excellent, but the effective pitching and batting of the Athletics won them the game.

On the same day there was a base-ball match at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, between representatives of the chess clubs of that city and this. The game was played with remarkable skill for amateurs. Several distinguished chess players participated.

On the same day an exciting contest took place at Chicago between the Boston and Philadelphia clubs, in which the Boston were victorious by a score of 11 to 8. Over 3,000 persons witnessed the game.

In the game between the Mutuals, of New York, and the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, played at the Union grounds, Brooklyn, on Saturday, the New Yorkers won by a score of 12 to 4.

Also, the same day, there was a wrestling match at New Haven between Homer Lane, of New York, and William L. Kennedy, of New Haven, for \$500 a side. First and third fall for Kennedy, and the victory.

There was a foot race on Saturday at Providence, R. I. The contests were all for short distances, one of 500 yards, one of 150, and the others 100 yards.

First race.—Henry Crandall, of Queen City, Mo., and J. A. Stratton, of Fall River, Mass., 200 yards, for \$500 a side. Crandall winner by twelve feet. Time 21½ seconds.

Second race.—John Smith, of Providence, and John McMann, of Pawtucket; 150 yards, \$100 a side. Smith winner by two feet.

Third race.—W. A. Kendrick, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and John Allison, of Providence, 100 yards, \$250 a side. Won by Allison by two feet in ten seconds.

Military News.

IT is nevertheless a fact, say what you will, that promotions in the army are few and far between, particularly in peace times. Occasionally it is true, some good man enters the army and after long service, or some act of gallantry on the frontier, obtains a strap if he passes the required examination; but the promotion of enlisted men is rather an exception than a rule, not only in our army but all armies. But few, fortunately, enter the service with the idea of rising to a commission, the majority enlisting for the mere sake of a livelihood, others for an adventure, and others again, we regret to say, as a means of covering crime or of flight from civil justice. The army draws to itself some of the worst classes, we are free to say—men whose ambition never reaches the grade of a commissioned officer. The positions of second lieutenants, to some extent, are filled from civil life, and when such vacancies exist, after the assignment of the West Point graduates, sometimes twenty applications are made for each vacancy. These vacancies are generally filled by the sons of officers, intelligent department clerks, etc., the number from the ranks of the army being invariably in the minority instead of the majority, as it should be, if encouragement for faithful performance of duty is to be the rule in the army. Recently the President selected some forty names from a list of about 400 applicants for appointments as second lieutenants in the regular army, and the majority of these were selected as above stated. Yet in this little batch there were some promotions from the ranks, and even a Modoc volunteer (a private) was recommended for a commission. These promotions are well worthy of publication, we therefore append them, as follows:—Commissary Sergeant William Allen, at Camp Apache, A. T.; Frank S. Hinkle, sergeant of company A, Fifth Infantry; James L. Murray, an enlisted man of the army; William C. Roundy, sergeant of the Twenty-first Infantry; John Sheldon, sergeant-major of the Second Infantry; Sergeant Theo. Smith, of the signal corps; Fred. Theiss, sergeant of M company, Seventh Cavalry, and last, but not least, in these "hot spells," James C. Winters, a Modoc volunteer. This list shows that less than one-quarter only of these promotions are made from the ranks. This ought not to be so, still the inferior character of the men generally enlisted has much to do with this.

The subjugation of the "Peace Commission" Modocs, after a somewhat protracted campaign, does not seem to

have settled the Indian question, if the latest news from the frontier is any indication of the peaceful inclinations of these poetical Lo's! These poor fellows are roaming about attacking unprotected settlements, stealing horses, etc., and never missing a chance to take a scalp. One of their nice little bands has been making some fun in the vicinity of Fort McKavett. Lieutenant Wheeler, of the Second Cavalry, with forty men, went after the inhuman murderers of Mrs. Richards and Miss Hall, in the Wind River Valley, some few weeks since, but missed their trail, it having been washed away by the rains. This detachment, however, in the opinion of Colonel Brockett, of the Second Cavalry, was altogether too small, and would have undoubtedly been overpowered had they fallen in with the Indians, who were reported a good force. This detachment (company B) of the Second has had severe scouting service, and the force in the vicinity of Fort Stambaugh, W. T., and other posts on the frontier should be largely increased if the Government ever expects to check Indian depredations. Our little detachments in the Indian country have extended lines to protect, and, restrained as they are by the peace policy of the Government, stand a small chance against the Indians. General Crook has somewhat settled the Indian business in Arizona, but not by a peace policy, and General "Phil" and General Sherman think it about time these savages were either kept on the Government reservations and made to do something for a living, or the troops allowed to wipe a few of them out. It strikes us this peace policy should have ceased with the Modoc war, but as long as the Indian agents send cases of breech-loading Sharps marked "hardware," to the number of 2,000 at a time, as Government annuity, we must expect these murders, robberies, etc., on the part of the Indians. What chance, let us ask, has the poor settler with his muzzle-loader, purchased with his own means, against the improved weapon of the savage purchased by the Government?

Assistant Quartermaster General Ingalls, who left his quarters in the department of the East, New York city, a few weeks since, and proceeded to Europe, has reached Vienna, the city of the exposition. He is on Government commission (not per cent.), and will look after the warlike interests of the United States at the exposition, etc., etc., as one of a board appointed for that purpose. The General, we presume, will, on his return, write a book and tell us all he saw new in the death-dealing line, or any other.

First Lieutenant John W. Chickering, of the Sixth Infantry, "subsisted" just \$51 21 too much a few months ago from Second Lieutenant W. B. Wetmore, of the same regiment, and now he has got to pay for it, as that amount has been deducted from his pay by the Government.

First Lieutenant James H. Bradley, of the Seventh Infantry, is going "beyond the sea" when he gets a chance. He has permission to be absent for two-thirds of a year.

Assistant Surgeon Peter J. A. Charey has left Texas to locate in New York for awhile.

Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan, U.S.A., is still single. He is a regular "no surrender." It is said more bachelors are congregated in the Eighteenth Infantry, stationed in the South department, than any other portion of the army. Why is this?

The First Artillery, now in the South, but so long established at Fort Hamilton and the adjacent forts of New York harbor, report has it, don't like the change now "so pretty well." The change in the winter was pleasingly acceptable, but this hot weather—well, we "cannot always sometimes tell," you know.

General Custer, of the Seventh Cavalry, has deserted a "Life on the Plains," and at last accounts, with a squadron of his command, was "pushing things" at the mouth of Glendine's Creek as a part of the Yellowstone expedition. He and his command were then looking for *Josephine*, who was expected to paddle along pretty soon.

General Gibbons, commanding the Seventh Infantry, has been relieved as general superintendent of the recruiting service. Major J. P. Roy, Sixth infantry, is temporarily in charge.

HUNGARIAN RACES.

THE Rakos course is some five miles or so from the centre of the city, on a broad oasis-bordered flat. Horses, riders, and trainers were many of them English. There was the grand stand, the saddling place, and the ring, but they were different from the English institutions of the same names. There is no betting in one sense, but there is a sort of public sweepstakes in which everybody puts down so much on the horse he thinks is likely to win. If he chooses an outsider, the chances are that there will be few with whom he will have to divide his winnings; if he chooses a "hot" favorite, he cannot expect much more than his stake to be returned. The races were much like other races except one for farmers' horses. It was ridden by Hungarian farmers without saddles, and in their natural costume. A huge nightshirt flows down to the feet, and is sewed up to make a loose pair of trousers. A sleeveless waistcoat is stuck on, and the long white arms of the shirt fly loose, a foot or so broad, at the wrist. The head is covered with something like a tea-cosy, or a smoking-cap, with a feather stuck in it, and the dress is complete. The horses were light-looking, but active and business-like, and the riders rode as keenly as if the race was for life. Two of them could not get their restive animals off till the others had run nearly half the course, but they insisted on running it out as faithfully as if they had a ghost of a chance of winning. Over every incident of the race the excitement of the crowd was as great as it could have been at home, and the "road out" was as dusty and as full of perilous chances to carriage or rider.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—A French firm is manufacturing paper with considerable success from the residue of hops.

Art and the Drama.

BLACK Crook on Monday, August 18, was offered to the Patrons of Niblos, and was greeted of course with a crowded house. Some years ago, when this "spectacle" was first presented, it was a matter of great speculation, even among the most hardened playgoers, whether it could maintain itself; we doubt if the managers at first were altogether at ease on the subject. Dating from the day in New York city when Greenough's chanting cherubs, singing "*Gloria in Excelsis*," were, in deference to the public taste, exhibited with their loins girded with modest gauze, to the day the Black Crook appeared, there certainly has been a change, and no one can say that our old times "village modesty" has not been entirely worked out by the "whirligigs" of time.

This is "the fourth revival," if we mistake not. The first era was so long that managers, actors, ballet girls and the machinery were actually worn out with the repetition; but there was an audience to the last night, and the story is, that weeks after the withdrawal there were occasionally found hidden away among the dark recesses of the playhouse "old patrons," who had gone to sleep after the fashion of Rip Van Winkle, praying only to be awakened when the Black Crook again strutted upon the stage.

Now, the text of the play, from an intellectual standpoint, is the most thoroughly bad that is possible. The author, or rather compiler, had no other objects in view than with unmeaning words to kill time enough to allow the scene-shifters to do their heavy work. And so little ingenuity is displayed that the veriest tyro in dramatic tricks is not deceived. As one of the curiosities of the play, in this connection, it is to be recorded that the author of this bosh received more money for the copyright than was ever before paid to any dramatic writer, for one play, from the days of Shakespeare down to the present time. Nay, more; this celebrated literary production provided the author not only with a splendid country-seat and grounds to match, but has left money enough still due to his heirs to make a famous case before our Probate Court!

The original conception of the play has never been essentially improved upon. The regular patrons would not patiently submit to any radical change; in fact, they have insisted upon having all the glowing faults retained, nothing in their imaginations or dreamy reminiscences equaling their first love.

The popular decision of the professed moralist is, that the charm of the Black Crook issues from the lowest incentive that can excite admiration on the stage, viz:—the display of semi-nude humanity. We have endeavored to analyze this judgment, and are forced to a better conclusion, and relieved of the otherwise wretched, degraded notion that many good people, and thousands of simple people, are induced to be spectators from such depraved motives. The fact is, the semi-nude element is so thoroughly involved, and a necessary part of the spectacle as a whole, that it excites comparatively little especial notice, and where it is prominent it is often a source of regret to the majority of the spectators that so much that is for the moment attractive to the eye should be marred by any indelicate display.

It is most unfortunate that the theater has ceased to be a place where nature is imitated in the higher developments of human thought and action. We believe the stage, judged by the success of the Black Crook, has reached a lower degradation than is afforded in any precedent history. The genius of the actor, the intellectual power of the author, are now entirely subordinated to scenic effects, and humanity is only thrust in merely to fill up necessary openings, just as mud is used to stop the chinks between the logs of a frontiersman's hut; the humanity and the mud ranking as equally important things merely to fill up gaps.

The Black Crook is therefore a legitimate feature of the times. The manager, by its design, is relieved of paying for dramatic talent. Their company is purposely organized of the lowest intellectual calibre. If there was a scintillation of true genius, one flash of naturalness in any of its members, the unhappy victim would be discharged, as interfering with the intended effect of the tinsel and the striking glare of the calcium lights. The design considered, merely to produce a spectacle, the managers have done well. In its worst estate the Black Crook, in its language at least, conveys no bad morals. *Herzog* and *Greppo* do not ask us to sympathize with the moralities and afflictions of the heroines of the "society play," and we don't remember any incident in the extraordinary drama where innocence and virtue are designedly made the only victims of dire misfortune and popular condemnation.

We doubt if the drawing of Rogamay, the French caricaturist, will be appreciated, or if the audience will accept kindly, however well they are executed, the series of pictures which are introduced in place of the transformation scene. The pictures are realistic, open to criticism, or within the reach of a majority of the audience to like or dislike, but the charms of that "heaven" to which the lovers of the Black Crook have for years been finally translated was a fit ending of unsurpassed splendor that sent home the majority of the entranced spectators under the impression that a penny "wheel" had been ignited and allowed to whirl its fire and rainbow tints within their confused and throbbing brains.

—Loch Leven trout are very celebrated all over England and Scotland, and are worth two shillings a pound. The latest dodge is to substitute sea trout for them worth ten pence a pound, and disappointed anglers buy them at full figures.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS, or Recreations in Popular Science.

Dana Estes, Editor. Boston, Estes & Lauriat.

All lovers of Science will be greatly pleased to notice from the press of Estes and Lauriat, a young and enterprising publishing house in our sister city, this Half Hour series of Scientific tracts.

No. 1, upon *Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora, and recent solar researches*, opens one of the most mysterious as well as beautiful of nature's grand developments, and promises to further disclose its hitherto hidden beauties. This paper is decidedly one of surpassing interest to every one who looks upon these wonders of our northern skies.

No. 2 introduces us to "*The Cranial Affinities of Man and the Ape.*" This has been for some considerable time the question of the times, whether the old gray ape of the primeval forests, is, or is not, our great-grandfather. Many persons in this latter day seem disposed to completely ignore Adam. We are not astonished that such a belief should have been entertained near the close of the middle ages, for almost all anatomical knowledge possessed by physicians rested solely upon the study of the structure of the ape. Every one should read No. 2, as a full and concise account of the first Orang-Outang from Borneo, that was brought from Europe.

Nos. 3 and No. 4: *Spectral Analysis Discoveries Explained—Its application—Microscopic Discoveries* beautifully illustrated. The highly interesting theory of the probable origin and nature of spots upon the sun is clearly treated by Kirchhoff. The uses of science as adopted in explanation of the theory of sound, heat, light, and color—illustrated. An entirely new realm of science is here introduced to the reader, with all the wonderful revelations of physical science. Truly we live in a wonderful and beautiful world: the stupendous works of creation are herein made manifest, and the far-off, obscure, and dim become at once wonderfully clear and plain to our comprehension. Every one should read No. 3, for it is a commentary of sound, heat, light, and color.

No. 5, upon *Nebulae, Comets, and the Coral Islands.*—On a light and clear evening, as we cast our eyes upwards to the heavens, how near to us seem the remotest realms of the universe! behold yon stellar cluster, a sort of dim outline of a milky appearance in the heavens. What are they? bring out the telescope, if only of a very moderate power, and you behold these clusters of stars which you supposed to be only clouds, revealed in thousands of stars standing out quite vividly against the dark background of the heavens. Then you can faintly appreciate the views which burst upon the sight of Herschel when he applied to these dim clusters his gigantic forty-foot telescope! But even here all was not seen; for far beyond was apparent to his gaze a still farther-off world, a more distant field of stary worlds. A beautiful description of the great nebula of Orion is here given, worth alone the price of the whole work.

In this paper upon the Coral Islands, the entire history and wonderful organization of these little island-builders is given, and their method of secretion, the very lowest form of animal life, is made a deeply interesting and scientific study. Who would think, when he reads of a terrible shipwreck upon some far-off coral reef, that so diminutive an insect as the little coral insect caused all this disaster? Truly, although a microscopic insect of tiny proportions, yet he is a stone mason possessed of most gigantic power. Twenty fathoms deep, low down upon the bottom of the ocean, the tropical coral reef has its foundation. And many islands covered with a rich and beautiful verdure, rest upon the wonderful coral pillars which were built by these same little stone masons. A wonderful history is this contained in No. 5.

No. 6 opens to our view the great unexplained mental phenomena. *Unconscious Action of the Brain, and Epidemic Delusions.* Under this head the entire doctrine of spiritualism and its many absurd phases are accounted for, and numerous illustrations of mental impressions being taken as realities are explained quite satisfactorily; as for instance, by way of illustration, a lady at a seance in a darkened room, thought she would "like to have a live lobster brought into the room," and presently she began to feel some uncomfortable sensations which she attributed to the presence of this live lobster. The fact is recorded that two live lobsters were brought in, or they thought so; they imagined they felt them crawling over them, &c. All of which was surely a delusion.

No. 7. *The Geology of the Stars.* This, although a deeply interesting disclosure of those contemplations made out in distant heavens, is not strictly speaking a new discovery. Yet it contains matter given to the millions new, and worthy of deep thought; for to them it is a new revelation of the wonderful works of God as revealed in the glowing firmament of stars. The theory, a most beautiful one by the way, of progressive development, is fully stated. Our earth has reached a certain period; it is passing a certain epoch; it brings with it a new revelation to many; that is, it happens by the providence of an all-creative power, to be inhabited. Are not all worlds inhabited? and how long has our earth been inhabited? has it been so from its first creation? Changes are constantly transpiring; history always progressive, tells us wonderful tales, and this little tract will lead the mind from nature up to nature's God, and the soul be filled with the grand contemplations of the truly sublime.

No. 8, and last of these parts, *On Yeast, Protoplasm and the Germ Theory, and The Relation between Matter and Force.* "Yeast!" says one or more of our readers, on looking at the letter of No. 8. Yeast! who cares about "yeast?" and with a contemptuous toss, perhaps, he consigns our No. 8, to the extreme corner of his room. Now this is not fair, you know not how great a power you throw away when you throw away yeast, or its veritable history. Now it is plain to the comprehension of most of our ladies that anything of a liquid kind containing sugar, will when left to itself soon begin to undergo a change. The beautiful colorless liquid soon has a dirty appearance. A yellow scum rests upon its surface; while you notice at the bottom of the vessel the same dirty yellow, which we will call "lees." After a time this "scum" and "lees" stop increasing and the same has become altogether different in quality. The simple sugar water has a pungent smell; it has become a spirit, and it intoxicates if one drinks it. It is now the demon of the bottle. This is after the process of distillation, that old rascal called Alcohol, and if you have any doubts of his being a smart spirit, put a portion on the fire and see how angry he will become. Such were the facts known from old antique days. Antiquity also tells us of a time, too, when the old and wise men "got drunk." Old Noah did; also the Indians. Old Lot on a certain occasion became drunken, and since then many great, good, and wise men have known the power of the last, if not the first stage, of yeast.

But readers, get these little Scientific Tracts. Every one should read them, and give them a valuable binding.

HAR HAZARD, by Kate Field. Boston, R. Osgood & Company.

This is one of our Summer story books, although a portion of these articles have appeared before in various journals of the day. Miss Fields has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of our most entertaining and popular journalists. She is not at all afraid of expressing her thoughts in the most forcible and terse terms; never makes the mistake of calling black white. She is feared as a writer, for she speaks the truth in such manner that evil doers whose sins are often visited with severe lashes from her, stand in abject fear of her wholesome pillory. Few journalists would dare say in their professional capacity what Kate Field utters with utmost freedom. Yet we like Kate, and believe she is doing much good. Although not free from some errors, they are by no means so very grave that we cannot forgive them. She uses some phrases that would be considered inelegant, if we apply not a stronger term. We think her last book, though an earnest expression of her thoughts, could be

improved, (not in elegance of execution, binding, &c., for it is a beautiful work), leaving out a few words and sentences which mar the smoothness of the style somewhat; as, "if it take but two days to demoralize humanity." We commend this little work of Kate Field as one of the reformatory stories of the times, and many readers will find it speaks the truth forcibly and sensibly.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September, is of unusual excellence. Somehow its editor seems to have the peculiar faculty of always finding not only interesting matter, but that which is particularly adapted to the season. There are two articles on subjects kindred to our own particular topics which are exceedingly well done in the number under review. One is "The Trotting Horse in America," the other "The Twelfth of August," descriptive of the opening of the English shooting season. Mr. Nordhoff's experiences in Hawaii-nee, the continuation of his itinerary, is of great interest. We trust to follow him to Japan, China and all the way home. The *apereu* we have of Stamboul, in the article entitled "General Sherman, in Europe and the East," gives the reader an idea of how Stamboul may be seen under the most advantageous circumstances. There is a general quality of excellence about Harper's Monthly, which makes it not only reading matter for Americans, but for everybody else who can understand the English.

THE LIVE STOCK, FARM AND FISHING JOURNAL for August. Buffalo & New York. This most useful publication, treating all the various subjects of the farm, the dairy, poultry and apary, with their innumerable collateral branches, is in itself a model of excellence. That portion of the journal devoted to horsemen, is particularly interesting to us, since it shows not only a thorough knowledge of racing stock, but that which is quite as useful, an acquaintance with the ordinary working animal. Sometimes without being exactly optimists, still appreciating the great amount of work necessary to produce such a thoroughly good paper as the Live Stock Farm and Fishing Journal really is, we wonder at the amount of brain, toil, and research necessary to produce it. We trust to be able presently to give a portion of its contents to our readers.

IN PRESS.

Among the forthcoming books of the season, James R. Osgood & Company have in press and will soon issue a work entitled "*Oldport Days*" a volume of essays, &c., on life and scenes at Newport. It is expected this book will make something of a sensation. Also a New Series of "*Tales of a Wayside Inn*" and other miscellaneous poems. Several other very valuable works, are in press and will soon appear, the announcement of which will be found in due time under the literary head of this paper, as above.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, Hurd & Houghton, will soon publish a very elaborate and valuable work, bearing the title of "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works." This work will contain a complete and extensive catalogue of the first workers in the fine arts, with many interesting monographs, biographical notes, and sketches of eminent men never before published. We understand the work is prepared with great care, and is destined to take a high place among the rare and valuable works upon this interesting subject. C. E. Clements is the author. We shall give a full review of this dictionary or companion of the Arts as soon as published.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

We are in receipt of the following books:

THE FISHING TOURIST.—Charles Hallock. Harper & Brothers.

I-GO-A-FISHING.—W. C. Prime. Harper & Brothers.

OLD ROME AND NEW ITALY.—Emilio Castelar. Harper & Brothers.

OLD AND NEW ENGLAND TRAILS.—By George Lunt. Cambridge, Riverside Press, Hurd & Houghton.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE.—By S. Newhouse. New York, Mason, Baker & Pratt.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.—By Joseph Bird. Riverside Press, Cambridge, Hurd & Houghton, Reviews of these books in our next.

There was a large attendance of members of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor, August 16th, and a marked improvement in the general arrangements for the shooting. The National Guard who wish to practice without charge, are requested to make application in writing to the Association; they must be in uniform, and in a body under the command of officers. The following prizes are announced: A prize challenge cup, value \$100; to be called "The Jersey challenge cup;" open only to members of the National Guard of that State. The Hon. Nathaniel Mills of New Jersey, is the generous donor. Captain Wingate, secretary of the Association, makes the following report of prizes offered for competition: Colonel Church, an appropriate silver design, valued at \$700, open to all military organizations in the United States; to be won twice. The State prize of \$500, to the best train of twelve. Messrs. Remington, a gold mounted rifle for the best shot in each train. General Slater gives a \$100 prize; open to the first division; and General Woodward the same, for the second division. A Gatlin gun, open to any military regiment in the United States; to be won three times. Bethel Burton presents a handsome present. The Association gives a number of elegantly designed badges, medals, and what with the many prizes, the total gifts will not fall far short of \$6,500.

The grand meeting will most likely take place on Wednesday, October 8th, and the following nine days; this is indeed a great achievement for the the popular National Rifle Association.

The *New York Times* deserves the living gratitude of the poor children. On Saturday last, it treated over *eighteen hundred* of them to a holiday and steamboat excursion, the ninth of the series. The pro rata expense was only about thirty-nine cents per head. There is great amount of good done at only a trifling cost. It not only gives the youngsters health and a new lease of life, but it enlarges the scope of their ideas, gives them new views of existence, and breaks the connection of vicious habits and debasing associations. If the mind can be diverted from evil, even for short intervals, the effect is beneficial. The consciousness of the kind consideration shown, the temporary contact with respectable people, the fresh air, the good fare, and the cleanliness, increases their self-respect, and creates an incentive to well-doing and well deserving.

A monster toadstool or fungus has been found growing at Churchville, near Rochester, which measures three feet and seven inches in circumference, and weighs seven pounds and a quarter. It grew to maturity in three days.

PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

THE incompatibility between the physical and intellectual lives is often very marked, if you look at small spaces of time only; but if you consider broader spaces, such as a lifetime, then the incompatibility is not so marked, and gives place to a manifest conciliation. The brain is clearer in vigorous health than it can be in the gloom and misery of sickness, and although health may last for a while without renewal from exercise, so that if you are working under pressure for a month, the time given to exercise is so much deducted from the result, it is not so for the life's performance. Health sustained for many years is so useful to the realization of all considerable intellectual undertakings that the sacrifice to the bodily well-being is the best of all possible investments. Franklin's theory about concentrating his exercise for the economy of time was a mistake. Violent exertion for minutes is not equivalent to moderate exercise for hours. The desire to concentrate good of various kinds into the smallest possible space is one of the commonest of human wishes, but it is not encouraged by the broader economy of nature. In the exercise of the mind every teacher is well aware that time is an essential factor. It is necessary to live with a study of hundreds or thousands of hours before the mind can assimilate as much of the subject as it may need; and so it is necessary to live in exercise during a thousand hours of every year to make sure of the physical benefits. Even the fresh air itself requires time to renovate our blood. The fresh air cannot be concentrated; and to breathe the prodigious quantities of it which are needed for perfect energy we must be out in it frequently and long.

The inhabitants of great cities have recourse to gymnastics as a substitute for the sports of the country. These exercises have one advantage—they can be directed scientifically, so as to strengthen the limbs that need development; but no city gymnasium can offer the invigorating breezes of the mountain. We require not only exercise, but exposure—daily exposure to the health-giving inclemencies of the weather. The postman who brings my letters walks 8,000 miles a year, and enjoys the most perfect regularity of health. There are operatives in factories who go through quite as much bodily exertion, but they have not his fine condition. He is as merry as a lark, and announces himself every morning as a bearer of joyful tidings. What a postman did for necessity an old gentleman did as regularly, though more moderately, for the preservation of his health and faculties. He went out every day; and as he never consulted the weather, so he never had to consult the physicians. Nothing in the habits of Wordsworth—that model of excellent habits—can be better as an example to men of letters than his love of pedestrian excursions. Wherever he happened to be he explored the whole neighborhood on foot, looking into every nook and cranny of it—and not merely in the immediate neighborhood, but extended tracts of country; and in this way he met with much of his best material. Scott was both a pedestrian and an equestrian traveller, having often, as he tells us, walked thirty miles or ridden a hundred in those rich and beautiful districts which afterward proved to him such a mine of literary wealth. Goethe took a wild delight in all sorts of physical exercise—swimming in the Elm by moonlight, skating with the merry little Weimar court on the Schwansee, riding about the country on horseback, and becoming at times quite outrageous in the rich exuberance of his energy. Alexander Humboldt was delicate in his youth, but the longing for great enterprises made him dread the hindrances of physical insufficiency, so he accustomed his body to exercise and fatigue, and prepared himself for those wonderful explorations which opened his great career. Here are intellectual lives which were forwarded in their special aims by habits of physical exercise; and, in an earlier age, have we not also the example of the greatest intellect of a great epoch, the astonishing Leonardo da Vinci, who took such a delight in horsemanship that, although, as Vasari tells us, poverty visited him often, he never could sell his horses or dismiss his grooms? The physical and intellectual lives are not incompatible. I may go further, and affirm that the physical activity of men eminent in literature has added abundance to their material and energy to their style; that the activity of scientific men has led them to innumerable discoveries; and that even the more sensitive and contemplated study of the fine arts has been carried to a higher perfection by artists who painted action in which they had had their part, or natural beauty which they had travelled far to see. Even philosophy itself owes much to mere physical courage and endurance. How much that is noblest in ancient thinking may be due to the hardy health of Socrates.—*From the Intellectual Life, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

—There is a good deal of dissatisfaction in England, in regard to the exclusiveness of the Royal Yacht Club.

—This week in England, Mr. Mechi, the famous experimental agriculturalist, will open his farm for inspection.

—The reports of some very startling experiments are going the rounds of the European Press, in regard to the injection of warm cow's milk into the blood, for the cure of cholera.

—Infantile mortality in London amounts on an average to thirty-five per cent of all the children born. Under ten years of age thirty-five children die in the one hundred.

—Late English authorities have highly recommended the use of the American system of fog-whistles, as much superior to the old fashioned bell-ringing, or even the firing of cannons.

—How much heat can an animal stand? Dr. Wood of Philadelphia showed that a brain temperature of 114 degrees was fatal to cats, and that muscle coagulates between 108 and 115 degrees.

—St. Bartholomew is the oldest of the London hospitals. It was founded in 1123 by Rahere, prior of the Monastery of St. Bartholomew. To-day it has 650 beds, and administers relief to no less than 100,000 people.

—A learned Zurich Professor has just issued a work on Textile Fabrics, a large portion of which is devoted to the discovery of *shoddy* in cloth, by the use of the microscope. In society it can be found without the use of glasses.

Sportsmen's Goods.

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LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

Boat and Oar Bazaar
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Wooden Boats of all kinds and descriptions on hand and built to order. Sail, Whitehall Row Boats, Ship Boats, Steam Yachts, Cutters and Launches.
Diagonal Life Boat Steam Cutters and Launches, Single or Double Sculls or Sculling Boats, Four and Six Oared Shells, Gigs, Dingees, N. Y. Working Boats, Canoes, &c., &c.

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We have the most Perfect Life Preservers in the Market.

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HOW EVERY MAN
Can Paint and Select his own Colors
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And many useful hints how to save money. Specimens of Colors, Chemical Analysis of Paints, etc., etc. This Paint will last for twenty years, and its superiority has been amply attested.

1873. BOATING SEASON. 1873

WATERS' PATENT
IMPROVED
Paper Boats

FOR
RACING, EXERCISE, PLEASURE,
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The inventors having during the past six months given their entire attention to their manufacture, will with this season, introduce our IMPROVED PAPER BOAT, in the construction of which great improvements have been made, overcoming all objectionable features which have been developed during the past six years. We refer with pleasure to the record of the past.

Our boats have been wintered and summered in both hot and cold climates, rowed in both fresh and salt water, yet after five, and in a few cases six seasons of steady use, these boats can be shown as serviceable to-day as when first finished. They were awarded the FIRST MEDAL AND DIPLOMA OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, at its Fair held in New York in October, 1869, and for racing and training they are preferred to those of wood by numerous boat clubs and numbers of the best oarsmen throughout the United States, having since their introduction been rowed by the winners of THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE MATCHED RACES.

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Arrangements have been made with the well-known house of A. M. INGERSOLL, Boat Builder, No. 159 South Street, New York. (Established 1823,) who will keep at all times a large assortment of our boats on hand. Parties desiring any class of boats, either Paper or Wood, will receive further particulars on application to

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Cholera Mixture,
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Live Moose for Sale!

Collectors of animals, will find a rare opportunity of purchasing, at a low rate, two very fine specimens. The Calf, a cow, is two month's old; the Bull is about one year old. Both are gentle and in fine condition. Can be shipped to any part of the country. For price and further particulars, address
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A few new Yachts, 50 by 17 feet beam, about 20 tons will be sold. Make an offer.
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Mr. Charles Hallock is one of the few gentlemen who write a book mainly for the reason that they have something to write about—have something to tell the public which the public desires to know. The shortest routes to pleasure are laid down, and correct information is given as to the best means of conveyance, the expense of the trip, the secrets of the commissariat, etc. The author has avoided the use of technical terms, and thus made his volume all the more acceptable.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

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It abounds in pleasant episodes, charming and vigorous descriptions of scenery and character, is distinguished by a refined wit, a droll humor, a strong love of the beauties of nature, and an enthusiastic devotion to the piscatorial sport. This book will please all who admire heartiness of style and exuberance of animal spirits in their authors. There are some interesting and well-told stories scattered through the volume, which exhibits on almost every page the handiwork of a man of graceful culture and wide reading.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

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FOREST AND STREAM,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us two subscriptions and Ten Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

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In regular advertising columns, nonpareil type, 12 lines to the inch, 25 cents per line. Advertisements on outside page, 40 cents per line. Reading notices 50 cents per line. Advertisements in double column 25 per cent. extra. Where advertisements are inserted over one month, a discount of 10 per cent. will be made; over three months, 20 per cent.; over six months, 30 per cent.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which, if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even *damor* for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with a single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

Mr. SIMEON A. ATKINSON, connected with the Georgia press for over twenty years, has charge of the business affairs of the Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

HUMORS OF SPORTING LIFE



1.—Near sighted man goes fishing. 2.—Gives a glorious cast. 3.—Catches something the very first time, 4.—And goes home.

Sportsmen's Goods.

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Have the best facilities for the Manufacture of
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PROOF LINES.

and their connections abroad enable them to supply all Foreign Fishing Tackle to the best advantage. In the Fall of 1873 will return to their store, (rebuilt since the Fire,) at

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Orders by mail promptly answered.

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Green Hart, Split Bamboo, Log Wood, Fly
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N. Y. State Sportsmen's
ASSOCIATION.

Report of Committee on Stand-
ard for Shot.

Your Committee have the following report to make on the adoption by shot manufacturers and sportsmen of a uniform "AMERICAN STANDARD" of Drop Shot.

We have corresponded with all the manufacturers in the country, and most of them express a willingness to conform to the standard which shall be promulgated by your Convention.

All manufacturers will have eventually to conform, when sportsmen require that their shot shall compare with the standard of excellence which your Committee has fixed.

Upon the most critical examination, your Committee have decided to adopt as the "AMERICAN STANDARD," the scale presented to us by Messrs. THOS. OTIS LE ROY & CO., of New York, as follows: (Here is given the scale, which can be had, on application, from Messrs. Thos. Otis Le Roy & Co., New York.) The number of pellets as given in the standard, is the correct number of PERFECT shot which will be produced by the given scale of each size.

R. NEWELL, Chairman.
N. M. SMITH,
F. G. SKINNER.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is an extract from the minutes of the meeting of the New York Sportsmen's Association of June 11, 1873.

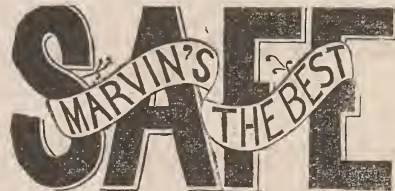
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Pupils, large Gymnasium and Drill-
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This house is a favorite resort for Gentlemen Sports-
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Lake Superior,

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The Finest Line of Steamers on Canadian Waters.

During the month of August, cheap excursion tickets
will be issued by this line, good for any of its steamers
either for the whole trip, or for any part of it, if passen-
gers prefer to lay over at any point of the route.

The Captains have been instructed to take all the in-
side picturesque channels of the route, and to lay over
at points of interest to allow time to the excursionists
to land or to enjoy the sport of fishing.

Spacious private parlors can be secured on each
steamer for family parties. The tables are replete with
every delicacy of the season.

Leave Collingwood every Tuesday and Friday at 4.30
P. M. on arrival of "Steamboat Express Train," con-
necting with all Morning Trains or Steamers, east and
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The cheapest, coolest and most delightful summer
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1873.

Volume I, Number 3,
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.
THE PEACE COMMISSION—A PIUTE PASTORAL.

IT was a peace Commissioner,
And his garb was sober drab;
His hair was long and white, and he
Economized his gab.
In short, he was a reticent
And inoffensive slab.

His style was philanthropic,
And he bore a carpet-bag,
In which he stored his tracts and soap,
And other peaceful swag,
Which Indians patronize when war
And cattle-stealing lag.

Long they sat in solemn council,
The agent and the Red,
Mildly talking flabby virtue;
Till the sachem shook his head,
As with doubt and dim suspicion—
Then he grunted low, and said,

Not with eloquence of nature,
Not in metaphoric style,
But in simple frontier lingo,
Mingled slang and grammar vile—
"Na-ree-trow-zis want some whiskey;
Injun empty; drink a pile."

Then that meek and lowly Quaker
Remonstrated with a tear;
Spoke of fire-water and ruin
With eloquence severe—
Said, quite feelingly, that whiskey
Was a foe most insincere.

Spake once more the child of Nature,
Keeping down his growing bile,
"Has my brother brought tobacco?
Is there powder in his pile?"
But the honest agent answered
With an unsuspecting smile;

"Had my variegated brother
Ever studied Mr. Trask,
He would never, I am certain,
Such a foolish question ask.
Read these pamphlets, they will teach you
In the light of truth to bask.

Powder I have none—nor whiskey,
Nor the brain-destroying leaf;
But of moral tracts and stories
I have many for the chief."
Then the Indian, weeping sadly,
Said it caused him bitter grief.

That his moral sense compelled him
To extract his brother's hair;
Which he did, with nice precision
And a sadness-stricken air;
And that hopeful Peace Commission
Terminated then and there.

J. J. R.

HOW THE INDIANS KILL TROUT.—The Grass Valley Union tells how the Lo family of digger persuasion destroy the brook trout. They wait until the season of the year when the streams run but little water, and when the fish collect in the deepest and widest holes in the stream. Then they cut off the water above such holes, and use soap root rubbed into a lather in the holes. The sopa root soon causes all the fish in the hole to float on the surface of the water in a stupefied condition. Not one escapes. No wonder that while the rest of the world is endeavoring to increase the stock of fish in the streams, Nevada county is losing her fish."

—In Hawaii, if you carry a gun, you are likely to have a shot at wild turkeys on your way up or down. It is remarkable that many domestic animals easily become wild on the islands. There are wild goats, wild cats, wild chickens and turkeys; the cattle run wild; and on Hawaii one man at least has been killed and torn to pieces by wild dogs, which run in packs in some parts of the island.

ANTICOSTI.

THE JOURNAL OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

[Continued from our Last Issue.]

THE next morning we landed early about two miles inside of Pointe aux Pins, and sent the canoe back to bring on the baggage and follow us to Pointe au Grain, where we purposed breakfasting. The woods on this side of the bay were larger, rising gradually from the water's edge to some height, where they terminated in a large barren. Between Pointe aux Pins and Pointe au Grain, the next headland, a distance of three miles, we passed the ribs of two vessels high and dry on the shore. Near one was a good rope ladder, a couple of oars, and a ship's bucket. On reaching Pointe au Grain we found a direction board nailed to a tree near the beach. The inscription—"Five miles west to Provision Post"—was suggestive of shipwreck and suffering, the coast around Ellis Bay being formerly noted for the number of vessels lost there, of the truth of which we had seen but too recent proof. At the back of the Point is a large pond, almost enclosed by trees, and bordered with high rushes and water lilies, a favorite resort of duck at high tide and a most tempting looking spot. I shot two black ducks, and Flanigan declared he wounded one, which he said dived and hid itself in a little island covered with reeds. I think it much more probable that he missed altogether, as when shooting he gets immensely excited, and, like the Frenchman and the woodcock, provided he can obtain a good many shots killing his bird seems no object, and he cries "*Vive le sport.*"

For some distance to the east of Pointe au Grain extensive banks of limestone shingle, with occasional layers of thin slate, stretch inland; lying in long wave-like ridges, resembling one vast sea of stone, these banks remain a lasting memorial of the waters which once covered the face of the country. At eleven o'clock, there being no signs of the canoe, we lit a fire, and roasting the ducks prepared to make our first meal; a couple of flat stones served as plates, and two pointed pieces of stick as forks. We each carried a sheath knife, and, sitting down, in an incredible short space of time naught remained but feathers and a few well-picked bones. We now held a council of war as to our next steps, wishing to push on to Becsiev river, fifteen miles distant, where there was good fishing, and leave the canoe to follow us as best it could. After many arguments on both sides, we determined to proceed, and left the Point at half past twelve o'clock. For the first six miles we got on very well, as by walking along the reefs, which lay in large flat slabs of limestone, now nearly dry, we managed to cut off the numerous indentations of the coast and keep from cape to cape. With the rise of the tide, however, we had to follow the beach, and soon began to find the difference. On we struggled over shingle, which, slipping at every foot-step, made walking most laborious, and occasionally through long grass up to our waists, with fallen timber and other little stumbling blocks to ruffle our tempers. Flanigan complained bitterly at having started without a good meal, and, in a true soldier-like spirit, saying that "had he been on the line of march the orderly officer would have had a report long ago." Five o'clock came, and still on we toiled, heartily sorry at having left the canoe, as partly from hunger and partly from the heat of the day we began to feel rather done up. Now we were wading through streams up to our knees to cut off a corner, now plunging through weeds and brushwood, more than once feeling inclined to give up, but still holding on, knowing that our only chance lay in reaching the river before nightfall.

From the hurry we were in many points of interest no doubt escaped our observation, but we could not help noticing some of the more prominent features of the landscape. Low wooded spits of land and grassy points enclose innumerable ponds and lagoons, into most of which the tide flows, while picturesque creeks receive frequent small

but rapid streams, some of great beauty. One especially we could not help admiring, as, rushing down between banks of densely packed spruce, the stream formed a succession of tiny falls, over which the waters leaped and danced in glistening cascades. Here and there rich glades, covered with luxuriant grass, form park-like openings in the woods and relieve the eye, which is apt to grow tired of the perpetual vistas of spruce and pine. These rivulets, though too small to admit of trout, make up by the retreats they afford to wild fowl for any deficiency of the "funny tribe." With the rise of the tide flight after flight of black, blue-wing, and green-wing duck, shelldrake, *et id genus omne*, came in from the reefs and settled down upon the streams and ponds which border the coast. Often as we rounded some point and lit suddenly on a concealed lagoon we might have killed seven or eight birds in one shot, so closely together were they swimming in its waters, while by availing ourselves of the cover of the adjoining wood we might have enjoyed the prettiest flight-shooting possible. It was tantalizing to have to turn our backs upon what would have been magnificent sport, but as time was an object, and every additional weight told, we only killed two birds, so that in case it came to the worst, and we had to sleep on the road, we might have something to eat.

About six o'clock a direction board, with the inscription "Fifteen miles west to Provision Post," gladdened our eyes. If our information was correct we had now but five miles further to go, and we proceeded with fresh vigor. The evening soon closed in, and I was just thinking of hailing De Courey, who was ahead, to debate a halt, cook a duck, and then push on, when a distant "halloo" from Flanigan attracted my attention. I waited until he came up, when he began a pitiful tale of his sufferings, and the following conversation ensued:—"Well, Flanigan, what's the matter?" "Shure, sir, I can't go another shtep." "Nonsense, come along, man." "Faix, ye can go along, but I'd rather lie down in the road and die." "Tut, man, we've only three or four miles further." "Begorra, I won't budge; why in the name of fortin did we lave the commissary this mornin', and we widout a blessed drop of tea or anything ilse?"—(this last viciously at me, as he had, with De Courey, been opposed to leaving the canoe.) "Well, it was a mistake, I'll admit, Flanigan; but cheer up and let's get on." "It was a sorry day I left Quebec; faix, if I reach there alive agin it won't be in these thom-foolin' expeditions ye'll ketch me."

Having delivered himself of this very uncomplimentary allusion to our trip, and evidently appeased at having administered a rebuke to me for abandoning the "commissary," Flanigan condescended to get up from the beach where he had been sitting during the above dialogue, and we jogged along for another half hour, when a shout from De Courey broke on our ears. In the gloom of the evening we could indistinctly follow the outlines of the coast, which appeared to bend inland, and I was in hope that De Courey had reached the river, when the loud baying of a dog rang through the air. Never had dog's bark sounded so sweetly before. We now knew we were safe, and pressing on soon found ourselves confronted by De Courey and a man, who led the way up a small bank to his house. We learned that where we had set out this morning the distance was twenty-one miles, but as we had been following up duck during the forenoon, and going inland, we could not have walked less than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. It was the hardest day's work I ever had, as the roads were atrocious, and made the distance quite equal to thirty-five or forty miles, while of course travelling on empty stomachs added to our difficulties.

On looking round after supper we failed to perceive more than one room (that we were in), which opened into a small store-house, just large enough to admit of a cooking stove, a barrel of drinking water, and a few shelves containing crockery. As the apartment in question was about twelve feet square by eight feet high, we watched with wonder and no little dismay the preparations being made for our sleeping. Our hostess, a portly dame of sixteen stone,

made up a kind of bed on the floor, and then, first scrupulously shutting the door and window, about half past nine o'clock, set us the example to retire by bundling into bed, clothes and all. Their son, a boy fifteen years of age, next sprang nimbly into a small crib beside the paternal four-poster, or rather what answered for one. Then De Courey and self slipped under our scanty sheet and rug, and next the husband, who, owing to our bed place being at one side of his, had to scramble up over the bottom rails, and lastly Flanigan took up his berth in a straight-backed chair, and resting his heels on the top of the stove (where a fire had been lit in our honor), prepared to make himself comfortable for the night. It was a close pack, and likely to be a hot one, the whole scene reminding one forcibly of a "Pull-man" sleeping car, where protruding above the curtain you may see a hand hanging, then a skirt, then a petticoat, and so on *ad infinitum*, the only difference being that in our case there was no curtain, and it constantly required a good deal of careful manœuvring on our parts to divest ourselves of our nether habiliments without shocking the good lady's sense of propriety. However, at last that was *un fait accompli*, and being thoroughly tired we soon dropped off to sleep, confused ideas of shipwrecked sailors, half-starved mariners, and other strange fancies running in our heads.

On waking next morning about eight o'clock we found the rest of the family up and dressed. Luekily M. Gamache and his wife, probably not so tired as we were, had awoke early and dressed while we slept; otherwise, had we all "come to" about the same hour, the consequences would have been awkward to say the least. The baking we had undergone during the night prevented us feeling as fresh as we should have done after our long rest, but a dip in the river, 200 yards above the house, where there was a deep pool, soon set us to rights. Beeseie river, so called from the number of shell drakes formerly found here (*beeseie* being the French name for that bird), would perhaps be better described as a stream, since, though extending some distance inland, the width only averages from twenty to thirty feet, and the depth one foot, save in pools and stretches of "dead" water, where there is from three to eighteen feet. It has its source in a small lake sixteen miles to the northeast, and for the first ten miles the bed of the river is nearly dry. As it approaches the sea, however, it is fed by numerous small tributaries, which so increase the supply of water that the current during the last few miles is extremely rapid, and, as we found, very difficult to stem in a canoe. The channel is altogether stone, in some places large slabs of limestone, but for the most part shingle and small rough stones, forming frequent rapids some over one mile in length, with a depth of water of six or seven inches. The land it passes through is low and thickly wooded, the timber sloping down to the water's edge, and after winding in a succession of picturesque bends the river enters the sea at the head of a small inlet, about 400 yards wide by 200 deep. On a narrow clearing on the right bank, where the land is somewhat higher, and overlooking the river, stands the "cabin" we now found ourselves in. The small window sashes, heavy rafters, with here and there a bolt protruding, and planks studded with many a nail, indicate the origin of its construction, which a glance at the paper pasted over the walls (sheets from an old "log" book) confirms. Built forty years ago from the wreck of a brig cast away near the mouth of the river, it has been successively occupied by trappers engaged in hunting otter and marten in the woods bordering the neighboring streams. Its present proprietor, Absalom Gamache, is the only surviving son of Gamache of Ellis Bay notoriety. He is a middle-aged man, rather above the average height, but with an habitual stoop, which makes him appear shorter than he really is. Small, piercing grey eyes, deeply set under shaggy eyebrows, and half hidden by long rusty black hair, which hangs in tufts over his forehead and blows in wild clusters round his ears and neck, give a weird expression to a thin angular face, tanned by constant exposure to every kind of weather and scanty ablutions to a dirty brown—such is the picture of a man who, in his younger days, was a wild character, inheriting from his father a total absence of fear and disregard of life, either of his own or that of any other human being who thwarted his wishes. From all accounts the Gamache family were an awkward one to have dealings with, ugly stories being told of shipwrecked sailors who with their vessels had been cast ashore, but who, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales," had been quietly disposed of while some member of the family appropriated whatever the ship contained. Our friend Absalom does not appear to have entertained any great regard for his worthy sire, as a few years ago, when on a fishing trip, he told Hamilton (our boatman) that "he would not die happy unless he got a shot at the ole man." His father, to whom he thus jocularly alluded, however, no doubt out of spite, killed himself in a drinking bout, and so saved his affectionate son the trouble, though history does not tell whether the disappointment has preyed deeply on the latter's mind. In the afternoon we walked up to the lower salmon pool, 200 yards from the mouth of the stream. The water there, as indeed we found throughout the island, is of a rich brown color, but with a peculiar golden shade, which gives it wonderful transparency, so that had there been salmon in the pool we could hardly have escaped seeing them. We failed, however, to find any trace either of salmon or trout, and resolved next morning to try our luck at the upper pool, between three and four miles higher up. As we did not care for a repetition of the previous night's sleeping arrangements, we had a tent, rigged up with sails from Gamache's boats, made on the beach, and as we still felt the effects of our tramp turned in early and slept well.

On getting up about six o'clock we were glad to find the Indians had arrived, having been prevented by the heavy sea from pushing on yesterday. They had been employed in the forenoon in putting on strips of canvas and generally patching the bottom of the canoe, which had been a good deal rubbed from contact with the sharp reefs. About twelve o'clock I started with Gamache for the river, leaving De Courey and Flanigan to await the afternoon tide when they purposed crossing the bay in search of duck. Skirting the right bank of the stream for a few hundred yards we then struck into the woods and followed a rough, tortuous path, cleared by Gamache for trapping purposes. From this main path several smaller ones branch off in different directions, and at irregular distances we passed marten traps, which were being put in working order for the coming winter. Otter and marten were formerly very plentiful in these woods, but some ten years ago a party from the main land, not content with legitimate trapping, spread a quantity of poison on the ground. They reaped but scanty benefit themselves, as but one-third of the animals that were killed were ever found, but when the snow cleared away in the following spring hundreds of skeletons of foxes, otter, marten, and even bear, were found throughout the island. The poison, though originally confined to a comparatively small tract, had been carried far and wide by the unfortunate animals in their wanderings, and as they died the beasts that preyed upon their tainted carcasses in their turn fell victims to the foul scourge. The fur-bearing animals had been well nigh exterminated, and it is only within the last year or two that, thanks to protective measures (which offer a reward for information that will lead to the conviction, and inflict a heavy fine on the culprit guilty of such a dastardly act) their increasing numbers show that they are beginning to recover from the almost fatal shock they sustained. Nearly all the trapping is done when the snow is on the ground, and though Gamache's snares are spread over a wide district, some twenty miles long by six or seven in width, if he captures half a dozen marten and nine or ten otter during the season he considers himself lucky.

Following our rugged pathway, which lies now deep in the recesses of the wood, where so thickly grow the spruces that the sun's chary rays can with difficulty penetrate the overreaching and tangled boughs, and where our axes are frequently required to cut away the windfalls, which block up and sometimes totally conceal the path, now emerging in a larger and clearer growth of timber, where the foliage of the white and black birch and the ash forms a pleasing variety to the dark green of the never-changing spruce. Here the ground is bright with the scarlet of the "pigeon berry" (*Cornus Canadensis*) and the snow white fruit of the "maidenhair" plant (*Capillaria*), while amongst other vegetation we observe the "cow cabbage" (*Clintonia borealis*), with clusters of bluish-purple berries and "Solomon's seal" (*Streptopus Rosius*), with its luscious red pendulous fruit. Black and red currants, raspberries, and in the grassy openings strawberries, grow in wildest profusion, and while here I may remark that in wild fruit and edible berries *Anticosti* appears prolific. Of the former we saw quantities of raspberry and strawberry plants, and though the fruit was now nearly all gone the little that remained was in flavor fully equal to that of the garden. Red and black currants, too, were abundant. Of the latter there are two varieties—one similar to the garden berry, the other covered with prickles and slightly bitter to the taste. Besides the above, high bush cranberries (*Viburnum Opulus*), with red, cherry-like fruit, grew in great profusion on the river banks, while on the low grassy bottoms skirting the beach strips two or three hundred yards in length were covered with gooseberry bushes. The low cranberry we did not come across, though I believe on the peaty ground further south it is found in large numbers. Of berries the principal was the "maidenhair" in the woods and the "squash" in the barrens, both of which make delicious preserves, the former selling in Gaspé for fifty cents a gallon.

Anon the circuitous winding of the path brings us to a bank overlooking the river, which flows in a rapid, foam-flecked stream some thirty feet below, and whose ripple sounds sweet and refreshing after the utter solitude of the woods we have just traversed. Forging the river we strike a path on the opposite bank, and a few hundred yards further up lies the salmon hole. In shape it is somewhat similar to a basin, the depth in the centre being eighteen to twenty feet, gradually shoaling towards the edges, and the length about thirty yards by twenty-five in the widest part. A few years ago the pool was seined, and roots, rocks, driftwood and other obstacles underlying the banks, and which would have torn a seine, have all been removed, so that now there is nothing that can possibly foul one's line. Though the trees and shrubs fringe the bank on either side, and render fly fishing impossible a small gravel bank at the foot of the pool serves both as a good casting spot, and, dividing the stream into two narrow channels, with a depth of water of from one to three feet, lessens the chances of fish escaping in that direction. Above the hole the river sweeps suddenly to the right, and forms a succession of long rapids and quiet pools, the latter well stocked with trout. Peering cautiously through the alder bushes on the left bank we saw that which made our hearts throb and sent the blood coursing riotously through our veins, for there, with head up stream, and underlying the current, which whirls in circling eddies far overhead, lay some fifteen or twenty dark-colored bodies, scarcely distinguishable from the ground on which they rest. Presently something shoots from out the apparently inanimate mass, and there under the opposing bank the water breaks and a mo-

mentary gleam of his silver livery marks the leap of a noble salmon. Peter is delighted beyond measure, but determined not to appear too sanguine to my "Well, Peter, any luck to-day, think you?" replies with a laconic "mebbe." The bright flash of his eye, and the flush that mantles his sallow cheek, shows that he anticipates a good day's sport, and hastily putting my rod together, and tying on a large dullish fly, I cast near the head of the pool.

To detail the anxiety with which my eye followed every motion of the fly, as now dropping it into the eddying current, now throwing it under either bank, now allowing it to trail lightly on the surface, would be tedious; suffice it that for nearly an hour I whipped the hole without a rise, or any token that might lead me to infer that it contained salmon. However, we had ocular proof that the fish were there, so substituting a small gaudy fly I threw it just above the spot where they lay. The effect was marvellous. Hardly had it touched the water ere I had a rise. In my eagerness I was too quick, and missed striking. Another cast followed by another rise, and again the fish escapes. Bad angling this, and so it is, and has excited the indignation of the Indian, for he whispers in a voice which ill-conceals his vexation, "Me tink you too mueh hurry." Quite right, Peter, there lies the secret. So steadying my nerves and waiting a few minutes I try another cast. Bah! I have frightened them, and my friend is not to be taken in again think I, in disgust, as the fly unnoticed floats down stream. No, by Jove! there he is at it again. Now he seizes it! Wait yet a moment. See, he has discovered his mistake, and is about to turn and be off. Now's your time; strike quick and sharp; and the next instant the strain on the rod and the merry elick of the reel as the line slips rapidly off assures me of success so far. Thirty yards have run off my reel, and as he nears the head of the pool and there seems to be no diminution of the speed with which the line still continues to unwind, I thought he was about to make for the rapids. Luekily he did not, for though the water is shoal my line must have infallibly been parted on one of the numerous rocks and roots, and then good-bye to salmon for that day. This time, however, he preferred sticking to the pool, and turning at its head the line suddenly slackens and with a spring of three or four feet the salmon launches itself in the air. I have only time to note the play of the sunlight on his silvery body when, with a downward plunge, he again starts off with a bolt that makes me tremble for my gear. No fear of its failing, though. The rod is a veteran, and belongs to one of the best fishermen in Nova Scotia, who has killed his hundreds on it, and my tackle is all chosen by the same kind friend from the famous stores of Mrs. O'Connell, of Halifax notoriety.

Now he makes the circuit of the pool, and as he approaches my right hand is busily employed in reeling up the slack line, so as to maintain an even strain. Ah! he is heading for the narrow channel by the gravel bank. "Hi! Peter, look alive there, and frighten him back." No need to sing out so loudly, for Peter is on the *qui vive*, and the apparition that, with arms distended and brandishing a formidable looking gaff, stands in mid stream and bars the passage is enough to cause the most courageous of the finny tribe to shrink back in dread and pause ere he attempts to force a path in that direction. So thinks this salmon; but enfound it there he is darting straight for the spot where his brethren lie, and with another spring right over them he proclaims his intention to warn them if possible of his impending fate. This will never do. I shan't get another rise, even if I succeed in landing my friend, if he continues in this playful mood much longer; so putting a little extra strain on the rod as he again nears me I give him the but handsomely, and endeavor to bring him into shoal water on the slope of the gravel bank, where Peter stands ready with the gaff. The rod bends almost double, and as it won't stand the increasing pressure, and the fish is evidently but half tired, I am reluctantly obliged to let him take line, and he leads me another dance round the pool. At last I wear him out, and as he swims exhausted near the surface I gradually bring him in shore, and, giving him the but till his sides show on a level with the water, Peter strikes him well behind the shoulder, and the next instant lands high and dry on the beach the beautiful creature that for the past forty-five minutes has been affording me so much excitement. He had been well hooked right behind the gills, and could only have escaped by a miracle.

Gamache meanwhile had not been idle, having with the aid of a sapling cut on the bank, a whipeord and a fly borrowed from my hook, pulled out some three dozen trout, ranging from a few ounces to upwards of one pound in weight. As certain inward misgivings warn us it must be near luncheon time, and as it will do no harm to give the salmon hole a little rest, we light a fire on the shore, concealed from the pool by a bend of the river, and splitting half a dozen of the largest trout down the belly, after cleaning, washing and sprinkling with pepper and salt, we proceed to cook them in approved sportsman fashion. Splitting pieces of green willow, which grows conveniently near, to within a few inches of the bottom, we place the trout, first kept in a flat position by thin skewers of wood, in the fissures thus formed, and tying up the heads of the sticks with a bit of string or grass, drove them in the ground round the fire, which should be allowed to kindle thoroughly till the embers are red hot and emit but little flame. With an occasional turn of the sticks, in less than ten minutes the trout are done to a nicety, and cooked in this primitive manner taste better than when served up with all the ingenuity and artistic devices of a *chef de cuisine*. A hard biscuit and a draught of the deliciously cool water that flows in a crystal stream at our feet, complete our

lunch, and leaving our impromptu camp we turn our steps towards the salmon hole. Half a dozen casts and I am well into a large-sized fish, which, after a lively struggle of twenty-seven minutes, Peter lands on the bank. With my next salmon, a large fellow of not less than twenty pounds, I am not so fortunate, as after playing him ten minutes he bolted for the rapids, and with a tremendous leap threw the fly out of his mouth and escaped. As the sun was sinking behind the woods, and long shadows fell athwart the pool, I killed a fish of about ten pounds, and after this, as they did not seem to rise, I put my rod up, and shortly after five o'clock started for camp, which we reached about six o'clock. De Courcy had not been very successful, his bag consisting of only five duck. In weighing the salmon we found them to run fifteen, thirteen, and nine and a half pounds respectively, and cleaning the largest we gave a portion to the Indians and also to Gamache, and had the remainder cooked for dinner. It proved a most acceptable change in our diet, and with some of Madame Gamache's rolls (which, with all respect for Flanigan, I infinitely prefer to his "Chupatties"), and a black duck to wind up with, we dined on galore. It was a bitterly cold night, and, as bad luck would have it, the wind blew straight into our camp, half suffocating us with the smoke from the fire in front. However, it had one good effect, that of banishing the mosquitoes which usually persecuted us half the night, and turning in about nine o'clock we were soon oblivious of the dense black smoke that whisked and whirled with every fresh gust of wind around the interior of our domicile.

LIEUT. W. HUTCHESON POE, R. M. L. I.

[To be Continued.]

Long Island Sound Reminiscences.

SHARK FISHING.

REM. NO. 1.

IT is seldom that this miserable fish is sought for by the genteel fisherman, though he can yield some good sport. Forty years ago several jolly good friends of Eli Kimberly formerly keeper of Faulkner's island made their annual visit to the genial old man, on a week's cruise during the month of July. At the close of every trip they invariably had a shark frolic. Uncle Eli kept the requisite gear, such as swivel chain, hooks bent on good new warp, harpoons, spades, knives; with moss bunker bait, waifs, &c., and thus equipped, they started for the shark reef, which lies west of Goose island, in about six fathom of water. They generally had three sets of gear, and waited about one hundred rods apart, on or just before highwater slack, always selecting a calm, quiet time. Hook on the bottom and four old fogies telling yarns, waiting events, over the lunch, and choice old Grenada rum, which in those days was as pure and smooth as oil. It was a scene worthy the brush of a painter, and your humble servant, now the only survivor of that party, can fancy he hears the shout of that good old soul, Uncle Ely, "there goes the waif," Whirrah! Whirrah!! "Clear up decks," "Never mind lunch," "There she goes!" "There she watches!" "Man your oars," "Head boat," "So—so—steady—way enough." As the old man grabbed the waif and fetched it up, we gave two good yanks in order to make a sure hook of it, and cried "Take the helm and steer as I tell you"—"turn ship," Whirrah! as the yawl boat cut through the water for about a half mile, when the shark made for the surface, changed his course and started in shore. But the old man kept a taut line, and finding him a little easy on the bit hauled in for a sight. "Nine foot by Jingo," as the shark lifted his tail and turned again. "Hard a starboard," the old man cried, "and we'll beach him!" But it was no go. The shark was mad; the line soon became slack; the shark sighted right under the boat, the whole crew expecting a tail stroke, but were breathing free again as he shot off a-beam on a nine knot tansion, till the better end of the warp as he turned, was in the skipper's hands, who placed the line in the scull hole and hauled in hand over hand. The fish was coming head to and evidently bent on mischief. "Stand by your lance." "One of you take the harpoon—" "I see him—he's coming for the stern, and by jingo, he'll board us!" but it was too late. Lances and harpoon in the excitement were knocked overboard, and the position we held brought the boat's stern level with the water, and the fish had good way on him and landed fore and aft in the boat, mouth wide open as he slid between the old man's legs, smashing things, like a mad bull in a china store. Two of us jumped overboard as the fish came in. "Kill him! strike his nose!" "by jingo, he'll swamp us," cried the old man. The tiller was the only weapon for us, and with a few taps on the nose he was stilled. The result—two broken thwarts, the ceiling knocked out in two places, lunch and old Grenada ground to pummice. Oars, lances, and bait-dish overboard, one broken finger, boat full of water and shark, hat-bailing in order, the two men overboard—and all hands fully satisfied with that closing scene. The shark measured nine feet six inches, and a madder subject never came into any society than he.

OLD SALT.

—There is a lobster farm in Maine, where 40,000 lobsters were placed last year. This spring 140,000 male lobsters were taken from the pond and sold. About this period millions of little lobsters must be crawling round.

—Twenty bags of potatoes will overstock the Honolulu market.

THE U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Prof. G. H. Batty, ornithologist of the United States geological survey, sends the following letter to FOREST AND STREAM. It will be perceived that he has made some valuable scientific discoveries. This letter was received a day too late for publication in our last number, but its contents are new and none the less interesting. [Ed. F. and S.]

TWIN LAKES, Colorado Ter., August 1st, 1873.

DEAR SIR:

Dr. Hayden's geological surveying party has worked the country up thoroughly from Denver to the Buffalo Peaks. The main party is separated into five divisions. The photographers' party travel all over this section of the country where there are good views to be had, but the other divisions have each a section of the country to go over and complete by the 1st of October, and thus the parties will be separated from each other until they all meet at the depot camp at Denver at the close of the season. The party to which I am attached is in charge of Mr. Gannet from Bath, Maine. We have visited a great many of the highest peaks of the Rocky mountains, on which I have collected a great many rare and interesting birds and animals. Of birds, I have taken about three hundred, representing one hundred and fifteen species. The rarest of birds taken are *Lagopus leucurus*, (white tailed Ptarmigan,) and young, *Tetrao obscurus*, (dusky grouse,) and young, *Picicorvus columbianus*, (Clark's crow, or nutcracker,) *Hydrobattu Mexicano*, (water ouzel), *Cyanocitta Woodhousei*, (Woodhouse's jay,) *Argialitis montanus*, (mountain plover), *Salpinctes obsoletus*, (rock wren), &c., &c., &c. I have also taken the nest, eggs and young of the *Regulus calendula*, (ruby-crowned wren), which has never been taken before. Of animals I have collected the black-tail deer, (mule ear), lynx, Rocky Mountain hare, tailless rabbit or coney, marmots, porcupine, gophers, prairie dogs, &c., &c. The tailless rabbit is the rarest of the animals taken and is only found in the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, far above the timber line, near the perpetual snow banks where there is but little vegetation; in fact where they are most numerous there is nothing to be seen but immense piles of volcanic rocks, which the coneys are greatly attached to. In these piles of rocks the faint squeak of the coney may be heard as he suddenly appears from a hole in rocks, and with a sudden jerk of the head gives his note, a single squeak, and immediately returns to his retreat in the rocks, only to reappear in an instant and give his feeble squeak as before. The following are the measurements taken of the coneys collected on Mt. Lincoln, Colorado Territory, July 10, 1873: length from nose to end of tail, eight inches; length of head, two inches; breadth of do. one and a quarter inches; color, gray, inclined to mouse color on the hind parts. Panthers, elk, mountain sheep, (big horns), antelope, black, cinnamon and grizzly bears are not uncommon in Western Colorado. One of our party, J. T. Gardner, met with two old grizzlies and a cub on the summit of a mountain a few days ago, and succeeded in badly wounding one of the old bears, and if he had followed the bear down the mountain he would probably have killed it. Mr. Gardner killed one of the largest grizzly bears ever taken in this section of the country last summer. The grizzly bear is the master of all animals in the mountains, and can easily pull down and destroy a mule or horse with but little exertion. During the hot weather, the grizzlies retire to the highest peaks of the mountains, far above the timber line, where one would think so large an animal could not subsist, but there are thousands of grasshoppers, and an abundance of vegetable matter that furnish ample food for the bears. Bears delight in rolling in the snow banks, and are always found near them in the fore part of the summer, but when berries are ripe, they resort to the valleys and streams in search of their favorite food, the wild cherries. It is generally supposed that the grizzly bear will attack a man, but this is not correct. If a man be wounded he will attack his assailant at once, if hard pressed; but nine times out of ten a grizzly will run when shouted at, as they stand in great fear of the human voice. I am positive of this, as it has been tried on several occasions by members of our party. The mountain sheep are only found on the higher mountains during the summer, but when the cold weather comes, they gradually descend to the valleys to feed, and the greater body of them winter in the foothills. I have heard it stated that a mountain sheep would leap down a rugged mountain fifty or sixty feet, and striking on its horns, regain its balance, and would go down a mountain in this manner by a succession of leaps, until it had escaped the hunter. When a big-horn sheep is descending a mountain by jumping from one rock to another, it strikes on its feet and not on its head. When in motion, the sheep carry the head very low, and when jumping alight stiff-legged, and at a distance appear to strike the head against the rocks. A few days ago I drove one off a cliff partly covered with snow so I could have a good opportunity to observe its movements, and was rewarded for my trouble by seeing it run a distance of half a mile over a very rugged mountain side in a very short time. By following its trail I saw at once the secret of its long leaps, as it slid from six to ten feet at every leap, with its hoofs spread to their fullest extent to check the force of its headlong retreat. The elk feed on the high grassy mountains, above timber line, in bands, in this country, but in the Yellowstone and Snake river country where they are more numerous than here they are found scattered all over the country in small bands in the summer, and in the fall they collect in large bands of from fifty to two hundred, and when shot at from several points at once become confused and bewildered and run from place to place in a confused manner, and at such times they may be shot down like cattle.

Mr. Batty adds: "Please excuse the manuscript as I am writing by the light of a camp-fire, and have to jump up and kick the charred logs every five minutes to make them blaze and give me what is at best a poor light." That is what the patrons of FOREST AND STREAM would call "roughing it in the bush."

—The Hawaiians are dying out. In 1832, the island had a population of 130,315 souls, in 1860 it was only 62,959. The decrease has been over sixty per cent in forty years. Mr. Nordhoff thinks if the islanders went back to old customs as to dress, that is to no dress at all, their health would improve. He says in fact, that pantaloons, shirt collars and stockings have been the death of them.

SNIFE SHOOTING IN VIRGINNIA.

HOG ISLAND, VA., August 23rd, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The precise locality from whence I date my letter, is not I think very well known, I therefore trust such information as I may give may be of interest to your readers. How to get to Hog Island, is I suppose first in order. From New York I took the Norfolk steamer. On board I met several fellow sportsmen, bent on the same errand as myself, to shoot bay snipe and curlew, intending to make Chincoteague and Mockhorn Islands the center of their operations. All these islands are situated within a few miles of one another, lying near Capes Henry and Charles. Arrived at Norfolk, I took steamer to Cherry Stone, some sixty-five miles distant. At Cherry Stone I hired a small fishing smack to carry me to Hog Island. I happened to get a good boat and a fair breeze, and a pleasant sail of two hours landed me on the island. On the way I had a chance to try my Snider Allen, on a flock of curlew flying near the boat, and killed eight birds. Hog Island is not a paradise, though old Jake may be the colored Adam. The island is a sandy waste, with a few sand dunes, and some occasional trees, rugged specimens of the red cedar. Jake, the landlord of the locality, has a rough shanty, and makes you welcome, for the reasonable price of one \$1.50 per diem, throwing in his valuable services for the money. I had provided myself against all contingencies, by laying in a stock of bread and ham, and after having arranged my baggage for the night, I turned in early, in order to be up the next morning before the dawn. Long before day-break, Jake had me out. Though an ardent sportsman, Jake's imitative faculty as far as the manufacture of decoys went was not pre-eminent, therefore our stool-birds were of the most peculiar ornithological character, though Jake said they would do. From his manner I thought he had some surprise in reserve. After a bite of bread and ham we took to the beach, and about a mile from the shanty we commenced digging our blind. The stools Jake planted quite artistically about twenty-five yards from our blind; then Jake chuckled as he drew from his pocket no less than three live willets and two marlins, which he declared were well "educated birds." These he had tethered with a bit of leather and a piece of string and they were packed among the wooden shams. Now Jake showed himself a master of his art, and piped the willet's cry with a skill which was inimitable. The tide now was rising rapidly, and the decoys fluttered and whistled away. Soon in the distance loomed a flock of willets. Coming strong with the wind they overshot the decoys, but flew low enough for me to let them have both barrels; then returned undismayed, apparently recalled by the cries of some of the winged birds. "Let 'em have it agin, Massa," said Jake, and so I did. These four shots gave me some thirty birds. The wind then became so fresh, piling in the sea so far on the beach, that we had to pick up the decoys and make another screen further inland. Again came the willets, and by ten o'clock I had bagged eighty-six snipe. The shooting then ceased for the day, ebb-tide putting an end to the sport. Next day I tried the curlew on the other side of the island. This time Jake's stools, if not perfect as to form, were better as to color, having been fresh painted. Jake again gave me the benefit of his acquaintance with the curlew, using a bandana handkerchief tied to a stick which he waved to and fro, attracting the birds. I had seen this particular dodge tried before, but never with the same success. I shot for about three hours, killing some thirty-two birds. They weighed on an average one and one-half pounds each and the longest bill measured precisely twelve and one-half inches. On the third day I varied my sport by spearing sea-eels. I must confess that my first experience was an unfortunate one, as I fell overboard from the boat, in my eagerness to kill my prey. But gaining courage and address, after having speared a bushel basket full of eels I had enough of it. Sincerely yours, C. B.

P. S.—Having lost my pen I write this with a bill of a curlew. I softened it first with vinegar, then split and nibbed it nicely, and it makes quite a good *stylus*. Jake is a master in cooking snipe and curlew, and has a stock of excellent Southern red pepper, but if any of your friends have the least bit of gourmandism about them, tell them not to forget the lemons, the juice of which enchanes the flavor of these birds.

—At the sale of the Perkins collection in London last month, a vellum copy of the Masarin bible fetched £3,400, and the first Shakspeare folio £585.

—About £225 is the price asked for the privilege of shooting over a Scotch grouse preserve of about 15,000 acres. Six persons are allowed to shoot, each to pay the above price.

—In the United States in 1871, we used the wool from 32,000,000 of sheep, or about 128,000,000 of pounds. About 17,000,000 more of sheep would make us independent of all other countries as to wool.

—The salmon season in Oregon, has yielded an enormous catch this year. It is safe to say that this fish alone, has swelled the imports of Oregon over 1,000,000 more than they would otherwise have been.

See how readily the Chinese take to the manners and customs of civilization. Two of them fought a duel in Arkansas the other day, and one was killed.

For Forest and Stream.

TROPICAL HUNTING SCENES.

GRAND are the woods, and clear the bubbling streams
In Asiatic realms, where Ganges sweeps
Thro' green savannahs and embowering groves,
Until it mingles with the Bengal tides.
Behold, far down the mountain slopes,
Beneath the realm of snow, the spreading woods
Rustling their foliage of eternal green.
The teak tree, the brown chestnut and the oak,
Kissed by the sunset, glow like golden crowns,
While the black hemlock and the spiring pine
Thrust up their spear-like points and pennoned shafts
Like hosts embattled. Far beyond, the plains
Of verdurous Thibet spread their level floor.
Enchanting pictures of screenest bloom
Burst on the vision; oranges in groves,
Citrons and yellow lemons, glow like gold;
The ripe pomegranate droops its juicy fruit,
Red cherries hang their clusters o'er the trees,
Luxuriant mangoes swing their ruddy globes,
While strawberries paint with crimson all the ground.
Green, gadding vines their tendrils interweave,
And loftiest trees with flowery festoons drape;
Peacocks display their gaudy plumes around,
And birds of paradise their mottled dyes.
And here the royal tiger of the wild
Ranges supreme and guards his noonday haunt.
And in the glooms of night devours his prey.
The am deer and the brindled antelope
Tremble in bosky coverts, or at speed
Stretch forth in flight across the open plain.
'Tis a fair scene, where gently peace drops down,
Folds like a bird her pinions on her breast,
And all the glimmering shades at twilight's hour
Their silvery veils and vapors interweave.

Fair, flowery scenes o'er Afric's mystic land
Since the creation morn have bloom'd and smil'd
In lavish beauty. All the varied forms
Of Nature, fresh from the Creator's hand,
Are here commingled in transcendent pomp;
Soft plain and placid stream, and mountain range.
Here glows the fruitful plain, or frowns the waste,
Here flow majestic rivers to the sea,
Or spread the limpid lakes their glassy sheets
Vast lakes whose marge by savage herds is trod,
Whose waves are only crossed by frail canoe,
Or haunted by the screaming waterfowl.
Here desert moors extend their arid space,
Here mountains soar in grandeur to the skies,
Forests immense, illimitable spread,
Fair, flowering groves and natural gardens bloom.

Th' exploring stranger from remotest lands
Crossing these waters drops the listless oar
To view the wondrous scene. Far, far extends
The reedy shore with endless meadows hemm'd,
Or fring'd with woods of tamarind and palm;
Charm'd with the view, Eden-like, his soul
Drinks in the entrancing splendor of the scene.

Far spread the shores, now rough with beetling cliffs,
Now smooth with waving grass and unknown shrubs;
Far stretch the lakes, undimpled in their sheets,
While far in distance float the mountains blue.
Here a white sand-beach spreads its shelly road,
Back'd by the cocoa-palm trees and the huts
Of villages in green plantations hid.
Above some granite bluff the eagle swings,
And fish-hawks clamor, and in groves around,
Where the oil-palms their yellow nuts display,
Cooes the green pigeon; chattering squirrels leap,
The gay-hued parrots glance like living flames
And the red trogan tunes his mellow lyre.
Around the shores the sacred ibis flits,
The snowy pelicans their files extend,
The stilted avocet that wades the shoals,
The black geese and the gray-hued spoon-bill tribes
And all the gorgeous fowl that haunt the wave.

High beats the hunter's heart, when all the night,
Hid in some gloomy cove, at edge of wood,
He watches the dim plain for wandering game.
Calm sleeps the forest, save when swells the voice
Of prowling lion or hyena's howl,
Or cracks the twig beneath some trampling hoof.
Soft falls the moonlight, filtering through the roof
Of the dense-matted foliage; soft gilds
With shimmering glory all the desert spaces,
Shining on island groves and grassy slopes.
From time to time like drifting shadows pass
In lengthed files the browsing buffalo,
The eland, gnu and the black antelope
Glide past; the bulky elephant
Swaying his tushes crushes thro' the glade;
The black rhinoceros stalks unwieldily by,
Seeking sequester'd marsh or deep lagoon.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

—Ground Quassia wood is highly recommended as an insect destroyer, in the high authority of M. Cloez of the Jardin des Plantes. Will some of our readers use it, and give results?

—In England, the aggregate income of 5,000,000 families employed in manual labor is about \$1,500,000,000. Of this sum \$450,000,000 is wasted in excessive drink and tobacco, in buying at small retail stores instead of wholesale stores, but quite the larger proportion in unskillful or careless marketing, housekeeping and cooking, and in the mulcts of trades-unions.

—The red blood corpuscles of the *Salmonidae* are the largest found in osseous fishes, the blood disks of the *Salmo Fontinalis*—American brook trout, measuring 1-1455 of an inch.

—A plaid and a tartan have two entirely different meanings. The plaid is the name of a garment without reference to color or material, the word tartan meaning the parti colored pattern. Somehow the two words have got very much mixed.

A LAMENT FROM GAY HEAD.

OFF MARTHA'S VINEYARD, August 23, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

That a yacht owner should know how to take his trick at the helm and negotiate railroad bonds, should be able to reef a halliard and financier, is perhaps asking too much of ordinary human nature. We cannot all be journalists and fishermen, any more than we can combine the skipper and banker together. Yet I feel sure you will allow me to remark that among our yacht owners we have quite a number of Admirable Crichtons.

I notice a good deal of censorious writing indulged in at times in regard to the incompetency of our yacht owners, and the frequent attempts made, I think in the worst taste, to ridicule certain gentlemen on account of their ignorance in sailing. Of course, some men affect an excessive nautical style, and are all prone to assume a commodore's manners without even that general acquaintance with seamanship which would render them capable of commanding a cock-boat. True gentlemen, I believe, always detest shams, and I have generally found that any false assumption of this character was met by such roars of laughter on the part of fellow yachtmen as to make the pseudo skippers haul down their colors. The best thing a yacht owner can do, if he is ignorant of sailing, is to say so, and there is a frank, honest way of stating such want of acquaintance which precludes ridicule. I write this, because after a pretty heavy blow yesterday, when it looked quite ugly for a time, in the coolest kind of a way my host, the owner of the yacht I am now on, said to me: "My dear Mr. —, if you get drowned, I trust you will not put the blame on me, for really, I would not know how to manage her now any more than would my wife, who by the way, is very sick below. Of course, I know the yacht's stem from her stern, but I should be an idiot, though I have had a yacht for fourteen years, to say that I know anything about seamanship, and what is more, I never expect to encompass its mysteries. Fatigued with business, the hours of quiet I spend on my yacht are the most pleasant of the whole year. It is worth all it costs to be certain that no one can call on me, save at my pleasure. To have somebody else to take care of me, and good care of me, to throw off every responsibility, is just what I want, and I am sure my sailing master is quite capable. Do our friends who run horses at Fordham, or Saratoga, or at Long Branch, know much about their animals? Could that distinguished banker, who stands at the head of the patrons of the American turf, ride his own horses? Suppose he even did, somebody would be found to abuse him because he could not groom his racers. You must acknowledge that it is a hard thing in this blessed country of ours, when a man can't keep a yacht according to his own pleasure. Of course, if I were twenty years old, perhaps I might find pleasure in tarring the rigging, or scraping the yacht's bottom, or slushing the masts, (if I have made any error in my nautical nomenclature I hope you will correct me,) or going aloft. I only wish I could do all these things. Well, if any good fellows want to do it they are quite welcome to try it. Corinthian sailors—that is the name they give them, I believe—do they cook for themselves? Of course, there is no degradation about that sort of thing, and as to cooking, I know I could do that quite well; only this, that in just such a blow like we have gone through,) for, by George, (I did blow,) I feel a great deal safer when I know the helm is in the master's hands, and that the crew all were picked seamen, than had the yacht been in charge of any Corinthians I ever heard of." Of course this entire assumption of ignorance on the part of my host in regard to sailing, was somewhat assumed, but I think in the main he was right. We have had a succession of very bad days, with no end of dirty weather, and the capabilities of the good yacht—as a sea-boat have been tried to their utmost. "Getting drowned for fun," as the honest captain of a lumber schooner said to us the other day, as we passed under his stern, "ain't no sense, mister; why the deuce you smart chaps go kiting around in a nasty blow like this, I can't find out. You'll be coming to grief some o' these days." What more he said I do not know, as we were soon clear of him, going head down and taking plenty of green water. But the good old skipper was right; for an hour afterwards we were only too glad to find a berth alongside of him. "It's a raal bucking agin Providence," was his remark, as he sat down at our table, discussing a glass of something warm; "sailing and fooling don't jine much; but ef ever the man that managed that craft of yours wants a berth, send her to me and I'll give him a place."

It may be some days before we are in sailing trim again, as we have splintered our topmast, and things generally want tautening aloft and aloft.

L.

—The inhabitants of the Andaman island, have the high privilege of squatting as the lowest type of the human race. They wear no clothing, but plaster their bodies over with mud. They are cunning and treacherous, and their antipathy to strangers amounts to a passion.

—Baker has positively determined that the Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza are really one body of water, not less than 700 miles long. If this is so it puts Lake Superior's nose out of joint.

—The total cost of all the railroads in the United States amounts to \$3,159,423,057. The gross earnings were \$473,241,055, net earnings about \$165,754,373.

News From Abroad.

NOW from plantation, preserve and moor, from brae and heather, throughout all England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, resounds the gun. The railroad porter awakening from his lethargy, carries under his arms the gun cases, and stows away the pointers and setters in the vans, and earns great harvest of shillings from the gentlemen who take the "grouse trains."

In certain sections of the country where game has been thoroughly preserved, perhaps the sport may be considered as a trifle unsportsmanlike, resembling a battue. Good old authorities deprecate the grouse drives, and the indiscriminate slaughter of the birds. If the younger school derides the antiquated style of bagging the birds one by one, the fathers retort on their son's expression of "pottering" after game, by leaving out one syllable of the epithet, calling it "potting" grouse. So far accounts differ as to the quantity and condition of the birds. In England, though the grouse are hearty, in Scotland, especially in Forfarshire, grouse are said to have suffered from an epidemic of quite a virulent type. Good authorities think game will not be as plentiful as it has been for the last two seasons.

On the Continent the ubiquitous Englishman is seen casting his fly wherever the casual trout could have been supposed to have found an existence. At home, by loch, mere and tarn, by river, brook and rill, the eager fisherman pursues his prey. There must be so many fishing lines in the streams, that one can almost fancy that the light of the sun would be obscured. Think of "a Great All England Angling sweepstakes," fished for in Lincolnshire, of 420 contestants, of six miles of river bank umbrageous with fishing poles, and of the scarcity of the fish, or the skill of the fisherman, when three pounds fourteen and a half ounces win the prize.

Athletic sports, save country cricket, are at a stand-still for the nonce. Amateur experts a trifle seedy over the early summer work, are recuperating, and training again.

The Paris *savatte*, or the French art of boxing, is being recuscitated. At most this is a villainous game. To the play of the fists, is added human mule kicking. An adept in "*la boxe Francaise*," may feint at you with his left, and instead of hitting from the shoulder, plant his foot under your jaw—or kick you in the pit of the stomach. What says a grand old English authority of 1754 on this new subject? "The dexterous use of the fist is a truly British exercise, and the sturdy English have been as much renowned for their boxing as their beef. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long established maxim, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, and from hence we may conclude on the principal of philosophy, that the elastic spring which darts from the knuckles of the Englishman, falls into the heels of the Frenchman."

On the 9th July, 1792, Mahommed Effendi, the secretary of the Turkish embassy, exhibited his great strength by shooting an arrow 415 yards, partly against the wind, and 482 yards with the wind, in a field behind Bedford House, London. He used a Turkish bow, drawing 160 pounds. The arrow measured twenty-five and a half inches, which he pulled three inches within the bow, so as to make the draught twenty-eight inches. He said upon the ground that Selim, the then Grand Signior, often shot 500 yards. That this fact as stated was true, is proved by the testimony of Sir Robert Anslie, ambassador at the Porte, who declares that in 1798 Selim drove an arrow into the ground at a distance of 972 yards, the British ambassador having measured the flight of the arrow. It seems, then, that at one time the arrow had almost the range of a rifle.

In the New York *Times* Dr. Russell thus describes the rooms of some hunting noble in Syria:—"Hence, there is a long vista of rooms visible, opening one into the other, and entering the first of these I was at once struck with the eccentric garniture and furnishing, which are continued room after room for some twenty-five apartments. On the walls were fixed in triple rows the skulls and antlers of deer. The chandelier was made of antlers of deer. The sofas, chairs, and tables were supported by antlers, and the seats were covered with the skins of deer, red roe, and fallow. In intervals of this forest of horns appeared ancestral portraits of the Lambergs and their relatives."

The pawn broking system in Scotland, is said to engender vice, and misery. A curious calculation has been undertaken to get at the total number of pledges made in the United Kingdom, it seems a pawn-broker must issue 40,000 tickets, in order to make money. In Scotland the whole number of pawn tickets issued is about 18,720,000, and in the United Kingdom, the number of pledges at that ratio would be 206,780,000.

General Sir John Foster Fitzgerald is possibly the oldest General in the world. His first commission dating back to October, 1793, at Salamanca, in 1813 he was a colonel. Eighty years of honorable service must command respect.

The Register General's report in England seems to point to the fact, that the average duration of human life is increasing. Not many years ago it barely exceeded thirty years, now it is within a small fraction of forty-one.

There is somewhat of a growl heard at present, in regard to a supposed disposition on the part of Germany to get a permanent hold of Lower California. We are for the Monroe doctrine every time.

The use of an indicator on breech-loading fowling pieces, to show whether they have a cartridge in them or not, seems to be becoming quite universal in England.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

AN UNDERRATED ESCULENT.

MR. Charles Dudley Warner, in his charming "Summer in a Garden," one of the nicest, freshest and cleverest bits of witty writing we know of, unintentionally we feel sure has done injustice to beans. "There is no dignity in the bean," he sacrilegiously cries. "The bean is a vulgar vegetable without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables." He almost intimates, rash man, that it has no historic claims. We cheerfully forgive him his lack of that familiarity which so many people possess in regard to Phœnician manners—almost a speaking acquaintance we might say with Belal or Belus or Baal or Bel—(zebul). The latest agricultural reports declare that old the African bean and the true Yankee bean are so similar in appearance, as to lead anybody who grows them, to declare that they must both have come from the same pod. What is the connection between the Phœnician and the bean? Why to-day the descendants of this very same people celebrate the advent of the bean. It is true they are colored people, but that makes no difference, save to show that the love of the bean commenced with Adam. A learned English magazine writer states as follows: "During the period of the year called *Nissam*, that is to say, when the bean-plant begins to blacken, the negroes of Algiers and its neighborhood assemble at the Koubba of Belal to keep what they call the *Aid-el-Foul*, or the fete de beans. Previous to that period they are supposed to have abstained from eating this vegetable. An ox is then sacrificed and dancing is next in order. Here men and women, seized with fits of enthusiasm, often fling themselves into the sea, and at times it is only with considerable difficulty that their companions are able to rescue them from drowning." We feel sure that after this high authority, the clever editor of the *Hartford Courant*, will somewhat modify his judgment in regard to beans, and that some future fete de beans may be inaugurated under his auspices.

—George May Powell, who has been recently investigating the culture of the olive in Palestine regards that tree as especially adapted to the mountain regions of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. First results are tardy, but an orchard of 100 trees per acre requires far less care than our fruits, and yields for centuries, when in bearing, from two to five dollars per tree. He says:

"No other country has such floral variety as this. Flowers from the limits of the temperate on Hermon to the tropical on Jordan are here, and all compressed in less than the limits of the State of New Hampshire. From no other country can we secure more of value in the line of seeds and cuttings, and if a proposed organization of a Palestine Farmers' Club succeeds, there will be a medium of exchange. As a field for the study of birds, flowers and stones the naturalist will always find Palestine remarkable."

—In Acheen there blooms a flower the parasitical *Rafflesia*, which measures three feet across. One is a nosegay. But then, in the vegetable way there is a tuberosc edible root of 400 pounds, and with this a shell fish, on which twenty people can dine. How the Dutch are going to starve out the Acheens remains to be seen.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.—If new houses are to be built and old ones altered or repaired it should be done while there is plenty of time, and not postponed until the houses are likely to be wanted. The heating apparatus will need overhauling to see if it can go through another winter without repairs. Supplies of loam, leaf mould, decayed turf, and sand, are to be laid under cover for winter use, and orders sent for the needed stock of pots. Camellias and other evergreens from the greenhouses will need especial care in shading and watering this month, and all greenhouse plants that are set outside should be cared for. If not properly protected they may be thrown over by high winds or they may be attacked by slugs and insects or injured by dogs and cats. Plants in the border which it is intended to repot should not be allowed to grow out of shape; an occasional pinching will prevent this.—*Agriculturist*.

SHADE-TREES A PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.—An Oregon paper draws attention to the fact that the shade-trees planted around several blocks of buildings in Portland, preserved them from destruction during the recent great fire in that city. "It was observed," it remarks, "on the day of the fire, what wonderful protection our maple and other trees planted along the streets afford. Many buildings, among them the First Congregational Church, were saved by the thick foliage of the trees in front of them. Were trees planted along our business thoroughfares, they would afford such a cover that a building would not easily kindle from a burning structure on the opposite side of the street. Fire thus could be prevented from spreading. The trees are a cheap insurance, and worth as much for health and comfort as for defense against fire."

FINE APPETITES.—As a rule the half-breed, like the Indian, eats inordinately. If he has fasted for a time his cravings seem never to be satisfied. An Indian and a half-breed sat down to a pot filled with a fish which must have weighed, before it was cooked, fully twenty-five pounds, and they finished it, leaving only the bones, after which they swallowed a quantity of pemican. They still looked so hungry that it would have been dangerous to have left any edibles within their reach.—*Canadian Monthly*.

—Otter hunting, has been revived in England, though the master of an otter hunt was drowned lately.

Athletic Pastimes.

CRICKET.

THE Waltham cricket club, in the absence of their expected visitors, the Manhattans of New York, owing to the death of the latter's Secretary, concluded to play a quiet game, when the rain interfered and the stumps were drawn. Waltham's 133; picked eleven 55.

August 23rd. A game was played between the Waltham's and Alpha's of Salem, which was decided by the first innings. Waltham 133; Salem 42. In the score for Waltham, Howarth being in fine batting form, made 54 runs. The Waltham's have played ten matches this season, and have only been defeated once, by the Manhattan's of New York.

The St. George's Club have played already this season ten matches, of which they have won seven, drawn one, and lost two; the latter were one-day matches decided by the score of the first innings. The Club's eleven went to Boston last Friday to play the Walthams, and Boston Clubs.

The Manhattan Club have a fine team this season, and on one occasion defeated a strong eleven of the St. George's by nine runs on score of first inning; this was a very creditable victory as the St. George's played with their professional.

The Prospect Park Club of Brooklyn is yet in its infancy and turns out a goodly number on practice days. At an early date it plays the Staten Island and Manhattan Clubs.

There are also several other clubs of note in the different States, notably in Philadelphia where of course the Germantown takes the lead, next the Philadelphia and last but not by any means the least, the Marion club in Vermont. Dr. Coit's school (after the style of Rugby) we are pleased to hear, can turn out on practice days four elevens, and some of the school boys have been elected junior members of the St. George's of this city.

We regret to hear the death of Mr. George T. Keiller of the Brooklyn Union, who was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the waters near Center Moriches, L. I. He was a great supporter of athletic pastimes, and was secretary of the Manhattan Cricket Club, also Vice President of the Prospect Park Cricket Club, at the time of his sudden demise.

The Dogget coat and badge for the best Thames Waterman, was founded in 1715. To win it the contestants must pull five miles from London bridge to Chelsea. The original condition was that it had to be pulled against the tide, but people are more merciful now, and the race generally comes off at slack water. It was run this year by Messuru.

Another swimming match took place last Saturday in the East river, foot of 56th street. There were eight competitors. The first prize, a gold ring, was won by August Ernst, and the second by William Foster. This was followed by a boy's race.

The fourth championship game between the Athletics and Washingtons was played at Philadelphia last Saturday, the Athletics winning by a score of 7 to 2. McGeary and Hines led off in batting, and Sutton and Thomas in fielding for their respective nines. Brilliant fly catches were made by Sutton and McMullin that resulted in double plays. The weather was clear and favorable, and the umpiring impartial.

On the same day, at the Union grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., the Athletics beat the Mutuals by a score of 6 to 5.

The Athletics left on Monday morning for a tour to Washington, playing the Athletics at Philadelphia in the afternoon; the Baltimoreans at Baltimore on Tuesday, and the Washingtons at Washington on Wednesday. On Thursday they play the Athletics again in Philadelphia. On Saturday the Athletics and Bostons will play at Boston.

—Emma Black, who lives in a small town in Mississippi, saved a man's life recently in a curious way. He was fishing, and having fallen out of his boat, was making all possible haste to drown when the maiden perceived his plight, and swimming out to him, threw her hair, which is nearly four feet long, into his grasp, and towed him ashore.

WALTHAM, MASS., August 23d, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

DEAR SIR—Cricket certainly is looking up in this section, more so than for years. Several new and strong clubs have been organized. One or two of the older ones are at present making more stir than usual. Salem, Needham, Boston, Waltham and Harvard still live, and have their annual interchange of matches with varied results. For the last four years the most matches have been played by the Walthams, which, as a club, has existed since 1857, and has been the fosterer of neighboring and junior clubs; the result of this care is evidenced in the improved elevens of the last four years. Since the addition of A. Eastwood to our number the club ranks with any in the East, and is a good opponent to those of your city, as the result testified in a recent visit to New York, winning easily a match with the "Jersey City," losing only with the "Manhattans," and playing a fine batting and fielding innings against the St. George's, which deservedly merited the praise given and success earned. Next week we may look for some excellent cricket all round, as we expect the St. George's, the United eleven of St. Louis, and are daily practicing, so that we may give them a hard road to travel. From these interchanging games we look for still more interest, being stirred up in all Athletic pastimes, in which cricket undoubtedly stands pre-eminent. The matter of factness of base ball, coming and going in two or three hours' time, looks too much like business when compared with the genial sociability which cricket tends to engender. It brings about a contact individually which the nature of our national game forbids as at present conducted.

FELIX.

The seventeenth annual games of the New York Caledonian Club will be held at Jones' Wood on September 4th. These games are of very ancient date in Scotland, and are carried out here with all the energy and success worthy of "Old Caledonia." They consist of running, walking, jump-

ing, pitching the stone, tossing the caber, dancing the Highland fling, sword dance and other equally difficult pastimes. The Scottish games of the Brooklyn Caledonian Club take place on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, August 29th, when a large delegation from other Scottish Clubs are expected to send their best athletes.

We find in the Brooklyn *Eagle* that a strong nine is organizing from the several leading ball clubs, the list of names including Start and Matthews, of the Mutuals, Carey and York, of the Baltimore, and Ferguson, Burdock, and Remsen, of the Atlantics. Ferguson is getting up the club, and hopes to get in Allison and Egger, of the Mutuals, in which case the nine will be complete.

In Philadelphia on August 25, the Atlantics beat the Athletics—10 to 6.

In Easton, Pennsylvania, on August 25th, the Fly Aways, of New York, beat the Easton club 30 to 5.

Several gentlemen of New York have recently started a Club at Summit Lake, Orange Co., New York. They have eighty acres of land and a lake half a mile long, with a club-house and shooting box, black bass and pickerel fishing, etc.

The officers are Fred. W. Jones, of New York, President; Jos. F. Meeker, Brooklyn, Vice President; Elisha Stockbridge, Highland Falls, Treasurer; Isaac L. Noxon, Highland Falls, Secretary.

—Newtown Creek is becoming a favorite training-ground for oarsmen. William Gannon, who is to row a race against Hughes, Sept. 3rd. has his head-quarters at the American Boat-house. Hughes puts up at Burnett's and starts out every day from the Seawanhaka Club-house. They can be seen every day on the creek pulling lustily and getting in condition for the approaching contest.

—A Halifax dispatch says George Brown is still willing and anxious to row Biglin upon the same conditions as those partly agreed on for the 28th inst., and will extend the time for three weeks, and make a deposit of half or of the whole of the stakes when and where required.

—The annual regatta of Riverside Rowing Club takes place on the Genesee river, Sept. 8th. There are eleven boating clubs in Buffalo and nine in Rochester; with this force at hand, there is no reason why they should not become the greatest boating centres in the State.

A DISCONSOLATE NATURAL HISTORY MAN.—M. Houzeau, author of a ponderous work on the Mental Faculties of Animals compared with those of Man, is deeply exercised over the apparently impending extinction of the anthropoid apes. In a letter addressed to a well-known Scotch naturalist, he expresses his regret that none of the anthropoid apes inhabit Jamaica, where he himself lives, and that he is thereby deprived of the opportunity of studying them. "They should," says he, "be tamed, domesticated, and studied in their own climate—at home. The gorilla, for instance, should be perpetuated in Guinea, in domesticity. As I stated in my book, it does not appear impossible that he might learn to talk. Should the attempt succeed, even partially, what would be the bearing and importance of it physiologically and historically?" We wonder what M. Houzeau understands by the word "talk." If he alludes merely to the utterance of articulate sounds, it is quite possible that the gorilla might be taught to "talk" at least as well as a parrot or raven. Those, however, who see in language something over and above the mere emission of articulate sounds, and who recognise it as being fundamentally nothing more than an expression of reasoning mind, will have some difficulty in realizing to themselves a "talking" gorilla. Why not a "writing" gorilla, since writing, after all, is only another form of talking? What would Mr. Murray give for an "Autobiography of a Gorilla," edited by M. Houzeau?

According to a statement made by the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post*, Secretary Belknap will assign colored graduates of West Point exclusively to commands in white regiments. The Secretary explains that the law leaves no option; he is required to officer colored regiments with white men, and, therefore, he must assign colored West Pointers to duty in white regiments. If the law really leaves no choice to the Secretary but to place white officers in command of colored regiments, then it follows of course that the colored officers must go into white regiments, if assigned to any regiment whatever. We can only say that this law, which we cannot find in our compilation, does injustice to both races, and will be unpopular with both, and will cause a poor state of discipline in regiments thus officered by men of color different from that of their commands. Black regiments would ask why a black man is not good enough to be officer over them; and, precisely in the same spirit of race feeling, white soldiers will want to know why negroes are put above them. The effect of the law will be to stimulate prejudice, and both races have reason to be offended at it. It would be better for white and black regiments alike that the law making this singular requirement, if it exists, should be repealed, and things be allowed to take their natural course. *Esprit de corps* is a sentiment of the highest conceivable value in a regiment. This, it seems to us, must be impaired, by arousing race prejudices between men and their officers, on the plan proposed. Of course, the Secretary of War has means of compelling white men to submit to colored officers and colored men to obey white officers, but it does seem foolish to take the risk of causing insubordination in the army, when it could be avoided by a repeal or modification of the law, on the suggestion of the Secretary.—*Journal of Commerce*.

The "Optimus" Guilford coach, driven by a veteran of the old school, and guarded by an amateur "of the first water," leaves Picadilly, London, daily. Fare 8s; box-seat 2s 6d extra. You can coach it too to Brighton.

English gentlemen living in New Zealand, declare it to be no paradise, "because there is nothing to shoot."

Natural History.

THE SPRAT AND THE WHITEBAIT.—Among the smaller kinds of the herring tribe found on the coast of Europe, there are two much valued by epicures, and known in the English markets as bait, as the sprat and the whitebait. The first of these bears among naturalists the specific name of *Clupea sprattus*, given to it by Linneus, from its English cognomen. It is found along the coasts of Northern Europe, later in the season than the common herring, and during the winter, keeping in shoals of such a size that a ton has been taken from one of them in a few casts of the net.

They spawn in the early summer months, and pass the rest of the season in deep water, where they are pursued by larger fish. In November they approach the coast, and are caught in fine meshed drift nets, and large bag nets. The sprat is six inches long when full grown, and is much esteemed by all classes. It is generally eaten fresh and may be preserved also.

We have several small species of herring on our coast, whose specific distinctions have not yet been definitely settled, but fishermen need not wait until that has been done. Let them try to furnish our market with small herrings and call them *sprats* until more is known about them. At present all small herring are here called *ulevoires*, a word of Danish origin, but they are not systematically pursued, and no regular supply is furnished to the fish stands.

Another small herring species is the whitebait, which frequents the English Channel and the Thames; and which is caught from April to September, though it is best in mid-summer. This little fish varies from two to six inches in length, but they average about three inches or a little more. They are captured in peculiar bag nets of very fine mesh, whose mouth is kept open by a frame, the boat being anchored in a tide-way and the net hanging over the side, not four feet from the surface. The tail of the bag is handed into the boat at intervals to be emptied of its contents.

We cannot here enlarge upon the delicacy of this little herring as an epicurean delight, but if any gourmand on this side of the Atlantic wishes to partake of it he can easily do so, for a nearly similar fish frequents our bays. Some years since Elwell, an English fisherman, who at that time lived at the tip of Red Hook point, brought me in April or May, a basket full of small fish and asked me to pronounce on the species. As before said our species of herring are not satisfactorily determined, but I told him that I believed his fish to be full grown herring of a kind closely resembling the London whitebait. "I thought so too, sir," was his answer. Dekay and Storer both describe several small herring, and perhaps Dekay's *Clupea minima* comes nearest to the fish brought to me by Elwell, who procured his fish near the Staten Island shore of the narrows.

If our fish dealers would stimulate the fishermen of our harbor to look out for this American whitebait, large quantities of them could no doubt be furnished. It appears that in Washington some small fish have for some time been sold as whitebait, but Professor Agassiz on examining them pronounced them to be a mixture of the fry of perch and other fishes. This may be true in the latitude of Washington, but that a small summer herring which is not the young of the shad, runs up the river here, is certain. Let our Fyke-men procure the proper nets and try to capture this marketable and delicate food. J. CARSON BREVOORT.

Facts have quite recently been brought to light in New Zealand, that may be of some little interest to those of our readers who are on the *qui vive* for all that is new and interesting to their beloved art.

Sometime ago large quantities of salmon-eggs from English waters were shipped to New Zealand. They reached their destination in twelve days. It was at first deemed doubtful that they would survive this protracted voyage in good and healthy condition, although packed in ice. Four boxes of ova, packed alike, were received, and when these boxes were opened, the temperature was just 38° Fah. The report of Mr. Buckland who made the observation says: "In one of the boxes, the eggs nearly all contained living fish; in another they were 'blind,' or in other words, no embryo could be seen in them. In all the boxes there was a certain percentage of eggs which had turned quite white. Some of these white eggs had a concave appearance, a spot, exactly the color of a strawberry, which covered a third part of the egg."

This experiment so carefully made, amply repaid for all the care bestowed upon it, and promises in a most satisfactory manner that salmon-eggs may be kept in a healthy condition this length of time, and perhaps longer.

The fact of this experiment will go far to prove the value of making repeated and careful experiments in salmon culture.

—Prof. Hayden, in charge of the Colorado Exploring Expedition, has already collected and forwarded to Washington 227 different varieties of North American grasshoppers.

—Prof. Pulman, Salem, has been making investigations on a curious fish—the Liparis—which has for a long time been a subject of special interest among zoologists.

—Mr. Poppe of Sonoma, has introduced the German carp to California. The Napa Reporter reports thousands of little fish of this species in his pond. They are so tame that they suck milk from his milkman's fingers.

—A fine specimen of the Hawkesbill turtle (*Caretta imbricata*), the species which furnishes tortoise shell, has been presented to the Central Park Zoological Garden.

—A man at a picnic in Massabesic, N. H., discovered a fish on its back in the water showing extraordinary activity. He caught it and found within another fish which had proved too large for its oral capacity. While he was examining it, it was proposed to pull the smaller fish out of the other's mouth. There then appeared within the former's mouth a still smaller one. They were not dead when found, but would have died shortly. They were all perches and measured respectively thirteen inches, seven and a quarter, and three and a half in length.

✕ It is possible that the same story exists in the United States as in England as to Hedgehogs sucking cows? Mr. Frank Buckland wants more evidence about it. Here is a correspondence on the subject.

"A dispute has arisen consequent on my defending the hedgehog from the charge of sucking from the teats of cows, an idea, I thought, long since exploded. It was finally arranged that the matter should be considered as finally settled by your decision. I may say that one individual, who backed his opinion with a wager, swears most positively that he has seen the cow rise from the ground and walk away two yards with the hedgehogs still clinging to the teat.—A. B.

[It is a curious thing how these old fancies crop up from time to time. If a hedgehog's mouth be examined, it will be seen that it is much too small to take in a cow's teat. Hedgehogs are very fond of milk, and I think it is very likely that they will lick up from the teat any milk, that is exuding—hence the origin of hedgehogs sucking cows, I should be glad to receive more evidence on this point.

FRANK BUCKLAND."

✕ **LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.**—Highlanders believe that the deer is the longest lived of all creatures, save the eagle. They have an old Gaelic proverb which is worth recording:

"Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
Thrice the age of a man is that of an eagle;
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak."

The exact longevity of animals, has never been properly determined, and is a subject worthy of special attention. We have seen an English horse in Canada thirty-three years old. We would like to have some authentic data on these subjects.

LEGACIES IN AID OF SCIENCE.—The will of the late Elias Durand directs his son to "present all my botanical works to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, to be placed in the botanical room for the use of workers and to save them the trouble of running to the library," and also "to have my collection of botanical specimens securely packed and sent by express to the treasurer of the *Jardin des Plantes*, of Paris, France, to be added to a larger collection which I presented to that institution in 1868."

—In Cairo, Egypt, is an artificial egg-hatching apparatus which has been in use for generations. The country people bring their eggs from long distances to be hatched out there, thus relieving the hens of a great deal of wear and tear.

FRANK BUCKLAND'S MUSEUM.—There is a very curious establishment at South Kensington, where Frank Buckland, the enthusiastic naturalist, has a small water farm, which he has made most attractive to all who delight in the finny tribe and what else resides in the waters. The small bathing troughs first attract notice.

The troughs swarm with shoals of infant trout and salmon an inch or so long, and there is no reason, beyond the ills to which fish is naturally heir, why any one of these youngsters should not grow into such a giant as the seventy pound swimmer of the Tay—the biggest British salmon ever netted.

The Museum contains casts of almost every fish that swims in British waters, fresh or salt; also several sorts of fish brought from other countries, and which Mr. Buckland hopes to acclimatize in England waters. One glass tank is full of Norway trout, robust and beautifully marked, who made their journey across the German Ocean in the egg and packed in ice. Another tank is peopled with inch-long Thames trout. These swim sluggishly and are a more languid brood. Thames trout are rare, and the angler who has caught one is allowed to boast of it as long as he lives. A third tank abounds with "Great Lake trout," a swarm of strong swimmers, whose parents are passing a cooler summer in the depths of Neuchatel. These fish have thriven in the Obelisk Lake at Windsor, and have attained to the honor of the Queen's table. Other tanks are inhabited by Cumberland charr, salmon-trout hybrids from the Alsace breeding establishment, and in a cabinet in the centre of the room there are older fish—two year-old lake trout and salmon of ten inches and a half a pound. When food is thrown in they rush forth and dart back to their shelter, and not a crumb is left. Their food is the very best rumpsteak and biscuit pounded together in a mortar. Some of them are so tame that they will feed out of Mr. Buckland's hand. There is a case of Geneva trout in their third year, healthy, handsome speckled fellows, and one of the treasures of the Museum is a tiny brood of *salmon fontinalis*, or American brook trout, sent over in ice in the egg by Seth Green, our famous pisciculturist. These eggs bring in England £100 a thousand. Mr. Buckland has three yearlings of this brook trout, eager, thorough-bred-looking fish, of beautiful markings, swooping down upon a crumb with inconceivable quickness. Still older and larger are some American brook trout in the larger wooden tank seen through the window on the west side of the museum-room, and also in another tank through the door on the east side. Here swim beauties of four years of age and five pounds or so in weight, who take their food with a splash and turn in the water that thrills the heart of an angler.

Among the casts on the walls visitors notice a salmon with the horn which grows from the under-jaw of the male at the spawning season, and which—witness the cast of a fish scored across his side with an ugly gash—is used chiefly for fighting. The room contains many piscatorial trophies.

In the appendix to the twentieth report of the Science and Art Department just issued, will be found an interesting account by Dr. E. G. Dobson, staff surgeon, Calcutta, of the climbing perch of India, two specimens of which he forwarded to the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, being the first fish of the kind which ever reached Europe alive. These fish, it seems, have large cavities in the skull on each side, above the branchial chambers, which contain the greatly expanded, foliated, pharyngeal bones. These bones serve as air receptacles, and from them air is supplied to the branchial fringes; and when all the contained air has been de-oxygenated, the whole is rejected through the gill opening. The manner in which this is done is as follows: The fish rises rapidly to the surface, and at the same instant the mouth is opened to take in fresh air the used up air is forced backwards through the gill openings and rises in large bubbles to the surface. The fish descends immediately, one or two small bubbles usually passing upward, when it has reached the bottom, from the gill openings. The whole thing is done so rapidly that it is impossible to say whether the air taken in by the mouth displaces the used-up air in the supra-branchial cavities, or if the used-up air be first displaced, the vacuum being filled by fresh air entering through the mouth. Almost all the fresh water fish of India are air-breathers, though not provided with such curious expanded pharyngeal bones. The muddy rivers of India necessitate such a provision of nature, for pure water breathers could not pass through the gills water filled with gritty particles. The "climbing perch" have obtained their name from the circumstance of their having been frequently found on the trunks of palm-trees on the margin of rivers, which by means of their highly erectile scales, they wriggle on to as a temporary resting place where to escape for a time the tremendous impetus of a torrent swollen by tropical rains.

INTERESTING GEORGIA ANTIQUITIES.—The Washington *Chronicle* gives publication to the subjoined letter:

MIDDLEGEVILLE, Ga., August 8th, 1873.

Joseph Henry, Esq., Secretary Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: By express I send you a precious box, containing one simple pitcher, Oconee; two thrice-perforated augur-bored stone implements, ancient stone work, showing these ancients had the spiral augur hard enough to bore the hardest flint.

The spiral thread is as perfect and regular as any screw. The augur, even used to bore wood, is one of the highest evidences of civilization. What shall we say of the augur to bore flint? Above all, I send you my Oconee funeral urn, about which I before wrote to you. I held it back to gratify public curiosity here, and to get the missing fragments of the broken lid. When plowed up it still contained human relics, distinguishable pigeons' feet and toes, which soon perished by exposure to air, showing air had never had any access before, and that it was hermetically sealed and both air and water tight.

I call your special notice to the structure of the urn; First its graceful form, equal to any pottery; second, its composition, very thin, and yet consisting of three very distinct layers; inside, white, hard, thin enamel, perfectly air and water tight; a foundation for the inner and outer coatings consisting of black sandy matter, hard; the outer coat, graphic clay; kept in condition for writing on during the whole process of the writer's elaborate work, until he could write the whole record.

This written surface if translated, would be as large as the page of an ordinary newspaper. These three layers, trata and coatings, are united by the highest science.

The Kennel.

So many gentlemen of this city and Brooklyn are leaving with their dogs and guns for a shot at the Pinnated Grouse in the West, that it will not be out of place to say a word about the pointer and setter.

The pointer, as a rule, is not so much in fashion in America as the setter, by reason of his excessive delicate and nervous system, and his liability to take cold when hunting in wet land. The pointer originally is a cross of the Spanish dog with the gray-hound or fox-hound, by which the delicacy of the nerves of the nose, to some extent, is diminished, and the body rendered more light and elegant. No dog has a higher sense of smell or shows greater intelligence and docility. The principal reason that he becomes rigid, or points, by the scent of game is from the extraordinary condition of his nervous system, acquired hundreds of years ago and handed down to him in a fair unbroken line by his ancestors. A thoroughly broken pair of highbred pointers are so obedient to the voice and gesture of their master and so well trained to act with each other, that a wave of the hand will separate them one going to the right, and the other to the left, so that they hunt the entire ground, crossing each other regularly in front of the sportsman as he walks forward. There is one matter that is generally overlooked in ranging with the pointer. If in early life you have taught him to retrieve, and a case occurs in the field where he has to cross a stream, as the dog returns with the bird, never tell him "down charge." His coat is so thin, and as we said before his organization so delicate, that he is sure to catch cold; therefore by all means allow him to run round a little, taking care not to disturb other game. The color size, &c., of the pointer have so often been described, we will leave that to the discretion of the sportsman, and remark that they ought, if possible, to be light colored, so that the animal may be readily distinguished from the grass, herbage, &c., as no doubt the dark-colored dog is very attractive to the eye in the house, but cannot be seen so easily in the field, thereby causing much annoyance to the sportsman.

The setter is invaluable for the sportsman who only cares to keep one bird-dog. There are several crosses, such as the Gordon, the red Irish, and the American, the latter having resided long enough in the country to entitle him to that distinction. The Gordon is peculiarly handsome,

generally black and tan, and slightly mottled down his legs. The red Irish seems to be all the fashion now among sportsmen; they have delicate noses, great powers of endurance, are very headstrong, and although may appear in perfect trim to-day, next week they will show wildness and a want of steadiness that is very provoking. Never keep them on chain too long; exercise once a day if possible, as their sense of recollection if not often tested, will fail when most needed. English setters, high priced prize dogs imported at great expense and trouble, are not nearly as sociable "all round" as a natural born citizen. A pure blood English setter crossed with an American, will be a far more useful animal, as "high priced prize dogs" are only valuable to get the best strains from. The setter, taking him all in all, of whatever crosses, is by far the most hardy dog, more agile, bears the wet and cold better, his feet and legs being well feathered, is easily taught to retrieve, and has an immense advantage over his smooth-coated rival by his non-liability to take cold.

Where gentlemen are hunting with one or more brace, the dogs ought to be trained that if one comes to a point he will instantly be backed by the other so as to avoid the disturbing of more game than is necessary. The color of the setter is a matter of fancy, but the same remarks as regards the pointer in this matter, will apply equally well with the setter.

—From the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's* we cut the following bit of fun. We have no doubt of its authenticity. It is a fair sample of the general character of state legislation in regard to game laws, and of the absurd nature of the syllabus. We wish it was only a satire:

- Bad habit of dog or dogs.* Any dog or dogs found or known to run or catch Deer, the owner of such dog or dogs shall be notified of the fact, and if the dog or dogs be found transgressing this act a second time, or more, upon the affidavit of any person who is a lawful witness to testify in other cases before any Justice of the Peace, such Justice shall issue his warrant directed to any constable, to arrest and bring such dog or dogs before him, and, on proof of guilt, may condemn such dog or dogs to be killed; and the constable, upon a copy of such judgment, signed by the Justice, shall forthwith kill the said dog or dogs, and shall be entitled to fifty cents for each dog he may so kill, which shall be recovered of the owner of such dog or dogs.
- Notice to owner of dog or dogs.*
- Violation of act by dog or dogs.*
- Affidavit against dog or dogs.*
- Warrant for dog or dogs.*
- Arrest of dog or dogs.*
- Trial of dog or dogs.*
- Sentence of dog or dogs.*
- Execution of dog or dogs.*
- Fee for killing dog or dogs.*

How far a dog is a game dog, or made game of, depend upon the fancy of his owner. The *Land and Water* describes the Chinese edible dog:

A dog and a bitch of this breed were brought from Canton, where they were fattened with rice-meal and other farinaceous food for the table. They were of the size of a spaniel, but with fox-like heads, the ears being sharp and erect, and the eyes, which were small and piercing, were jet black. In color the animals were pale yellow, and the hair on the back was coarse and bristling. One of the most noticeable features in the anatomy of these animals was the unusual straightness of the hind legs, which had no visible bend "at the hock nor ham." The bitch showed a taste for hunting, and when in motion on the scent of her game she carried her tail curled high over the back. This animal appears to have somewhat the form of an ordinary Italian greyhound, but differs from the latter in having a fox-like head, on which, extending from the eyebrows to the back of the skull, is a tuft of long hair. The tip of the tail, which is long and tapering, is also graced with a similar adornment. Whether there are two distinct breeds of Chinese edible dogs, or whether "all's dog that comes to the net" with the celestials, cannot be stated, but doubtless some of our readers may be able to set the question at rest, as possibly they may also be able to furnish a few hints on cooking and serving up the animal, so that should we at any future time find ourselves in a position similar to that experienced by the Parisians, the many curs lurking about London might then become invested with charms which they do not now possess.

The Magazines.

POLO.

"IN Persia, in the country of Zaiman, there was a king who was leprous, and to him there came a doctor called Douban," and Scheherazade goes on to say how Douban, M. D., made a mallet with a hollow handle filled with drugs, and ordered the king to play at a game with balls on horse-back; and the good old Arabian Nights tells how the king sweated profusely over the game, and that he was cured by means of the medicated drugs put in the handle of the mallet, and the sequel is that in the guise of an *honorarium*, instead of receiving so many purses of gold, the king had Dr. Douban's head cut off.

Ex Oriente lux. for from the East certainly comes the game of Polo, brought into England from Hindostan, where the irregular cavalry have been playing it for the last twenty-five years. Polo is simply hockey or shinny, only instead of being played on foot, it is played by men mounted on ponies. From the *St. James Magazine* we copy the following spirited sketch:

"The ball is much larger and heavier than at hockey, whilst the players carry cross-headed mallets with long handles instead of blackthorns. For the rest of it the two games are exactly alike, with well-defined goals at either end of the selected ground, through which Polo-players endeavor to force the ball by the united power of men and ponies.

"At the beginning of each game the sides remain at their respective goals until the umpire, proceeding to the middle

of the ground throws up the ball as a signal to commence. Then, with mallets upraised and bodies bent forwards, the rival squadrons make at each other as if on deadliest thoughts intent, until the player mounted on the smartest pony reaches the ball, and with a quick swing of his mallet sends it humming toward the opposite goal. From that moment the two sides are intermingled as they scurry hither and thither after the missile, which at one moment is nearly driven through this goal, at another through that, and so on, with alternate advantage to the sides, until a lucky stroke gains the victory, and the mimic warriors dismount to give their ponies and themselves a few minutes' rest.

Such is Polo to the casual observer; a fine manly sport, needing good horsemanship and good wind. To the adept it presents far higher characteristics, such as require the player to possess coolness, nerve, presence of mind, good humor, and proved stamina. For instance, the ball having been driven from one end of the ground to the other, between it and the goal but a certain debonnaire giant of the Hussars, who, being too heavy for much forward play, lies back. Merryly bounds the ball towards the doomed goal, whilst a few yards behind it rides, as for his life, a Spanish-looking player who hopes to have one more crack at it before great Jotun drives it back. Vain the hope! Setting his pony into a canter, and judging the distance to a nicety, the big hussar brings down his mallet with merriment aim, just as the Don's is descending, and away flies the ball towards the farther end of the field, whilst Goliath again takes up his sentry-like position. How the great mallets whirl overhead, how the players' supple bodies sway low, first to this side, then to that, how nimbly the ponies twist and turn, striking the ball with their forefeet as if understanding all about the game, and what nasty whacks fall on arm and leg, hand and foot, as the "bully" goes on. Then more charges; then the chances of victory swing first to one side, next to the other; then, as the ponies begin to grow weary, you see their riders skirmishing about on chance of the ball coming their way, instead of following it like sleuth hounds; and then up charges the mighty hussar with his pony still fresh, and the game seems to be over as he gets the ball and strikes it fair for the goal. Not so, however; there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. One of the other side on a black pony rides up just in time, and the goal is saved. But see, like an arrow from a bow, shoots out the piebald from the crowd, and just as the ball is within a couple of feet of the posts, the Saxon rider cuts across the Don's way, and his mallet swiftly descending, drives the missile to one side. Then a collision; then down go piebald and plucky lord in the dust, whilst the rest of players, riding up, prepare to renew the game. In an instant half a dozen are off their horses, whilst great Jotun supports the lad in his ponderous arms, and saying it is only a bit of a stun, tells some one to bring the big watering pot. Which being done, and the young fellow's curly head duly watered, he comes to himself, looks around somewhat vacantly, rubs his pate which was struck by the piebald's forefeet when they rolled over together, and then calmly asks, "Did I save the goal, old fellow?"

Such is Polo; no more, no less. Seemingly a sport demanding the cultivation of good temper, presence of mind, perfect horsemanship, coolness of judgment, quickness of sight, suppleness of muscle, and unflinching nerve. To be a good player, a man must possess those qualities in a superlative degree, and, since this new game fosters, if it cannot create them, we may safely accord it a meed of praise without being open to the charge of admiring only what is novel. At all events, there can be no doubt that in every point this manly sport is a vast improvement on those effeminate pigeon tournaments which have now happily fallen out of fashion with all but betting men.

Two charges are brought against Polo which it is as well to note. The first, that of danger to the players. This must be granted; in Polo, as in every other manly game with which we are acquainted, there is and must necessarily be a certain element of danger. But until our young men forsake cricket, hunting, shooting, and football in favor of the athletic game of croquet, Polo may be well content to remain under an equal ban. The second indictment is that it is cruel to the ponies. We fear that this is so at present; the hard blows falling on their legs, the severe spurring, and the use of sharp curbs are altogether opposed to modern usages, and if the game is to live, these defects must be amended, for the public will not long care for anything savouring of brutality. There are signs that the players themselves see this necessity and are prepared to meet it cheerfully. Many of the ponies' fore legs are already swathed in bandages, one gentleman, if not more, has extracted the rowels from his spurs, and the club is, we believe, taking into consideration the abolition of curbs. When these reforms are carried out, there is no reason why Polo should not take a recognized place amongst our national sports.

FINDING THE QUININE.

THOSE who undertake to collect bark have a hard time of it. After the Indian has agreed as to price with the dealer, he plunges into the trackless forests of New Grenada. He carries with him enough food for a week, and on his shoulder his axe, and at his side his machette. Without compass, guided simply by his instincts he travels onwards. From time to time he scales some high tree, and from its summit peers into the distance, hoping to find the tree the *cinchona lucifolia*. At last he discovers one and his first task is to make a small clearing round it, for so overgrown is the forest, so strong all the clinging vines, that even did he cut the tree through, there are many chances that it would not fall to the ground. After the tree is felled, the whole of the trunk is carefully cleaned, to get rid of the moss, crytogrammic growth which covers it. The bark is then removed and carefully dried. This bark is then made into a pack and carried to the merchant. Fifteen years ago, an arbo of good bark was worth 3 francs at Pitago, but to-day, 16 to 20 francs is the price.

The quinquina trees are getting very scarce, from their indiscriminate destruction, and the roots of those cut down in former times, are dug up for their bark. Voltaire said "that the Lord put fever in Europe and its cure in Peru." Feouel, however, had a better idea of the wisdom of Providence and clearly proved an affinity to exist between the plants and trees which grow in any country, and their power of curing the diseases which attack men dwelling in that neighborhood. What he should do is to try and find the remedies necessary derived from home sources.—Doctor Saffray's TRAVELS THROUGH NEW GRENADA—*Tour du Monde*.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

IF you are wise, you had better not annoy that particular class of Indians, whose business it is to guide you safely over the Cordilleras. If they express a desire to make a halt early in the day, yield the point. It is probable that a mile or so further on there is a dangerous pass, and they want a rest, in order to regain their lost powers of endurance. If you place yourself entirely under their care, you will find them the best and most careful guides. You might confide to them a package of gold dust, and they would not take a grain of it. But abuse them, and they will spare you no mercy. A Spanish officer some years ago, was perhaps a trifle rude to his guides. If the story is correct, he applied a switch to the shoulders of one of his Indians. At the next pass one of the Indians apparently made a false step, and stumbled on the Spaniard. Over went the officer fully 1,000 feet down the sheer precipice below. The Indian guides of Quindio, will show you the place where the Spaniard lost his life.—TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA—*Tour du Monde*.

THE ANOMALIES OF ENGLISH BETTING.

TO say that Tattersall's represents something more than one of the most flourishing institutions in London—that it is also one of its greatest anomalies—is of course to take up a thorny question. Yet this is the fact. Tattersall's is a perplexity to the House of Commons, to the courts of law, to the police. It is the great outwork of the Ring; and as long as Tattersall's exists, Mr. Tom. Hughes will find himself foiled at every turn in his crusade against the Turf. You may do at Tattersall's what you may do no where else; and the privileges of Tattersall's yard paralyse all the attempts of the police to put down gambling upon race-horses by obliterating or confusing all the lines which the House of Commons tries to draw in business. You may pencil a bet at Tattersall's which, if penciled at an office in Blackfriars or the Strand, or even in the street, will bring the police down upon you in an instant. You may do in the smoking-room of a club what you may not do in the coffee-room of an hotel. You may do in Scotland what you may not do south of the Tweed; and the consequence is, that when the English police are swooping down upon every nest of betting men they can find in London, every English sporting paper is full of the advertisements of agents with offices in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and that the sums of money which a year or two ago found their way to Tattersall's through Jenny Street and St. James's, now find their way to the head-quarters of the Turf through Scottish bankers. Lotteries are illegal, and are put down with a high hand by the law, even where they are set up under the most plausible pretences. Yet Tattersall's is the centre of a vast system of gambling which has its ramifications in every town and village in the Empire; and the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Ledger are growing into a lottery in which we may all take tickets to any amount, with the temptation of almost any possible prize, and the risk of losing only the trifle we take it into our heads to stake.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traps, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

HANDY.—The section of country you mention is not the *terra incognita* you suppose. It was visited by a hunting party from New York in 1871. Make Halifax your centre of operations. Time necessary to get there and back will be six weeks. Do not depend on finding Indian hunters on the spot, as they are scarce and not reliable.

JOHN B.—Your yacht model will not do. It was tried and abandoned in 1867. Do not waste time or money on it. It has a host of vital defects. Your ideas of rig are also open to serious objections.

S. L.—Yours is a heavy question, but fortunately we found a reply of it by reference to an old collection of sporting items. The largest elephant known to have been killed was bagged by the Duke of Edinburgh. Possibly it was preserved for him. From tip of trunk to tail he measured twenty-three feet and five inches; girth, sixteen feet and six inches; weight, four tons, eight cwt., four pounds, to a hair.

MRS. L.—A good way to prevent your English skylark from hurting himself by flying to the top of his cage is to stretch, not too tightly, a piece of green baize on the roof of the cage, about three inches below the wires.

F. AND T.—From Thunder Bay to Rainy Lake the distance is about sixty-five miles, and no trouble about the route.

ADAMAN.—Your idea of inoculating young dogs with the distemper is not novel. There is reference to it in a book fifty years old. The way it was done was by taking a feather having some of the discharge from another dog's nose on it, and introducing it into a slight wound made on the nostril of the dog to be inoculated.

S. H. T., Boston.—Our columns can never be used for the purpose of promoting any one gun maker's particular system of arms. Treat the matter more generally and we shall be glad to hear from you.

X., Brooklyn.—For 2,000 yards we can give you no size for a target. For 1,800 yards targets have been used thirty-two feet wide; height not given.

THOMPSON.—Mr. Hyde, jeweller, of Maiden Lane, has an improved fly-book, in which the snells or gut lengths are kept straight by an elastic cord, the loop and the fly-hook being caught in small brass hooks opposite each other. Nevertheless, we must express our preference for the old-fashioned parchment fly-book, with its various pockets and compartments, and leaves that may be detached and taken out if the whole seems too cumbersome to carry on a short excursion.

C. L.—Rabbits and quail are found on the line of the Northern Railway of New Jersey, from "English Neighborhood" up. Shooting season for quail begins November 1st in New Jersey. For snipe, within an hour's ride of New York, see Canarsie Bay and Jersey coast.

BARTLETT.—You are right. Under the amended law the close season for ducks is extended to the 15th of September. We hope the editors of *Fur, Fin and Feather* will make the correction.

FLEMINGTON.—Your note was mislaid, but can reply in part. Grey squirrels are scarce, and black ones scarcer yet. We know of no locality where black squirrels are found in considerable numbers except in Northern and Central Michigan. We can't designate localities in a wilderness, but D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., of Bay City, will readily inform you, we think.

PISCATOR.—The Spanish mackerel is the highest priced fish in our markets, and often brings \$1 per pound. It cannot be considered a game fish, because it seldom takes a hook, even when swimming in immense shoals and intently feeding near the surface. It is captured in set nets or pounds.

QUEST.—Trout fishing ceased in Pennsylvania on the 15th of August. We have already stated the fact in the "Sea and River Fishing" department of this paper.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1873.

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All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the delinquency of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,

Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, August 29th.—Scottish games, Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.—Pleasure Grounds Association, Middletown, New York.—Driving Park Association, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.—Hydie Park, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.—Friendship Association, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.—Carl Park Association, Carville, Illinois.

SATURDAY, August 30th.—Amateur boat clubs, foot of 133d street and East River.—Hydie Park Association, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

TUESDAY, September 2d.—Goshen Park Association, Goshen, Orange county, New York.—Macomb Association, Illinois.

WEDNESDAY, September 3d.—Rowing of Triton and Passaic Clubs, Newark, New Jersey.—Washington Park Association, Washington county, New York.—Toronto Regatta, Dominion of Canada.—Macomb Association, Macomb, Illinois.—Goshen Park Association, Goshen, Orange county, New York.

THURSDAY, September 4th.—Toronto Regatta, Dominion of Canada.—Macomb Association, Macomb, Illinois.—Goshen Park Association, Goshen, Orange county, New York.—Washington Park Association, Washington county, New York.—Caledonian Club Athletic Pastimes, Jones' Wood.

THE DOOM OF THE MODOCS.

The President and Secretary of War have decreed the hanging of the Modoc "braves," and Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charlie, One-eyed Jim, and Sloluck must swing. Old Slow-luck's fate is none too quick for him.

SING:—

Lo! the poor Indian, with untutored mind,
His hair unkempt and trowsers out behind,
Streaks the broad prairie like a shooting star,
With fell intent and devil-bent for ha'r!
No cares of State perplex his swarthy breast:
He rangeth from the eastward to the West—
Starts a mule train in a blaze of glory,
And leaves not one to tell the story.

Swing up the "brave," the bloody Modoc brave!
The path of glory leads but to the grave.
If Jack must die he might as well die now;
So swing him up—"hough-ough-wow-wow-how!"

RECIPT FOR HANGING ONESELF.—To reduce hanging to a system, at least by logarithms, multiplying the cube root of the man, by the length of the rope, is attracting the attention of those familiar with animal mechanics. Should a person wish to commit suicide by suspension, the following rules must be observed. First weigh yourself, then divide your weight in pounds by the arbitrary numbers 2,240, and the quotient will be the length of rope in feet, you should use. The Rev. S. Haughton, an English clergyman, is the author and discoverer of this most invaluable receipt. In future we trust that persons wishing to hang themselves, will make no half-way work of it.

HAS THE SALMON EVER FREQUENTED THE HUDSON RIVER?

IT has often been asserted that in the early days of the settlement of New Amsterdam and for many years after it, salmon were found in the Hudson river. This statement, when carefully followed up is found not to rest on a basis of fact. No one has with his own eyes seen this fish taken from the river, and although we have heard the story of the angler who every year took a few salmon with a rod and fly, we never, after diligent investigation could ascertain that this was a positive fact. Perhaps the angler was a cousin of the Flying Dutchman, and had been condemned to fish for salmon in the North river, for reasons similar to those which detained his blasphemous relative in the seas near the Cape of Good Hope. At any rate the attempt to catch salmon in the North river now, would have to be undertaken by a dumb Quaker, in order to avoid the Dutchman's fate.

We find, however, after sifting all that has been said, that the angler was Henry Hudson himself, almost every so-called authority disclaiming any personal knowledge concerning the matter, and referring to Hudson's journal for the proof of it. Now what does Hudson say? His log-book or ship's journal kept during his voyage to our coast in 1609, was not entirely in his own hand, but was mostly penned by Robert Juet or Jewett, his mate, who on the voyage to the great inland gulf named after Hudson, its discoverer, in the year 1610, mutinied against his commander, and abandoned him to his fate in an open boat. This journal was first printed by Purchas in 1625, and has often been copied since. We shall now quote the words of the journal from Purchas himself.

"September 4th, 1609, (Hudson anchored just inside of the point of Sandy Hook). "Then our Boat went on Land with our Net to Fish, and caught ten great Mulletts of a foot and a halfe long apiece, and a Ray as great as foure men could hale into the ship."

September 14th, (among the Highlands about West Point). "The River is full of fish."

September 15th, (about Newburgh). "Great store of Salmon in the River."—"Our Boat went to fish and caught great store of very good fish."

September 27th, (about Tivoli (?) on his way down.) "They Tooke four, five and twentie Mulletts, Breames, Bases, and Barbils; and returned in an houre."

These notices are the only ones which refer to the capture of fish in the North river, in the journal. It will be noticed that in speaking of salmon, it is not said that any were caught. However, if salmon were found here then, is it at all likely that any would be seen or noticed in the month of September? By that time they would have left the river. There could not have been many left in it so late in the season.

Then again how could he prove that salmon were plenty in the river unless he caught some or saw the Indians spear them? This fish will not take a baited hook such as they used, and no mention is made of their being netted or speared. It is probable that large trout, brought to him by the Indians were called by the sailors salmon, or that weak fish (*otolithus regalis*) were mistaken for salmon.

The general way in which the declaration "great store of Salmon in the River;" is made, is no doubt a wild guess, considering the improbability of these fish having been seen in September. Perhaps some dried or smoked fish prepared by the natives were mistaken for salmon. We accept the vague statement in Hudson's journal, therefore, as sufficient evidence to the point in question, and must look to more certain and better testimony before we can believe that salmon once frequented the North river. Why the salmon should have been, and is now again at home in the Connecticut but a few miles east of the Hudson, is not easy to answer. The Hudson, for some hundred and fifty miles from its outlet to the sea, is not attractive to the salmon, as it is salt for half that distance and has a tidal flow each way, nearly to the same point. Besides these objectional features in the eyes of a salmon, the waters of the lower Hudson are muddy, and were probably always so, owing to the quantity of clay which is washed into it from the clay formation that forms its bed about Albany. Its affluents below Albany, for one hundred and fifty miles, are too small for salmon streams, though the upper Hudson and Mohawk seem in every way fitted to tempt this fish to frequent their cleaner and more rapid waters.

Perhaps if the salmon proper cannot be made to thrive here, an attempt to domesticate the Land locked salmon (*Salmo Gloveri*) in it would be successful. We throw out the hint for what it is worth and leave the matter to the judgment of our Commissioners of Fisheries. *

*The great Mulletts were probably Drum fish—the *Pogonias chromis*; the great Ray—the *Tyrigon hastata*; the Breames—*Pomotis appendix*; the Bass—*Perca flavescens*. The Barbills could not have been Chub, which rarely take the hook, but were doubtless cat fish—*Ariopsis niltberti*.

Colonel T. B. Thorpe says that when he was a boy, 1830, old men lived in Saratoga county who often told him they caught salmon in the river between Schaghticoke and the falls above, in the Hudson.

We are only too glad to place the well known German-town *Telegraph* among our many valuable exchanges. We know of no paper in the United States, which can be more useful to us. In it we can always find material of precisely the character, which will be appreciated by that portion of the intelligent public who wish to learn of local sporting matters within the State of Pennsylvania.

English fishermen are trying to find the man who introduced pike into the Scotch lakes, and threaten if they can find him to feed him to this piratical fish. The pike are devouring all the other fish.

DEPRAVITY IN HORSES.

Rev. Dr. Deems, the well known and esteemed pastor of the "Church of the Stranger," takes friendly issue with the editor of this paper upon his general assertion that the noble nature and disposition of the horse do not become contaminated by the moral atmosphere of the stable and trotting course. We print his genial letter under the department appropriated to horse matters.

Dr. Deems disclaims being a sportsman in any sense of the word; but we nevertheless shall enroll his name upon the list of true lovers of legitimate field sports, for every syllable he utters is in sympathy and accord with Nature and her attractive charms. The same vein of philanthropy that induces him to labor assiduously for the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind, crops out in his manifest and avowed regard for the horse. He has always esteemed this noblest of animals from his youth up, and we reverence his affection. From the earliest Biblical times the horse has been the theme of both profane and sacred writers. The poets idealized him, the ancients deified him, and Job has recorded his attributes and graces in the sublimest language that inspiration ever gave to man to use. The earnest admirer of the horse is as ardent in his devotion as the veriest lover of woman. He will go as far in his fondling and caresses. He will kiss its beautiful face, and gaze with overweening affection into its deep, liquid eyes. Aye, more; like Leo Hudson, the great equestrienne, he will die for love of the horse that died. Who will gainsay this? There are gentlemen, technically termed sportsmen, and recognized as such professionally, who think and talk nothing but "horse." Their minds are constantly filled and overflowing with the theme, just as the stock and gold brokers' minds are absorbed with stocks. Their study is in the stable and in the paddock; their literature is in their stud-book; they meet in cliques and knots to discuss the points and strains of horses, and resort to the race-course to see them illustrated in beauty, speed and action. This is their only ostensible business, and they are not, many of them, what may be called sporting men in the vulgar meaning of the word.

Why this supreme love of the horse, we ask? Is it not because of the higher order of intelligence which the horse possesses, and which these gentlemen learn to appreciate by constant study? And is not this higher intellect exhibited in the saw-dust arena, in the chase, and in domestic life by a thousand different traits which form the theme of anecdotes innumerable? And is it not the horse's perceptive faculties and his inborn nobility that, in spite of beatings and ill treatment, and bad grooms' display of temper, and injudicious management, and coarse associations, still keep him noble? The dog, whose intelligence makes him the chosen and constant companion of man, can be wholly demoralized by the bad habits and cruelties of his master, but the horse plods on, cowed, perhaps, but still patient and enduring and heroic, and with a change of owners soon recovers his old spirits and old enthusiasm, and shows the "mettle of his breeding." Less than man is the horse "known by the company he keeps." Of course it cannot be denied that some horses are made vicious and become contaminated and depraved by evil associations. Even angels in heaven have fallen. By this concession our general assertion yields to a qualification. But a "Cruiser" can be reformed, while the angels are past redemption. Much of the horse's character and susceptibility depends upon his blood and lineage. It is just so with men. The lower races are the most easily demoralized, because they are lower orders of being. The whole subject is open to friendly argument and worthy of consideration; for practical wisdom may be gained from investigating how far the horse can become depraved by contact with bad men. We cannot say that we have fully met the reverend doctor's objections in this article. Were we to enter the lists with him properly mounted, we should undoubtedly select a charger that had not been exposed to the moral atmosphere of the training stable.

HARDENED BALLS.

HARDENED balls for the rifle, made of compounds of lead and tin, or of lead and pewter, have been but little used in the United States. Quick as we are to adopt improvements of every kind, the reasons for our want of familiarity with hardened projectiles, may be readily explained. In the United States, save for the grizzly bear and moose, he would have found little use for them. The English sportsman, however, with his wide hunting range, has used the hardened ball for the last thirty years, in his combats with the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the lion, tiger, and buffalo.

The composition generally used to make a hard ball, is one half tin to four of lead. Some authorities state that a fractional portion of antimony is useful, but we should think, that any projectile similar in composition to type metal would be too brittle. Quite a leading writer, on this subject, states that balls will harden by dropping them whilst hot in fat, buffalo-tallow being preferred, but we regard this as empirical, and resting on no sound chemical or physical basis. Discarding entirely balls made of one homogeneous substance, some English elephant-hunters have used projectiles of lead with a steel point, but these have fallen into disuse from the want of accuracy in their flight.

The use of hardened balls, and the advantages to be derived from them, is a much more complex subject than would seem apparent at first sight. A prominent English

journal in a recent article on this subject, approaches but partly the many difficulties which a discussion of this subject presents. He states "that a hardened ball in striking a bone, when properly made, should flatten against the bone (of the animal) without boring through it, whilst at the same time it must retain enough of its round form to obviate any chance of the increasing distance offered to the larger surface stopping its way, and therefore preventing its penetrating far enough." Here then are two difficulties which apparently militate against one another, the ball must crush the bone, and still have power sufficient to seek a vital point further on. We think this most intelligent writer overlooks somewhat the important subjects of range and velocity, which we think are vital to the subject. If it be the smashing of the bones which is required, we should suppose that a hardened ball, shot at close range, with its high velocity, would least accomplish the purpose desired, for it is at a close range only that elephants, lions and tigers are shot. The advantage to be derived from a hard ball in breaking bones, or stunning the animals which it strikes, would then we suppose be best effected at a slow velocity.

A curious question entering here, is that if the vitality of animals, or the lasting powers they possess to resist when seriously wounded. The Cervi readily succumb, while the difficulty of killing a member of the feline race, has passed into a proverb. This destination of the staying power may even be found in man, for it is a well known fact that an Anglo Saxon is twice as hard to kill as a Chinese. Hard balls are useful in the two extreme cases, where the bony portion of the animal is in large proportion to the fleshy case of the animal, as in the moose and eastern buffalo, and of course, where the bones are covered with a huge mass of flesh, as in the elephant. For lions and tigers, hardened bullets are not as useful as the ordinary ball.

Certainly the great object in using any projectile is to have the animal struck by it, to die as quickly as possible. Perhaps the most unsatisfactory thing we know of, is to shoot a moose, and certain that he is wounded mortally, to be forced to follow him a whole day, before finding him dead. In shooting lions and tigers, of course the preservation of the hunter's own life is to be thought of.

The question of hard balls, is likely to be silenced shortly and for ever by the use of explosive shells, an instrument first introduced by colonel Jacob of the East India service thirty years ago. To-day, sportsmen in the East are using them against the large game, and with notable success. Of the experiences of a gentleman attached to the "FOREST AND STREAM," who used explosive shells in shooting moose in Nova Scotia with great success last December, we trust to be able later, to give some interesting data. We should think our friends in California might use explosive shells most advantageously in their combats with the grizzly bear.

THE NEW CAMILLA.

Pro pudor! What! could a young lady ever dare to do such a terrible thing as to run a foot race? Impossible! Female physique precludes even the idea. Yet it strikes us that when Strauss plays the "Blue Danube," we can see a score of the feebler sex going round and round for an indefinite period of time.

Fixed, determined in our stern purpose, unmoved by the poetry of the dance, fearfully matter of fact in regard to the rhythmic step, though *fourbillions* of gauze floated past as gracefully as the spiral wreathings of smoke clouds, with our watch in hand, we studied the *deux temps* and the German. Shades of Coulon, Vestris, and Cellarius be not enraged! What we were after, with some experience in physical mechanics, was to find out about what amount of vital endurance was necessary when a young lady danced for a half hour. The conclusion arrived at was startling. Though comparative measurements of such things are difficult, we calculated that the waste of muscle was about on an equivalent with that which a good runner would consume in taking a very sharp breather of about four and a quarter miles. How much more additional work the fair *danseuse* was put to, in consequence of her having been forced to breathe and expand her lungs in a vitiated atmosphere could not enter into the computation. Of course our civilization does not allow of our women having the endurance of squaws, but that the most natural exercises of walking and running are entirely ignored in the education of our girls, is very certain. American mothers would be surprised at the physical powers English girls possess. Of course, our climate, with its extremes of hot and cold, will not allow our girls to take the same amount of out-door exercise which their sisters in England enjoy, but such opportunities as are offered to us are sadly neglected.

English women on the continent often put American men to shame. Once when we were younger, there was an Alpine height to climb, and in the party there was a fair English girl of seventeen. At the end of the first twenty minutes of ascent we must needs sit on a rocky ledge to rest. Our lady companion was still going light and easy. At the end of an hour, heavy and weary, we sank to the ground. Skipping along on a high crag away above us, all as nimble as a chamois, was poised the English girl. The road got worse and worse, as still we went clumsily plodding on—staggering on with used up legs. As fresh as a lark on sped this active girl, until she had scaled the highest pinnacle, and from away above us her merry bursts of laughter rang through the air. She had distanced every man in the party, save the guides.

Can women run? Of course they can, and with a very

little practice can attain exceeding speed. If all girls cannot be Camillas, at least the Toronto people are bringing up a set of athletic girls in their midst, for in a late Toronto *Mail* we notice a foot-race to be run by girls of not over fifteen, a distance of 100 yards.

What a happy thing it would be if literary women could only be taught to run; what a beneficial effect it would have on the too morbid female production. Think of the inspiring effects in an authoress a good hundred yards brush would make. Then instead of the *mestermes*, or "the sad gushings," we would have good, honest, sturdy stuff. The great George Elliot and our own Grace Greenwood have both been, if not fair runners, at least, good walkers.

THE STRIPED BASS.

THE striped bass is the king of salt water game fish. With a good two-jointed bamboo rod, a proper reel and a line that renders freely, the angler may enjoy sport with the bass which no other sea fish affords. It is worth a shilling a minute, this pastime is, from the time he leads off in wild career with the hook in his jaws until the gaff lays him alongside the boat, or high and dry on the shining beach. The sensation is indescribable. With a fifty-six pounder fast to a five hundred feet line going at a fifty-knot rate, and the wheel whizzing like mad, and emptying itself with alarming rapidity, the situation becomes exciting. The fish leads off with a gait as though he would never stop. But he *does* stop, and suddenly. Then comes the reeling in. "Click, click, click!" Faster, faster! Keep in your slack, and stand ready for his first attempt to trip you. Carefully now, for the trial is coming. You scarcely breathe. Bills payable, and all mankind is forgotten—your wife, your children, and your enemies—all, all are absorbed in the game before you; your pulse is up, "the world is an oyster;" the sea is hushed. Up comes the thumb, the turn is made, the bass is on the rampage, and again you breathe free. Then you rest and sweat. Hope is big within your breast. The bass leads astern; everything is clear; the gear is good, and the fish is sure. (This act to be repeated with the next cast.)

But isn't it glorious to watch an ambidextrous veteran like Genio C. Scott, or the quartette of the "Squidnoker" Club cast for bass? With a dexterity which practice can alone assume, they carefully sway the rod until the squid describes its slowly moving circle around the head, and then by a quick, inexplicable movement they cause it to dart like an arrow straight out far over the sea, and the reel whizzes and whirls until it seems to flash fire, and you wait long and patiently for the cessation of the hum which indicates that the squid has dropped. What a wonderful distance; full one hundred feet, perhaps one hundred and fifty!

But our text is bass and not bass-fishing. Perhaps a waif from West Island, Cuttyhunk, or Pasque Island, launched from the pen of some veteran enthusiast of the clubs, may float this way to entertain the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and better describe the delights of this ocean pastime.

Well, the bass is found along the whole length of our coast from Florida to Cape Cod, at the various inlets, sounds and rivers in both salt and fresh water. If in fresh, they must have access to the ocean, for the bass is an anadromous fish. They vary in weight from the small, newly spawned fish to 150 pounds. No man knoweth their age. They never destroy their kind as the bluefish does. The medium size, say from three pounds to ten pounds, are caught inside, while the larger are found in the surf outside. Great sport may be had with the latter during June to October, at Montauk Point, Block Island, Cuttyhunk, and Fire Island, by backing up a small boat, with a good oarsman to keep her clear, while the angler throws the squid in the surf. It wants good sea legs and courage to fish in this style. The small fry, heeding the old adage "small boats should keep near the shore," may be found in the bays, inlets, and small creeks. In July this is true of this class in Long Island Sound. They spawn in May, and are caught freely with the hook in company with the bluefish fry. By the 1st of August the newly spawned weigh about a quarter of a pound. Large quantities of various sizes, from two to thirty pounds, are seined from deep holes in rivers connected with the sounds. During the winter, unlike the bluefish, they do not all migrate south. When winter comes they are a beautifully shaped fish, and are a companion of the weakfish, alias "chequitt," alias "yellowfin," alias "salt-water trout," alias "suckermaug," alias "squeteague." The large striped bass are frequently taken from the surf by hand; throwing either the squid or bait. They are a strong and quick fish, but when hooked are steady on the lead, while the bluefish will jerk, fight, and bite to the bitter end.

SHOOTING JOURNALISTS.

Be not alarmed, gentle reader! None of this fraternity have been shot. None of us have broken the peace. We have merely in mind the prize which Orange Judd, Esq., has offered for the competition of members of the press at Creedmoor. The first announcement of such an offer struck us strangely. What necessity existed in these "pipeing imes of peace," we asked ourselves, to teach the editorial idea how to shoot pistols, guns and rifles? In the flush times of Southern chivalry and the earlier days of frontier civilization, we remember it was customary for each newspaper to employ a *fighting editor* to maintain the dignity of its position. Editors, in those days were *men of mark*, or at all events were obliged to be good marksmen. Pistol

practice was requisite to meet the exigencies of the then conditions of society. Is it possible we asked, that a return of those good old times is anticipated? Is it possible that editorial amenities will be universally exacted by the muzzle of six-shooter, and libels be known no more? Or is it that the prevailing enthusiasm for out-door recreation has reached the editorial sanctum and imbued our journalists with an earnest purpose to make good sportsmen of themselves? Upon these questions we have pondered seriously for ten days past, and now after due deliberation, we come forward boldly to endorse the movement, whatever its significance may be, and to thank Mr. Judd for his liberal offer to the press and the encouragement it gives to editors to patronize the gun-smiths. Too long have we sat supinely as targets for sarcastic and malicious shafts. Henceforward, nobler be our views. Let proficiency in arms be our creed, and our rifle-range one Creed-moore. Throw down the pen and shears, take the gun and rifle, cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war! We will form whole regiments from the ranks of Bohemians who skulked behind their exemption papers ten year ago. We will present a bristling front to mobs that assail the freedom of the press. "We'll hunt the antelope over the plain." Nay, we will man the Overland stage coaches, and "all full inside," prove to the fraternity of journalists and the admiring world that no fourteen "good men and true" shall supinely yield to four rascally road agents who quietly plunder the coach while we sit by the wayside with folded hands waiting for a passport to Sacramento.

Mr. Judd will consider us as entered for the prize.

TEMPERATURE AND FISH.

THE intention the weather bureau has announced, of giving the results of its observations in regard to the mean temperature of the rivers, lakes and of the ocean on our shores, will undoubtedly be of great benefit to fishermen. The connection between the changes of temperature, as suggested by the *Tribune*, in an excellent article on this subject, and the advent and disappearance of fish, is quite an evident one, and one which must find its perfect elucidation some day. How account otherwise, for the apparently capricious movements of the fish on our shores? The herring, mackerel, cod, and some of the game fish, change their locality, not simply because of their food, but their movements are apparently dependent on the temperature of the water. It is therefore not impossible to imagine that our fishermen, when such meteorological phenomena are understood by them will solve the question for themselves, whether fish may be expected at certain points, the science of the trained observer, and the practical rough tact of the fisherman, going hand in hand. It is worthy to remark here, how many advantages are derived from the solution of any scientific fact, and how practical benefits extend in directions which were at first unthought of.

HOW THE ENGLISH MINER USED TO AMUSE HIMSELF.

"THREE years ago" says a correspondent of a London paper, "I happened to be at Byerly Hill, and an invited guest at a rural fete, called a *Blinks*, given entirely by the miners.

"Women as well as 'lads' attended, and although on a moderate estimate, each one of them must have consumed at least four shillings' worth of intoxicating liquor, the value of the gowns that each wore was not half the money. Among the amusements was a dog-fight in a distant corner of the field, where women were as free as their husbands to back a favorite pup for a shillings; a man fight; and—a sight thank Heaven, I never witnessed before or since—a woman fight; a regular strip-to-the-waist, stand-up-set-to, the backer on the one side being the husband, and on the other side a noble-minded swain, the accepted suitor of the pulgistic maid who was the married woman's antagonist. If I remember rightly, at the eleventh round the maiden Amazon, by a shoulder hit full at the other's breast, caused such a sudden and prolonged fainting-fit that she was unable to come up to the scratch when time was called, and despite her husband's strenuous endeavor to 'bring to' the wife of his bosom by bending her thumbs and applying a pinch of strong snuff to her manimate nostrils, the sponge was thrown up. To be sure the stakes were only a quart of rum, and it was some consolation to observe that a quarter of an hour afterward the parties concerned were all partaking of it as amicably as possible, but it was an ugly sight and one to be remembered."

Matters seem, however, to-day, according to the same authority, to have much improved. From the extreme barbarity of three years ago, they have lapsed to-day into quite a fair amount of civilization, the men wearing glazed leather boots, without any stockings on, but behaving themselves in an orderly way, fighting being entirely excluded from the pastime. Speaking of the appearance of the men, the same writer says:

"Over and over again a score of times a raised hand discovered a thumb or finger, sometimes two, gone; while men with only one eye were as comon as among us are men who wear spectacles. Nor was this all. Of their whole number, one in ten at least bore on his face blue scars of powder blasting, and some were disfigured with jagged and deep scars extending from brow to chin. And nearly all are stunted, and have round shoulders, and wan faces, and that shy blinking gaze that invariably distinguishes men who labor in semi-darkness."

At a late meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society it was announced that the Khedive had given the Society £4,000 to further the plans for an expedition into the Sybian desert.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Elk or Wapiti, *Cervus Canadensis*.
 Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.
 Woodcock, *Scelopax rusticola*.
 Ruffed Grouse, *Tetrao umbellus*.
 Esquimaux Curlew, *Numenius borealis*.
 Plover, *Charadrius*.
 Godwit, *Limosina*.
 Rails, *Rallus Virginianus*.
 Wild fowl generally after 15th September, and Ruffed Grouse also in many States.

Red Deer, *Caracus Virginianus*.
 Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.
 Pinnated Grouse, *Tetrao Cupido*.
 Curlew, *Numenius Arguta*.
 Sandpipers, *Tringine*.
 Willets.
 Reed or Rice Birds, *Dolichonyx orizivora*.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

September is at hand! Now, gentlemen sportsmen, examine the bill of fare that is before you, and the variety of game that rewards your patient waiting through the summer months, your scrupulous observance of the close season! Isn't this a feast "to spread before a king?" Now lay aside your trout and salmon rods till the vernal showers and genial sun of the coming spring have released the streams and rivers from their icy fetters. Take the gun and rifle down from their old fashioned pegs and out of their modern cases, furbish their mountings till they reflect like mirrors, with blue ointment remove the slightest taint of rust from the barrels inside and out, shake out the last year's feathers that stick to your game-bags, pick the moth patches from your velvet and cords, "and stand by" as the sailors say, to welcome the incoming month. Then on the advent of the 1st, go forth, armed and equipped as experience and common sense direct, and under the broodegis of the indulgent but protective law, acquit yourselves like men. Take no mean advantage of the sitting bird; even though the cover be thick, you can afford to wait till brown October thins and crisps the leaves. "Jack" no deer, nor throw the blinding gleam of the fire-pan or bulls-eye into their wonder-stricken eyes. Take no mean advantages!

What! forego the pleasures of the night hunt? Is there no skill in approaching the lily-padded haunts of the deer with paddle as noiseless as the ripple that laves the shore? Is there no knack or required experience in following the gleam that pervades and penetrates the lowering mist until it falls in a pale and uncertain halo, out of which shall presently flash two orbs that gleam like blazing coals? Does it require no skill to shoot a deer under the circumstances? Wouldst thou forbid the indulgence of the delicious sensation that is born of uncertainty, the indulgence of that thrilling moment when the hunter sits almost paralyzed with eagerness, with pulse-beat and heart-beat that almost pain, nerves drawn taut, bated breath, and exuding sweat that scalds the spine? Is he not liable to the "buck-fever" then?

Stop, good friend! You are all wrong! It has always been understood in every congress of sportsmen throughout the civilized world, that fire-hunting is unsportsman-like and a thing forbidden. By the use of the bullseye or calcium light in our hunting cap of cork, we deliberately proceed by stealth to so paralyze the delicate organism of the deer that they become transfixed with fear. We grope our own way into their secret chambers and give them chloroform! We magnetize the animal first, and take our mean advantages! We turn upon his wondering gaze all at once the full effulgence of a glory that seems to open heaven to him—and all the reward he finds is death or wounds! Take an example in the case of bird shooting—for the same principle governs both. Once at Cape Cod, north of Yarmouth, several years ago, we have seen two men start out in a boat at night with a charcoal fire in the bow, and quietly paddle along a sand-bar where the bay snipe were roosting, and by their devilish device succeed in wringing the necks of bushels! Is this sportsman-like? Moreover, what is the consequence? Well—um—pretty much the only variety of food the people have now is blue-fish; wild fowl are scarce.

The "FOREST AND STREAM" is eminently practical. It deals in hard facts, and will not be gingerly in their application. From our experience we gather data; for our advice we give our reasons; for our opinions we have natural causes and established rules. There are children in woodcraft as well as in orthography, and it shall be our endeavor to make our instruction so simple that "he who runs may read" and that he who reads may also run.

Now as to the use of hounds, to which in some localities objection is made, we can only say that the arguments in its favor fully balance those against it. For ourselves, we should be loth to forego the music of "bell-mouthed hound." It gives life and passion to the chase and a choice companionship to the man who loves his dogs and likes to study their nature.

There is very little bird shooting yet to speak of. Some gentlemen have had the satisfaction of knocking over an occasional godwit or a few bay birds, but the sport is slow. Every where in the vicinity of New York our friends have tried it for two weeks past—at Rougher's Bar and the swamps of Carnarsie Bay, at Gravesend, Rockaway, and Shinnecock, and at all the favorite resorts of Long Island and contiguous New Jersey. The ten days of wet weather has been discomfiting to both birds and sportsmen.

About the middle of August, the Esquimaux Curlew arrives on the Labrador coast from its more Northern breed-

ing grounds in immense numbers, flying very swiftly in flocks of great extent. These immediately break up into smaller companies, and proceed at once in search of food. They remain but a very short time. As Audubon most correctly says, "I was not long in discovering that their stay on the coast was occasioned solely by the density of the mists, and the heavy gales that already gave intimation of the approaching close of the summer; for whenever the weather cleared up a little, thousands of them set off and steered in straight course across the broad Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the contrary, when the wind was high and the fog thick, they flew swiftly and low over the rocky surface of the country, as if bewildered. Whenever there was a spot that seemed likely to afford a supply of food, there the Curlews abounded and were easily approached." His observations, however, differ much from those of the writer in reference to the time of the arrival and departure of the birds. He states that they made their first appearance on the 29th of July, and had all left by the 12th of August; whereas, from our experience none came until about the latter date, and none were to be seen on the first of September. For two or three days before their final departure, they began moving directly southward, flying very high in the air in loose straggling flocks, with a broad extended front.

The Curlews associate in flocks of every size, from three to as many thousands, but they generally fly in so loose and straggling a manner, that it is rare to kill more than a half a dozen at a shot. When they wheel, however, in any of their many beautiful evolutions, they close together in a more compact body, and offer a more favorable opportunity for the gunner. Their flight is firm, direct, very swift, when necessary much protracted, and is performed with rapid regular beats. They never sail except when about to alight; then the wings are much incurved downwards, in the manner of most Waders. As their feet touch the ground their long, pointed wings are raised over the back until the tips almost touch, and then deliberately folded, much in the manner of the Solitary Sandpiper, *Rhyacophilus solitarius*. Their note is an oft-repeated, soft, mellow, though clear whistle, which may be easily imitated. By this means they can readily be decoyed within shot, if the imitation is good and the gunner is careful to keep concealed. The smaller the flock, the more easily are they allured, and a single individual rarely fails to turn his course toward the spot from whence the sound proceeds. When in very extensive flocks they have a note which, when uttered by the whole number, we can compare to nothing but the chattering of a flock of blackbirds. When wounded and taken in hand, they emit a very loud harsh scream, like that of a common hen under similar circumstances, which cry they also utter when pursued.

Their food consists almost entirely of the Crow-berry, *Empetrum nigrum*, which grows on all the hill-sides in astonishing profusion. It is also called the "Bear-berry" and "Curlew-berry." It is a small berry, of a deep purple color, almost black, growing upon a procurrent, running kind of heath, the foliage of which has a peculiar moss-like appearance. This is their principal and favorite food; and the whole intestine, the vent, legs, bill, throat, and even the plumage are more or less stained with the deep purple juice. They are also very fond of a species of small snail, that adheres to the rocks in immense quantities, to procure which they frequent the land-washes at low tide. Food being so abundant, and so easily obtained, they become excessively fat. In this condition they are most delicious eating, being tender, juicy, and finely flavored; but as might be expected, they prove a very difficult job for the taxidermist.

Although the Curlews were in such vast numbers, we did not find them so tame as might be expected, and as we had been led to suppose by previous representations. We were never able to walk openly within shooting distance of a flock, though told it was often done. The most successful method of obtaining them is to take such a position as they will probably fly over in passing from one feeding ground to another; they may then be shot with ease, as they rarely fly high at such times. The pertinacity with which they cling to certain feeding grounds, even when much molested, we saw strikingly illustrated on one occasion. The tide was rising and about to flood a muddy flat of perhaps an acre in extent, where their favorite snails were in vast quantities. Although six or eight gunners were stationed on the spot, and kept up a continual round of firing upon the poor birds, they continued to fly distractedly about over our heads, notwithstanding the numbers that every moment fell. They seemed in terror lest they should lose their accustomed fare of snails that day. On another occasion, when the birds had been so harassed for several hours as to deprive them of all opportunity of feeding, great numbers of them retired to a very small island, or rather a large pile of rocks, a few hundred yards from the shore, covered with sea weed, and, of course, with snails. Flock after flock alighted on it, till it was completely covered with the birds, which there, in perfect safety, obtained their morning meal.

We were told that the Curlews were never seen in Labrador, except for the short period in the autumn. Such, however, we do not think to be the case, particularly as Audubon, upon good authority, asserts to the contrary. It is probable that the certainty and silence with which it passes northward during the spring migration, causes it to be partially overlooked. Its migrations are very extensive, but performed so quickly and silently that it is rarely seen south of the New England States. It is found in Texas; though

as far as our knowledge extends, it does not breed much south of Hudson's Bay. In Labrador it is known by its proper name, which, however, is invariably shortened into "C'lew." Further south it is called the "Dough-bird," but this name is also applied to other birds. In a great number of specimens we found considerable difference in size, in the color of the under parts, which varies from creamy white to deep buff, and in the purity and extent of the white patch on the throat. These differences, however, were not indicative of sex, nor even of age, so far as we could ascertain.

—The legal season for shooting rail, and reed birds, and pheasants in Pennsylvania, will open on the first of September. Those who kill a pheasant out of season are liable to a fine of \$10 and costs for each bird, and \$5 and costs for each rail and reed bird so shot.

—There are over ten rifle clubs at present in Connecticut, the principal ones being in Hartford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Meriden and New Britain, and a general State Association has been formed. A grand rifle match will be held this fall at Meriden.

—Squirrel-shooting is now at its height in Pennsylvania. The young animals are now fat and tender, and the sport of hunting them is very exciting. With a good squirrel-dog in tall forests where the animals are known to abound, the sport is truly enjoyable and not unworthy the attention of any one who seeks good hunting and is a good shot. For squirreling tries the skill of the sportsman as much as any other. Those shot are red and grey squirrels.

—On Saturday last, sixty members of the National Rifle Association met at Creedmoor. Various sweepstakes were shot for. The most notable feature of the shooting was a contest between members of the 22d and 84th regiments, which was won by Mr. Becker, of the 22d, who made the remarkably fine score of 16 at 200 yards, and of 18 at 500 yards.

—In England the gun club is in a most prosperous condition, having over three hundred members. Among many notable matches which have been shot at Trotting Hill lately, we notice a contest between Mr. H. S. Jaffray, of New York, and Mr. Herbert Wood, at fifty birds each forty yards rise, which Mr. Jaffray won by one bird, killing seventeen, Mr. Wood sixteen. As the usual distance is from twenty-one to twenty-five yards, this is very remarkable shooting. At Brighton, with five birds, twenty-seven yards rise, Mr. A. Patten, with a central fire breech loader, killed four birds, and on a tie, won by killing three straight birds. American sportsmen should remember that the Bluerock is quite a different bird from our pigeon, and is a much swifter flyer. We understand that a strenuous effort will be made here to introduce this breed of bird.

—We have received from D. H. Smith, Esq., the Secretary of the Rifle Association of St. John, N. B., the following letter:—

ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, August 18, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have been trying for some time to ascertain the magnitude and status of your rifle associations, and especially that which has its meetings at Creedmoor, L. I. I am Secretary and Treasurer of our county association, and a member of the Provincial body, and have often thought that while we send our men to Wimbledon it would be advisable to cultivate that friendship and fraternity which should exist between the marksmen of the United States and Canada. Could you place me in communication with the managers in order that some scheme for an international match might be arranged?

On referring this matter to the American Rifle Club we were favored by an immediate reply from the Secretary, J. P. Fairbanks, Esq. In his letter, dated August 23d, he expresses his desire to communicate with the representatives of the St. John's Rifle Club, and he states therein "It is contemplated offering prizes to all comers on October 8th, and that a most cordial welcome will be extended to Canadian riflemen." This is as it should be, and we are only too glad if the services of the FOREST AND STREAM may be of avail in bringing on a friendly contest between Canada and the United States at Creedmoor. American marksmen should remember that Canadian riflemen are adepts, having already won several prizes at Wimbledon, when pitted against the strongest English teams, and in a contest of this character they are likely to meet fomen worthy of their steel.

In Japan it takes five years for the tea shrub to mature, though a crop is made the third year. No tree is allowed to reach more than five feet in height, and the older the plant the more it is esteemed. Those trees which produce the very choicest teas, used only by the Princes, worth five dollars a pound, is the product of trees said to be 500 years old.

We all know about the fable of the ant and the cricket, and how the ant is supposed to make his granary in summer for his winter's repast. Whether or not the ant has a provident instinct seems yet quite undecided, and English and Continental savants are fighting over the question. As the ant is, according to some of his observers, torpid during the winter, what use has he for a winter's store. Let us immediately then alter the fable.

Shooting swallows with a bullet, from a rifle, or knocking down bumblebees with a pistol ball are sometimes talked about. Robert Houdin the famous French prestidigitateur used to do this. This was the way it was managed. The pretended bullets were made of hollow wax, covered with lead dust, and inside was the shot. Of course there was nothing very difficult in bringing down small game by this method.

Sea and River Fishing.

GAME FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

Bluefish, (<i>Tennodon saltator</i> .)	Striped Bass, (<i>Labrax lineatus</i> .)
Land-locked Salmon, (<i>Salmo Gloveri</i> .)	Black Bass, (<i>Centrarchus fuscatus</i> .)
Trout, (<i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .)	Maskinonge.

With the advent of autumn the Salmon family pass off the stage as fish in season, and with local exceptions, are preparing for their work of propagation. Nevertheless the legal limit in the Lower Provinces for salmon and trout is the 15th September, and for trout in the State of New York, the same date. In many States the close season does not begin until October.

Black bass fishing is now in its prime. The range of this fish and the number of places in which to take it, have been much extended by the efforts of the Fishery Commissions of several States, although some of the Commissioners seem to have a prejudice against its universal introduction. This is one of the gamiest fish in our waters, and by some anglers is preferred to the trout on fine tackle. For ourselves we give the bass preference over the rather sluggish speckled trout that are taken in ponds and lakes. Lake Simcoe, Belleville, Nipissing, and indeed the whole extent of the Province of Ontario, afford superb black bass fishing. The St. Lawrence river through the Thousand Islands, the lower tier of the Adirondack lakes, the great lakes of Western New York, and especially the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota, are favorite resorts of this fine fish. He takes a fly readily, and is greedy for "spoon victuals." The usual method of capture is to troll with a spoon, but by it one-half of the pleasure which the fly affords is lost. A medium sized spoon is needed, and if a fly be used a mixture of red and white feathers on a salmon hook will kill most every time. Brownish flies are used of several patterns, but a mixture of gaudy colors seem always requisite. An economical and killing "fly" can be made from the nethermost part of an old flannel shirt.

The striped bass of the ocean, like his namesake, is in full season now, and from this time on all through September and into October, the sport will be at its height.

During the past six weeks heavy scores have been made along the eastern shore. The Squidnoket Club, from June 20th to August 6th, footed up a total of 1,800 pounds with a 56-pounder for their heaviest trophy. The run was from thirteen pounds upward.

At "No Man's Land," near Martha's Vineyard, the fishing has been poor thus far in consequence of a wreck having gone ashore there on a clay bottom. She obstinately refuses to go to pieces, and the swash of the waves alternately upon her staunch old sides, and upon the bottom, beclouds the water with a milky hue that keeps the fish away.

At Gay Head, if the wind is southeasterly, so that it blows from Cuttyhunk, the fishing is also spoiled by this same washing of the white clay bottom; but there are one or two points along shore known to old fishermen only, where good sport can be had when the wind is from the northward. The lighthouse keeper at Gay Head is always glad to entertain anglers.

Niantic, near New London, was formerly a remarkable ground for bass fishing, as much as 10,000 pounds of fish having been taken there in a single season with the line. The Niantic river, two-and-a-half miles long, connects the bay with a lake which receives the waters of several fine trout streams, so that the river and bay form a natural breeding and spawning ground for bass. A number of elegant villas line the river and sea-beach. There are two hotels, one at Block Point on the East Lyme side, and the other on the opposite side of the river at Bloody Point. Niantic Bay is three miles wide, and has a depth of three fathoms. In the channel below the railroad bridge, it is five fathoms, and here is the place to throw for bass. Striped Bass have been biting freely for the past two weeks about the islands and grassy shallows of Hell Gate and Harlem River.

Philadelphians have got to trolling for bluefish by steam. One of them who returned from Providence to Philadelphia last week in one of the Clyde steamships, tells us that they trolled for bluefish and bonita along the Long Island and Jersey coasts while the steamer was under full headway. Owing to the extra resistance the hooks were often torn from the fishes' mouths; but enough were caught to bountifully supply the table. Shade of Walton, defend us from such innovations!

There are no less than eleven islands in Alexandria Bay (St. Lawrence river) occupied by private villas. The finest of these island cottages is that of Hon. E. K. Hart, of Albion. It is a Swiss cottage, sixty by seventy feet, with a tower rising eighty-five feet above the level of the river, and cost about twelve thousand dollars.

The Germantown *Telegraph* says that the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners will not erect more than one of the four fishways in the Susquehanna and tributaries this season, and even this one (in the Columbia dam) may be resisted by the Reading Railroad Company who are lessees of the Susquehanna Canal Company. The Railway Company may interpose objections to the erection of fishways in the Columbia dam, but that cannot hinder the work going on, and is probably intended as a basis for damages from the Canal Company, should the said ways prove injurious.

The stocking of the Vermont waters with salmon promises to be a success. Several small ones placed in the Winooski River have grown two or three inches since last summer.

RULES FOR FISHERMEN.—The following excellent rules are attributed to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:—

First—Find out if there is any fish in the river to which you are going; if so, get some one who knows the water to show you where the fish lie; and when he shows them to you don't you show yourself to them.

Second—Don't imagine if the fish does not dart away that he has not seen you; on the contrary, he is very likely devoting his whole attention to you, and preparing to start the moment danger is imminent.

Third—If you are fishing with a fly, and you pass it neatly three times over him, and he refuses it, you need not wait any longer; he has seen your line of invitation and does not intend to come.

Fourth—If you are above a fish when you hook him, get below him as soon as you can, for if you pull him one instant against the stream, and he is a heavy fish, he will break his hold.

Fifth—Never throw a long line when a short one will answer.

Sixth—Never mind what is said about "playing your fish till he is tired;" put him in your basket as soon as you can.

Seventh—Remember that everything depends upon the way you begin your acquaintance. If you can prevail on a fish to go down the stream a little way with you, you will afterward have no difficulty in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him to dinner.

To these excellent maxims I beg leave to add one of Mr. Stoddart's, especially intended for bachelors, young and old: "Never fall in love with a woman by the waterside; there are situations in which every woman looks an angel."

Paul Smith, St. Regis Lake, Adirondacks, has this summer added billiard and bath rooms to his other "recent modern improvements." Ex-Governor Fenton and the Vice Consul for Italy are among his guests. The house is chock full and rooms at a premium. The fishing in the Adirondacks has been better this year than ever before. We regret to say that an unusual quantity of deer have been killed. We shall give these deer slayers "goss" when we are appointed Grand Forester of the new York State Park.

A correspondent who has just returned from Moosehead Lake, in Maine, says the most desirable way of reaching the lake is to purchase an excursion ticket at the office in Boston via the Eastern railroad to Portland, thence by Maine Central to Dexter, and thence by stage thirty-six miles to Lake, and return—cost \$15. June and September are the best months for fishing the lake, but the adjacent ponds whose outlets empty into the Moosehead, are the best in July and August. Spencer Pond is a good ground. The largest speckled trout caught weighed four pounds. The brown hackle with red body and the scarlet ibis seemed the most killing flies to use. A guide and canoe cost three dollars per day, and a sail boat three dollars per day, to be procured at Greenville, foot of the lake. Frank Vaugh is recommended as a guide.

Art and the Drama.

The second marked event of the opening of the fall season, in matters dramatic, is the production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Grand Opera House. This play has often been pronounced beyond the capabilities of the stage to adequately meet the requirements of scenery and acting. We now have at the Grand Opera a marked attempt to realize the ideal creations of "fairy land," and from a scenic point of view, it is a great success—just such a kind of success, that fills Niblo's Garden with admirers of the Black Crook; but those theatrical people, who are only charmed with the surface, at the Grand Opera House find the inspired language of Shakspeare, instead of the maudlin stuff of the Crook, and they are dissatisfied. There is no use to disguise the fact that an attempt has been made in the revival of this play to attract an audience by the presumed splendor of scenery, the text being merely used as a reason for "gorgeous transformations" and "fairy dells." The acting indeed is so subordinated to meretricious display, that it becomes merely a "gap" to give the scene shifters time to play their more important part, and Fox of Humpty Dumpty fame, the thoughtless press congratulates, as the great source of the intellectual interest of the performance.

Theatricals have certainly a downward tendency and they seemingly begin to reach the bottom, when Shakspeare is absolutely smuggled before a New York audience and attempted to be forced down unwilling throats, just as nauseous medicine is made palatable by the thick coating of the crystalized juice of the sugar cane.

But the manager had one resource entirely in his power, viz., the reason for producing in perfection Mendelssohn's incomparable music. But here again the want of faith in the modern theatrical manager in anything intrinsically excellent, comes in, and we are denied the only intellectual luxury that Mr. Daly could give us in perfection. It is certainly to be deplored that the entire managerial taste and capital should be directed with such prodigality on that which alone appeals to the senses through the eye, to such an extent indeed, that the intellect is even denied the charm of sweet music set in accord by an inspired mind. Mendelssohn's music dazzles the imagination of the listening world far more than the varied brilliancy of gas lighted canvas however gorgeous. Had some of the prodigal waste of money expended upon this pageant been appropriated to training and paying a skillful orchestra, capable of discoursing correctly his most wonderful music, and with something of the passion, *finesse*, and playfulness intended by that master mind, then *Midsummer Night's Dream* would have offered an attraction that alone would have sufficed to draw thousands of our music loving public.

Our Teutonic population is so immense, that it constitutes New York the third largest German city in the world, and our German friends crowd in with avidity, at every opportunity of hearing the compositions of favorites, provided the performers are properly drilled to give an effective rendering. Now there is a witchery and charm pervading the entire work of Mendelssohn's so rich in thought, so wealthy in detail, that in combination with the poetry and action, the enchantment would have been complete and the success assured—and there might have been a

run of many weeks and a realization of money made upon a legitimate representation of the highest and most intellectual dramatic performances. Instead of this—we have a failure—denied, but nevertheless announced in the fact, that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is soon to be withdrawn for a newer and "more startling novelty of the Wandering Jew."

We hope the execrable taste that suggested the introduction of "California music" in place of Mendelssohn's to adorn Shakspeare, will soon cease its baleful influence in a city that should dictate, not receive, laws that control refinement and good taste.

—On Monday evening last the Lydia Thompson troupe commenced their fall engagement at the Olympic. The same evening the Opera Bouffe was presented at the Broadway, the piece selected being "La Fille de Madame Angot," the principal character by Mlle. Aimee.

—Salvini and Rainoute with their troupe are expected shortly; they were to sail the last week of August and appear at the Academy on the 15th proximo.

—The well known prima donna Mme. Van Zandt will play in St. Petersburg this week.

—A new training school for music is to be established in London, in connection with the Royal Albert Hall and under the auspices of the Society of Arts. Three hundred scholarships are to be founded, affording gratuitous instruction and free maintenance for students. It will be well when some of those charlatans, advertising their so-called conservatories here, will be supplanted by some such institution, that will bear more resemblance to the real thing than the name.

—The Grand Opera House advertises the *Wandering Jew*, (a new version), to succeed the present Shakspearean *pot pourri*.

—Mr. Finlay Finlayson, the popular baritone has just finished a simple little operetta for four voices without chorus, entitled "Mistress and Man." The plot by the same gentleman is comic, and music melodious, after the style of Balfe. A small orchestra places the work within the reach of small places, and any concert troupe can give it for an evening's entertainment.

—It is decided that the question of English opera is to be tried again in New York, with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg as prima donna. Mrs. Moulton's name has been mentioned in connection with Santley's. We shall give more information in our next number, as soon as something definite is permitted to be known.

—It is understood that Mme. Maskill will arrive from England shortly, as a rival in dramatic readings to Mrs. Scott Siddons.

STRANGE EFFECT OF TERROR ON ANTS.—In a late number of *Nature* there is an interesting letter from a Mr. J. D. Hague, of San Francisco, addressed to Charles Darwin, on the subject of ants, and the terror they are seized with on perceiving dead ants on their tracks. Mr. Darwin says:

"Mr. Moggridge tried this experiment with some ants at Mentone with similar effects. I therefore sent the letter to Mr. Hague, and asked him to observe whether his ants were alarmed by the smell left by the finger, or were really terrified by the sight of their dead and dying comrades. The case appears curious, as I believe no one has ever observed an invertebrate animal realizing danger by seeing the corpses of a fellow species. It is indeed very doubtful whether the higher animals can draw any such inferences from the sight; but I believe that every one who has had experience in trapping animals is convinced that those who have never been caught learn that a trap is dangerous by seeing others caught."

The Kwitchpak, or Yukon River, has its source far up in British America and up in the Rocky Mountains, and runs for hundreds of miles in British America, and then enters Russian America (Alaska), its course from the source to the centre of Russian America being Northwest, and enters into Behring's Sea at about North latitude sixty-three degrees.

History tells us that the width of this great river will average one mile for the distance of 1,800 miles in length, though in some places it is five miles in width. History further tells us that it is navigable for 1,800 miles, though a boat could not make more than one trip a year, as the river is open but three or four months of the year. In length and volume of water it is exceeded only by the Amazon, the Mississippi, and, perhaps, the La Plata. It exceeds the Nile, the Ganges, the Volga, the Amoor, and has affluents to which the Rhone and the Rhine are but brooks. The fisheries on the Amazon of the North are said to be the best in the world. Moose, reindeer, and hares abound on this great river. It costs the natives there but little exertion to procure their food.

W. H. Hollister, the wealthy stock raiser of Monterey County, Cal., left Ohio for the Golden State twenty years ago, driving with him eight hundred sheep. His neighbors thought he was insane to enter upon such a foolhardy undertaking; but he persisted, and after being a year upon the road and enduring all manner of hardships he finally reached California with three hundred sheep remaining out of his original flock. By care and good management each one of these three hundred sheep yielded \$1,000 before it died, or a total of \$300,000. This sum has since been increased to \$3,000,000, his estimated wealth at present.

—The *Calcutta Times of India*, states that a Cobra twenty-one feet long was killed by some Englishmen lately on the Padneuttah hills. The snake had the day before swallowed a native child.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK	CHARLESTON
August 28,	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
" 29,	2 29	11 52	11 7
" 30,	3 7	morn.	11 51
" 31,	3 51	0 37	morn.
Sept. 1,	4 43	1 30	0 43
" 2,	5 47	2 33	1 47
" 3,	6 59	3 44	2 59
" 4,	8 11	4 55	4 11

NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON, August 21st.—The look of the weather gladdened the hearts of the Yachtmen, and towards nine A. M. a fresh breeze sprang up which indicated clear weather for the race for the Bennett cup. Mr. Centre kindly lent his sloop yacht Vindex for a stake boat, which was anchored near Fort Adams. The signal gun for preparation was fired from the stake boat at 9.59. The following yachts started.

YACHTS.	SCHOONERS.	OWNERS.
Alarm.....	Rear Com. Kingsland,	
Eva.....	E. Burd Grub.	
Foam.....	Sceppard Homan.	
Idler.....	S. J. Colgate.	
Josephine.....	Lloyd Phoenix.	
Madleine.....	Jacob Voorhis, Jr.	
Madgie.....	R. F. Loper.	
Tidal Wave.....	W. Voorhis	
SLOOP.		
Ariadne.....	T. A. Strong.	
Qui Vive.....	T. Clapham	
Vision.....	J. J. Alexander.	
Vixen.....	W. Garner.	

As the yachts prepared for action there seemed to have existed some difference of opinion as to the character of the wind outside. The Josephine was under ordinary cruising canvass while the Foam carried her club-main-top-sail and a working fore-top-sail aloft. The Vixen too showed plenty of extra canvass. The Tidal Wave was wary, on the watch, and only spread her usual sails. The Qui Vive carried a top-sail, as did the Idler; the Madeleine had both club top-sails set. At the start the Vision and Ariadne crossed the line first, the Foam shortly afterwards, and the Idler slightly to leeward; the place of the Madeleine was inside the Idler, and the Alarm to windward; Qui Vive on the weather quarter. The breeze was a ten knot one, the sea not too lumpy, and the yachts bowled along at a glorious speed, making for Point Judith. The Madeleine was now leading the fleet, followed by the Alarm half a mile astern; the Madgie was hugging the Alarm, and after her came the Tidal Wave. About 12 o'clock the Madeleine lowered her stay-sail, and took in her fore-top-sail. The breeze had now freshened, and the yachts were heading for Brenton's reef light-ship; the Madeleine turned the buoy at 11:59; the Tidal Wave crept ahead of the Alarm and kept the third place. The yachts were all doing their very best, and the Madeleine looked as if she would make the fastest time on record. It was evident that the race lay between the Madeleine, Tidal Wave, and Alarm; after passing Point Judith the breeze and sea quieted down, the Alarm gaining on the Tidal Wave, and looked as if she might become the rival of the Madeleine. Inside the white-washed rocks, the water being smooth, the Tidal Wave again crept ahead of the Alarm. The Madeleine came in winner about 250 yards ahead of the Tidal Wave, Madgie next, after her the Foam, the Madeleine making the fastest time on record; time 3h. 22m. 23sec.

AUGUST 23.—The race for the Douglas cups. Course from Brenton's Reef light-ship to the Sow and Pigs light-ship and return. Distance 33 miles. Prize two \$500 cups; one for schooners, and one for sloops. The morning promised badly, there being scarcely any wind at all; there was a dead calm, and the water was as smooth as a mirror; a little after eleven o'clock there was the faintest ripple perceptible and the canvas commenced to flutter; it was 12:30 before the race began.

The yachts crossed the line in the following order: Qui Vive, Vision, Vixen, Madeleine, Alarm, Tidal Wave, Eva, and Idler.

The Madeline soon collared the sloops and now the Tidal Wave and Madeline are contesting for the lead. The Tidal Wave held her own for a short time when the beautiful Madeline passed her, and by one o'clock the Madeline is full one-third of a mile ahead of the fleet. Of the sloops, the Vision is ahead, pushed closely, however, by the Vixen. As they turn the light-ship it seems evident that the Madeline is again the winning schooner and that the Vision must beat the sloops. The Eva having lost her jib-boom before reaching the light-ship, abandoned the race; in fact an ugly squall had been threatening in the distance for the last hour, so that the slow ones seemed to stand a good chance of losing their top-hamper. The Madeline came in ahead and won the cup for schooners. The Vision secured the cup for sloops.

The Passaic Clubs of Newark, New Jersey, have accepted a challenge from the Triton Boat Club to row a six-oared shell race one mile and a half and return, on the Passaic river on September 3rd.

J. C. Dole, Jr., of Brunswick, and C. M. Henry of Portland, Maine, are matched to row a single scull race for \$250 a side, September 9th, in Portland Harbor, on condition that the water is smooth.

The three Wards, Ellis, Gil, Dan, with O'Leary, of Worcester, Mass., are to pull together in a four-oared boat, looking towards the rewards offered in the coming Wretham regatta.

The Toronto International Regatta takes place to-day. The Yacht races to-morrow are open to the Canadian Clubs only. There are five prizes to be contested for.

The Horse and the Course.

TABLE OF FASTEST TROTTING TIME.

We copy from *Harper's Monthly* the time of the fastest trotted single mile. Its convenient form will undoubtedly cause it to be frequently referred to. In the table Joe Elliott's time, 2:15½, was undoubtedly accomplished by the horse; but as his trial of speed was not made in the interest of a wager, according to turf law, it is not placed on record:—

TABLE SHOWING THE FASTEST TIME AT ONE MILE.

Name of Horse.	Min.	Date.	Course.	Mode.
Joe Elliott.....	2:15 1-2	June 29, 1872	Mystic Park.....	Harness.
Goldsmith Maid.....	2:16 1-4	June 19, 1872	Mystic Park.....	Harness.
Dexter.....	2:17 1-4	Aug. 14, 1867	Buffalo Park.....	Harness.
American Girl.....	2:17 1-4	Aug. 9, 1872	Buffalo Park.....	Harness.
Lady Thorne.....	2:18 1-2	Oct. 8, 1869	Narragansett Park..	Harness.
Lucy.....	2:18 1-4	Aug. 9, 1872	Buffalo Park.....	Harness.
George Palmer.....	2:19 1-4
Flora Temple.....	2:19 3-4	Oct. 15, 1859	Kalamazoo.....	Harness.
Henry.....	2:20 1-4	June 23, 1871	Beacon Park.....	Harness.
Mountain Boy.....	2:20 1-2	Harness.
General Butler.....	2:21
Rolla Gold-dust.....	2:21
Gazelle.....	2:21	Oct. 22, 1872	Prospect Park.....
Jay Gould.....	2:21 1-2	Aug. 7, 1872	Buffalo Park.....	Harness.
Camors.....	2:21 3-4	Sept. 19, 1872	Prospect Park.....	Harness.
Judge Fullerton.....	2:21 3-4	Oct. 4, 1872	Fleetwood.....	Harness.
George Wilkes.....	2:22
Princess.....	2:22
Rockingham.....	2:22 1-4	Saddle.
Rosalind.....	2:22 1-4
Geo. M. Patchen.....	2:22 1-2
Jenny.....	2:22 1-2
Lady Mand.....	2:22 1-2
Huntress.....	2:22 1-2	June 18, 1872	Mystic Park.....
Flora Belle.....	2:22 3-4
Kilburn Jim.....	2:23

CHURCH OF THE STRANGER, N. Y. August, 1873.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Esq.—

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for the first number of "FOREST AND STREAM." It is very beautiful, and, so far as I have read it, very good.

I am perhaps as far removed from a sportsman as any clergyman you ever knew. I have never caught a dozen fish in my life; never shot but one animal; never attended a horse-race; never was in the Adirondacks; and yet the amount of fun I have seen, if I had had nothing else in life, has been richly worth living for. Moreover, I am the very kind of a man to enjoy your paper. All the more because I have not time to do it, I want to see how it is done. So I intend to read "FOREST AND STREAM;" and you shall be my authority on these subjects. In the meantime, I can keep an eye on your "moral state," and whenever you break into any irregularities, I shall "rein" you into an orthodox gait.

Now at the very outset the functions of my chosen office are brought into requisition. You say in your very graphic announcement, "We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated with the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him."

It seems to me that is a very ill-considered paragraph. I know a little about horses, and I love them. I sometimes playfully tell my children that the name of the American branch of our family is not a contraction of the name of the Dutch branch, *De Heems*, but is simply a corruption of the English word Teams, because of our fondness for horses.

I do believe that a horse can become "contaminated," and I also believe that a horse can "contaminate" a man in the sense in which you use the word. The old idea of the Centaur did not, I think, arise in the mind of some savage upon seeing for the first time a man on horseback and regarding the two animals as one. I am fain to fancy that some ancient philosopher of my school, ascertaining what a oneness can come to exist between a horse and his rider, projected his theory in the idea of the Centaur. You may take a horse of the very highest qualities and place upon him a man of the very lowest qualities, and at once there will begin to be an elevation of the man and a deterioration of the brute. So if you put on a rather inferior horse a rider who is every inch a man, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, the horse seems instinctively to recognise his rider, and rise as if under aspiration for higher equine qualities.

Just here comes the moral responsibility of the rider. If I were writing an essay instead of a rapid letter, I should run this out: and from all we could gather from the biographies of horses and their riders, from Alexander's Bucephalus down to Kaiser William's favorite charger, I think I could make out a case for the theory that the qualities of the horse are improved or deteriorated by those of his rider as the qualities of the rider are by those of his horse.

Proofs of the same proposition might be brought from the history of horse training in which kindness is known to be so much more powerful than muscular force. Indeed I think I have here the germ of a science which when developed will make the owners of a stud able to tell which of his servants has ridden such a one of his horses in his absence, by this knowledge of both his men and horses. All of which would go to show what a fine animal the horse is; and all of which does endear him to men that love the good wherever they find it.

It does not do to let every one ride your horse. The finest horse in America if hired day after day and hour after hour to Tom, Dick and Harry, or even Thomas, Richard and Henry, without regard to the qualities of the rider, would become so prostituted that a horseman of high qualities would shrink from having anything to do with him. I do believe that low and vulgar fellows, as grooms or riders or surrounders of a fine horse do by the moral atmosphere which they engender degrade the noble animal.

Wishing you great success in your enterprise,

I am truly yours,

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

KINGSTON, August 20.

There was a fair attendance at the fall meeting. The weather was fine and the track in good order.

First race, purse \$450, for three-minute horses. Four horses started, and the race was won by Gray Hawk in three straight heats. Time 2:47½, 2:50½, 2:49.

Second race, purse \$250, for horses that had never beaten 2:37. I. H. Chambers' Molsey won in the first, second and fifth heats.

August 24.—The races concluded on the 24th. Trot for \$300. Four horses started. Won by Mollie Smith in three straight heats.

WILKESBARRE, PA. August 20.

The Lee Park races opened this afternoon, the track was in excellent condition, and between three and four thousand people were present. First race for the Lee cup and \$50. The race was won by Stickner's Billy.

Second race, purse \$500, for horses that had never beaten 2:54. Eighteen horses started. Bay gelding Daniels, owned by John S. Baker of Seneca Falls, won the race, taking the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2:39, 2:35, 2:34. The third race was for \$800, for horses that had never trotted better than 2:37. There were five starters. Dinah, of Philadelphia, won in three straight heats. Time, 2:40, 2:38, 2:36.

August 22.—The sun shone brilliantly and the track in good condition. Purse \$200, for horses that had never beaten three minutes. Ten entries, and eight horses started. Dick winning the fourth, fifth and sixth heats. Time, 2:42, 2:44, 2:54. Second race, purse \$500, for horses that had never beaten 2:46. Eleven entries, eight horses started. Mollie Clark won in three straight heats. Time, 2:37½, 2:35, 2:34. Third race, purse \$800. Five entries, four horses started. Tom Keeler won in three straight heats. Time, 2:30½, 2:30, 2:29.

HAMPDEN PARK RACES, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. August 20. There were eight thousand persons present, and the track was in a superb condition. First race, purse \$6,000, for horses that have never trotted better than 2:21. There were three starters, Judge Fullerton, Sensation, and Camors. Judge Fullerton broke badly at the start and could not be brought into subjection, being distanced the first heat, which was won by Sensation. Camors took the second heat, and Sensation the third and fourth. Time, 2:23½, 2:25½, 2:25, 2:23½.

Second race, purse \$4,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:31. Eight horses started and seven heats were trotted, leaving the race undecided, owing to the darkness. Ohio Boy won two heats, and Barney Kelley, Commodore, Winthrop Morrill, and Colonel Moulton one each. The fifth was a dead heat, five horses swinging under the wire on a run, neck and neck. Time, 2:34, 2:31½, 2:30, 2:33, (dead) 2:35½, 2:35.

August 23.—The first or 2:24 race was contested by Crown Prince, Confidence, Gloster, Susie, Hotspur, Major Allen and Thomas Jefferson. Gloster won the first two heats, and was second in the last two, and Susie was second in the first two, and first in the last three, winning the race. Thomas Jefferson won the third money. Time, 2:23, 2:25½, 2:25½, 2:27, 2:25.

August 24—Fully 12,000 people were in attendance to witness the race for horses that had never beaten 2:24, for a purse of \$3,000 for the first horse and \$1,000 for the second. Four horses started, Susie, Gloster, Thomas Jefferson, and Hotspur. Won by Susie in the three last heats. Time, 2:25½, 2:27, 2:25.

Second race for the 2:38 class. Nine horses started; purse \$4,000; for the first horse, \$2,000; second horse, \$1,000. Won by Clementine in the three last heats. Time, 2:35, 2:30, 2:32½.

August 25.—Nearly twenty thousand people were present to witness the closing scenes in Hampden Park. The track was literally perfect. Purse \$4,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:29. Sixteen entries, and nine horses came to the post, Van Ness' St. James winning the first heat 2:26½, third, 2:25½, and fifth 2:29.

Second race. This was the great feature of the races. Purse \$6,000, open and free to all. Six entries: Henry, American Girl, Lulu, Lucy, Goldsmith Maid. Henry and Lucy were withdrawn, the other four coming to the post. Goldsmith Maid won in three straight heats: 2:21, 2:22, 2:19½.

Last race of the meeting, Purse \$6,000, open to all horses that had never trotted for premiums.

Dolly Varden first heat; Sparker second heat. Too dark to trot another heat.

LONG BRANCH EXTRA MEETING, MONMOUTH PARK, AUG. 23.—Hurdle race. Purse of \$600. Welter weights; to carry twenty-eight pounds overweight for age. Five starters. Two horses distanced. Won by Blind Tom; 1:59, 1:57½.

Second race, Long Branch. Handy-cap, H. F., with \$500 added; four horses started; won by Lightning; 2:20; distance, 1¼ miles.

Third race for \$500, for two-year-olds. Two horses started; Norton won. Time, 1:22½.

Fourth race, \$600, for all ages, to carry one hundred pounds. Four horses started; Arizona won; 2:40; distance 1½ miles.

HAMILTON BUSBY, Esq., in a comprehensive contribution to *Harper's Magazine*, supplemented by an article in the *New York Times*, is using his efforts to accomplish a sweeping reform in the morals and rules of the turf. His proprietary connection with the leading turf paper of the country gives a semi-official weight to his utterances. All gentlemen who esteem the horse as a companion, and value

his material services, will thank this gentleman for his efforts, and heartily second them. In the FOREST AND STREAM he will find an earnest coadjutor. After reviewing the efforts within the current year of the National Association, of which Amasa Sprague, of Providence, is President, and of the Trainer's and Driver's Protective Association, to improve the management of the turf, he makes the following just strictures upon the evil of pool-selling, which he properly regards as the great curse of the course. He says:—

"It weighs like an incubus on the turf. It affords the straight-laced an opportunity to declare that the chief end and aim of racing is gambling. It brings a noisy and unclean class into prominence. The chronic rogue and the brazen-faced swindler are inveterate pool-buyers. The sharpers combine to fleece the unsuspecting public whenever they can. They tamper with the horses and the drivers, and hesitate at nothing to accomplish their designs. The pool-box is responsible for three-fourths of the frauds which take place on the turf. The largest breeders and owners of horses do not haunt the pool-stand. As a rule, our most eminent breeders are not betting men. The men most benefited by pool-selling are sharpers, who make a business of following the horses from meeting to meeting. So long as pool-gambling is made a prominent and an offensive feature of the course, there are thousands of people of religious training who have a natural fondness for fast horseflesh, who will object to going themselves or to taking their families to view the races. We should enjoy sport for sport's sake, and not make it subservient to a gambling interest. The faint roar of the revolution, I am pleased to write, is heard. There is a strong movement to do away with the pool-stand, and as this movement is gaining strength all the while, its final success seems to be but a question of the future."

The same writer specifies the most prominent Trotting Parks in the country, which are the Buffalo, at Buffalo; Narragansett, at Providence, R. I.; Prospect, near Brooklyn; Fleetwood, near New York; Hamden, at Springfield, Mass.; Dexter, Chicago; Utica, at Utica, N. Y.; Herdic, at Williamsport, Penn.; Point Breeze, at Philadelphia, Beacon, at Boston, and the Buckeye, at Cincinnati. Almost every important town in the Northern States has its trotting course. In the Southern States the trotting course is not so popular, running races being more largely patronized there.

He also names the following celebrated breeding farms: Stonyford, in Orange county; Waldberg, near Haverstraw, on the Hudson; Thorndale, in Dutchess county; Spring Hill near Flushing, Long Island; The Home Farm, near Boston; Fairview, Woodburn, and Forest Park, in Kentucky. The strength of the prominent breeding establishments, averages from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five head of horses. At Waldberg as well as Stonyford the animals number 200. With from thirty to fifty brood mares constantly producing, the stables and paddocks would overflow were not the ranks thinned out by annual sales. Mr. Busby's account of the long and fierce rivalry of Mr. Bonner and Mr. Vanderbilt is interesting. This rivalry began some fifteen years ago.

Whenever a promising horse was heard of the agents of Bonner and Vanderbilt were after him without delay. Mr. Bonner was the most wide-awake, and then he had the pluck to pay all sorts of prices. His first great triumph was in purchasing the celebrated Lantern. Next he purchased Lady Woodruff for the sum of \$3,300, the Lady and Lantern making a team hard to beat. Flatbush Maid was the next acquisition, the price paid for her being \$4,000. Lady Palmer was the fourth purchase, Mr. Bonner giving his check for \$5,000 for her. He had now two unrivaled double teams. Commodore Vanderbilt was not idle all this while. He sought for good horses but was not as successful as the newspaper man in making acquisitions to his stable. The Commodore nevertheless boldly asserted that he was ready at any time to match his team against Mr. Bonner's for \$10,000 a side, owners to drive. But Mr. Bonner, although passionately fond of fast horses, would not bet or trot for money. He had conscientious scruples against anything that looked like gambling; and no taunts could drive him from his position. In August, 1862, he drove over to the Fashion Course, with Flatbush Maid and Lady Palmer. It was a public race-day, and the grand stand was full of people. Among those present was Commodore Vanderbilt. Mr. Bonner determined to prove to his rival the mettle of his pair. He drove on the track, and requested several gentlemen, the Commodore especially, to hold their watches while he made a trial. The challenge was immediately accepted. The mares started at the word, and they trotted with remarkable steadiness, finishing two miles without skip or break in the unparalleled time of 5:01½, the last mile was done in 2:23½. It was a great performance, and very naturally Mr. Bonner was much elated. On returning to the judges stand with his horses he stood up in his wagon and proclaiming to the hearing of all that while it was a rule with him never to make a bet, he would present \$10,000 as a gift to any gentleman who owned a team if he would drive them in the time just recorded by Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid. Everybody knew that this was meant for Vanderbilt, and it readily can be imagined that the challenge was not calculated to act as oil poured on troubled water. It excited the Commodore, and made the rivalry more intense. The years went by, and Vanderbilt made a bold attempt to turn the Ledger flank by purchasing the famous Mountain Boy. Bonner rose equal to the occasion. He purchased Dexter, and was invincible. Finding that the Commodore thought so much of Mountain Boy, Bonner took his rival by surprise in the purchase of Edward Everett, the sire of Vanderbilt's horse. The Ledger man now blandly smiled when he explained that he owned the stallion which begot the horse which the Commodore claimed was the best in the world. It cost Mr. Bonner twenty thousand dollars to indulge in this pleasant little boast. Vanderbilt has given up the fight at last. He still takes pleasure in driving on the road, but his Mountain Boy is dead, and the blood of the old man is tamer than it once was.

We quote from the New York Tribune this sketch of a Kentucky horseman and a medium:

"Some years ago it seems that Mr. McGrath got quite in-

terested in spiritualism. There wasn't much racing going on, so he could give the subject his undivided attention. He invited a friend to go with him and see Foster—or some other circulating medium—and my friend went. But he told me that it surprised him very much to see Mr. McGrath slip a full deck of cards in his coat pocket before starting. It scarcely seemed possible that Mr. McGrath intended to propose a game of spiritual seven-up, or to attempt to beat some unhappy ghost out of every rap he had at draw-poker—which is supposed to be an emphatically blue-grass game. Well, away they sailed, and found Foster in. I found him out at once, immediately after finding him in. Foster gave them his usual circus, and Mr. McGrath sat it through in solemn awe and silence. Sometimes a shade of impatience was visible, but his face looked radiant at the conclusion. 'Mr. Foster,' he said, as he laid the usual honorarium down on the table, 'this is wonderful, and you deal a square game, you do, I believe. But there's just one thing more I want you to try, and if you do it, and I don't give you just the best farm in Kentucky, my name ain't Price McGrath, and down went his hands into his coat pocket and out he fished the pack of cards. 'There,' giving them a scientific blue-grass shuffle, and slapping them down on the table backs up. 'You just tell me what the first card is without turning it over,' and his breath came slow in expectation, Price McGrath's did. 'Foster couldn't, and Mr. McGrath turned sadly away, leaving the cards behind him in his bitter disappointment. 'If Foster could just a-told me what that card was,' he said to my friend as they slowly walked up Broadway, 'I'd just made our everlasting fortune. I'd a-taken him with me, and we'd a-busted every faro bank in the country. And then if I wouldn't a-made their hair curl at Baden-Baden and Monaco, I'll be Dee-Deed.' Mr. McGrath always says he'll be Dee-Deed when he feels solemn and wants to round a sentence handsomely.

Military News.

The news from the army this week is almost entirely savage in character, and those in sympathy with the Peace Commission policy will now perhaps see their error. The month of August has been one series of Indian fights, and the fate of the Modocs, and the utmost exertions of the Peace Commissioners have not in the least interfered with the sportive nature of our savage friends. There is one consolation, however, a few have been laid "lo," but not altogether by the hand or arms of the army, but by those of their own kind, as witnessed in the desperate fight between the Sioux and Pawnee tribes, which took place the first of the month within one hundred and twenty miles of the city of Grand Island, Nebraska. These two tribes have long been bitter in their hatred, and the younger portion of the Sioux tribe have patiently waited an opportunity to "get even" with the Pawnees, and were this time anxious to be on the offensive. Therefore, when, on the morning of the 2d of August, a Sioux Indian scout came into camp and reported the Pawnees as camping on the Ree fork of the Republican river, the Sioux camp became greatly excited, and "Little Wound" asked the Indian agent in charge if he had any orders which would interfere with his attacking them, and was informed that he had not. The Indian agent endeavored to pacify the excited Sioux, and offered to go with him and see the Pawnees, but to no purpose. The young men of the Sioux tribe considering that now was the "accepted time," while the Pawnees were off their reservation and away from white men. The following morning the Sioux warriors started for the camp of their adversary, which they reached in two days, meanwhile being joined by the Brules. On the morning of the 4th they made a desperate attack on the Pawnee camp, killing between fifty and one hundred, mainly women and children. At the time of the attack the greater part of the Pawnee men were absent hunting, so that despite a brave resistance, the Pawnees were overpowered, the attacking tribe numbering between five and six hundred. This fight was a perfect slaughter of Indian innocents, and will be the means of destroying the peaceful overtures made by the Government agents, a council of the chiefs having been arranged to convene this fall to establish a permanent peace between the two tribes. The Pawnees were on their annual hunt on the waters of the Republican, and had killed many buffalo, and secured much game. But the return of the huntsmen was made sad by the destruction of their camp and the killing of their squaws and papooses who were thrown in heaps and in some instances burned. The fight was thoroughly Indian in its savage nature, and we trust the "young men" of the Sioux persuasion are now "square" with their old foe. This fight, however, and its ruthless character, has aroused the worse feelings of the Pawnees, who probably before this have planned an attack on the Sioux tribe. Our troops in almost every direction find the Indians as usual thieving and treacherous and without the least idea of ever keeping their promises. The attempt to secure a notorious thief and murderer named Sancha, of the Southern Apache tribe, in New Mexico, by Captain Chilson's command, of the Eighth Cavalry, was recently resisted, although the chief had promised to aid in his arrest. But when the Indian agent attempted to take him at the reservation, he was surrounded by about thirty Indians, and the chief refused to allow his arrest. The Apaches then talked "much" fight to the soldiers, but the little squad, valuing their hair too highly, refused.

These very Indians are supported in idleness by the Government, furnished food, clothes, etc., and at the same time are allowed to steal and murder, while off the reservation, at will. The Government is at the expense of keeping troops all over the Indian country, who, when they are not fighting, are largely used in protecting those who wish to "talk," or hold a council with the savages whose promises are mere ropes of sand. Our army is small, it is true, but we would

not actually require one half as large, were it not for the constant depredations of the great American Indian.

General Irving McDowell, the intelligent commander of the Department of the South, is at present sojourning at Newport, where his family has a cottage. Few officers of the army are more generally respected than the first commander of the army of the Potomac. It was a glorious and a well deserved tribute when, some few years since, his comrades at the meeting of the Army of the Potomac Association relieved him from all responsibility for the defeat of that army at the first Bull Run.

The social intercourse between the officers of the United States service and those of England is more cordial than any other nations. Why should it not be so? Do they not speak our own tongue, is not England the "mother country," even if we are termed "American cousins."

First Lieutenant Asa Bird Gardner, of the First Artillery, has been appointed a Judge Advocate of the army, vice Major and Brevet Lt. Colonel De Witt Clinton, who died at St. Paul, Minn., August 13. Maj. Gardner at the time of the appointment was acting as aid on the staff of the commander of the Division and Department of the South, and has filled most acceptably recently the position of Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Division. During his service in the army since 1868, his time has been mainly devoted to the duties of the judge advocate's office, and in numerous instances his superior knowledge of military law in all its branches has brought him in contact with, and in defense of, important governmental cases. His services are invaluable to the Government and the army, and the promotion to the rank, and particularly the pay of a Major of Cavalry is very acceptable in these dull times. It would have taken Major Gardner perhaps twenty-five years to have attained this rank by way of regular promotion.

Early in the winter the War Department will issue a revised edition of Upton's Tactics, as prepared by the board appointed some time since. The new tactics will combine the movements of the three arms of the service, and will undoubtedly be the newest military thing out.

Probably most of the West Point graduates know the returned bugler Benz, a German who has been in service at the Academy for the past forty years, and is therefore known by nearly every officer in the army, as his position, that of cadet bugler has brought him in contact with nearly every cadet who has been at the Academy during this period. A great many stories are related of Benz's experience with the cadets, among them the following:

When President Grant was a cadet at the Academy, learning the art of war, he one day sent Benz to the store to purchase fifty cents worth of Cavendish. Benz, however, in his haste did not hear correctly, but thought the order was eandies, and accordingly invested the fifty cents in the toothsome article. On returning and handing over his purchase to Grant, the latter became angry at the ridiculous mistake and spoke rather sharply to Benz, who in turn feeling his old age insulted replied, "I don't doubt but what you will be President of the United States yet if you keep on." Grant turned at once towards Benz and laughingly said, "Well Benz, if I do I shall appoint you my Secretary of War." Doubtless the cadets who were standing near at the time this occurred well remember the incident. Events have shown, however, that President Grant has failed to fulfill his promise, and Benz of course has always been *too modest* to even ask for the appointment, thinking no doubt, that blowing his own bugle is much better than running the War Department.

Whenever General Sherman visits the Academy, he always has a kindly word for the old man, and has many times offered him a better position, but Benz would rather pass his remaining days where he passed his youth. He still blows the bugle, almost as well he did forty years ago.

The battalions of the Eighth and Ninth Infantry, with the Yellowstone expedition, have been ordered to be relieved. Company C, Sixth Infantry, was also ordered to be relieved and to return and be posted at Fort Buford.

Captain Anson Mills, of the Third Cavalry, escorting the Yale College exploring party under Prof. Marsh, in Nebraska, at latest report had not met with any Indians and did not anticipate any trouble. They had no desire to make the acquaintance of Mr. Lo!

The Tenth Cavalry has some highly colored stories to relate regarding its adventures in Texas and the Indian country.

Lt. Col. A. Montgomery, D. Q. M. G., is to be relieved from duty at headquarters of the Military Division of the East, New York, and will take Post No. 30, in the Department of Arizona, as Chief Quartermaster.

Colonel Orlando B. Willcox, of the Twelfth Infantry, has been detailed to assume control of the general recruiting depot, New York city.

Second Lt. Gilbert P. Colton, of the First Artillery, has been detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, Chester, Pa. The First Artillery contains many of the "shining lights" of the service.

The oldest American skull is one found at New Madrid, Missouri, and it must have belonged to a contemporary of the mound diggers. It came from a depth of thirty feet below the surface of a mound, on which were growing the oldest trees of the primitive forest. Near it were discovered the relics of a mastodon. Anthropologists have decided that it must have belonged to a very beautiful woman.

New Publications.

Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

OLD ROME AND NEW ITALIA. By Emilio Castelear. Translated by Mrs. Arnold. New York. Harper & Brothers.

One of the most interesting places from which to write a book of information upon a subject upon which scarcely any two persons agree in impressions received upon the spot, is this same old Rome. The author of this work is unquestionably something of a politician; he has also his own religious opinions, and hesitates not to fearlessly express them. His work shows him to be more of a scholar than a politician. His has been, therefore, by no means an idle life; his hours of leisure, if leisure they could be called, have been spent among stormy events. Taking quite a prominent part in the revolution, to squelch which Sewano took the field in person, he was so unfortunate as to be taken prisoner, and was one of those who were condemned to death. From this fate he escaped, and for two years lived in Geneva and Paris, making visits to Rome, Venice, Florence, and other Italian cities; and to his exile from Rome we are indebted for this timely and tersely written record of an enthusiastic man. We do not call it a book of travels, as it professes to be, but an emotional journal of matters and things as he saw them, and his impressions upon the same. The author would write a good Roman historical journal, for the minutest incident leaves its impress upon his mind. This is a very interesting book, and some portions of the work are truly graphic in description. We would like to make some extracts from the same, but the book is so good as a whole that we cannot think of doing it the injustice of quoting only short paragraphs from a work so interesting as "Old Rome and New Italia."

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE. By S. Newhouse. New York. Mason, Baker & Pratt.

This is one of the books much wanted by every one who loves to hunt fur, fish or feathers, and who has not a germ within himself—an aspiration that leads him as an unclean, bare-legged, dirty and hungry, to the old mill-pond with an alder stick, a piece of twine and a hook attached to catch the "chubbs," as he calls them. The same innate love of sport induces him to crawl on his hands and knees—many rods it may be—to snare the rabbit or partridge (we have done it time and again). And then the gun. Oh! paradise of a boy in short clothes—a gun. "Only let me squib it off." How vividly those old boyhood's days do come up again before us. But we began to tell you about a book of information for "boys," and also for men; even those who have caught trout in the Adirondacks can learn a lesson on trapping and woodcraft perhaps they never yet knew. In this complete compendium, this *vide mecum* of the sportsman, you can find everything you want to know, from the killing of the skunk, without odoriferous accompaniment, to the bringing down of the antlered monarch of the forest—and all this, too, for the mere pittance of \$1 50. It is a book that every boy and every man wants.

I GO A FISHING. By W. C. Prime. New York. Harper & Brothers.

We are not of a querulous, fault-finding school; were we one of that school we would find fault with the title of this rare book upon angling, sports with the rod and gun, &c. But we like this title, "I go a Fishing," with its beautiful illustrations of pastoral life. We love the initiatory allusion to St. Peter, his mode of life, and to the beautiful lake of Geneseret. We think it good to see the gospel in the woods and streams, as well as worship the true God beneath his leafy temple. "We see not even the bad taste in the title of this gem of piscatorial art that some critics (?) do. We are so constituted that we cannot. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." We believe any one will rise from the perusal of this work of W. C. Prime's a better instructed, happier, pleasanter man. Mr. Prime is a most devout lover of nature, an humble disciple of nature's God, and he talks to us even in his stories of the moor and stream like a wise mentor we follow not in vain. Through all the changing and varied moods, whether he rambles amid the deepening shades of the Adirondacks, or sits quietly beside the silver waters of Lake George, we find him the same charming, instructive, pleasant friend. He is in all places and at all times the same true lover of the high art piscatory; he knows the rod and gun. This author has the ability to write one of the most readable books upon an interesting subject, and why should he not have the liberty to call his book by whatever title he pleases? Every New England sportsman will accord to him this right, and welcome his very readable book as one of the sportsman's treasures.

OUTLINES OF MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS. By Mary Clemmer Ames. Riverside Press. Hurd & Houghton.

Mrs. Ames has what some would call an "awkward" habit of looking things square in the face. We like this, and can join with her in completely ignoring side issues. This book covers a wide range of topics of different character, but it does ample justice to all. It is a sincere, earnest work, in which the writer shows not only her earnestness of purpose, but hopefulness of ultimately doing her readers good. The style is lively, spirited, vivacious—never flippant or grovelling. Every one who reads this book (and may there be many) will acknowledge her open sincerity as a jewel not possessed by every writer of the day.

OLD NEW ENGLAND TRAITS. Edited by George Lunt. Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

We seem to hear George Lunt talking to us as of old when we open this New England tract. It is one of those very pleasant conversational books that we do not feel inclined to lay aside after once having opened it until we have read to the very close. There is a complete fascination about this volume that holds every one—who has had the good fortune to know personally George Lunt—perfectly spellbound from chapter one to the end. He simply talks to you from the beginning to the end; but then George Lunt knows how to talk.

THE LAST POEMS OF ALICE AND PHEBE CARY. By Mary Clemmer Ames. Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

This is one of the most pleasant, agreeable and chaste productions of these days. This memorial of the gifted sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, comes to us like a string of Orient pearls upon a golden thread. These are truly racy, life-like sketches of every-day life; yet how very natural, how true to the life. Who does not feel within himself an uprising aspiration, a heart throb, as it were, for the heavenly home after a perusal of these beautiful thoughts? The great, good and moral truths written within this book will live forever; there is within them the spirit of immortality. The last poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary will live in the memory of generations yet unborn.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HEALTHKEEPING. Vol. I., 12 mo., pp. 482. By Catherine Beecher Stowe. New York. Harper & Brothers.

Reader, did you ever rise from a bad dinner out of all sorts with everybody, yourself, and last, but not least, your dinner? We know you have; human nature is human nature the world over, whether we confess it or not. As long as men and women must eat, so long will the best treatises on the culinary art be readily sought. We heard a sensible lady once say "the way to keep men good natured was first to give them no room for grumbling in consequence of a bad dinner." More depends on this unpoetical idea than one would at first imagine. And in this valuable work before us we find article after article upon the science of good nature—"a good dinner," and how to prepare one. The fact is, Miss Beecher tells you all about it. Are you dyspeptic, read the last book on the manner of exercising those legions of devils who are boring holes into the head of the poor dyspeptic and torturing out his very life. In a word, this is one of the very best, if not the best, books published upon a subject that concerns everybody—the science of the true enjoyment of human life.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE. Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press.

"Joseph Bird's book again!" says some querulous, fault-finding croaker, who would grumble if his dinner was not done to the very nicest point. Yes, Bird's book again; and this book you and every grumbler should read, particularly if you are not a believer in friendship of any kind. We do not expect you to be a believer in that most rare and valuable kind shared so deeply between Damon and Pythias, but we only ask of you a common sympathy, a kindred love for your fellows in their hours of deep tribulation. In those days when adversity knits one man's soul to the soul of his kindred it is like recreating a soul beneath the ribs of death, we well know, to try to imbue some men with the idea that such an anomaly as an humane man can really exist; that in this universal "hard scramble" for filthy lucre a man can have within his own breast the feeling of "humane kindness" for his fellow-man. Joseph Bird, the philanthropist, does not trade upon tears and suffering—he nobly strives to do all the good he can to his fellow-man, and that, too, without seeking ulterior advantage to himself. He is, and has been, for a long time an ardent and enthusiastic fire-fighter, and we truly regret that there are not more to be numbered to-day in this anti-fire brigade. We are glad to know that Mr. Bird's book sells, and what is better, by far, it is taking a strong hold upon the public mind as to the best means of arresting by the most scientific and approved means the progress of the devouring element.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—with a classified index and questions for educational purposes: By Charles W. Stearns, M. D., New York: Mason, Baker & Pratt, Publishers, 142 Grand street.

In a government like ours, the acquirement of a familiar knowledge of the Constitution may be considered the duty of every citizen; and yet the ignorance of many, even of those elevated to official positions, of the principles and powers embraced in that instrument, is a subject of such notoriety as to cease to excite surprise. The object of this book is to present the constitution as a whole, and to summarize in an intelligible form, its clauses and phraseology, under appropriate heads, so that the idea embraced may be readily understood. The following subdivisions indicate the plan and the advantage of the book: 1—The People; 2—The Congress; 3—The President; 4—Public Justice; 5—The States; 6—Elections; 7—Offices; 8—Military Affairs; 9—Foreign Affairs; 10—Maritime Affairs; 11—Commerce; 12—The Treasury. To this is added an alphabetical concordance, and a brief series of questions for learners. The work embraces 150 octavo pages, on beautiful paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth.

THE MINISTRY WE NEED. B. S. Sweetser. Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press.

We have seen no book that seems to meet a want of the times more than this little, unpretending treatise. It will be a welcome guest in every Christian family. It is the ministry we need. It is purely English in style, is earnest, thoughtful, chaste, and, throughout the whole, of an elevating and improving high-toned morality.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PREHISTORIC RACES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By J. W. Foster, L.L.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1873. pp. 415. Price, \$5.

A wonderful history of wonderful races. We shall notice at length soon.

IN PRESS.

OLDPORT DAYS. By Colonel Higginson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a forthcoming publication which will undoubtedly create a sensation.

OBITUARY.—Rev. John Todd, D. D., one of the best known clergymen in Massachusetts, died at Pittsfield on Sunday, the 24th inst. Dr. Todd was the author of the "Student's Manual," and numerous books for the young, and thirty years ago published a book most attractive to hunters and anglers, entitled "Long Lake," the same being reminiscences of life in the Adirondacks. He was a most ardent sportsman and an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, and a gentleman upon whom FOREST AND STREAM had reckoned for occasional contributions; for the Doctor took a warm interest in our enterprise, and volunteered to aid it by personal service. But death has cut short his career, while yet he had scarcely filled out the allotted measure of four score years and ten, (he was seventy-three,) and the world loses one of its most useful and brilliant ornaments.

We are in receipt of the second number of the *Christian Age*, of which Rev. C. F. Deems is editor. It is an excellent monthly journal, sober in tone, earnest in character, and what is better, full of the kindest charity. The make up of the paper is unexceptionable.

—Thomas Dick is the proprietor, and Henry Winnett the manager of the Royal Niagara Hotel at Niagara, Ontario. But isn't it rather against a house to have it kept by "Tom, Dick, and Harry?"

Mrs. Sarah Johnson, a white woman who was bitten by a rabid cat a year ago at Little Rock, Arkansas, died there last week from unmistakable hydrophobia.

—The Grand National Regatta will take place on Saratoga Lake on the 11th and 12th of September. The committee on requirements define an amateur oarsman to be a person who has never rowed in an open regatta, and who has not rowed for money, or been willing to row for money, since May 1, 1872, and who has not been engaged to train any person or crew in rowing or athletics for any compensation whatever. The Committee also say that no person who gains or has gained a livelihood by a continued use of boats will be permitted to row in the regatta.

The Capitoline Grounds in Brooklyn, it is now said have been selected for the ascension of the great "Graphic balloon," and the 7th September designated as the latest day for it to start on its voyage, though the Professor hopes to get off by the 1st. When inflated, the balloon will stand as high in the air as the tower of the East River Bridge now does.

—Within five miles of the town of Victoria (Vancouver's Island) black tailed deer can be shot at almost any time.

Forest and Stream.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The first number is a model of typographical neatness, and its contents are sufficiently varied and interesting to secure for the paper a cordial reception from that class of the public to whose taste it caters.—[New York Times.]

It is a handsome sheet of sixteen large pages, and is filled with a variety of very interesting reading.—[New York Sun.]

There is need for a new advocate to make the American people more in love with outdoor life, and FOREST AND STREAM promises to do the work admirably. The various departments are edited with knowledge and skill.—[New York Journal of Commerce.]

The publication of a new sporting journal, FOREST AND STREAM, is another evidence of the increasing love of our people for the sports of the field and athletic exercise. There is every evidence that good fortune awaits the new-comer. That this should be so is a source of congratulation.—[New York Express.]

The first number promises well, and its prepossessing appearance is no slight confirmation of its claim to a high and manly tone in its conduct.—[Home Journal.]

It is tastefully arranged and handsomely printed, and seems to be well adapted to persons of cultivated tastes.—[New York Tribune.]

Mr. Hallock is an enthusiastic sportsman, a good writer, and competent to make a "sporting paper" fit for household reading.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

We commend with special earnestness the claims of FOREST AND STREAM to favorable attention.—[The South.]

We may safely predict its success.—[New Orleans Home Journal.]

It is neat as to typography and varied and interesting as to contents.—[Hartford Times.]

The matter of the sample number is both appropriate and interesting.—[Brooklyn (E.D.) Times.]

It is a necessary publication, and we welcome its birth with open arms. It occupies its own position, intruding upon no pre-occupied ground, but it is an elevated position. To sportsmen of the gun and fishing-rod it will be invaluable.—[Brooklyn Review.]

Got up in a handsome manner, both as to presswork and arrangement of contents.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

It is decidedly the most *recherche* thing of the kind ever issued in this country, and so far as we know is the peer of anything similar in England. All its departments show a practical and intellectual filling up which challenges general favor.—[Germantown Telegraph.]

Judging by the number before us we can unhesitatingly recommend the FOREST AND STREAM to all who take an interest in out-door recreation and physical culture. It will no doubt merit the patronage of our sporting gentlemen.—[Every Evening, (Wilmington, Delaware).]

The terms are very reasonable for such a large and necessarily expensive paper. We commend it to our sportsmen friends most heartily. We like the ring of its editorials, evidently written by the true lover of nature in its multiplied and beautiful forms.—[Niagara Falls Gazette.]

There is a standard of excellence and usefulness not yet attained by any sporting paper in the country, and FOREST AND STREAM will find its success at the top of the ladder.—[New York Graphic.]

It covers ground not occupied by any other journal.—[Waterloo (New York) Observer.]

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

I hope you will meet with entire success in your project. My days of active life in the field and forest have gone by, but I recall my experience with pleasure, and I feel that I owe my health in a good degree to early habits of free exercise in the open air in forests and along our streams.—[Horatio Seymour.]

There is a demand for just such a paper as this. It will give me very great pleasure, indeed, to do all I can to help your journal.—[Professor S. F. Baird, Smithsonian Institute.]

I have no doubt that FOREST AND STREAM will have a large circulation. Consider me a subscriber.—[George A. Boardman, Naturalist.]

Such a journal, conducted upon the principles and with the spirit which you announce, will certainly find warm support.—[Rev. J. Clement French.]

I have no doubt you will make it a marked success.—[Hon. J. D. Catton.]

I wish you the best sort of success in your effort to make a journal of out-door sports such as a gentleman can read and write in.—[Charles D. Warner.]

I doubt not it will be a great success. It is wanted, and must be called for.—[Major John H. King, U.S.A.]

I have long wished just such a journal to receive into my family, that my boys may learn from a better teacher than myself the best way in which to follow the sports that in years past have given me so much pleasure.—[Henry W. Abbott, Boston.]

Under your management it ought to be a success.—[W. H. Venning, Inspector Marine and Fisheries, Canada.]

You shall have all the aid and comfort I can give you in your enterprise.—[Com. L. A. Beardslee, Washington Navy Yard.]

I must congratulate you on the very attractive appearance of your paper. Keep it up to the standard you have marked out for it, and it will become an assured success.—[Rev. Charles F. Deems.]

Nothing but the exigencies of my roving life have prevented me from starting, or trying to start, just such a journal as yours. You shall have my hearty co-operation.—[Professor Elliott Cones, Smithsonian Institute.]

Your paper is just what we have long wanted, and will take well in the Southern States.—[Dr. R. P. Myers, Savannah, Ga.]

The editorial matter, the contributions, and the make-up and general appearance of the paper are just such as Fishrod and Nimrod admire.—[Genio C. Scott.]

TONNAGE ON YACHTS.—In the case of a foreign-built sailing vessel which entered a United States port from Canada, without the papers of, and without claiming to be, a yacht, the Secretary of the Treasury has approved the action of the Collector of Customs in compelling her to take out clearance papers, and exacting tonnage tax on departure. If the vessel had arrived with the proper documents of a yacht, showing her to belong to a regularly authorized yacht club, she would not have been liable to the payment of tonnage tax, nor to be required to enter or clear, provided like privileges are extended to similar yachts of the United States. If, however, the vessel was a yacht, not belonging to an organized yacht club, though not subject to tonnage tax, she would be required to make entry and clearance.—*Washington telegram to Boston Post.*

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which, if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns. To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home," and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

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In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with a single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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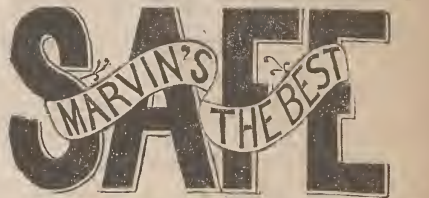
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For the Forest and Stream.

EARLY DAYS.

TO childish years we love once more to turn
Ere life's young light—to its full dawning grew
To taste the spring that bubbles from youth's urn,
As fresh, as sparkling as the early dew;
We love the purity and grace of youth,
Its merry laugh from careless heart that flows;
The open brow, all innocence and truth,
The healthy cheek, as ruddy as the rose,
That by the way-side hedges all untended grows.

Dear then the joy to wander far and near,
To play the truant, reckless of the rod,
To tease the kine, or goad the browsing steer,
Or chase the sheep, or sluggish colt unshod,
Scour the wide plain, or scale the steepy hill,
With rusty gun borne with no kind design,
Regardless whether flesh or fowl it kill;
Or thrash the brook with clumsy rod and line,
Its hook a crooked pin, attached to vulgar twine.

Lo! as we muse, full many a slumbering string
In memory's harp weird fancy stirs again;
Round childhood's rustic roof birds gaily sing,
And the slant sunbeam peeping thro' the pane,
Invites us forth to taste the morning air,
With perfumes laden from the dewy ground.
Pleas'd then we seem these well-known scenes to share
To hear once more the fields with voices sound,
As the old steeple wakes the region round.

We hear the mower's whistle in the vale,
The sheep-bell's tinkle and the low of herds,
The plow-boy's call, the thresher's sounding flail,
The hum of insects and the songs of birds;
The locust's drone, the whip-poor-will's lament,
The swallows chirp and the humming of the bee,
The squirrels chatter in his leafy tent,
The house wife's wheel, the sounds of childhood's glee
On sunny hills at play, or by the favorite tree.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

ANTICOSTI.

THE JOURNAL OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

[Concluded from our Last Issue.]

Finding it hopeless to do anything in the fishing line, I put my rod up in disgust, and De Courcy and self concealing ourselves in the wood bordering on the river, awaited the incoming of the duck. It was nearly high tide, so we were not kept long in suspense. Presently the familiar whistling sound made by ducks as they "swinge" through the air, greets our ears, and the next minute three black duck (*anas obscura*) swooping over the tree tops light with heavy splash on the water, not fifteen yards from where we lie. They are swimming close together, and with my first barrel I succeed in knocking over two, while the third, rising to the report, falls to De Courcy's discharge. The ball is now fairly opened, and for the next hour we keep the firing up with no lack of spirit. Now a flight of widgeon, (*anas americana*) or teal, (*anas discors*) easily distinguishable by their smaller size, and the close compact body in which they fly, would sweep past our hiding place, and four barrels would thin their ranks; anon a flight of sheldrake (*mergamus serrator*) circling high above the woods, would seem to seek the most inviting creek, or pool, and finally after much deliberation would make for our ambuscade; just as they are coming nicely within range De Courcy unintentionally exposes himself, and off they swerve, too late, however, to prevent our bagging three of their number. Hardly has the smoke from our guns cleared away when the loud "honk" of a wild goose is heard, and before I have time to load, six geese (*anser canadensis*) sailing in line abreast, settle with much fluttering and noisy cackling upon the creek. My friend hastily slips a couple of green cartridges into his breech-loader, but it is not a bit too soon, for already the keen ear of the geese have detected some suspicious sound, and they are meditating flight. De Courcy waits judiciously till they rise, and then as they stretch

their pinions, preparatory to taking wing, offering a lovely shot, he let them have the contents of both barrels, and drops one stone dead, while another staggers off badly wounded. By this time I am ready, and blaze away after the retreating birds, but partly owing to my being loaded with duck shot, and partly to my being a good deal flurried, I fail to touch a feather, and the geese are soon lost behind the wood. Towards dark the black duck come in by twos and threes, and we fire with varying success, now picking off a straggler as he spins up the river, now missing altogether, occasionally getting half a dozen shots in quick succession as a large flight soar in from the reefs, and breaking up into little groups settle, some far out in mid-stream, others in the reeds close by, and as the woods re-echo to our shots, the wild fowl rise in all directions, and while some wheel out to sea, others, apparently confused by the rapid reports, head straight for our place of concealment, and the sport grows "fast and furious." At length as it is getting dark, and we have already more birds than we well know what to do with, we "count out the bag," (which Gamache and Flanigan have collected by degrees, and as opportunity offered), and find it to consist of one goose, twelve black duck, nine teal, seven widgeon, and three sheldrake, a total of thirty-two head, which was not so bad, considering all things.

That evening we feasted sumptuously off goose, and a "tit-bit" of widgeon to wind up with, and lighting a roaring fire, for the nights were growing cold, and throwing up a few boards to windward, we smoked and talked till nearly midnight, and after a few hours sleep were astir at daybreak, when the wind and sea had both gone down. We re-embarked our traps, and shortly after five o'clock started for Jupiter river, which we reached about nine o'clock. For some miles to the westward of the river perpendicular cliffs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, bound the coast, which for a distance of a mile either side is free from reefs, deep water being found close inshore. A well defined valley marks the course of the stream, low swampy land receding from the left bank to gently sloping hills, behind which an elevated ridge may be seen trending almost due east and west. Beyond this valley the coast again rises gradually, and sandy cliffs, varying in height from fifty to one hundred feet, extend to Southwest Point. The cliffs to the westward are composed of a greenish gray argillaceous limestone, which though rapidly becoming hardened on exposure to the air, may, when first cut, be easily carved into any shape or form with a knife. Trappers have occasionally made pipes from it, and as many portions of the strata have a close texture, and take a high polish, it has been suggested that lithographic stones might be obtained from some parts of the cliff. A fresh cut block has that peculiar unctuous feeling we find in the soap stone.

Jupiter, or Observation river, as it is laid down upon the chart, is the largest stream in the island, having six or seven feet in the entrance, and being navigable for canoes for upwards of nine miles. It has a course of some twenty miles from the eastward, and abounds in deep quick pools, in nearly all of which good trout fishing may be had. The first salmon hole is about five miles from the mouth, but there are two or three pools four miles further up the river which afford better sport. Camping at these upper pools in the month of the August, sportsman may enjoy both good fishing and shooting, for when he gets tired of the former, he can strike into the "barrens," which are close at hand, and where he will be tolerably certain of having a shot at deer. As many as fifty barrels of salmon have been taken in Jupiter river with a seine during the season, but latterly it has not been netted at all. Some idea of the trout fishing may be formed from the fact that two hundred is no unusual number for a single rod to kill in a day, and though the majority of these run between twelve ounces and one and one-half pounds, there is a fair sprinkling of still larger ones. Unfortunately we arrived at the river on the 31st of August, the last day of the fishing season, and as our leave was drawing to a close we thought it better to push on to Southwest Point at once, and

endeavor to secure a passage in one of the schooners we had reason to believe would be cruising over to Gaspé about this time. Accordingly after a bathe in the river, and breakfast I started with the Indians in the canoe, leaving De Courcy to follow with Gamache later on.

One would have supposed that in an out of the way Island like Anticosti the rivers would not have been closely watched, and that one might, if one felt so inclined, have fished on the "Sabbath," or infringed the limits of the "close" season with impunity. The following fact will prove the contrary: When about four miles from Jupiter river, we observed a large boat bearing out of the cove at Southwest Point, and at first thinking it some fisherman changing his ground in pursuit of cod, we took no notice of it. Presently, however, as the boat stood well out from the land the Indians "smelt a rat," and informed us that it was "de spectre!" "The spectre!" "of whom?" perchance of one of the unhappy habitants of Dead Man's Point, who growing tired of his narrow beat had sought a new and larger "base of operations." "De fish-in spectre," again repeated the Indian as the boat bore down upon us, and a faint dawning of his meaning flashed across me. It was the Inspector, or Overseer for the district, who, I afterwards found out, had from the lighthouse perceived a strange sail entering Jupiter river this morning, and was now off to ascertain what our little game might be. He was a big burly Frenchman, a disagreeable bumptious fellow, and as soon as I saw that he wanted to intercept the canoe, I could not resist the temptation to give some bother, so telling the Indians to paddle hard inshore, we watched what effect our conduct would have. Sure enough he altered his course, and stood after us, and as we swerved in and out, as if trying to dodge him he followed suit, and at last overhauled us. "D'ou vnez-vous?" sang out the "spectre" in a tone of voice that showed he was not over pleased at the chase we had led him, and when after a little consultation, and much shaking of heads, I replied, "no understand," he fairly boiled over, and his deep "sacre" came rolling over the water. "Whose chaloupe at Jupiter?" "Shallop? oh, that's ours." "Hah! c'est bon; I thought as much; vat you doing there?" "Doing? nothing I assure you." "Pouf! Allez-vous en, I vill see for myself." "As you please my dear sir, but I'll swear they're not fishing." As I had intended, this last reply introducing the fishing question, had the desired effect of confirming his suspicions that "our ways were dark and our tricks were mean" at Jupiter, and disdaining further parley, and with an audible chuckle as he thought of the discomfiture that would soon follow, the "spectre" let his sail down, and we were soon far apart. He arrived at the river safely enough, but only to find Gamache on the point of starting, and as he was most unmercifully "quizzed" by the latter on having "caught a tarter," he speedily beat a retreat, and turned his boat's head for home. The wind fell light, and died away altogether towards evening, and the unhappy "spectre" did not fetch back till nearly midnight. Gamache's boat being smaller and pretty light, they were enabled to pull, but even then it was ten o'clock before they arrived at the lighthouse.

On my arrival at the Southwest Point I learnt that a schooner would most probably be crossing to Gaspé in two or three day's time, and that Captain Setier's schooner would be leaving in about a week with her last cargo of cod. The schooner it appeared had been chartered by a Frenchman, by name Geffard, (of which more anon) who with a gang of men, all French Canadians from Quebec, had been employed during the summer working on the wreck of a large iron clipper ship, lost early in the spring, and now lying in some ten fathoms of water. It had not been a successful venture of Geffard's; his first trip had paid fairly well, but this second one, what with gales of wind, which put a stop to all diving, and lazy workmen, he was returning considerably out of pocket, with but two iron yards and a chain cable.

During our two day's stay at Southwest Point, we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Pope the keeper, wh

lives here, surrounded by an abundance of the "good things of this world," foremost among which stand a wife (whose kindness and attention to our "creature" comforts could not have been exceeded,) and some nine or ten "olive branches," of all ages and sizes, and whose fat ruddy cheeks bear ample witness to the healthy climate of their island home. Mr. Pope is a man beloved by the rough fishermen, amongst whom he lives, for his bravery and exertions in time of shipwreck have been often proved. During his sojourn on the island he has at great personal risk, succeeded in saving the lives of ten shipwrecked mariners, besides having been instrumental in rescuing many others from a watery grave. Of so modest and unpretending a character, however, is Mr. Pope, that his services have I believe only once met with an acknowledgment from the Board of Trade of the Dominion. Such gallant deeds, though they meet not always with the appreciation they deserve, should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and I rejoice at the opportunity here afforded me of making so brilliant an example, and one well worthy of imitation, more generally known.

Southwest Point is formed by a projecting mound of limestone, with a small cove on the northern side, which almost constitutes it a peninsula, and the lighthouse which stands on the western extremity is built from a grayish white, coarse, granular limestone, quarried on the point. To the geologist, Southwest Point is full of interest, for the bed which forms the upper strata consists almost entirely of organic remains, and large numbers of encrinurites, chiefly in the form of crioidal columns, and many fossil shells may be picked up throughout its entire length. Red hematite, a peroxyde of iron, lies scattered over the central bed in irregular sized nodules, some of which are nine or ten inches in circumference. The cove affords shelter from all but westerly winds to vessels of almost any draught, for so deep is the water that a line-of-battle ship might lie close under the bluff at the extremity of the point. There is no beach, the sea washing directly against the lower strata of the limestone, which in many places has been undermined into hollow caverns, and eroded into deep narrow fissures by the violent action of the waves. With a westerly wind, a heavy swell sets into the cove, and the water rushing into these so-called "canons," strikes with loud report, while the escaping air throws up high columns of spray. For some years past the Point has been visited during the summer months by a few families engaged in prosecuting the cod fishing off the reefs. At the time of our visit, there were some thirty fishermen, all of whom had been unusually successful, the cod having struck early and in large numbers. Fine halibut are taken, and were there only some means of sending them packed in ice to the Canadian or American market, this fishing would prove most remunerative. As matters stand, halibut being more troublesome to cure than cod and not so profitable, the fishermen infinitely prefer catching the latter, and consider it a piece of bad luck if they hook one of the former. Large shoals of herring are periodically taken with the net, and a tremendous haul had been made on the morning of our arrival. Unfortunately, however, as it was near the close of the season, there were no barrels to pack them in even if they had been cured, and so for the next day or two the surface of the cove and the limestone rocks around it were strewn with dead herring, thrown away, as there was no use for them.

The fishermen at Southwest Point are principally natives of Douglstown, (on the southwest shore of Gaspé Bay,) and whereas the summer residents of English Bay, natives of Pécé, Paspebiac, and Pabou, were with few exceptions of French Canadian descent, those here were almost to a man of Irish origin. The descendants of the "United Irishmen," many of whom, after the troubles of '98, leaving their native country, settled along the shores of our North American colonies, the inhabitants of Douglstown still retain the Celtic features, unmistakable brogue, and patronimics of their forefathers, and so strongly are those characteristics marked that a stranger passing through parts of their little village might for the moment almost fancy himself in the "old country."

Peculiar to the island is a remarkably fine breed of dogs, apparently a cross between the "Labrador" and "Newfoundland." They are a large powerful looking dog, standing from twenty-five to thirty inches in height, rather long in the body, and with great breadth of chest. In color they are generally of a rusty black, sometimes marked with white, the hair straight and long, and showing but little tendency to curl. The lighthouse keepers and few residents of the island use them for lumber drawing and sleigh driving in the winter, and the fishermen at English Bay had several which they fed altogether on the offal and refuse of the cod. The finest specimen we saw was one belonging to Mr. Pope, which was about the handsomest dog I had ever seen. He did not stand more than twenty-six inches high, and was beautifully proportioned, with an enormous depth of chest, and a jet black curly coat of hair, so thick and deep as almost to resemble fleece. He was a young dog, only three years old, but his strength and powers of endurance were wonderful. In the winter he would alone draw a sleigh many miles a day, and would plunge in amidst the drifting floes of pack ice time after time to bring out wounded ducks that his master had shot. The latter told me that on one occasion when he had knocked over nine or ten birds of a large flight of eider duck, (very common on the island in winter time) his dog jumped in six successive times, on each occasion returning with a duck, which he laid on the shore; his legs and chest were cut from contact with the sharp ice, but such was the dog's

spirit that he would have dropped from cold and sheer exhaustion, had not his master held him back. Poor "Sailor!" he met with a cruel and untimely death. The evening before we left one of the fishermen had occasion to go into the woods to draw a bucket of water from the spring. On his road he met Sailor, and began teasing and tormenting him to such a degree that at length the poor beast turned and snapping at his tormentor bit him in the hand. Muldowney, for that was the man's name, on his return home told his brothers of what had happened, and they determined to have their revenge. About eight o'clock, as we sat round the kitchen fire in the basement of the tower, we heard the report of a gun, and the next minute one of Mr. Pope's assistants ran in, breathless and excited, and stammered out, "*Muldowney a tue le chien!*" If Pope had been told of the death of one of his children he could hardly have been more startled. He turned white as a sheet, and for a moment remained speechless, as if incredulous, then the blood rushing back to his cheeks and his temples as his anger rose, he made for the door, and had he once passed the threshold it would have fared ill with Muldowney. Luckily, however, on the first sound of the commotion, Mrs. Pope ran down from the upstairs room, and held her husband back, and as he became calmer, and he thought of the loss he had sustained, the tears started to his eyes, and had it not been for our presence I believe he would have cried like a child. If ever dog worked itself into human affections, Sailor most certainly had found his way into his master's, for the latter would sooner have lost his right arm than parted with the trusty companion of his long winter hunting days. Independently of this attachment, the death of Sailor was a serious pecuniary loss, for, as I stated above, he brought many a bird to the "larder," and the eider duck alone were a source of profit on account of their down. The year before a gentleman shooting and fishing in the island, and who spent a few days with Mr. Pope, offered him £30 for the dog, and if Captain H. happen to read this he will, I am sure, hear with regret of the death of such a noble animal.

And now as the eve of our departure arrived, it was not without a feeling of regret that we prepared to say "good bye" to the island. We had shot and fished along some seventy miles of the southern shore, but had time permitted there was still a wide field for the sportsman. Salt Lake Bay, eleven miles southeast of Southwest Point, was worthy of a visit, if only on account of its natural salt pans; but besides its interest from a geological point of view, it possesses another attraction, for it is one of the best bear grounds in the island, three bears having been seen there the week before our arrival at the lighthouse. The salt pans which, in the form of inland lagoons and ponds, skirt the coast for a distance of four or five miles, were once largely resorted to by wildfowl of every species, but latterly, since the establishment of a small fishing station, they have been nearly deserted.

A few miles in rear of the coast, a vast peat bog, averaging two miles in width, and from three to ten feet deep, reaches from Salt Lake Bay to Heath Point, seventy miles distant. This enormous bog is not more than twenty feet above the level of the sea, towards which it has a slight inclination, so that if channels were cut, it might be easily drained and worked. Other bogs of less extent occur throughout the island, and no doubt some future day, when the lumber and coal fields of North America become exhausted to such a degree as to seriously affect the price of these articles, (as we have seen recently in England,) the great deposits of Anticosti will be of large value. We would fain have taken a glimpse at Fox Bay, with its tragic tale of shipwreck and suffering, and seen some of those magnificent limestone cliffs which line the northern coast, and rising sheer from the sea often attain a height of four hundred feet, while occasionally they assume titanic proportions, towering upward in one huge wall of dazzling whiteness nearly six hundred feet. Of rivers, too, there were many to be explored, the principal being Pavilion river, thirty-six miles southeast of Southwest Point, Shallop creek, (where good wild fowl shooting may be had,) twelve miles east of Pavilion river; Dauphin river, a few miles to the eastward of South Point, and Salmon river, on the north shore, distant about fifty miles from the lighthouse on Heath Point. All these streams abound in trout, and yield fair returns of salmon to the net fisherman, in 1869 twenty-one barrels of the latter fish having been taken at Salmon river; twelve at Shallop creek; nine at Dauphin river, and two at Pavilion river. A visit to these places we had, however, to forego, but I look forward at no distant date to again finding myself on the island. There is a delicious absence of all restraint, an utter disregard for the morrow, and a wonderful sense of freedom about such a life, which cannot be realized except by actual experience, and it is little wonder that they who have once fasted of this wild roving existence should leave it with regret.

During our stay, with the exception of a few wet nights, we had been favored with lovely weather, and though we had not met with any brilliant sport, (not from there being any lack of it, but chiefly from hurried movements, and it being too late for fishing,) we had nevertheless spent a most enjoyable fortnight. Strange to say our advent had been ushered in by a fog and wind, our sojourn was marked by a Boreal interregnum of calm and serene weather, and now as the evening approached on which the schooner was to leave, the mist coming up from seaward, the thick, drizzling rain, and the rising wind, showed that we were not to quit the island without a final proof of the fury of the elements.

We were nearly half an hour pulling off to the schooner,

which was standing off and on three quarters of a mile from the shore, her captain, a young Frenchman, having vowed that he would never cast anchor inside the cove. It appeared that his vessel had been lying all summer about half a mile from the Point, much to the inconvenience of Geffard, who found it no easy task to tow any portions of wreck he recovered such a distance. The weather had been unusually calm, and at last Geffard persuaded the skipper of the schooner to anchor in the cove, assuring him that there was no cause for alarm. That very night, as ill luck would have it, it came on to blow from the westward, the worst possible quarter, the Frenchman's anchor dragged, and he was within an ace of losing his vessel on the rocks. He escaped by a hair's breadth, but on the principle of "once bit, twice shy," he determined not to be caught again, and from that day till he left the island for good, rather more than a fortnight, he remained, like the "Flying Dutchman," cruising off the Southwest Point, never once dropping anchor, standing in periodically to within a mile to allow Geffard to put any spars he might have saved from the wreck on board, when he would be off again to sea. The schooner was "hove to" to allow us to come alongside, and as we hoisted the boats inboard and "let draw," the Frenchman shook his fist threateningly at the receding shores of the island, and as he snapped his fingers, gave utterance to his feelings in pithy and forcible language: "*Sacré, you Anticosti, I nevere see you no more.*" The mist settled down thick and fast upon the land, and the lighthouse was soon lost to view, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind moaned through the rigging with a mournful sound which always seems to be the precursor of a storm. It certainly was as gloomy looking a night as one could well imagine, and on board the schooner matters were, if possible, still less cheering. The forehold was occupied by some fifteen of Geffard's men, while the cabin was filled by that worthy himself and the crew, four in number, all of whom were either smoking or spitting tobacco juice over the deck. The hatch cover had been hauled over to exclude the rain, leaving only a narrow opening leading down to the cabin. From this ascended a smell of cod oil, tobacco, and filth in general, that was simply overpowering, and for a long time we preferred remaining on deck and getting soaked to facing the loathsome den, and when driven down at last by the seas that broke over the vessel, we ventured below, it was only to return in a few minutes to make a rush to leeward for a purpose I need hardly describe. About 10 o'clock the storm burst upon us in all its fury—

—"*Ponto nox incubat atra,
Intonnere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther.*"

It was a pitch dark night, lit only by the lurid flashes of the forked lightning, which seemed at times to strike the waves and run along their tips in streams of liquid fire; peal after peal of thunder followed in rapid succession, culminating in one grand clap which seemed to have exhausted all the batteries of heaven. For a few minutes there was a lull, and then with redoubled fury the elemental war commenced afresh. The schooner peeled over to the surging wind, and as the seas struck her on the quarter, she shook from stem to stern, while the water pouring over her bulwarks swept her decks fore and aft. High above the din of the storm, the thunder clap and the roaring of the wind, were heard the confused orders, frantic shrieks, and deep "sacrés" of the French seamen, as they tried to shorten sail, while the occupants of the hold, more affrighted than the rest, and thinking their last hour had come, appeared on deck, where, holding on like grim death to shrouds, belaying pins, or whatever else they could clutch, they uttered "Ave Marias," and made rash vows which I fear were never fulfilled. Sleep for a long time was out of the question, and when about midnight the storm showed signs of abating, and we thought of turning in, it was a long time before we could make out how on earth we were to get into the bunks. Hitherto I had always found it a simple matter enough to get into, and a very simple one to get out of a bunk, as I once found to my cost in H. M. S. —, when I was shot out of my berth and landed in a most indiscriminate mass, bed-clothes and all, on the wardroom deck, a most undignified proceeding on my part, I'll admit, in consequence of which I went about with a broken head for a week afterwards. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* The bunks in this particular schooner must have been designed by an undertaker, for I can only compare them to coffins, with a square hole in the centre of one side. Through this hole, first inserting the head, and having wriggled that member of the body into the upper extremity of the coffin, you were then supposed to draw the legs and deposit them somewhere at the other end. They had one advantage certainly over an ordinary bunk; when once fairly inside, "blow high, blow low," it required no effort on the part of the occupant to remain there, and on this consideration I would recommend their adoption on board passenger steamers generally—no, stay; on second thought I don't; possibly one day I may have to travel in one, and Heaven forbid that I should again pass through similar contortions to those I underwent on the night of which I write. For a long time I sat blinking and gazing wistfully at the bunk, anxious to get some rest, and yet not half liking the only means by which I was to obtain it. Probably I would have sat there till morning, had not an old white-headed Frenchman, the mate, I believe, come to the rescue. After attempting by gesticulation, and a jargon to me wholly unintelligible, (the fellow spoke bad *patois French*, at least that was the only way I could account for it,) to explain the easiest method of getting into the bunk, and finding that mode of explanation a total failure, the old gentleman next proceeded to give a series of practical illustrations or "dissolv

ing views," wriggling himself in and out of the bunk like a young eel. When he had repeated this manœuvre several times in the most grave and solemn manner, I felt bound to follow his example; so the next time the mate bobbed out I resolved to bob in. Legs, body, head, all followed in panoramic order, and making a dive I shot my head through the aperture. Unfortunately, at that moment the schooner gave a heavy lurch, and my cranium and the vessel's side came in rather rough contact, and with the succeeding lurch I was shot out into the old Frenchman's arms. "Bravo, bravo, essayez encore une fois, Monsieur!" and patting me approvingly on the back, the mate incited me to fresh "deeds of daring." By dint of much patience, several trials, and a few hard knocks, I at length succeeded in stowing myself away, and though the atmosphere of my "chapel house" was purgatorial, a thick cloud of tobacco smoke, delicately perfumed with cod oil, filling the bunk, I thought it wiser to remain where I was, and spite of all these *disagreements*, soon dropped off to sleep. When morning dawned, we found the gale had driven us far out of our course, and as the schooner was somewhere off West Bay, we had to beat up for Gaspé Bay. At 2 o'clock we were close to the southwest shore, at the entrance, and as the wind was falling light, and it was a long beat up the bay, we lowered the canoe, and paddling some way down the coast, landed above Douglastown, whence we walked into Gaspé village. It was past 3 o'clock when we started, and the distance was sixteen miles, but we were in good training, and reached the Gulf House before 7 o'clock, where we found welcome faces and kind friends eagerly awaiting our arrival.

Lieut. W. HUTCHINSON POE, R. M. L. I.

[The End.]

A MESS OF STRIPED BASS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

One morning I jumped from my bed just as the sun was lifting his head above the Eastern horizon, and having hastily swallowed my breakfast, jumped on a horse car and arrived at the foot of Court street, in good time. The "Marie" was quickly lowered into her native element, and placing my traps aboard, I started for Oyster Island, where I had caught a fine lot a few days before. But, on getting out into the North River the wind left me, and I drifted down to Robin's Reef, thinking to sail up on the flood. I hailed the old light-keeper, and he consoled me by saying that there were no fish; that even they were affected by the hard times and would not bite, no, not they! they knew too much now-a-days, "and then he wanted the loan of two or three fishing crabs, which he promised to return "the very next time I came that way."

"Well," I soliloquized, "I suppose I must wait," and as it was our dinner-time, (10 o'clock), I let go killock that I could just rig out my rods, (I always fish with two), and throw my lines over "for the fun of the thing." I did so. And now for dinner. I had just reached out for my cold-cut, something, by the way, so often obtained when least desired, when whang, bang, went my short rod against my leg. "Good gracious, I exclaimed," what's up now? a confounded dog-fish, I suppose, and I reached out for my "sticker" to punch him with. But my rod and line soon told me a different story by the sharp and quick dashes that they made from one side of the boat to the other; and then fifty yards of line ran out like a flash. I seized the rod and the sport began; and, after an exciting pull, he rolled over alongside, and displayed the proportions of a fine bass. But he was hooked only by the tender and fragile part of the mouth, and on the least strain I would be sure to lose him. It was a nervous minute, I assure you. It is wonderful how electricity or something else does run up your line, and down your rod, and all through your arms and legs at such a moment. He made another run, but I hauled him gently and safely, and soon had him again alongside. In placing my landing net under him he gave one more "firt" for freedom, and broke the hook from his mouth, but, luckily, fell into my net, and in another minute I had him in the boat; he was a noble fish. The excitement of catching this fellow caused me to forget, for the moment, that I had another rod and line out; and when I did look for my float, I perceived another fish had hold of the hook, and had run off two hundred feet of line. So to work I went, with a will, to fetch him in, but before I could do so my short rod was again hard at work bumping against my legs like mad. And so they kept it up until I had my car alongside full of fish, and nearly all my boat, too. Now and then a common tern would skim over me, stop an instant, look at me with his black lustrous eyes, and dart away again seeming to think, "nicking the fins, aint he?" Well, kind reader, I kept nicking them until nature tired, and then I left off, and fixed up my fixings, for they were really out of gear. My old rod was all sorts of shapes, and my reels so wet and full of crab and seals that they jammed. At 5 o'clock P. M., I had strength enough left to set my fore sail, and let the little "Marie" go. She seemed to know that I was in a hurry and fairly skipped over the waves. I will not tell you of my success that day in numbers, but I will say that on reaching the landing the news spread around quickly enough, and several families had a good supper on bass and weak fish that evening.

Now gentle reader, did you ever have some bright and beautiful day fastened on your heart string's memory? If so, perhaps it was when you were a youth and killed your first bird on the wing; perhaps it was your first string of "Sunnies;" or perhaps it was the first time that you saw Julia's big blue eye looking fully at you, and made you feel "just so," and you went home and tried to sleep but could

not, but for all that you were "kind of happy" and never forgot that "peculiar" day. So was this day with me; one of the glorious clouds of memory fringed with gold. I think of it over and over again and it always makes me happy. I can call back the most minute acts of the fish, how I just saved one big fellow, and how another made me think I had a "rouser," but it was only a one pounder hooked on the outside of his gills; how I sailed home as the sun was throwing his slanting rays over the place "out of the Union," and beginning to grow dim and foggy, I thought all the world was happy because I was. It was a joy of the heart that only a fisherman can experience, for he feels at peace with all the world after "nicking the fins."

SQUETEAGUE.

THE MIRAMICHI FOR SALMON.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., September 6, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:

Some weeks ago I promised you notes of my trip to the salmon country.

Friday, July 11, at eight A. M., I took a steamer of the International Steamship Company's line, Commercial Wharf, Boston, for St. John, New Brunswick. We reached Portland, Me., at half-past four P. M., leaving again at six, stopping at Eastport at ten the next morning, having time to run about the quaint little town for an hour. Bidding good-by here to a couple of friends bound for the Schoodic lakes, we resumed our trip, reaching St. John at four P. M. The run from Boston was thoroughly enjoyable. We had an excellent boat, well manned and managed, officers efficient, without brusqueness or airiness, courteously attentive and obliging to all; a bright sky, smooth sea, fresh breeze, and much of the way, after leaving Eastport, near views of this rugged Eastern coast, bold and picturesque, a constant source of interest and beauty.

The tourist may pleasantly spend a day or two in St. John, a city set upon hills of rock, having an aspect quaint, foreign, old; in interesting contrast with the prevailing newness apparent in the cities of "the States."

Tuesday, the 15th, we took steamer up the St. John for Fredericton, a noble river, its scenery constantly reminding one of the Hudson, though its bordering reliefs are less bold and rugged. The greater part of the distance, a broad interval, sometimes several miles in width, lies between the river and the high-land border. This vast interval is annually fertilized by spring freshets, and yields many tons of the best hay for the merc labor of cutting it. The sail through this wide, green meadow land, embellished by scattered elms and occasional clusters of other trees, was one of unceasing pleasure.

We found a fine hotel at Fredericton, the Barker House, which receives its guests with a cordial welcome, and supplies every comfort.

Early Wednesday morning we took stage for Boiestown, forty miles away, on the southwest branch of the Miramichi River. For many miles our route was through the beautiful Valley of the Nashwauk, which, to see and traverse, is of itself well worth a considerable journey.

Near Boiestown we had our first view of the famous Miramichi. Salmon (if we may accept local assertions, as I do not), do not take the fly below Wilson's, about five miles up the stream. We went on therefore, at once, by private conveyance, to the place of this genial and hearty gentleman. We found him the proprietor of more than 500 acres, much of it under excellent tillage, and surrounded by every appearance of thrift and comfort. For several weeks his house was a real home to us, abounding in comfort and good cheer for body and spirit. His house is delightfully located upon a high terrace, bordering a broad interval, and commanding an extensive river view. About an eighth of a mile from the house and opposite, across the green meadow, is a very fine salmon "pool," never failing, during the proper season, to yield to the fly good returns daily of the gamesome grilse, if not of salmon.

In regard to salmon fishing in this river, I propose not to withhold the truth, as I think it well for all concerned that it should be known. If there were no other reason, I would not have brother sportsmen misled or disappointed, who, another season, as I was this, may be seeking an attractive summer resort. Understand me. I have *not* been disappointed. I came without expectations. I had never seen a live salmon. I have been more than satisfied. The genuine sport I have had with grilse has far surpassed all I have ever had, or seen, or heard of, with trout. But I have only taken a single "salmon." It is but fair to say I have spent but a very few days upon the upper portion of the river, which is the best. I have heard, however, of much dissatisfaction from those who have thoroughly tried it. Gentlemen have come from a distance, and have left disappointed, because of the "poor salmon fishing." The disappointment is the keener because it is universally felt to be so entirely unnecessary. The trouble is in a radically and strangely defective supervision of the river. Of course, the relentless, exterminating slaughter of fish in these waters can be stopped, as it has been elsewhere. It ought to be stopped. The run of large fish this year has been abundant, but a regular system of destructive poaching, with only the most feeble attempts at prevention, has thinned them out terribly. Laws sufficiently stringent have been passed, and wardens appointed to see that they are obeyed, but it is affirmed by honest men on the river that, except in one or two rare instances, no warden has been known voluntarily to perform the first official act, except to draw his pay. The culpable neglect of these wardens is known to their official superiors, and apparently tolerated. This

is the honest and simple explanation of the fact that, in the upper and fly-fishing half of the river, the sportsman finds only a straggling and occasional salmon. The lower half is, at every good place, crossed by nets, set in the most open defiance of law. Moreover, every night, through the whole length of the river, torches are seen at all the good pools, where the brutal spear of the professional poacher picks out the few fish that may have run the gauntlet of the nets below. Is it any wonder that so few salmon respond to the fly of the sportsman? To me it seems strange there are any. Strangers visiting here will continue to be disappointed, until there is a severe reform, either in the system or the method of supervision. Gentlemen of intelligence and business efficiency are deeply interested in the thorough protection of the stream. By them it is hoped, and expected that the needful measures will be adopted at the next winter's session of the Legislature. In that event the immediate result will be to admit an abundance of salmon to the whole length of the river.

Among your readers may be some who need to calculate expenses. A few details for such:

An "excursion" ticket by steamer from Boston to St. John, costs \$9 in currency; state-room, \$2; four meals, \$3 50. The leading hotel at St. John is the Victoria; \$3 a day, gold. Others, thoroughly good, are the Waverly, the Royal, Barnes', &c., at \$2 a day. Fare to Fredericton by rail or water, \$2; to Boiestown, by stage, \$2 50; to Wilson's, \$1 50. (By addressing William Wilson, Boiestown, N. B., he will meet gentlemen upon arrival at Fredericton, and bring them through to the fishing-ground with expedition and comfort). Guides' charges are \$1 50 a day and found; also, a charge is made of \$2 for each rod, for each day in camp. Dingey Scribner, of St. John, furnishes the best of fishing tackle, at reasonable rates. A salmon rod costs \$16; a reel, \$8; line, \$8; gaff, \$2 50; flies, \$2 50 a dozen. Time from Boston to Fredericton, by rail, about twenty hours. Fare and incidentals about the same as by steam with state-room and meals.

At William Wilson's gentlemen or ladies, or both, may rely upon finding every essential comfort, with a constant spirit of good cheer that makes daily life there a pleasure. Board, \$4 a week.

Reliable fishing appears to be practically over about the first of August. The best is for about a month, commencing June 20, and the first half of that month is much better than the last.

I cannot close these rough notes without expressing the real pleasure with which I remember so many gentlemen who have placed me under grateful obligations, by substantial and kindly attentions. Mr. C. Robertson, of St. John, one of the principal lessees of the river, received me in the most cordial manner, as I am sure he would do every true sportsman. But for his unexpected kindness and proffer of special facilities, the plan of my summer campaign would have been entirely different. Any one proposing to visit the Miramichi will find it of material advantage to address him.

I must also mention our most estimable and efficient U. S. Consul at Fredericton, S. Baker, Esq., whose attentions are as cordial as they are considerate and serviceable. It would be difficult to express my sense of his kindness and courtesy. I am sure that any "American" visitor at Fredericton will find it a pleasure to make his acquaintance. From his establishment may be had complete supplies for camp life, of the best quality.

T. W. T. C.

DANBURYANA.

—An old, prosaic proprietor of a Danbury dirt cart, was once the most romantic of men. When he was married he built a little cottage on a rock close to the river's edge, and one night during a storm, a schooner was driven against the bank, and the bowsprit pierced his house, threw him and his wife out of bed, broke one of her legs, and nearly dismembered him. Then he moved to an interior city, and rented the fourth floor of a brick building on a back street.

—The shooting about Danbury is excellent now. You are foolish if you don't take a day from the cares of business, borrow a hammer, and enjoy the sport.

—A Danbury boy wants to know if it is right for his folks to pay five hundred dollars for a piano for his sister, and make him pick berries for circus money.

—The wife of a carpenter loses more time in trying to make a door shut than any other woman.

LACUSTRINE DWELLINGS IN GERMANY.—The remains of ancient habitations raised on poles are of rare occurrence in Germany, and hence the discovery last year of the debris of such structures in the bed of the River Elster, near Leipsic, awakened a lively interest. The discovery was made by Herr Jentzsch, of the Geological Institute of Austria. The order of the visible strata at this point is as follows:—At the base is found a layer of sandstone; on this a lacustrine clay. Both of these belong to the upper portions of the quaternary rock. In the clay are two beds containing the remains of plants, and among these are found leaves of the willow and oak, fruit of the Acer, and sundry other vegetable fragments. Above these occurs a layer of roots some inches in depth, which shows that the surface of the soil remained at this level for a considerable period. The uppermost layer, two to three metres thick, was produced by an inundation. The piles discovered by Jentzsch in the bed of the Elster are set in the clay and covered over with this silt. They are arranged in circles, with their lower ends pointed, and their upper extremities connected by horizontal ties of oak. Among the animal remains found here are the lower jaw of an ox, with its teeth; stags' heads, the long bones of some mammal yet undetermined, and shells of the union and anodon. No traces of human remains have been found, though fragments of pottery and charcoal are met with; also two stone hatchets.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done:
While busily back and forth between
The spider watches his silver screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave
And the green mass creeps o'er its dull decay;
Hiding its mouldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things,
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waned, or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

PLOVER SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.

NORTHAMPTON, VA., September 5, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous assurances I had received that it was useless for me to expect to get plover, I determined, before leaving for New York, to try a morning's shooting in this locality, especially as I had an invitation from a Virginia friend, a thorough sportsman, who was well acquainted with all the localities most likely to be frequented by this rather shy bird.

I found my friend ready to receive me, with horse and buggy. He assured me of the excellence of his horse, not as to speed, but as to his stalking powers, as he informed me that he had shot behind him for the last thirteen years. Plover can generally be readily approached by the sportsman, when he is in a buggy. We drove not more than three-quarters of a mile from the house, and it was about half-past five o'clock in the morning, when my friend informed me that we were in what was, in former years, the best place for plover in Virginia. The sea was about half a mile distant, and a long, watery bog stretched just here, parallel with the beach. The soil was covered with the tough, wiry, salt grass, though here and there stood isolated clumps of trees, and an occasional thicket. The plover roosts somewhat more inland, and betakes himself at dawn to feed on the grubs and small slugs he may find in the marshes. My friend was rather fearful that the sport would be poor, and he informed me that every year the birds were getting scarcer. Ten years ago, he told me, that just where we were then, he had often killed thirty plover between sunrise and nine o'clock. We were driving towards a neighboring clump of trees, through rather soggy ground, when he sighted five plover flying at a distance beyond us, entirely out of gun shot. We remained quiet in the buggy, when my companion took a "call" from his pocket, made from the leg-bone of a curlew, and piped the shrill cry of the plover. As we were well covered by the trees, the birds answered the call instantly, and flew straight towards us, when, both of us firing at about twenty-five yards, we killed three fine birds. Old Bob—the horse—stood fire admirably, never budging. This early success somewhat inspired my friend, and as the wind was blowing on shore, the best condition for plover shooting, we had hopes of making a good bag. We waited, however, at this same spot for fully two hours more, but could see no birds. Old Bob was urged on, and, as we went along, breakfast was in order, and I, for the first time, ate cold roasted coon, which is a morsel by no means to be despised, especially when a cool sea-breeze whets the appetite. Jogging leisurely along, we must have proceeded quite two miles, when before me, about 200 yards distance, I saw quite a flock of plover. They were scattered over an area of fully an acre, and, perhaps, numbered forty. We got out of the buggy—slipping out behind, and clucking to Bob, we followed in the wake of the wagon. When within fifty yards of the birds, a word from us brought Bob to a full stop, and crouching down on our hands and knees, we

slowly approached the plover, and when within thirty yards, we flushed them. They rose *en masse*, pretty close together, when my friend, with his Lancaster, and I with my Snyder-Allen, let them have the four barrels, and nine birds fell. We could do nothing more with the flock, as they flew off three-quarters of a mile, to a point where we could not drive. After collecting the birds, we made for a good-sized clump of woods, some mile and a half distant, when we came to a cross-road. Bob was tied up, and a feed left for him, while we walked through the woods, shooting an occasional rabbit. The sun being oppressively hot, we remained there through the heat of the day, looking up some fox traps, which the negroes had set. We found in the Newhouse-traps one very handsome dog fox and two cubs, which we despatched, setting the traps anew with some birds my friend had brought with him for that purpose. About five o'clock we retraced our steps, killing five more plover, all of them single birds. Total bag for the day, eighteen birds. Plover are by no means an easy bird to kill; they are very swift flyers, when on the wind, though their flight is limited as to distance. I should recommend No. 7 shot in all cases. If plover are hard to find, this does not arise from over-shooting. I must attribute their growing scarcity to the reasons stated by me in my last letter to you from Mockhorn (providing Jake reached Cherrystone with my last letter to you). I attributed, therein, the scarcity of plover to the constant destruction of their eggs in this part of Virginia.

Sincerely yours,

C. B.

ATTRACTIONS OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

MILLTOWN, MAINE, August 30, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I am more than pleased with the first numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Such a paper, I think, is very much needed to educate our people to out-door exercises and sports, and to the study of natural history in some of its branches. To the lovers of the beautiful—to one who delights in the gay, bright beings of nature, ornithology is one of the most attractive branches of natural science. How little most people know of the number and variety of birds that annually visit every part of our extended clime, or are even aware how many spend the summer in our immediate vicinity. We little think every time we walk in our grounds and gardens we are intruding upon rare and elegant visitors from Mexico, Central and South America, Florida, and islands of the sea; but such is the case, and one that passes through life without a knowledge of the feathered creatures constantly surrounding him in the fields and woods, rendered vocal with their songs, watching the patience and care in providing for their young, loses one of the chief means by which his own existence might be made more cheerful, happy, and contented, and fails to understand one of the most pleasing and attractive of the creations of Omnipotence. How important for the sportsman to know the history and habits of his feathered friends, so as not to be led to slaughter them out of season. And the agriculturist, after failing crops and barren fields, only learns the errors he has committed in the destruction of his little feathered helpmates by the life and vigor it has given the grubs and insects that now overrun his fields. And now, with the help of the FOREST AND STREAM, that I hope may go into every family, we may try to surpass our English friends in the study of natural science, and know the benefits of out-door recreation and physical culture. Yours very truly,

GEORGE A. BOARDMAN, (Naturalist.)

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.]

HUNTING JACK RABBITS.

CAMP DOUGLAS, UTAH, August 26th, 1873.

A FEW months ago Mr. J. E. Moen, a Wall street broker, came out here to look at some mines in which he was interested. Moen was accompanied by the Hon. Amasa Mason, a London banker from Rochester, New York. They found snug quarters in Camp Douglas, and recognized the faces of a few old acquaintances among the officers. One of these was the face of Major David S. Gordon, Colonel Tompkins' right bower in the celebrated cavalry charge at Fairfax Courthouse. Another was the refulgent countenance of Major Howell, a jovial son of Mars, who was planted in the Quartermaster's Department some years ago by General Rufe Ingalls, and who has taken deep root in the service of the republic. A third face was that of Captain Dinwiddie, a handsome Hoosier, who once spent forty-seven days in the gloomy depths of the Black Canon of the Colorado. Moen and Mason were heartily welcomed to the festive boards of these three epauletted worthies. At one of their liquid meals Moen said he had brought a five hundred dollar (in gold) gun with him out here in hopes of shooting something before he returned to New York.

"Did you ever see a jack rabbit, Moen?" asked Gordon.
"No," Moen said, "but I've heard of them, and would give fifty dollars for a shot at one. Are there any of them about here?"

"Oh, lots of them," exclaimed Rufe Ingalls' military plant. You musn't go back to New York without taking one of their hides along with you."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Gordon, "American Fork is full of jack rabbits. To-morrow morning we'll hitch up an ambulance and ride over there. Moen is sure to get a shot at one. What do you say, gentlemen? Will you go?"

"Go," repeated Mason, "of course we'll go. What do you think we came out here for? I'd like to see a jack rabbit myself. How large are they?"

"Well," drawled Gordon, "they're about the size of a young colt. When they start on a run they've got the queerest lops that you ever saw. They pop over the ground as though they had the spring halt in every leg."

The whiskey went round once more, and a little more

intellectual conversation followed. The party then separated, but were brought together again by the power of attraction, all declaring that a nightcap was necessary before going to bed. After the nightcaps had been secured each man crept beneath his blankets, and the cool air was quickly filled with music. They snored so loudly that the corporal of the guard turned out his men, under the impression that the horses in the camp stables were suffering from the distemper.

Day dawned clear and beautiful. The five men were in an ambulance by sunrise. They were happy. Five morning cocktails had warmed their souls. The scenery was magnificent. The great valley of the Salt Lake, checkered with squares of yellow grain and green grass, and hemmed in by turreted mountains, was spread out before them. The lake itself glistened at the base of the far-off mountains like an immense mirror. Entranced at the scene, the men halted, and gazed at it through the bottom of a black bottle. "Glorious, grand affair!" rapturously exclaimed the Wall street operator, waving his hand over a sea of sage brush. Dinwiddie lashed the mules, and the ambulance ran down hill with the speed of a Texas steer. Moen's gun attracted great attention. All handled it, and squinted along its barrels. The lock was clicked a hundred times. If the gun had been a second bottle of whiskey it could not have been handled more lovingly, or its good points more expatiated upon. Moen was delighted, and Mason regarded the experienced army officers and their bottles with an affection bordering on veneration.

It was well along in the afternoon when the ambulance began to roll up the American Fork canon. A bright watch was kept for jack rabbits. They were scarce. Hours passed, and none were seen. Moen became dispirited. At last, about five o'clock, Gordon saw two cars, sticking up above a clump of bushes on the side of a hill.

"Hold on," he shouted, "there's one now. He's a big one, too. Get out, Moen, and give it to him. Easy, now, easy."

The Wall street gentleman slipped out of the wagon and shoved two patent cartridges into the barrels of his gun.

"Now, then, let him have it. Give it to him," repeated Gordon.

The army officers began to laugh as Moen rested the fowling piece upon the wheel of the ambulance and squatted to take sight. They saw that the supposed jack rabbit was a jack without the rabbit. It was a *burro*, or Spanish donkey, about two-thirds grown. Moen had never seen one. The animal stood with its quaint face surrounded by green leaves, a perfect picture of contentment. The banker took good aim and fired. The *burro* threw up its ears, but never budged an inch.

"You shot too high," said Howell. "Shoot lower, and you'll fetch him. I never saw a bigger one. He's the king of all jack rabbits. Now, then, give it to him, quick!"

The banker squatted again, and sighted his game over the wheel. There was a puff of smoke and a report. The *burro's* ears flew up a second time, but he didn't stir.

"Too low, too low, old man," cried Gordon. "Load up again and give him another shot."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Moen, ain't he a big fellow?" He nervously shoved the cartridge into his fowling piece.

"Keep quiet, boys," he whispered, "don't scare him."

"Now, then, give it to him sure," Gordon said in a low tone of voice, as the broker squatted for a third shot. As his finger touched the trigger the *burro* threw one of his ears over his eyes and began to bray. "Y-a-a-w e-e-e-h! y-a-a-w e-e-e-h" shouted the jack. The officers burst into a roar of laughter.

The Wall street man straightened up in an instant. "Great Caesar," said he, "it's a cursed jackass! I came near killing it."

He jumped into the ambulance and put up his gun. The best of the joke is, that the jack belonged to an old Mormon, who collected \$25 from Moen, alleging that he had shot the beast near the root of the tail, seriously damaging him. After the banker returned to New York Davis acknowledged that the animal was untouched.

"The bullets didn't go within a mile of the jack," said he, "but what is a New Yorker good for in this country if it isn't to pluck. I plucked him."

A DANGEROUS INDIAN BOY.

MAJOR Benteen, in leading the attack of his squadron through the timber below the village, encountered an Indian boy, scarcely fifteen years of age; he was well mounted, and was endeavoring to make his way through the lines. This boy rode boldly towards the Major, seeming to invite a contest. His youthful bearing, and not being looked upon as a combatant, induced Major Benteen to endeavor to save him by making "peace signs" to him and obtaining his surrender, when he could be placed in a position of safety until the battle was terminated; but the young savage desired and would accept no such friendly concessions. He regarded himself as a warrior, and as such he purposed to do a warrior's part. With revolver in hand he dashed at the Major, who still could not regard him as anything but a harmless lad. Levelling his weapon as he rode, he fired, but either from excitement or the changing positions of both parties, his aim was defective and the shot whistled harmlessly by Major Benteen's head. Another followed in quick succession, but with no better effect. All this time the dusky little chieftain boldly advanced, to lessen the distance between himself and his adversary. A third bullet was sped on its errand, and this time to some purpose, as it passed through the neck of the Major's horse, close to the shoulder. Making a final but ineffectual appeal to him to surrender, and seeing him still preparing to fire again, the Major was forced in self-defense to level his revolver and despatch him, although as he did so it was with admiration for the plucky spirit exhibited by the lad, and regret often expressed that no other course under the circumstances was left to him. Attached to the saddle bow of the young Indian hung a beautifully wrought pair of small moccasins, elaborately ornamented with beads. One of the Major's troopers secured these and presented them to him. These furnished the link of evidence by which we subsequently ascertained who the young chieftain was—a title which was justly his, both by blood and bearing.—*General Custer's Life on the Plains—Galaxy.*

—The preservation of game irrespective of size, seems to be now the rule. On the first of October in the Presidency of Madras, any one killing an elephant will be fined 500 rupees. Elephant pot hunters being now fully warned, will have no excuse.

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FOUR-IN-HAND.

At Long Branch, in the season, there is often to be witnessed a very fine display of "turnouts" upon what is known as the Ocean avenue. It is a source of pleasure to see the women in their little dog-carts, and fancy calashes, handling the reins; they are so earnest and so full of enjoyment. The men do not always please us; they too frequently appear nervous in their seats; there is also a lack of responsive mental sympathy playing along the reins, between the horses and their master. A high-spirited horse and a brave, dashing woman understand each other on sight; but a man must show his common-sense and magnanimity to a horse, before he can command his sympathy. To manage a spirited team well, the members of it should be intimately acquainted with the driver, not only bear his society—for they cannot help that—but they must entertain for him a solid respect.

The equine show at the Branch came to an end with the disappearance of the sun; the butterflies left the moment the cool sea air chilled their wings. Only the solid establishments remained to the last. When we were turning away, the unexpected sight of a "four-in-hand" came down the road, moving silently in the twilight, as if from the spirit land. The heavy vehicle was almost quaint in its fashion, the horses were in fine condition, but evidently aged, and in form and color they did not match; but they moved together with the precision of a perfect piece of machinery. On the seat was a gentleman of most modest appearance, so immovable that, but for the wreath of the fragrant Havana which came from his firmly set mouth, he might have been of stone. But the reins he held seemed to be the heart-strings of the noble animals which, with such dignified action, sped on their way. In another instant the vehicle, the fluttering of a costly shawl, together with horses and driver, were lost in the gathering darkness down the road. Presently this four-in-hand returned, the horses more spirited—they were now homeward bound. That unpretentious turnout, those well cared for and obedient horses, that firm hand, that silent movement, that delicate wreathing cloud of smoke, could represent the personal peculiarities and surroundings, as the reader must anticipate, of no other person than General Grant.

In common with our fellow-countrymen at large, we had heard of General Grant's fondness for horses. Close as he keeps his mouth, and as reticent as he is regarding his likes and dislikes, he has betrayed himself as an ardent lover of horse-flesh. Here we have at least one opening into his heart, through which to study his real nature. We never heard it to be else than noble to admire the horse; it's a royal failing, it's a manly weakness. General Grant may in charity, therefore, be pardoned for his foible, it has been in such good company through all times; but as a Republican Chief-Magistrate, he should, we thought, not affect extravagance in keeping up a stud, nor waste money on equipages which, from costliness, are offensive to public taste, and an outrage upon the simplicity of our political institutions!

General Grant was brought up in the country, where it was convenient and useful to be always riding. At West Point, as a cadet, without any pretention, he was, for all practical purposes, the best rider in the school. This was, in his case, a most fortunate predilection, for as commander of our armies, he was always in the field. While other officers used ambulances to relieve themselves of the severity of constant horseback exercise, General Grant pertinaciously stuck to his saddle. From Petersburg to Appomattox Court-house, his "official residence" was only the "fly" of a common tent. His table was literally "soldiers' fare;" this simple dish was only demanded; even with this simple food he ate sparingly; no stimulants were ever used. There was one time when not one of his generals or subordinate officers on his staff had any liquor for an entire year and two months. He never used it himself nor offered it to others.

Passionately fond of riding, and with the physical ability to perform it, for he possesses an iron constitution, as well as an iron will, he was enabled to personally inspect his military lines. While engaged in this important duty, he often rode from forty to fifty miles a day. In the excitement of the hour he frequently left his staff in the rear, and his whereabouts to its members, after hours of solicitude, was made known by discharges of shot and shell from the observing enemy. To accomplish this herculean labor, he took a horse in the morning, sending forward the reliefs with the "head-quarters," so that when he "tired out" one animal another was at hand; for himself he had no relief, and apparently never needed one.

He made it his practice while in the field, to personally look after his horses, while in care of the groom, and he keeps up this humane practice (which Mr. Bergh should notice) since he has been President. He has no recreation which he thoroughly enjoys, except riding or driving; if not thus engaged he is hard at work.

Soon after the fall of Vicksburg certain citizens of Indiana determined to present General Grant a horse. A subscription was at once set on foot, the highest amount given toward the object, by one person, was limited to one dollar. The committee entrusted with the purchase heard that there was a very fine animal for sale at a fair in Kentucky; that land of fine stock, and made an especial trip to purchase, if the horse answered the demand. The "phenomenon" turned out to be lame, and wholly unserviceable. By a happy accident, a horse, quite modestly exhibited under the name of "Egypt," was noticed, approved of by the committee, purchased, and presented to the General.

This horse, and Cincinnati, "a full-blooded Lexington," also a gift from friends, General Grant took with him from the fall of Vicksburg, and they were active participants in every subsequent engagement.

The Jeff. Davis mare, as she is called, picked up on the banks of the Mississippi, being first-rate under the saddle, did a great deal of hard work. General Grant was riding this generous creature outside the Union lines, when General Lee sent his message, expressing a desire for a meeting, on Sunday morning, the memorable 9th of April. When Mr. Lincoln paid a visit to the "head-quarters" of the army, he selected Cincinnati for his steed.

These three horses of historic importance, except two others, are all General Grant has possessed since his advent as General and Chief-Magistrate. All were presented to him by friends while holding the place of a Commanding General. When he drives "four-in-hand" his "drag" is the heavy wagon we have alluded to, which "he owned before the war." Egypt and Cincinnati, both seventeen or eighteen years old, are in the lead. Such is the "imperial carriage" and such the "costly stud," about which so much is written, and published in the columns of the "Argus-eyed press."

Soldiers are passionately fond of their war horses. Wellington, for years kept the one he rode at Waterloo under his personal care, and when it died he erected a tablet over its burying-place. General Taylor treated "Old Whitey" as a companion and friend. What is General Grant to do with Egypt and Cincinnati else than nurse them to their end? and what better horses can he have in the lead than these equine veterans, who, through their long career of military service, were trained to keep the front?

COL. T. B. THORPE.

The Magazines.

A PLEA FOR PEDESTRIANS.

THE human body is a steed that goes freest and longest under a light rider, and the lightest of all riders is a cheerful heart. Your sad, or morose, or embittered, or pre-occupied heart settles heavily into the saddle, and the poor beast, the body, breaks down the first mile. Indeed, the heaviest thing in the world is a heavy heart. Next to that, the most burdensome to the walker is a heart not in sympathy and accord with the body. The horse and rider must both be willing to go the same way. This is no doubt our trouble, and the main reason of the decay of the noble art in this country. As a people we are not so positively sad, or taciturn, or misanthropical, as we are vacant of that sportiveness and surplusage of animal spirits that characterized our ancestors, and that springs from full and harmonious life—a sound heart in accord with a sound body. A man must invest himself near at hand and in common things, and be content with a steady and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. This is a lesson the American has yet to learn—capability of amusement on a low key. He would make the very elemental laws pay usury. He has nothing to invest in a walk; it is too slow; too cheap. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the far away, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them—always a sign of the decay of the faith and simplicity of man.

If I were to say to my neighbor, "Come, let us go walk amid the heavenly bodies," he would prick up his ears and come forthwith; but if I were to take him out on the hills under the full blaze of the sun, or along the country road, our footsteps lighted by the moon and stars, and say to him, "Behold, these are the heavenly bodies, this we now tread is a morning star," he would feel defrauded, as if I had played him a trick. And yet nothing less than dilata-tion and enthusiasm like this is the badge of the master walker.

If we are not sad we are careworn, hurried, discontented, mortgaging the present for the promise of the future. If we take a walk, it is as we take a prescription, with about the same relish and with about the same purpose; and the more the fatigue the greater our faith in the virtue of the medicine.

Of those gleesome saunters over the hills in spring, or those sallies of the body in winter, those excursions into space when the foot strikes fire at every step, when the air tastes like a new and finer mixture, when we accumulate force and gladness as we go along, when the sight of objects by the roadside and of the fields and woods pleases more than pictures or than all the art in the world—those ten or twelve mile dashes that are but the wit and effluence of the corporeal powers—of such diversion and open road entertainment, I say most of us know very little.

I notice with astonishment that at our fashionable watering-places nobody walks; that of all those vast crowds of health-seekers and lovers of country air, you can never catch one in the fields or woods, or guilty of trudging along the country road with dust on his shoes and sun-tan on his hands and face. The sole amusement seems to be to eat and dress and sit about the hotels and glare at each other. The men look bored, the women look tired, and all seem to sigh, "Oh Lord! what shall we do to be happy and not be vulgar?" Quite different from our British cousins across the water, who have plenty of amusement and hilarity, spending most of their time at their watering-places in the open air, strolling, pic-nicking, boating, climbing, briskly walking, apparently with little fear of sun-tan or of compromising their "gentility."—"Exhibition of the Road," by John Burroughs, in *Galaxy*.

DUMAS PETS.—When Dumas was a young man, he lived with his mother in the Rue de l'Ouest, and they had a cat, called Mysouff, which ought to have been a dog.

Every morning, Dumas left home at half-past nine—it was half an hour's walk from the Rue de l'Ouest to the office in the Rue St. Honore, No. 216—and every afternoon he returned home at half-past five. Every morning Mysouff accompanied his master as far as the Rue de Vaugirard; and every afternoon he went and waited for him at the Rue de Vaugirard. Those were his limits; he never

went an inch further. As soon as he caught sight of his master, he swept the pavement with his tail; at his nearer approach, he rose on all-fours, with arching back and tail erect. When Dumas set foot in the Rue de l'Ouest, the cat jumped to his knees as a dog would have done; then, turning round every ten paces, he led the way to the house. At twenty paces from the house, he set off at a gallop, and two seconds afterwards, the expectant mother appeared at the door.

The most curious circumstance was, that whenever by chance any temptation caused Dumas to neglect his mother's dinner hour, it was useless for her to open the door; Mysouff would not stir from his cushion. But on the day when Dumas was a punctual good boy, if she forgot to open the door, Mysouff scratched it till she let him out. Consequently, she called Mysouff her barometer; it was Set Fair when Dumas came home to dinner, Rain or Wind when he was absent.—*All The Year Round*.

MOSS GATHERING.

Among the articles of commerce furnished by nature in this semi-tropical climate of ours, says the New Orleans Times, is moss. This long, luxuriant parasite clothes and festoons the trees, with its dull drapery all over the woods and swamps of lower Louisiana. The same humidity and warmth in the atmosphere which deprives man of the will to work, foster and nourish the growth of this strange plant, and thus affords him, if he would avail himself of the opportunities, an easy way of making a living. The supply of moss in our forests is simply inexhaustible. There are trees loaded down with it standing on thousands of square miles in this State, and even when the tree is denuded of this weird-like garb, in less than a year it comes out in a dress as ample as that of which it had been stripped. The waters of all our swamps are filled with it, where it has dropped from the trees, and lies rotting, ungathered, and uncared for. The whole country where this moss grows is accessible to any one desirous of turning it to account. Bayous and streams navigable for large boats intersect the woods and swamps where it grows, in every direction. But strange to say, this moss interest, which might be made so great here, is neglected, although it presents so many inducements to those who are desirous of gaining an honest livelihood.

Most of them, with that prodigality and wastefulness which are part of the nature of our people, cut the trees down to gather the moss on them, and thus kill the goose which lays the golden eggs, without even eating the goose, for they leave the tree to rot where it lies, after stripping it of its sombre covering. But some of them are more economical, and, having an eye to future wants, more properly climb the trees among the moss, which they gather off the limbs and throw to the ground in a pile. These heaps are left standing for sometime, and the rain, with the dews, thoroughly saturating them, they undergo a species of "sweating," like tobacco, which rots off the gray covering and leaves the black, fibrous horse-hair like material, which is the moss of commerce. This is usually transported to market in flats and boats of the swamps. It is packed up near the place of curing in rude bales with rope ties. When it arrives in New Orleans it passes under the manipulation of moss pickeries and through the machinery of gins, after which it is pressed into bales under steam pressure, bound with neat iron ties and is then ready for shipment. The men who gather this moss usually live on the banks and islands of the bayous which lead through the swamps. Most of those at present engaged in it are Germans and Creoles, who live very comfortably on the spots of high land which are found almost everywhere in the swamp country of Louisiana. They prepare their moss in rather a rough manner to be sold advantageously in the New Orleans market, but there the "country moss," is nearly always rehandled and refined as it were by the exporters of Louisiana moss. After the necessary preparation is made with the rough material these parties find no difficulty in selling their moss in the northern markets.

A WHALE KILLED BY A SUBMARINE CABLE.—A break in the submarine cable between Kurrachee and Gwadioer, British India, has developed the most surprising and veritable "fish story" of recent date. On the 4th of July the cable suddenly failed, and the interruption was discovered to be at a point 118 miles from Kurrachee, where the cable passes over a very uneven and rocky bottom, and a steamer with the telegraph repairing staff on board was despatched thither. The cable was grappled at once, but on winding it in, unusual resistance was experienced, as if it was foul of the rocks. After persevering sometime, the body of an immense whale was brought to the surface, the fish being entangled in the cable, two turns of which passed round its body immediately above the tail. The whale had evidently struggled long and hard to release itself, and, dying in the effort, had become a prey to sharks and other fish, which had devoured a large portion of it. The strain, in course of hauling the cable, caused it to cut through the monster, and the carcass sunk in deep water. The size of the fish may be judged from the fact that its tail measured twelve feet across. It is supposed that the whale had found a festoon of the cable stretching from a submarine precipice, and had been endeavoring to wipe the barnacles from its sides by rubbing against the rope, when the tail became entangled. The first part of the operation was fully illustrated to those on board the telegraph ship, for as they lay at anchor a number of whales played around, and rubbed themselves against the hawser by which the vessel was secured. This incident, so surprising in every way, shows how liable the means of cable communication are to be cut off any moment by the gambols of the monsters of the great deep.

A PERSIAN JOKE.—"One day Hafiz was in the baths at Pabreez, when he met a stranger, who entered into conversation with him, and presently began to chaff him on his baldness." (Now, though Mohammedans shave their heads, they ordinarily leave a small tuft of hair, or forelock, in front and, of course, the hair quickly grows again, except where there is natural baldness, as in this case.) The stranger took hold of one of the round tin shaving vessels used in the bath, and holding it out to Hafiz, exclaimed: "How comes it that all you Shiranzees have the top of your heads like this?" "And how happens it," retorted Hafiz, turning the bowl with its cavity upwards, "that all you Tabreezes have the inside of your heads like that?"

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

NO. IV.—THREE SPRUCES.

Where to the eye three well marked distances
Spread their peculiar coloring—vivid green,
Warm brown and black opaque the foreground bears
Conspicuous; sober olive coldly marks
The second distance; thence the third declines
In softer blue, or lessening still, is lost
In faintest purple. When thy taste is called
To deck a scene where nature's self presents
All these distinct gradations, then rejoice
As doth the painter, and like him apply
Thy colors; plant thou on each separate part
Its proper foliage."

BLACK SPRUCE (*nigra*).
WHITE SPRUCE (*alba*).
BALSAM FIR (*picea*).

The fir and spruce trees belong to a family quite readily distinguished from the pine species, and from their general and botanical characters are well known to the most casual observer. They have shorter leaves than the pine, and their leaves are not arranged in fascicles like the pine, but singly and in rows. This wise provision of nature enables these branches and leaves to offer a greater resistance to external influences, strong currents of air, than the more graceful yielding branches of the pine; and for this reason are better adapted for a sheltering barrier of protection to certain localities than the pine tree, beautiful as it is when nicely planted and skilfully cultured. The seed cones of this truly American species are very peculiar in themselves, being smaller than any other cone, and of great compactness of character, ripening their seeds every year. The fir cones or seed vessels stand erect, perpendicular upon its stalks. The cones of the spruce are hung like pendants beneath the branches, and are of less compact character. So much is necessary to the right understanding of the plants we use, and for the uses we intend to put them, either as a low hedge or separation line, or a barrier line, to battle with the elements, or for the ornamental decoration or beautifying of the *woodland, lawn or garden*—while the most beautiful hedges may be grown from the planting of almost any of our common and well-known species of hardy evergreens and shrubs, of which we have a great number,—yet all are not equally valuable for the low hedge.* We notice in this paper the trees and tree plants best adapted for heavy screens intended to protect young trees and plants, such as pears and small fruits, peaches and apricots from strongly blowing winds from some particular quarter during the winter months. Much serious injury is received from this source alone in many parts of our Eastern States; the cold of our winters in some particular localities being frequently below zero, and sometimes continuing so low for days.

To mitigate this cold in a certain degree, requires all the art of the experienced culturist. I have before me at this writing the question: "Sir, I have a finely located piece of ground for the growing of small fruits, especially pear trees of the dwarf kinds. My grounds consist of an acre or more in extent laying between two high hills, and are completely protected on all side from the high winds except on the *northwest* side, which is open like the mouth of a tunnel. Through this opening the wind rushes like a tornado. No common board fence will long stand before it. What shall I do to remedy this? Some of my neighbors recommend hedging. Now no hedge will stand the wind any better than my old board fence. What shall I do and how shall I remedy this great loss of crops?" This letter bears date of May, 1850. I reproduce it as an illustration every way worthy the consideration of persons having similar locations, of which there are many in all our States. For the treatment of this "tunnel gap" between the hills I recommended to him the following plan, which he successfully carried into execution, introducing some of those other firs and spruces, as noticed in the heading of this paper.

"Sir—Your description of the locality described in your letter as well protected from high winds from without on all sides but one, is indeed the question you ask, 'How shall I stop the wind from blowing to pieces my fine tender trees through the mouth of this natural tunnel?'"

You cannot stop the winds blowing, but you have within your every day means, the remedy modifying in a very essential degree the cold and heat and drought, which often prove so destructive to the choice plants of the garden. In your own enclosure you have three sides already well secured by nature from all outward innovations. Now, as to the northwest, or windy corner, I recommend you to prepare a good deep trench, of say three feet in depth and two and a half in width, into which place for an inner row of barrier hedge the healthy plants of *black spruce*, say four feet in height, and these will be found to be quite a large sized plant, but not too large for your purpose. Set these plants seven feet distant from trunk to trunk, pressing the soil, which is supposed to be of good quality, firmly about them. After mulching the top of the ground in a thorough manner, *a sine qua non* with all evergreens in the hedge row at their first setting, leave them for the second row.† This

* We shall notice all the many varieties of the coniferous and other evergreens in the course of these papers, any and all having special reference to their adaptation to different situations on the lawn.

† We have in the course of our experience had many questions of a similar character asked, and a lack of knowledge of the general laws appertaining to the face of the country has been the source of much trouble to the owners of otherwise very desirable locations.

‡ The black spruce in its native forest is considerably taller than the white spruce; but there is often difficulty in distinguishing between the two, yet the white spruce is a more beautiful standard than the black; and is often used in the manner I have here recommended as a third or even second row.

second row is to be set in precisely the same manner as the first, only you are to set them in *quincunx*, or break joint, or spaces, thus . . . ; the second row covering the break in the first, and in this manner, as you plant your barrier more or less wide, you soon make an impenetrable shelter from the highest winds. The second row is to be composed of white spruce trees, in plants like the first row. This second row is to be set at about ten feet distance from the first row, and the plants at same distance in the hedge row. Now, if you deem it advisable in your case, and I think the very exposed situation of your grounds demand a very firm barrier of resistance to the northwest current, you can use the balsam fir—a tree remarkable for its long life and greenness, beauty of form and foliage, yet inferior in height to the other before named trees. As a third row tree, or the outside row of your barrier, it will give you I think entire satisfaction. This row is to be planted in the same manner as you have planted the other two. You will mulch well, or in the most thorough manner, and you may rely with a good degree of confidence your work is a good work, and will give you satisfaction.

Thus you have all the elements of a *barrier hedge*—the largest hedge ever made; and if further embellishment is needed, you can set some arbor vitae and hemlock trees, say five or six of each small plants of one foot height on the outside of your barrier, or side next to the wind, at a distance of thirty or forty feet, or in an irregular manner; this not so much for use as for ornamentation, and to break up the monotony of the green mass before you.

Now, to return to the final treatment of your barrier, the clipping of the inside, or side next the field. I suppose you will have a walk, say of four feet width, running along side these spruce trees. Well, now begin the trimming process. There should be no trimming done to these inside branches the first year at all, except to shorten in a few inches any one or two very long branches. When you do begin to trim it is to be near the height of this barrier you desire, say, begin to clip in at six feet, and then gradually slope the branches as your taste may suggest. The sides of this soon to be impenetrable wall of compact greenness should be to the height of six feet perpendicular, and trimmed every season of any protruding or superfluous branches. The other trees composing this "windscreen" are not to be trimmed at all, but left to take the natural position of a natural forest, which in a few years they will, and you will find by a little careful labor and expense you have effectually stopped the mouth of your old enemy, the "northwest tunnel."

On the outside of this walk by the side of these evergreens, your pear, peach and apricot will live and thrive; and if we are not much mistaken, you will find your labor, expense and care not in vain.‡

We have made this illustration of the uses of three kinds of the spruce family for hedges from our practical notes; the practical use of which, we have no hesitancy in saying, can in most ordinary cases be relied upon as a paying work.

For a small hedge, which it is desirable to keep closely clipped, these spruces would perhaps occupy more ground than the proprietor would be willing to grant. But where a separation line or belt of hedge of ten feet or more in width can be given, there is no grander sight or more impenetrable line than these tall, well-clipped trees. Always green, always refreshing, and no insects of any account to prey upon or make it their home. We therefore urge upon our cultivators of the dwarf pear to put some three or four green lines of black and white spruce, in parallels, within their orchards, and our word for it they will find their account in it within two years from the planting of the same.

Of the other modifying influences to be derived from this arrangement we shall speak in its proper place and time.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

‡ In several instances where we have used the above arrangement, especially for field lines of separation and for the protection of pear orchards from wind, we have been successful.

CHOPPING DOWN THE REDWOOD TREES.

A *TRIBUNE* correspondent, from Mendocino county, California, gives the following most interesting account, how lumbering is carried on:

"To chop down a redwood tree, the chopper does not stand on the ground, but upon the stage, sometimes twelve feet above the ground. Like the sequoi, the redwood has a great bulk near the ground, but contracts a few feet above. The chopper wants only the fair round of the tree, and his stage is composed of two stout staves, shod with a pointed iron at one end, which is driven into the tree. The outer ends are securely supported; and on these staves he lays two narrow, tough boards, on which he stands, and which spring at every blow of his axe. It will give you an idea of the bulk of these trees, when I tell you that in chopping down the larger ones two men stand on the stage and chop simultaneously at the same cut, facing each other. They cut off the bark, which is from four to ten, and often fifteen inches thick. This done, they begin what is called the "undercut," the cut on that side toward which the tree is meant to fall; and when they have made a little progress, they, by an ingenious and simple contrivance, fix upon the proper direction of the cut, so as to make the tree fall accurately where they want it. This is necessary, on account of the great length and weight of the trees, and the roughness of the ground, by reason of which a tree carelessly felled may in its fall break and split into pieces, so as to make it entirely worthless. This happens not unfrequently, in spite of every care. So skillful are they in giving to the tree its proper direction, that they are able to set a post or stake in the ground a hundred feet or more from the root of the tree, and drive it down by felling the tree on top of it. "Can you really drive a stake with a tree?" I asked, and was

answered, "Of course, we do it every day." The "undercut" goes in about two-thirds the diameter. When it is finished the stage is shifted to the opposite side, and then it is a remarkable sight to see the tall, straight mass begin to tremble as the axe goes in. It usually gives a heavy crack about fifteen minutes before it means to fall. The chopper thereupon gives a warning shout, so that all may stand clear—not of the tree, for he knows where that will go, and in a cleared space men will stand within ten feet of where the top of the tree is to strike, and watch its fall; his warning is against the branches of other trees, which are sometimes torn off and flung to a distance by the falling giant, and which occasionally dash out men's brains. At last the tree visibly totters, and slowly goes over; and as it goes, the chopper gets off the stage, and runs a few feet to one side. Then you hear and see one of the grandest and most majestic incidents of forest life. There is a sharp crack, a crash, and then a long, prolonged, thunderous crash, which, when you hear it from a little distance, is startlingly like an actual and severe thunder peal. To see a tree six feet in diameter, and 175 feet high, thus go down, is a very great sight, not soon forgotten. *More than half the wood is wasted.*

The choppers expressed themselves as disappointed that they could not just then show me the fall of a tree ten or twelve feet in diameter, and over 200 feet high. In one logging camp I visited there remained a stump, fourteen feet high. At this height the tree was fourteen feet in diameter, perfectly round and sound, and it was sawn into seventeen logs each twelve feet long. The upper length was six feet in diameter. Probably the tree was 300 feet long, for the top for a long distance is wasted.

So many of the trees and so many parts of trees are splintered or broken in the fall, that the master of a logging camp told me he thought they wasted at least as much as they saved; and as the mills also wasted a good deal, it is probable that for every foot of this lumber that goes to market two feet are lost. A five foot tree occupies a chopper from two and a half to three and a half hours; when the tree is down the sawyers come. It is odd enough to go past a tree and see a saw moving back and forward across its diameter without seeing the man who moves it, for the tree hides him completely from you, if you are on the side opposite him."

Natural History.

CAPTURE AND PRESERVATION OF THE ANCHOVY.

AS enquiries have been made concerning the mode of capturing the Anchovy, we have jotted down a few memoranda on the subject, taken from the *Encyclopédie Méthodique, Poissons*, which though old are not the less trustworthy and practical. The volumes on Ichthyology were prepared by *Dechamel du Monceau*, and contain a mass of information no where else gathered together.

The anchovy is caught on dark nights well off shore from May to July in the Atlantic, and a month earlier in the Mediterranean. Several boats engage in the fishery, say four, of which there are five boats with a couple of men each, and one with the net, manned by four or five men. Dark nights without a moon are the most favorable, and the fire boats put to sea, first keeping one or two hundred yards apart. The fire is made in a raised brasier and must be seen in every direction. The boats choose a favorable position, generally six miles from shore, followed by the net boat. As soon as anchovies are seen coming around the fire, a signal is given and the net is shot so as to encompass the fire boat with the school of fish.

This net is of fine material, not over half an inch in the mesh, some forty fathoms long and four to seven fathoms deep. It is provided with floats and foot-leads and can be pursed at the foot rope if required. As soon as the net is closed the light is extinguished and the water is beaten, which scatters the fish and drives them into the meshes, where they are gilled.

The net is taken to the near fire boat that signals in, and sometimes very large hauls are made. Sometimes the fire boats alone go out and dexterously attract a whole school to the shore where they are led into a labyrinth.

This fish also frequents the mouth of rivers and may be taken in brackish waters. Smaller nets can be used, and the fishery may be conducted on quite a small scale with a torch and a white cloth spread on a frame dipped into the water around the boat. The little fish attracted by the light will spring out and fall on the cloth.

Sprats, sardines and brit are often found mixed with anchovies, and much trouble is sometimes caused by having to sort them out. Anchovies are much scarcer on the coasts of France than they were sixty years ago, and the smaller herring are sometimes treated so as to pass for anchovies.

Anchovies are salted in a peculiar manner. The head and entrails (which are bitter), are torn out, and they are then packed closely in casks back up, between layers of ground salt, the last layer being colored with a little ochre. The cask is then headed up, a hole being left in the head and foot, and the cask is raised on a frame so as to allow the drippings to be collected. A fermentation then takes place, and during this process the head of the cask is kept supplied with strong brine, and no rain is allowed to fall on it. In Holland the fish are repacked thrice in new salt and the process is most carefully watched, the smell from the cask indicating the state of the operation.

The fish ought not to be eaten for three months after completing the process, and will keep for a year or more in proper order.

Anchovy paste is made from fish which have been cleaned as above, and also by removing the fins, tail and backbone, the fish being then salted with red salt, much as before, and then ground into paste.

Anchovy sauce is variously prepared. It is believed with

good reason that the famous *Garum*, or salt fish sauce of the ancients, was this preparation.

Rondelet the ichthyologist, prepared garum by macerating anchovies in oil and vinegar, spiced and seasoned, with chopped parsley added, over a slow fire.

The great *Dictionnaire des Peches*, recently published, adds nothing to the facts we have gleaned and put together, but the subject may be again noticed in these columns, as the anchovy abounds on our coasts, and their capture may be undertaken as a remunerative industry.

J. CARSON BREVOORT.

COLLECTIVE INSECTS.

THE writer of one of the books on Indian sport relates how he saw a herd of antelopes driven backwards and forwards by four wolves, which surrounded the herd, each guarding a different side, until at length the antelopes passed over a ditch in which a fifth wolf lay concealed. This wolf, jumping up as the antelopes crossed, secured one of them, upon which his four companions joined him, and assisted in making a meal of the captured animal.

A friend in India told me that he witnessed a very similar occurrence in Ouda. He saw two wolves standing together, and shortly after noticing them was surprised to see one of them lie down in a ditch, and the other walk away over the open plain. He watched the latter, which deliberately went to the far side of a herd of antelopes standing in the plain, and drove them, as a sheep dog would a flock of sheep, to the very spot where his companion lay in ambush. As the antelopes crossed the ditch, the concealed wolf jumped up, as in the former case, seized a doe, and was joined by his colleague.

I have noticed some similar instances of collective action on the part of other animals which I believe to be as much inherited as the habitual actions of individual animals. I have constantly seen a flock of pelicans when on the feed form a line across a lake, and drive the fish before them up its whole length, just as fishermen would with a net. The capture of the fish is rendered doubly easy by this method. I have witnessed exactly a similar plan pursued by a large number of Ganges crocodiles which had been lying or swimming about all day in front of my tent, at the mouth of a small stream which led from some large inland lakes to the Ganges. Towards dusk, at the same moment, every one of them left the bank on which they were lying, or the deep water in which they were swimming, and formed line across the stream, which was about twenty yards wide. They had to form a double line, as there was not room for all in a single line. They then swam slowly up the shallow stream, driving the fish before them, and I saw two or three fish caught before they disappeared.—E. C. BUCK, in *Nature*.

A BATTLE IN THE AIR.

THERE was a terrific battle between two large brown eagles in the vicinity of the lakes above Virginia on Wednesday evening. When first seen the birds were soaring, one above the other, at an altitude of perhaps three-fourths of a mile, and seemed on a sail for pleasure. Presently the uppermost bird, closing its broad wings, shot downward like a meteor for two or three hundred feet, and with a wild, piercing scream lit fairly upon the back of the other bird. Turning with the rapidity of lightning the victim clutched its adversary with talons and beak, and a fierce struggle ensued. The savage yells, the striking of huge wings, and showers of falling feathers gave unmistakable evidence of the ferocity with which the contest was waged.

As they fought they fell earthward, and within five hundred feet of the ground they became disentangled, and each swooped upward again. Now followed an interesting trial as to which should first gain a sufficient altitude to make another plunge. The circling of the smaller bird was rapid and close, while that of his antagonist was made with greater limits, and his ascension was quickest accomplished. The largest eagle was fully one-half mile high, and some hundreds of feet above his victim. Hovering in mid-air for a moment, as if making sure of his aim, he again darted with a force that seemed sufficient to kill of itself. Again they grappled and fought like winged demons—whirling, falling, and striking furiously for two or three minutes. They were now near the largest of the lakes, and gradually descending to the water. The struggles of the smaller became less and less fierce; he was getting weak, and was evidently nearly vanquished, while his more powerful enemy seemed to wage the battle with increased vigor.

Another moment and the conquering monarch loosed his hold, and with an exultant shout of victory soared upward. The battle was ended; his prisoner, limp and lifeless, fell into the waters of the lake with a splash, and floated on the surface without a struggle.—*Virginia City Montanian*.

A CLEVER PIGEON.—A correspondent of "*Nature*" writes as follows:

Having occasion to wait for my pony to be harnessed at an inn a few years since, my attention was directed by a gentleman (a resident of the neighborhood) with whom I was acquainted, to the strange conduct of a pigeon.

A number of them were feeding on a few oats that had been accidentally let fall while fixing the nose-bag on a horse standing at bait. Having finished all the grain at hand, a large "Pouter" rose, and flapping its wings furiously, flew directly at the horse's eyes, causing that animal to toss his head, and in doing so, of course shake out more corn. I saw this several times repeated; in fact, whenever the supply had been exhausted.

I leave it to your readers to consider the train of thought that must have passed through the pigeon's brain before it adopted the clever method above narrated, of stealing the horse's provender.

The Middletown *Mercury* tells the following: A gentleman who took a ride last Sunday, passed Thomson's Pond. There, he tells us he saw a strange sight. A snake was working its way under a stone in the water, and a few feet off a pickerel, with open mouth and hungry eye, lay watching the aforesaid snake. When it thought that a propitious moment had come, it started for the snake and grabbed it by its tail. The snake turned and grabbed the pickerel by the same appendage, and the water foamed in their struggles. The issue was that the snake swallowed the pickerel, and the pickerel swallowed the snake, and peace once more reigned in Glenmore.

Prof. Mobius has been studying the food of the herring, and has determined that they feed on a minute crustacean animal closely allied to the fresh water cyclops. Some idea of the number of these crustaceans eaten by the herring, may be gathered from the fact, that in one instance, 61,000 were found in a herring's stomach. The apparatus, which enables the herring to feed on these minute creatures, is described by Prof. Mobius as a sort of basket or "lobster-pot," formed by the arches of the gills, each of which is furnished with a close set fringe of teeth, while each of the latter bears two rows of minute spines. The interlacing of these teeth and spines produces a narrow lattice-work, through which the water can readily pass, while the little swimming animals contained in it are left behind in the mouth of the fish and gradually pass down into its stomach.

✕ ELEPHANTINE FOOT-STOOLS.—Elephants' feet make capital footstools; when required for this purpose they should be cut off a few inches below the knee, cleaned and well rubbed inside and out with arsenical soap. They will keep in this state till the sportsman's return to head-quarters, when, if hard, they must be softened in water, and again rubbed with arsenical soap, and kept in the sun filled with fine sand, all shrinking or loss of shape being prevented by ramming the sand daily. When thoroughly hard and dry, which will not be under six weeks, the sand must be removed, and the feet stuffed with coir, the nails being well polished, and the whole varnished. They may then be covered with panther skin, secured round the edge with large-headed brass nails, or with velvet or other material, which should be allowed to droop aniply round the edges.—*Field*.

The Kennel.

FIELD AND WATER SPANIELS.—The field spaniel is remarkable for the intense love which it bears for hunting game, and the nervous manner in which it carries out the wishes of its master. There are two breeds, the one termed the "Springer" being used among the thick scrub oak and brambles, and the other employed principally on woodcock, and therefore called the "Cocker." Some of these dogs continually give tongue while engaged in pursuit of game, and utter different sounds, according to the description of game which they have reached, while others are perfectly mute. Each of these qualities is useful in its way—it should not be too noisy, and the note should be musical. While hunting the spaniel sweeps his well feathered tail from side to side, never carrying it as high as the back, and is a very pretty object to any one who has an eye for beauty. A spaniel must possess a thick coat, as it is subject to continual wetting from the drippings of the scrub oaks, &c., through which he has to force his way; he should weigh not less than fourteen pounds, and may with advantage weigh thirty pounds, as do the breed known by the name of "Clumber;" these animals work silently. The Cocker is a much smaller animal; his average weight is about fifteen pounds. He is an active and lively dog, dashing about its work with an air of gay pleasure that assists materially in adding to the spirits of his master, and will be found the most useful animal for woodcock in the fall.

THE WATER SPANIEL, in all weathers and in all seasons, is ever ready to take to its almost natural element. He is an admirable diver, swift swimmer, and is greatly assisted in these arts by the breadth of its paws. Much of these qualities in the dog is owing to the abundant supply of natural oil with which his coat is supplied, and which prevents it from really becoming wet. A real water spaniel gives himself a good shake as soon as he leaves the lake, and is dry in a very short time. This oil, although useful to the dog, gives forth an unpleasant odor, and therefore debars him from becoming an inmate of the house; so much the better. Some people fancy that the water spaniel possesses web feet, and that his aquatic prowess is due to this formation. Such is not the case. All dogs have their toes connected with each other by a strong membrane, and when the foot is wide, and the membrane rather loosely hung, as is the case with the water spaniel, a large surface is presented to the water. This dog is of moderate size, measuring about twenty-two inches in height at the shoulders, middling stout, ears very long, measuring from point to point about the animal's own height. This dog is of the utmost value to the sportsman who is shooting along bayous, creeks, marshy lakes, &c., after widgeon, teal, and mallard, as he saves many a wet foot and an infinite deal of unpleasant labor, and is without exception the best water retriever.

—The Hon. S. L. M. Barlow owns a pair of thoroughbred Scotch deerhounds, male and female. Their sinewy limbs, deep chests, slim muzzles, intelligent faces, and kindly dispositions make them ornamental additions to a gentleman's country seat, and assert their claim to lineal descent from the stag hound that lives in poetry as the companion of Sir Walter Scott. Being dogs of good education, as well as blue blood, they seldom leave their master's residence, and treat less favored quadrupeds with lofty contempt. About a week ago the male, who wags his tail to the name Walter, followed the farm cart to a neighbor's house. A very large and ferocious mastiff possessed prior dog privileges there. Instead of receiving his visitor with becoming hospitality he assaulted him savagely, and in a few minutes injured him so badly that he was carried home in the cart. The mastiff's teeth had inflicted a bad wound in Walter's chest, almost perforating it from side to side. He refused to submit to human surgery, but tried a remedy taught him by instinct. In the moist earth on the border of a fish pond he dug a hole that just fitted his breast. He chose a shady place for his hospital, and never left it, except for his meals, until he was cured. During the tedious hours of convalescence his mate was constantly with him. After five days he considered himself well. Then the pair went from the house, and going straight to where the mastiff lived, without warning or giving him any other living

show, they set upon him. The fight was short, sharp, and decisive. Before their victim's owner could render assistance they had torn the mastiff limb from limb. After seeing that their work had been well done they turned and jogged home.—*Sen*.

—The following recipe, it is alleged by Franklin Dryre, of Galena, Maryland, is a sure cure for hydrophobia, the lives of many bitten persons having been saved by its use: "Elicampagne is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten take one and a half ounce of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to a half pint, strain, and when cold drink, fasting for at least six hours afterwards. The next morning, fasting, repeat the dose, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

—"Fond du Lac" will find our reply to his question under our answers to correspondents.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, spectacles, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

JESSE—The gray squirrel can be found in almost any of the large woods of Pennsylvania in the neighborhood of Philadelphia and sometimes in abundance. No pinnated grouse or prairie hens in Pennsylvania except on the Pocono Mountains and in one or two of the northwestern counties. The ruffed grouse is called pheasant in that State, a much prettier and more proper name. The quail or Virginia partridge can be shot in some counties only. The exterior counties are the best. Pennsylvania sportsmen generally go to Delaware and Maryland for quail.

LONG JOURNEY, Brooklyn.—For South America, we know of no protection from mildew in tents. Best thing would be to take some native process. At home we have used linseed oil alone with success, putting on as many as three coats. We have heard of a preparation of soft soap, and solution of oxide of iron, put on the tents, to be followed by linseed oil, but have no faith in it.

MISS E.—Your mocking bird we think can get rid of the pest of vermin by means of a little bag filled with flour of sulphur. Encase about two tea spoonsful in a calico bag, and suspend it to the upper perch inside the cage. The bird in jumping from one perch to another, gets slightly dusted with the flour of sulphur. Tobacco dust is likely to be injurious. In the South, the method we have described, we have seen constantly in use.

NOLAN—We know of no one in the United States who could post you on African sports. In the *Field*, however, is an advertisement, which might be of avail. Address Kathlamba; post office, Norwich, England.

ARDENT YOUNG'UN.—No remedy for rust when you shoot by the sea shore; remove stains every night. Benzine is the best thing for cleaning; a pint will last a month. Whilst the gun is not in use, lubricate with mercurial ointment.

GEORGIUS.—Lord Lurgan's celebrity as to dogs arises from the fact of his having bred the famous grey hound, Master McGrath, though he has a very good breed of setters. Mr. Raymond of Morristown, N. J., has the choicest breed of red Irish setters in the country, at least such is our opinion.

TEXT, Baltimore.—The Clumber is a silent dog while ranging. See this week's article. Do not know of any in this country. Is the largest of field spaniels, and does not take the water. Think he would be useless for ducks. The true breed of field spaniels are cocker, springer and clumber. The latter dog will weigh forty pounds.

L. S. Philadelphia.—Clean brass and steel cartridges, as you would the gun. We like nickel silver cartridges, but they are a trifle heavy; they never split, which is an immense advantage. Have fired them with seven drachm charges and two ounces of explosive bullets without damage to them.

ROSE BUD.—Ground quassia wood is excellent for rose bushes, currants, etc. Take about five pounds, sew it in a coarse bag, put this in a barrel of cold water, let it steep a few days, then syringe the foliage early in the season, every four days thoroughly for about a month. It improves the foliage, and keeps all insects away.

JOHN.—Persian insect powder is a very useful article. No sportsman should go off on a tramp without it. If you have any fear of insects being in the sleeping car, or beds, use it liberally between the sheets and bedding. We have proved it thoroughly both North and South. It will keep fleas from dogs, or drive roaches and ants away from closets. It appears stifling to insects of all kinds, but is not poisonous to animals. It must be fresh, and kept from the air to retain its strength, and be of service. Always carry it in bottles.

J. B. L. Fort Smith.—All well authenticated snake stories, we should be glad to publish, when the characteristics of the snake, and the methods employed to cure the bites, are stated. So far we believe only in stimulating thoroughly the person who is bitten, and in the application of a tight ligature between the wounded part and the body. Free use of the knife, and burning powder in the wound are, however, useful. The injection of ammonia into the system, as an antidote, we are not certain about.

ROWELL, Fond du Lac, Wis.—Your dog has already got too much spaniel in him; he is getting too old now. You ought to have taught him when seven or eight months old. You must have patience and teach him to drop to the gun and hand; he may be taught by means of a pistol to "Down Charge." Never let him retrieve his game on his own account, but always tell him, "Now Fetch, Fetch." If the dog is as good as you say, you might wait until he gets older, and then cross him with a pointer, so as to bring back the original instinct, or if there are no pointers, get a good breed of setters.

T. J. & M. W. H.—For answers see "Sea and River Fishing" department in this and previous numbers of this paper. It is of little use for our friends to ask us for information by letters. We are too busy. We shall endeavor to keep them thoroughly posted on the conditions from week to week.

CAPTAIN G.—No attempts have been made to introduce the Capperlize in the United States. They might live in Upper Oregon. We think Col Skinner wrote an excellent article on this subject. Best authority, L. Lloyd's game birds of Sweden and Norway.

ALFRED.—You can buy explosive balls of Simons, Granville street, Halifax. If he has not got them on hand, will make them for you. Worth one dollar, gold, a dozen.

HENRY.—Would only be too glad to try a good article of American caps. Our primers for cartridges are quite as good as the English ones. Sorry not to be able to say as much of the caps.

SEPTEMBER.—Cayenne pepper in the shoes between the sock and the leather, will keep the feet warm. Just dust from a castor.

DAVIDSON.—Best time for Buffalo, close of October, Colt's revolver may serve as good as anything else.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us two subscriptions and Ten Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible. CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, Sept. 12.—Plainville Park Association, Conn.—Westchester County Association, White Plains, N. Y.—Wellsboro Driving Park, Penn.—Saratoga Rowing Association, Saratoga Lake, N. Y.

Saturday, Sept. 13th.—Boat clubs foot of 133rd St. East River.—Athletic Rowing club race.—Oneida Regatta, Jersey City.—Plainville Park Association, Conn.—Society of Horticulture and Agriculture, White Plains, N. Y.—Prospect Park meeting, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Wellsboro Driving Park, Penn.—Hamilton, Regatta D. of Canada.

TUESDAY, Sept. 16th.—Central Pennsylvania Association, Altoona, Penn.—Kansas City Association, Mo.—Union Driving Park, Peoria, Ill.—Fleetwood Association.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 17th.—Atlantic Boat Club regatta, Hoboken.—Kansas City Fair, Mo.—Central Pennsylvania Society Altoona, Penn.—Union Driving Park, Peoria, Ill.—Regatta St. John, New Brunswick.

THURSDAY, Sept. 18th.—Fleetwood Association, Morrisania, N. Y.—Kansas City Fair, Mo.—Union Driving Park, Peoria, Ill.—Central Pennsylvania Association, Altoona, Penn.

THE GREATEST PARK IN THE WORLD.

THANKS to Mr. Hayden, we are now commencing to appreciate the grandeur of the Government reservation on the Yellowstone river. In time to come, when our great-grand-children people the Pacific slope, and population teems there, the memory of that particular Congress who made this great natural wonder public property, will be gratefully remembered. To the grandest scenes of nature, overhanging cliffs, deep gorges, towering mountain heights, are added the glorious falls of the Yellowstone. At the head of the grand canon, the fall is found to be 397 feet in height, and the depth of the canon at its foot is 675 feet, increasing rapidly to 1,000 feet. Here the river narrows, and takes a deep sea-green color. A half mile from the upper fall there is another fall of 140 feet. These may be natural beauties, but in this park the supernatural is added. Think of the geysers, with a temperature of 104° to 108°, at an elevation of 6,779 feet above the sea! clear boiling fountains of water, bubbling all the day, forming beautiful incrustations on their margins. Never ceasing are they. To-day a spring may be here, to-morrow it may be gone, but then a new one has taken its place, bursting out at a short distance from its old locality. The very mud these hot 'spring cast forth loses the character of simple mud, but is changed in hue, and is now red, now black, now cream-colored.

We cannot but express our delight over the fact that this reservation belongs to the great American people for all time to come, and we consider it the first grand national step in the direction of the preservation of our forests.

THE SCOTCH GAMES.

IF the FOREST AND STREAM may find some fault for that lack of interest our own native Americans take in athletic sports, such complaints can hardly be addressed to those of foreign birth, who divide with us the "possession" of this good country of ours. If we cannot yet look to our own people for the better furthering of that manly spirit which delights in out-of-door sports, we certainly can, with no small pride, point to the Scottish games, now so firmly established in our midst, and may hope that in them will be found that leaven which must, in time, work through all our more sluggish native element.

Outside of Scotland, beyond the Duke of Athol's Glen Tilt, we think it no exaggeration to state, that nowhere else in the world, not even in London, could there be found congregated such a large assemblage of people as witnessed the Scottish games at Jones' Woods on the 4th of September instant.

Among the oldest of human traditions, is that of nomadic tribes assembling together at stated periods to witness the strife of their athletic heroes, and there is something impressive when one sees our adopted citizens in this fresher country of ours, reproducing the games which have been played in old Scotland so many centuries ago.

These Scottish games, intensely national in character, consist principally of tossing the caber, putting the stane (stone), and throwing the hammer, and vaulting. A caber may be a trunk of a tree, twenty-five feet long, if you please, and must be turned over completely in the air before it falls to the ground, by a combination of sheer strength and dexterity. There is no limit to the size of the caber. If one is beyond a man's strength, he takes a smaller-sized one. It is something like the struggle between Milo and the oak.

Putting the stone, is to take a cannon ball, weighing from twenty to fifty-six pounds, and to heave it. The ball is usually held in the right hand, and the athlete, resting himself on the right foot for an instant, with the weight well behind him, suddenly lurches forward, and as soon as the left foot touches the ground, away goes the heavy ball. Mr. Dinnie, the famous Scotch athlete, has been known to have thrown the twenty five pound ball forty-seven feet ten inches.

Throwing the hammer, perhaps, exhibits the highest degree of skill. The hammer is usually a ball of iron, weighing some sixteen pounds, into which an ash handle is inserted. Planting his two feet in the ground, sometimes with his back to the *point de mire*, he swings the missile two or three times round his head, when, wheeling suddenly around, away hurtles the hammer like a sky-rocket. The greatest of the hammer throwers has been able to launch it a distance of 140 feet.

See all these gallant feats accomplished by men clad in the handsomest of costumes, while the pibroch chaunts, and it is the true conception of what athletic sports should be—a strife of demigods.

This year's sports were remarkable in every respect, not only for the excellence of the contests, but for the admirable arrangements made for the 20,000 sight-seers; and we cannot but congratulate our Scotch citizens on the conclusion of the finest athletic festival we have seen for some years.

WOORARI, OR CURARE.

THIS deadly poison, quite as fatal to living creatures as crotiline, known under the name of woorari, or curare, was first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh. Its effects upon animals have been thoroughly studied by the distinguished physiologist, Claude Bernard. How it is made, or from whence derived has, however, never been absolutely determined. From *Le Tour du Monde*, we translate the following, taken from Doctor Saffray's travels in New Granada. "The favorite arm of the Choco Indian at San Juan is the *bodoquera*. What they use in this blow-gun are arrows poisoned with a substance similar to curare which they obtain from the venom of a frog. The batrachians which furnish the poison, is only found in certain districts. The proper name for it, is *Phylllobates melanorrhinus*. It is a frog three inches long, of a yellow color, with red spots on the back. Its eyes are prominent and it has a black nose. When these frogs are scarce, another variety with a black belly answers the purpose. They keep them for use in small wicker baskets. When poison is wanted for their weapons, they take the unfortunate creature, and tie it to a green branch and expose it to a slow fire. Almost immediately from all over the body of the frog there exudes a whitish substance, and after that a viscous yellow oil. This the Indians scrape off carefully, as it is the true poison. A frog may have this cruel process repeated several times, and on each occasion will furnish a certain quantity of poison. Like curare, this frog venom seems to effect all the organs of locomotion, and animals absorbing this poison into their tissues, die of asphyxia.

Desirous of satisfying myself on every point in regard to the action of this poison, I induced an Indian to use it in my presence. Equipped with his *bodoquera* or blow gun and a machete, we took to the woods. I should have liked him to try his arrow on a jaguar, but none appeared. Presently, however, a small specimen of deer came within shot. The Indian carefully raised his cane tube to his mouth, his chest became expanded, as with quite an effort of his cheeks he discharged his arrow. The deer was struck with the minute arrow, and at a single bound was

in the forest, the Indian following. Ten minutes afterwards the animal lay at my feet, breathing it is true, but perfectly unable to move. When a small animal the size of the deer is struck in any part of the body, where the circulation is rapid, its powers of running are limited to not more than three minutes. The limbs stiffen, the animal stops, trembles, and falls. All the voluntary muscles cease their action, absolute paralysis sets in, and the heart ceases to beat."

HOME AGAIN!

TWENTY-FIVE hundred trunks consigned to one Express Company in a single day!

This is the number of pieces that, we are told, were brought to New York by the returning sojourners in mountain, seaside and fashionable watering place, the moment the first chilly zephyr from the northwest ushered in the autumn. And if so many trunks to one Company, how many to all the rest together?

"Homeward the swallows fly," says the German poet. Even so do our fair ladies lie to their long deserted homes, and all in a body, too, just like the little birds. What a flutter and fluster they make as they swoop down and settle among us! But why is this thus? Why do they all take wing at the same time? Why does one thought and one mind seem to animate the whole? Oh! it is "the fashion," we suppose! Is it the fashion then with the little birds? *Quien Sabe?*

But the blessed little birds never bring any trunks. Much as we delight to compare our returning dear ones with the swifter winged travelers, this mountain of trunks completely destroys the metaphor. The poetical allusion, or illusion, vanishes.

Poor Dodd! careworn Dodd! Are you married? If so, do you, O Dodd, restrict the ladies of your family to a definite arbitrary minimum of trunks when they travel? Just suppose for an instant, that the gentler sex should become imbued with the Grange spirit and endeavor to dictate to the railroad and express companies regulations governing the transportation of their baggage! Combined with the farmers, what corporation could withstand their united pressure?

Yet, welcome the returning trunks! They bring good cheer. Now gleams the light of the roscate smiles around the domestic hearth and festal board. Welcome the trunks! The croquet lawns will be gay with parti-colored costumes, the bridle paths of the Parks be enlivened by the fair equestrians; the theatres sparkle with vivacity, and all the familiar salons and fashionable resorts, long empty, once more be thronged by the devotees of pleasure. Welcome the trunks! Their coming means that the enervating heats of summer are ended; that the cooler autumn invites our lady readers to the fields and groves, where we trust the FOREST AND STREAM will be able to teach many a pleasant lesson to those who enjoy our out door recreation.

THE GRAPHIC BALLOON.

WHILE our paper is on the press, the great balloon is advertised to be *en route* for Europe. For several days at the Capitoline grounds in Brooklyn it attracted thousands of curious spectators. As it lay on the ground, half inflated, and swaying at its moorings, it rose high in air above the enclosure, seeming like a living monster, rising and falling on the atmospheric wave with pulsations so regular that twelve beats of the watch marked the intervals. It requires 400,000 cubic feet of gas to fill the balloon, and the inflation, through an eight inch pipe, occupies three hours. A canvas tent held all the appliances of the expedition—the lifeboat Chicago; the miniature canoe, the paper boat Donaldson; the carrier pigeons, the balloon car proper, the astronomical and meteorological instruments, the life-preservers, the water kegs that will serve as ballast, the anchors, sails, ropes, hatchets, saws, buckets, and the details of the aerial household.

Underneath the balloon will hang a rope car, distended by three rings. From the upper ring will hang cords holding the car; the ropes suspending the paper boat, and ropes suspending the lifeboat. The car, which is a lattice of ropes, has a floor about twelve feet below the balloon, on which are chairs, a table, the mercurial and aneroid, barometers, sextants, and thermometers. In the paper boat, modeled after the Staten Island canoe club-boats, are a compass, sails, and a paddle. The lifeboat is one of Ingersoll's best, with sleeping room below the deck for three, water-tight compartments, binnacle, compass, cooking furnace, oars, anchors, &c.

Every evening during the week five balloons were sent up as tests of the upper currents, and so far, at an estimated height of two miles, they have sailed off to the eastward. Upon the continuance of this eastern current the success of the expedition, and perhaps the lives of the aeronauts, depends. It becomes a serious matter now, this sailing away in space at the mercy of the winds that blow, with no secondary controlling or counteracting force whatever. It is much like launching an ingeniously contrived craft above the Falls of Niagara and trusting to fortuitous improbabilities for successful preservation after the fearful leap is made; and yet the feat might be done. At best these experiments are a trifling with God-given life, and we feel that it would be better to start the big thing off on its mission alone than to sacrifice these intrepid but foolish aeronauts to misapplied science by sending them off with it. It may be Wise to go, but we think he is wisest who stays at home. Yet if it must be, we can only join in wishing the attempt the fullest success.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

IT may probably devolve on the next Legislature to decide the question whether the Adirondacks will become a portion of the public domain. While we have been so lavish in granting whole sections of country—giving away at a single stroke of the pen as much land as the area of England—to railroad companies, it might be wise to recall the old adage "that charity begins at home." The Commission recommend the occupation of about 850,000 acres, or 13,350 square miles, situated upon the Hudson river side of the mountain divide which separates the head waters of that river from the streams flowing to the St. Lawrence. The Commission state that "this would be the approximate area which would be required for the purposes of a forest park, in case it should be determined that the preservation of the forests covering and protecting the sources of the Hudson is all that is necessary for that purpose." Of these lands the State already owns nearly 40,000 acres, pertaining to the general and school funds. Most cogent are the arguments of the Commission. The principal and strongest is, that it is the water reservoir of the Hudson river, and that it influences the whole general climatology of the State. Not only do questions of navigation enter into the subject, but in a sanitary point of view such a reservation would be a perpetual retreat for those who dwell in the cities. In the United States such is the energy of the settler, who only necessarily looks to his own interest, that forests are cut down almost, as it were, in a single day, and without some State interposition it is absolutely certain that in less than ten years three-quarters of all this section will be perfectly denuded of trees.

Legislatures are slowly but surely commencing to understand these matters, and our hope is, that the whole subject will be placed before them in a practical way. We do not urge here the tourist or hunting question. As much as the FOREST AND STREAM advocates the preservation of game, we would give it a secondary place, though the preservation of the woods is the life of the game. Cut down these Adirondack woods and the lakes will dwindle into ponds, and the rivers into brooks, and then, when the ground is parched, when the rain does fall, will come those freshets which will sweep away all man's works on the borders of the streams. Then, exactly those capricious changes most detrimental to man's interests will be found. To-day the noble rivers will run dry; to-morrow a huge avalanche of water will tear down the channels. The right way for the Commissioners to place it before our Legislature is to have them look at the preservation of the Adirondacks as a question of self-interest.

OLD SHOTS.

SPORTSMEN of to-day, with their delicate sights, and the utmost nicety in the bore of their guns, are entirely ignorant of how well their ancestors used the fowling piece and rifle. Two centuries and more ago it must have not only required great accuracy of aim on the part of the sportsman, but, what is more difficult to explain, a continuance of aim. With guns and rifles of the seventeenth century, a certain interval of time, and quite an appreciable one, must have elapsed before the match or flint which brought the fire to the pan could communicate with the charge in the chamber of the piece. It is not impossible to suppose that the old marksman never knew precisely to a second when his piece would be discharged, and was forced to follow for a certain time with the muzzle of his piece the movement of the bird or animal. We hear of Josseleyn, in his voyage to New England in 1644, telling how a certain Mr. Hilton shot at the *Pilhanan* which he styles as "the king of birds of prey in New England," and how "Mr. Hilton, having made ready his piece, shot and brought her down to the earth as she was soaring aloft in the air." Now here we have a sportsman of the time of Charles the First who must have shot a bird flying with a single ball; for from the size of the bird described, as frightening all the ducks and birds in the neighborhood, it was very probably an eagle. We have evidences, too, that the Moors were quite good shots, for in 1637 one Alkaid Abdallah, ambassador from Morocco to England, is quoted in the old chronicles "as being so good a marksman with his piece that he will shoot *eight score* at a mark as big as an English sixpence and hit it with a round bullet."

Good marksmen of to-day will allow that to hit a mark of this size at 160 feet is quite good practice. In the "Good News from New England" of 1621 there is an account of some of the early English settlers going to Paekanoek, where lived the great Indian chief Massassoye, and how this good savage gave the Pilgrim fathers a kind of bread called *matzian*, and the spawn of shad, and in return for his hospitality Massassoye begged them to kill some of the crows which damaged his corn. "When one of our men," says the account, "shooting one some fourseore yards off (eighty yards) and killing, they (the Indians) much admired it, as they did our shots on other occasions." The same authority goes on to state that wanting a duck or a goose to make some *pottage* therewith, "I took a man with me and made a shot at a couple of ducks some six score off and killed one, at which the chief wondered."

The "*Canadian Gentleman's Newspaper and Spirit of the Times*" is published at Toronto, and gives a valuable weekly resume of sporting intelligence throughout the Dominion of Canada. To gentlemen who are interested in Canadian turf matters this paper must be of essential service, as it is we believe, the only paper of the kind published in the Dominion.

INEFFICIENT PROTECTION OF RIVERS.

Professor Curtis, of New Haven, in another column, complains of the negligence or inefficiency of wardens upon the interior rivers of New Brunswick, and makes the statement, without qualification, that some of those persons who are appointed to guard and protect the rivers, actually wink at or countenance the destruction of salmon by netting and spearing to that extent that rod-fishing in the upper waters amounts almost to a nihility. His statements, we regret to say, are borne out by letters which we have already published in this journal, as respects other rivers in Canada and Nova Scotia, over all of which overseers are appointed and paid to protect them from this most baneful description of poaching.

Certainly, the beneficial results that have followed in the remarkable increase of salmon in rivers that have been efficiently protected, ought to stimulate the vigilance of the higher functionaries of the Canadian Government, and induce them to apply the penalty provided by law in all cases of dereliction, of which they must, assuredly, be cognizant. That there may be no plea of ignorance of these violations offered, by way of excuse, we shall forward copies of the FOREST AND STREAM, containing these letters, direct to the Hon. Peter Mitchell, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa.

It is unjust and dishonorable to take the money of gentlemen, who pay liberally for their leases, as in the case of the Miramichi, while they secure nothing but emptiness in return for the time, trouble, and outlay of their vacation journeys. We shall no more assist the flourish of Canadian trumpets, until these abuses be corrected. Hitherto our words have been only those of praise and admiration for Canadian energy and efficiency.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Desolate Nova Scotia! She really seems literally and practically to be doomed. Blowing up of her mines in the spring; fearful forest fires later on, and now the hurricane catastrophe, which has been almost unparalleled in the history of storms, over such a comparatively small area. Cape Breton's sea-board is lined with wrecks, and dead mariners on the sand tell the ghastly tale. The small towns and villages on both sides of the Bay of Fundy have suffered distressingly, and what the people are to do for food, &c., this coming winter, and in such a climate, is beyond comprehension. We who have hunted and fished in Nova Scotia, who have enjoyed its hospitality, have learned to appreciate the good-heartedness of its inhabitants. Is there no way of showing, in a practical manner, this feeling other than by words?

"ADIRONDACK LIFE:" A LECTURE.—We could hardly imagine a more interesting topic, when properly handled, than pleasing lectures drawn from forest and stream. Subjects of this character, have been mostly given to the public in book form; we therefore welcome the more popular method of lecturing, believing that it will further the appreciation of out-of-door-life. The Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, a thorough sportsman and pleasant writer, who is familiar with all the haunts of the "wilderness," will deliver a lecture on the Adirondacks this winter. Lecturing committees would doubtless find here a topic of great interest and novelty, and likely to be appreciated by their audiences.

LOST CARRIER PIGEONS.—As the breeding and training of carrier pigeons is on the increase, and from stormy weather accidents frequently occur to the birds whilst flying with messages, we should be very glad to advertise in our paper, *free of cost*, the announcement of any carrier pigeons that have come into the possession of our readers who may be desirous of returning them to their owners. This method of gratuitous advertising is common in France, Belgium, and England, and it would give us pleasure if we were the means of restoring any lost birds to their owners. Any parties having strange birds will carefully describe marks, &c.

As the winter terms of our colleges and universities are to commence this month, we would be thankful if the officers of their athletic and boat clubs would report to us their plans for the future. It would please us to promote in any way within our power the development of gymnastic exercises and out-door recreation in our colleges throughout the country. As a member of the class of '54 at Yale, and afterward at Amherst, we naturally have the interests of collegians at heart, and feel that we have some claim upon their consideration.

—A committee of citizens have undertaken to improve the appearance of Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, N. Y., now in a dilapidated condition. The expenses will be defrayed by private subscription. The War Department at Washington promises co-operation. Secretary Belknap has ordered thirty cannon, ten Spanish, ten Mexican, and ten pieces taken from the confederates, to be sent there to be placed on the headquarters grounds.

—An economical Iowan, who had the tooth-ache, determined to remove his tooth in the Indian fashion. Accordingly he bent down a sapling in the woods, lay down himself and attached a stout cord to his tooth and to the sapling. Then he touched the spring, and the next he knew he had jumped over a grove of about forty small trees and was trying to get out of a small pond that he happened to light in.

FISHERIES' PROTECTION IN CANADA.

SINCE the inauguration of Confederation, the Dominion Government has given a great deal of attention to sea and inland Fisheries, particularly to the latter, which previous to Confederation, were rapidly declining, owing to the wanton destruction of fish by persons who, for the sake of present gain, selfishly carried on a warfare which seriously affected the interests of future generations. Under the efficient management of the Fisheries department, presided over by the Hon. Peter Mitchell, the Fisheries have been vigorously protected, and under the fostering care of the law are yearly becoming more and more valuable. For this alone the Government of Canada deserves well at the hands of the people.

In order to make the fisheries still more valuable, the artificial propagation of fish has been resorted to, which has been so successfully carried on in France and England for years past. The example set by Canadians has awakened enterprising Americans to the great importance of the subject, and in this country also the artificial method is being carried on under the fostering care of the Government. We copy from the "*Union Advocate*," of Newcastle, Miramichi, the following resume of Government operations in Canada, and respectfully suggest that the Government proceed without delay to extend its long contemplated supervision to the rivers of Nova Scotia, before they are totally depleted. We do not need any testimony to corroborate our own experience of the needs of the case, which are woefully pictured by a prominent gentleman of this city who spent five weeks in Nova Scotia this season. He says: "I am satisfied that the netting and spearing which is carried on by the Indians and others with impunity will utterly destroy the little fishing afforded by Gold river and other streams. A few years' care and protection extended over that section of Nova Scotia, and in fact throughout the Province, would be rewarded a thousand fold. With such attractions, in addition to the bracing climate and the really beautiful scenery, this coast might well command the patronage of summer tourists."

Previous to confederation, S. Wilmot, Esq., of Newcastle, Ontario, carried on the artificial process as an amateur, but when the Provinces became united, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries secured the services of this gentleman, who had met with considerable success in his previous efforts. Under his direction, the artificial propagation of fish has become quite a success in Ontario, and we are pleased to know that the North is now to have the benefit of his valuable services, which in the past have been recognized most substantially by societies formed for the promotion of Pisciculture in both England and France.

Mr. Wilmot arrived here recently. The object of his visit is to select some eligible site for the erection of a salmon breeding establishment. The principal object of introducing this new industrial work in this section of the Dominion is, that the Miramichi river, once so famous for its great product of salmon, may by this artificial method of propagation be, if we may so term it, largely subsidized in its production. By so doing, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries has again shown his usual sagacity in advancing the general interests of the Fisheries Department, not only in introducing this important work on the Miramichi river, but also in other parts of the Dominion as well.

The gentlemen referred to, after taking some time to thoroughly inspect the various brooks emptying into the Southwest and Northwest branches of our river, has at last selected one about five miles distant from Newcastle, on the last named branch, just above the bridge on Stewart's mill stream. This sight is represented by Mr. Wilmot as being a very eligible one, and well adapted for all purposes of an extensive fish breeding establishment. The large and constant flow of water in the stream, with sufficient fall for the easy erection of dams—the fine cove at its outlet—the proximity to our town—and its truly picturesque appearance, make it a charming spot, not only for the practical carrying on of the work, but also a very attractive one for the lover of nature and the study of the naturalist.

The above location, including the whole lot, has been purchased at a very reasonable figure. Mr. Wilmot has let the contract for erecting the dams, and is on the eve of closing the contract for constructing the breeding house. This will be a building of considerable magnitude, and is intended to have somewhat of a commanding appearance, its size being about 67 x 27 feet. The lower story will be used wholly for artificial breeding purposes, whilst the upper flat will be fitted up for a comfortable dwelling for the person in charge. Though the season for its completion is very limited, Mr. Wilmot's great anxiety is to get it so far advanced as to be enabled to lay down a large number of salmon ova this autumn, in order that its beneficial effect may be felt here as speedily as possible. When we consider the location, and the method to be adopted in distributing the young fry after being hatched out, the site must commend itself to every intelligent inhabitant; for it is intended that the fruits of this establishment shall be distributed equally in all the various tributaries of our river that can be approached. The *modus operandi* will be as follows: The parent fish will be procured at the most convenient points on the river, just previous to spawning, and placed in the dam. So soon as they become matured for manipulation the ova will be taken, duly impregnated, and then placed in the breeding boxes; and when hatched out in the month of April or May, will be carried in barrels or cans of water in boats or scows, and towed up to the rapid parts of the various tributaries forming the Miramichi river. The system pursued in Newcastle, Ontario, is to carry the young fry hundreds of miles by railway, and it has been done most successfully, the losses in transportation being very trifling indeed. How much more easily and safely, then, can the system of distributing young salmon be practiced here, where water conveyance will be resorted to, and where fresh supplies of pure water can be given to the young fish on their journey, which requisite is found almost impossible to procure whilst journeying upon the railway cars. We therefore look forward to a successful result, for the interests of all concerned in the advance-

ment of the great sources of wealth which the Miramichi river was intended by Providence to give man.

Operations are also being carried on up the Restigouche river, and also at Gaspé. At the former place an establishment is now nearly completed, and will be in full working order this fall. By referring to the Marine and Fisheries Report we find that the establishment is situated on a beautiful mountain stream called "Robertson's brook," which enters the Restigouche on its left bank, and about nine miles above the mouth of the Matapedia. It is a pretty, limpid pure stream, and is reputed to be never failing in its supply of water. The breeding house is overlooked by Mr. Mowat, a very energetic and efficient officer. At Gaspé difficulties have arisen in procuring an eligible stream as might be desired. But the difficulty Mr. Wilnot thinks will be overcome, and he intends to start for that point at once, to finally locate and build an establishment there also.

News from Abroad.

STILL the bad reports about the birds in England continue. Save in Wales, where grouse, though not plenty, are stated to be sound, the complaints are universal. The suggestion advanced by us in our last *resume* of foreign sporting matters seems to have been actually carried out. The Duke of Buccleuch, from the moors of Upper Nithsdale, orders that not another feather shall be disturbed, and a very just mandate it is, and likely to be followed by many other true sportsmen. Think of the humiliation! The Lord of the Manor, who was wont to distribute yearly to his numerous London friends his two or three hundreds of juicy, toothsome grouse, is now forced to buy his birds at 8 shillings a pair, in order to feed his furnished guests at his own table. This dearth of game has its effect, too, on the English larder. At Leadenhall Market, on the 12th of last month, grouse were scarce at 22 shillings a brace, and even at the close of the month were selling at exorbitant prices. Of course, the whole matter of grouse will be, before long, worked up in true ponderous British form, and an encyclopedia on grouse will be forthcoming. Then will it be found out that it was not the *entozoa in caenum* (worms) which made grouse so scarce, but the general and indiscriminate slaughter of prior years. The arms have surpassed the birds. Grouse driving, battues in general, use of sham hawks to keep birds down to the ground, and kid glove and *eau de cologne* shooting generally, will be decried in true, straightforward English of the bluntest and tersest character. If our English friends cannot shoot at home, they are seeking other fields of sport. To-day exactly is the opening of the Baden Grand International Pigeon Shooting-match. It is under the august patronage of an English Duke and some two foreign Princes. Though a Duke of Hamilton and a Prince of Rohan may combine, and to the aristocratic *echel* of the thing add the more material effect of a 5,000 franc prize, we think the time is not far distant, when all pigeon matches will be considered as the relics of a barbarous age.

As nothing can be satisfactorily arranged in England without copious feasting, our English friends had a most pleasant anniversary dinner to commemorate the foundation of the Brighton Aquarium Company, now one year old. It was unfortunate that Mr. Buckland was not present, but Mr. Octopus Lee did the honors, and doubtless Mr. Sala was as funny as the circumstances could allow. An American gentleman present, in answering a toast given to the health of visitors, spoke feelingly of the merits of the *Tortog* (so Mr. Buckland writes it), and Mr. Buckland asks, "Who can tell what a *Tortog* is?" *Tautoga Americana* is the proper name, O most distinguished English Ichthyologist! a real Roman fish, as his name denotes, as far as the toga goes; a very good fish to catch and to eat. But whilst talking of eating, has France so fully developed hippophagy, that Lutecia cannot now do without, as a luxury, what once she was forced to gnaw when starving? In 1872, Parisians ate 9,725 horses, 866 asses, and 51 mules, the total quantity of horse-flesh devoured being 2,408,076 pounds. We wonder if a Mustang would not have a superior gamey flavor? Suppose Delmonico should give us a *Macdoine de Mustang* of General Custer's killing?

But to return to England. All the great London cricket matches are ended, though Surrey and Sussex, Kent and Dorset, Royal artillery and engineers, horse, foot, and dragoons, are wielding bats and toppling over the stumps throughout rural England. But move aside, all ye gallant gentlemen athletes, and give place to the brave ladies of England, Scotland, and Ireland. There has been a grand archery meet of ladies, at Dublin. Number of arrows, four dozen at sixty yards, and two dozen at fifty yards. Sir A. Guinness gave the silver cup. Then they have been shooting, too, at Newby, at Hove, and Porvis Castle, and at Birkenhead, and in several matches where gentlemen and ladies contested for the prizes, mostly the gentler sex have won. If the FOREST AND STREAM has a mission, it is to reproduce this beautiful sport in the United States. Perhaps it is too late for this season, but next year we hope to hear from many a grassy lawn, the twang of the bow-string and the hurtling of the arrow. Toxophilotic sport must be *a la mode*.

—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Citizen* gives the following description of the fish jewelry which Denmark contributes to the Vienna Exposition:

"This jewelry is made exclusively of the bones and scales of fish. It is just as dear as if it was made of gold, and it is highly esteemed by the ladies of Copenhagen. It is in many respects the most beautiful class of fine work we have seen. There are earrings, bracelets and crosses, made of fine delicate fish bones, white as the driven snow, and carved fine as gossamer web, and embossed

with beautiful bright red and crimson fishes' scales. There are also large cases of fish jewelry, such as knives; forks, spoons, ladles, etc., carved in the most exquisite patterns out of fishes' bones and ornamented with fishes' scales."

—As shooting tigers is now among the fine arts, the best authorities state that baiting him with a calf or a goat is all nonsense. He will no more come to it, than an elephant after a single blackberry. What he wants is a whole bullock to tempt him. Then shooting him from a hole is declared to be risky, as he can jump down into the hole after you. The only way to bag him, is to shoot from a platform, in case you can tote him on, because he cannot climb after you, and about fifteen feet is the limit of his spring. His familiar name among India officers is "old stripes."

—The French war indemnity was 5,000,000,000 of francs; interest on same for two years, 300,000,000; keep of German troops, 273,637,000; requisitions, 327,581,000; value of objects taken without requisition, 254,172,000 francs; war contribution levied on Paris, 200,000,000, making, in all, the neat total of 6,673,811,009 francs. As the average value of a day's labor in France is not more than thirty-six cents, it is not difficult to count how many days' labor it would take to pay this enormous sum.

The Horse and the Course.

VETERINARY SCIENCE IN FORMER TIMES.

From a Blue-book lately published by the English Patent Office, containing accounts of all ancient inventions, relating to farriery and veterinary matters, we make some brief extracts:—

"No great antiquity can be boasted for the science of veterinary medicine. Ancient nations seem to have paid little or no attention to the medical treatment of their domestic animals. Valuable as the horse was, they necessarily expended great care upon the preservation of his health, but we cannot discover that they used any remedies to cure an animal once diseased. The well-known work of Xenophon (*Uppiche* Treatise on Horses) contains many precepts that might with advantage be studied by horse owners of our own time, but he gives no directions for the care or treatment of the horse during sickness. Hippocrates wrote a treatise on equine disorders, Columella (early part of first century) and Vegetius (end of fourth century) both wrote on the same subject.

"But more ancient records relating to the matter seem entirely wanting, and even the above, as might be expected, show extreme ignorance. In searching into the early history of any art, we are almost certain to find very ancient record of it among the Chinese. So it was with veterinary medicine. The late Professor Sewell, in one of his addresses to the Royal Veterinary College, said that he had been shown by Professor Hazard, in Paris, a Chinese work on the subject, with colored plates. The date of it was uncertain, but it was probably not less than 5,000 years old.

"During mediæval times the art was in an equally low state, and entirely abandoned to farriers. The practice of medicine as applied to human subjects was rough and barbarous enough, and that by which horses were treated was even more cruel. Many very barbarous operations were recommended in old French works. At length the assistance rendered by the dissection of animals to the progress of medicine in general, received most notice. Amongst the early veterinary inquirers of note were Ruelli, Solleysel, and Lafosse, whose works are mentioned in the list appended to this book; contemporary with the last-named was a Spanish author who wrote on glanders—a disease said to have been brought by Columbus from America. In England, Snape, Gibson and Bartlett (in or after the times of Charles II.), were the first names of note. But it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that any great improvement was effected. France then took the lead. A farm near Lyons was converted into a school in 1761, and Bourgelat appointed professor. Three years after this, in 1764, a larger school was opened at Alfort, near Paris, and since then another at Toulouse. Other countries followed the example. In 1792 the London Veterinary College was established, chiefly through the exertions of an agricultural society at Odiham, in Hampshire.

"Going back to the most ancient known records of civilization, the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, we are unable to discover any indication of the use of a protection for the horse's foot. Considering the number of horses delineated in the Egyptian paintings and the Assyrian sculptures, and the minuteness of detail that especially characterizes the artists of these ancient monuments, it is impossible to suppose that any horse-shoe was in use without its being represented, not only occasionally, but frequently. No such representation has yet been found, and we may consequently conclude that horse-shoes were not known to those ancient nations.

"Similar researches amongst Greek and Roman antiquities go to show that horse-shoes proper were unknown to the classical peoples. Horse-sandals of various sorts were used as a temporary protection for the foot, but the plan of nailing a metal plate on the hoof appears not to have been used at all. Mr. Fleming is of opinion, and the arguments he brings forward seem nearly, if not quite, conclusive, that the inventors of horse-shoes are to be looked for amongst the Teutonic or Celtic nations of the north. The Gauls shod their horses, so did the ancient Britons, so did the Scandinavians. It even has been suggested that a principal part of the Druid's office was connected with smiths' and farriers' work.

"In mediæval times the position of the mareschal, or farrier, became a very important one. During the age of chivalry there was nothing degrading in noblemen shoeing their own horses, and the mareschal was held to be on a footing of equality with the chamberlain, falconer, and other household officers of a court. Horse-shoeing was then as universal as now. Pictures of knights and cavaliers always represent the horses as shod, and allusions to the practice of shoeing frequently occur in middle-age writers.

"Strangely enough, very little difference is discernible

between the most ancient shoes and the most modern. Of course some very old shoes are of the roughest workmanship, but as soon as the art of working in iron was brought to a state of comparative perfection, we see shoes exactly resembling those in present use. Numerous as have been the inventions for improved shoes, none of them have been found sufficiently successful to obtain general favor. Over and over again the same inventions have been brought out, tried, and cast aside, to reappear as new a few years later on, and we still use much the same shoes as those with which William the Conqueror's horses were shod at Hastings."

The Fashion stud farm stables at Trenton, New Jersey were burned last week with eleven horses out of the nineteen which it contained. Among the horses burned were two road mares belonging to General Grant; Lapiere a valuable animal belonging to Mr. Butterworth of Philadelphia; a large bay horse owned by the same gentleman; a fine stallion belonging to Mr. Hutchinson; Henry B. belonging to William H. Dobie, valued at \$4,000, and five other horses. The following horses were saved: Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, Roslyn, Hotspur, and California mare.

The following horses were also burned: Lizzie Perry, owned by Edward Perry, and a black horse from Bethlehem Pa. Lapiere was valued at \$10,000. The stallion belonging to William Hutchinson, valued at \$6,000.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR GROUNDS.—The races at the New England Fair Grounds, Boston, September 3, 4, and 5, were witnessed by 20,000 people, notwithstanding the rain interfered much with the programme. Some fair time was made, Climax and Dustin Jim being among the victors.

GOSHEN PARK ASSOCIATION—Sept 3.—The second day's trotting attracted a large crowd. Purse, \$500 for running horses. Landlord's Purse, John Brougham's blk. g. Gerald won. Time, 1:48½, 1:49.

Second race. Purse \$1,000 for horses that never beat 2:40. Three horses started. W. E. Week's Goldie won the three last heats. Time 2:41, 2:41½, 2:44.

Third race. Purse \$1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:33. Four horses started. A. Fleck's s. m. Lady Emma won. Time 2:33, 2:32, 2:35½.

September 4. Third day. Handicap hurdle race. Purse \$500; about one mile and a half over six hurdles. Five horses started, and was won by J. Boughram's s. g. Revenge. Time 3:44.

Trotting. Purse \$1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:50. Mile heats; best three in five, in harness. Nineteen horses started, eighteen of which were distanced during the race. N. Jenning's b. g. George Miller won. Time 2:39½, 2:34, 2:30½.

FLEETWOOD PARK, September 5. Purse \$100 for horses that had never beaten 2:50; mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Ten entries. Five horses were distanced; C. Heinzell's b. g. Central Boy won in three straight heats. Time 2:48, 2:46, 2:54.

Sweepstakes \$400; mile heats; best three in five, in harness; catch weight. A. Bourett's b. m. Marie Louise won, 2:50, 2:50, 2:49.

DEERFOOT PARK, Brooklyn, L. I. September 8.—Match of \$200; mile heats; best three in five; between Roger's Honest Abe in harness, and William's Unexpected, to wagon. Honest Abe won. Second match for \$500; McMahon's George, to wagon, Thom's Slippery Dick in harness. George won. Time, 2:40; 2:42, 2:48.

—Colonel Russell, the owner of the stallion Fearnought, which died recently, has bought the celebrated horse Smuggler, brought from Kansas, and which recently astonished the horse men at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, by trotting three consecutive heats in 2:19½, 2:19½, 2:21. The price is understood to be \$50,000.

—The recent fire at the Fashion Stud Farm, near Trenton, N. J., was very disastrous, and men have been employed in burning the remains of the burned horses. A man that Budd Doble had discharged a few days previous, is strongly suspected of having set fire to the stables. President Grant lost a number of filies, and set great value on them, as he had raised them himself, and would not have parted with them for any money. There were 135 horses, including stallions and brood mares, on the farm before the fire broke out. Fortunately, the most prominent and valuable of the lot were saved. The owner intends erecting a large and handsome stable on the old site.

THE PILLARS OF TATTERSALL'S.

ADMIRAL Rous and Sir Joseph Hawley are state pillars in this aristocratic republic. Their word upon a point of honor or upon a rule of the ring carries with it all the force of law to thousands who know them only as the great twin brothers of the turf. You can read nothing in the face of a thoroughbred man of the turf except perfect self-possession, shrewd intellect, and a will of iron; and you may pick these men out in the subscription room at a glance from the crowd who are purchasing their experience at the expense of their ancestral oaks, and perhaps of something more. Here is one of these neophytes of the ring—a companion of princes, the son of a Minister of Cabinet rank, with the blood of an Eastern Emperor in his veins. He is booking a bet of 100 to 1 to a youth with the down still on his cheeks, the son of one of the most illustrious of the Crimean heroes; and close by, in the centre of a group of bookmakers and aristocratic "legs," stands a young man—still, probably on the sunny side of thirty—who will tell you with the utmost *nonchalance* that he has sold an estate to a city man for £300,000, to square up his book and to fight the ring. He is the representative of a long line of mailed barons who fought under the walls of Jerusalem, at Cressy and at Agincourt—statesmen and warriors who in their time administered government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu; and he is flattering himself with the presumptuous hope in these piping days of peace it is his destiny to add one more exploit to the achievements of his race by breaking the Ring.

—The following named gentlemen have been elected Directors of the Jerome Park Villa Site and Improvement Company for the ensuing year:

Francis Skiddy, Leonard W. Jerome, August Belmont, Lawrence R. Jerome, A. C. Monson, William Constable, and William H. Anthon. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Francis Skiddy was elected President of the Board, William H. Anthon, Secretary, and A. C. Monson, Treasurer.

Sea and River Fishing.

GAME FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

- Bluefish, (*Ternodon saltator*.)
- Land-locked Salmon, (*Salmo Gloveri*.)
- Trout, (*Salmo fontinalis*.)
- Striped Bass, (*Labrax lineatus*.)
- Black Bass, (*Centrarchus fasciatus*.)
- Maskinonge.

We have most favorable reports of the black bass fishing in the upper Potomac river, of great catches of fish all along its course that run up to six pounds in weight sometimes, and all the result of the most judicious system of restocking depleted streams that was inaugurated only a few years ago. At Little Falls, eight miles above Washington City, fine sport has been enjoyed all through the season, and will continue until the ice begins to make. It in a beautiful drive up there from town; or one can jump aboard a steam tug that plies on the canal, and soon reach his destination. At Great Falls ten miles further from the head of the aqueduct that supplies Washington with water, the fishing is still better, and at Harper's Ferry, mouth of the Shenandoah better yet. The last named points are not quite as accessible as Little Falls, which accounts for the greater amount of fish. At each locality are sporting houses for guests, where bait is furnished and tackle, if desired. At Great Falls the bed of the river is much filled with great boulders, and the fishing is all done from the shore. At other places boats are anchored in the stream to enable the angler to get better casting room. Use small minnows for bait, a medium-sized hook, with rod and reel. It will pay our anglers to run down to Washington for three days. When they are tired of fishing, they can pass the time by loafing around the Capitol.

Of striped bass (sea fish) we have written at length in our two previous numbers. The fishing has been fair among the islands off Massachusetts and along the east end of Long Island, but we hear of no great catches such as we herewith append. It is the score of a single day's fishing at Pasque Island made by Jacob L. Dodge on July 17th, 1868. The figures given specify the individual weights:

40—37—33—32—27—24—22—20—20—18—17—15—15—15—14—14—13—13—11—11—10—8—8—total 451 pounds.

This must have been a hard day's work for Jacob, and would have astonished Peter as well as James, and John, "who also went a fishing." On the 17th of September, 1869, Mr. J. B. Dunlap caught at the same place a bass that weighed sixty-two pounds.

Here is a feather in the sea-side hat of Mrs. T. E. Triplet, whom may the propitious fates forever serve! She took a bass on the 23rd of August just past, 1873, at Pasque Island, that weighed thirty and one-half pounds. The powers this lady has displayed in bringing such noble game to hand should excite the emulation of all the fair sex who go down to the sea in ships, or in railway cars and steamboats.

As respects blue and bass fishing there seems to have been a *hiatus* for both fish and anglers lately. The fish ceased biting altogether for a time, and jolly yachtsmen rigged out their outriggers in vain. But within a few days past some boats have made a fair showing, and the advent of a large run of fish is confidently anticipated day by day. The market fishermen have on occasion taken good fares of bonita and king-fish. By the way the indefatigable Genio C. Scott took eighty-two king-fish outside of Rockaway beach a week ago, which was unusual luck. We met him on the morning of his success, he with his bait and his tackle, and we with our central fire shot gun, and promised to exchange two of our snipe for one of his king-fish when the day's sport was over; but as we went home early in the day, we lost the opportunity of clinching the bargain.

The most convenient place for Brooklynites to obtain boats for a day's fishing is at Canarsie; for New Yorkers at Jersey city. There is excellent bass and weak fishing at times on the Jersey Flats, and down at the Narrows, and out at Rockway Beach. Among the rocks in the vicinity of Hell Gate, East river, is a favorite resort for some anglers. Boats can be hired at the Club House, Jersey City, at and opposite Mott Haven, New York, at the Penny Bridge, Brooklyn, and at Canarsie landing, the terminus of the East New York Railway. There are over sixty boats and forty yachts constantly on hire at the last named locality. Rockaway Beach is eight miles from Canarsie, and can be reached by a steamboat three times a day—10 A. M. and 1 and 4 P. M. We know of no better place for fitting out or for temporary sojourn than Canarsie. The Bay View House there has a piazza that incloses it entirely on three stories. For striped bass, and, indeed, for nearly all kinds of sea fish worth catching, use a stout two jointed plain bamboo rod, a reel, and a stout line with a float, the whole costing some \$12. If the reader never attempted to cast for bass, let him take his friends out in a decked boat when he goes and when he is ready to cast send them all below; then he will catch his hook in nobody's ear but his own, and bang nobody's head but his with the leaden plummet he uses for a sinker, when he swings it around for an elegant effort. A novice, however, will bear some instruction in this practice. It beats throwing cogged dice "all hollow." Use shedder crabs or clams for bait.

One excursion which we wonder is seldom taken is by the 11 o'clock night boat for New Haven. You reach New Haven at daylight and have the day before you, returning the second night by boat which leaves New Haven at 11 o'clock. Thus the angler loses but one day from business and enjoys two nights of refreshing rest. At New Haven,

one has choice of localities and sports. The steamboat landing is within a few rods of the East Haven marshes where snipe abound. On the hills wild pigeons abound in their season, and quails also. On the ridge that joins the East and West Rock, quail are found in considerable numbers, and on the West Haven side is a series of salt water flats that extend for several miles. These of course are much hunted. But it is of fishing we were speaking. Savin Rock or Light House Point are within an hour's drive by carriage, and both afford good fishing, while by the Shore Line Railroad a few minutes ride by the early train will place the angler at Branford, Double Beach, Stony Creek, Guilford, the Thimble Islands, and other places long known as tip-top fishing grounds for black fish, sea bass, weak fish, lobsters, &c., and now provided with hotels and boarding houses of all classes and every style of pretension. The charges are trifling, and the trip perhaps the most enjoyable and likely to be the most profitable of any immediately accessible to New Yorkers.

A letter from the Saranac Lakes, of September 1st, says that there are many people still in the "Wilderness," but they are not enjoying the same degree of sport as in days of yore. We quote literally: "Raquette river abounds in dead pickerel, and no trout can be taken at their usual places of resort."

A gentleman writes to us from Jordan river, Shelburne county, Nova Scotia, offering to sell us two live moose. By the way we have six of these animals now at our disposal, of both sexes and various ages. He says in his letter:

"Don't imagine the Nepigon is the only place where trout can be caught. I can leave home any day and return in the evening, spring or fall, and bring from thirty to forty pounds of trout, large ones, but not eight pound trout; about four pounds is the largest. September is our best month for sport. That is for trout and moose. Salmon fishing is good from the last of February, until the 1st of June. I have killed with the rod and fly in one day's fishing, morning and evening, twelve salmon from ten to thirty-one and one-half pounds. This Nova Scotia is a good Province for game, but we have but little time to indulge it."

D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Michigan, took two hundred grayling in Hersey river, of that State, last month. We hope to receive full particulars of this new game fish and his capture for publication in our next number.

Strange how the Chicago *Daily Tribune* should get up a French fish story. It talks of a carp 375 years old who was young in the reign of Francis first (circa 1515). Think too of his having been bought for 1700 francs in 1871, and to have been eaten up, not by a Prussian, but by a pike! Residence of the carp Chantilly. Mr. Frank Buckland has some trouble in swallowing this fish story; as for ourselves we are forced to reject it entirely.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE FISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPRINGFIELD UNION:

About three miles east of Springfield there has been for years a large rookery—or herony perhaps it had better be called—where hundreds of night heron have congregated and reared their young annually. This bird is a wonderful fisherman; he fishes in the night and carries his own light on his breast; so he just wades into the pond or shallow stream, and, by the light of this strange torch, seizes his prey as they approach, attracted by its rays. They are great gourmandizers and require a large amount of food, as they bolt it whole. They are not given to economy, for they kill and carry away to their young vast numbers of fish too large for them to swallow, and large quantities are found at their rookery. Last year, while some parties were out to shoot specimens for our Taxidermist, Mr. Horsford, they found baskets of fish from the Wilbraham ponds and brooks,—trout, perch, pickerel, etc. There was formerly a large herony just east of the one mentioned above, between the ponds in Wilbraham, but the swamp was cleared and the birds had to move their quarters. A large herony was broken up in Agawam, a year or two since; also one below Hartford, near the Connecticut river. Since I commenced this article I have learned that a large herony has been discovered in Ludlow the present season. I believe the one east of this city has been broken up this spring. I have indicated some of the habits of the night heron, let me give them more in detail: They are nocturnal, never moving in the day time, and hence the difficulty of finding them; they are gregarious, living and breeding in large communities; they seek the most secluded and inaccessible swamps in the neighborhood of ponds and shallow streams; they live almost exclusively on fish, but sometimes gobble up young chickens, and young birds fall a prey to their capacity. Prof. Horsford informs me that he has found in the stomach of a night heron a chicken as large as a pigeon. Now, the conclusion from the above facts is, that the night heron is catching all the smaller fish from our ponds and shallow streams. Trout, pickerel and perch are growing scarce every year owing to this nocturnal fisher and I would respectfully suggest to the owners of trout fisheries the necessity of providing a grating screening for their race-ways, to prevent the nightly depredations of this terrible enemy to fish breeding. Especially is this necessary as trout always seek shallow water at night. I would also suggest to sportsmen the necessity of destroying these lawless fishermen.

S. W. HAMMOND.

A disagreeable discovery has been made in Fifeshire, which tends to destroy all confidence in fish, who appear to be quite as unscrupulous as retail tradesmen with regard to their own weights and measures. It seems from the account given by the *Dumfries Advertiser* that one day last week a Pittenween fishing boat put into the Dysart laden with skate, ling and cod. One of the cod, of enormous size, was purchased by a ship carpenter who lives in a neighbouring village. On the fish being cut open, the stomach was found to be so exceedingly heavy that the carpenter was induced by curiosity to open it, and to his astonishment found that it contained an iron mallet upwards of six pounds in weight. This article now lies at the building yard where the carpenter is employed, and is an object of great curiosity to large numbers of persons who come to inspect it. The mallet is worth about seven shillings and sixpence, and the carpenter is satisfied that in purchasing the cod he made a good bargain; but if, instead of a useful and marketable article, the fish had stuffed itself with heavy rubbish to increase its weight, its purchaser would have suffered a serious loss. In the meantime, it must be admitted that since the day of the prophet Jonah no more singular instance of the voracity of fish has been recorded than the case of this cod, captured by the Pittenween fishermen. Indeed, nine big fish out of ten would infinitely prefer swallowing a prophet to swallowing an iron mallet.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

- Elk or Wapiti, (*Cervus Canadensis*.)
- Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.
- Woodcock, (*Scolopax rusticola*.)
- Ruffed Grouse, (*Tetrao umbellus*.)
- Esquimaux Curlew, (*Numenius borealis*.)
- Plover, (*Charadrius*.)
- Godwit, (*Limosa*.)
- Rails, (*Rallus Virginianus*.)
- Red Deer, (*Cervus Virginianus*.)
- Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.
- Pinnated Grouse, (*Tetrao Cupido*.)
- Cnrlew, (*Numenius Arqueata*.)
- Sandpipers, (*Tringine*.)
- Willetts,
- Reed or Rice Birds, (*Dolichonyx orizivon*.)

Wild fowl generally after 15th September, and Ruffed Grouse also in many States.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

Just at this season one of the finest shooting grounds to be found anywhere, is in the vicinity of the Bay Chaleur, in New Brunswick. By taking railway to St. John, and thence 108 miles to Shediac, connection can be made by the Gulf Port steamers with Dalhousie, which is near the mouth of Restigouche river. All through the month of September, the marshy and grassy islands that fill the river swarm with wild geese and other water fowl, and in what is known as Eel river, which is but twelve miles drive from Dalhousie, curlew, brant, snipe, ducks, and geese, and numerous other varieties of wild fowl abound. The place is accessible by a wagon road, and canoes and Indians can be always had at Dalhousie, if not on the spot. It abounds with suitable feed, and here the birds tarry long in their migrations southward to the waters of the Chesapeake and the sounds of North Carolina. The shooting is equal to that found later in the places last named. The journey can be made in three days from New York via Bangor and the European and North American Railway, and the cost of a fortnight's trip should not exceed \$75, all expenses included. The climate of September and October is delightful, though liable to be interrupted by storms. Moreover, when the migratory birds have departed, other resources remain, for the sportsman is here upon the outskirts of the finest game country on the Atlantic. Here are a million and a quarter acres of primitive forest, traversed by many streams navigable for canoes, and abounding with moose, caribou, bears, pheasants, beaver, and various kinds of fur bearing animals.

A party of gentlemen, including Henry L. Brevoort, Esq., of New York, started for this region last week to call moose, intending to return 1st October. They went by railway to Woodstock, New Brunswick, and thence by stage via Grand Falls to the mouth of the Grand river, whence they took batteaux and voyageurs up the stream fifteen miles to the portage. At this point they find canoes and Indians that have been sent to them from the lower Restigouche, whose waters are reached by a portage of a mile and a half. Descending some twenty-five or thirty miles they reach the heart of the hunting territory. Our readers will some day be favored with an account of their experiences.

Now, as regards grouse shooting, some of our sporting friends make themselves almost ridiculous. Every day men who ought to know, waste sixpence (they always enclose a three cent stamp for answer, which is proper,) by asking us, "where shall we go to shoot grouse?" Why hang it, man, "go West." Sportsmen of Wisconsin generally go to Iowa; residents of Minnesota usually cross over into Wisconsin, and Iowa men always go to Illinois. There is no "chicken" ground like Illinois—unless you except Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. In Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, you can drive an empty wagon at daylight out into the scrub-oak prairie, and bring it back at night filled with birds. At certain periods of the year we have seen them sell at five cents apiece in market—when buyers could be found. In those times a bird is worth just the price of a cartridge. To speak point blank, there is no species of game, except wild fowl and buffalo, so abundant in America as the pinnated grouse. All through the prairies wagon trails lead out to sundry points, and any fine day in September or October the teamster can whistle his lonesome way along, and sitting in his wagon knock over the fowl as they rise from the edge of the road. It is no trick to do it either; for the birds just get up quietly and fly in a straight line over the tops of the scrub a few rods and then settle down. No use to send a dog in for them, for you have only to jog on a bit, and let your horse put up another bird from the road. It is all very well to work a dog, but two men can beat the bush with all the success one could desire. We don't intend to mislead our eastern friends by inducing them to believe that game lies around promiscuously, waiting to be put into the bag, for grouse are like other birds—on some days they are more plenty than on others, and they seem to have their choice of ground. But if any one thinks we exaggerate, let him step into Washington market and he will learn from the dealers in game that tens of thousands of birds are brought to this city every year.

We read of early shooting, and the putting up of coverts of birds, and men boast of knocking over three at a shot as they arise from the stubble fields. Doubtless, on occasions, we should follow suit, if we had a gun in hand; but we don't fancy this practice of knocking over coverts, for it means that the birds are still young and under the wing of the hen. Later, they scatter, and are found singly most frequently. They are thus wilder and fly greater distances,

and it takes more of a practitioner to make them "come."

For effective shooting use twelve bore gun, three and a half drachms powder, and No. 8 shot, if the birds are in covey. If scattered, use 4 drachms powder and No. 7 shot. We defer to the opinion and experience of experts in this respect, however, and if any one can write us a better prescription and tell his "wherefore," we await his pleasure. As to locality, we think that one of the best that are accessible is back of Prescott, in Wisconsin, between the Mississippi and the "Big Woods;" but never mind about localities; only "go West," and ask the first man you meet and he will put you on the scent.

By the way, why do our friends out West speak of these pinnated grouse as "prairie hens" and "prairie chickens?" This may be vernacular, but it is nonsense. Don't do it any more.

—Abram Remsen, Hank Smith, and his brother, knocked over two hundred birds last week at Ruffle Bar, in Canarsie Bay. They included snipe, plover, polliets, quawks, *et id omne genus*. On other days, however, parties who went to the same spot with great expectations returned with empty bags. The birds in the bay shift their ground frequently, being frightened from point to point by the gunners. At high water is the best time to hunt them, as the tall grass is overflowed and they can find less cover.

—Our reports of woodcock shooting are very meagre. Has any one heard of any good bags this season? In favorite counties of New Jersey, which include Morris, Warren, Sussex, and portions of Passaic and Essex, where the best woodcock grounds are located, little summer shooting was done, though the promise for good bags in the course of a fortnight or so is very fair. The gunner, however, who goes to Jersey, and indeed to any accessible points within the "pale of civilization," must "keep his eye skinned" for trespass notices, as the best shooting is on private grounds. Several of our friends are filling their cases for the 1st October, three drachms powder and one and a half ounces No. 10 shot.

The grounds of the "Currituck Shooting and Fishing Club," in North Carolina, are forty miles south of Norfolk, Virginia, and include Deal's Islands and adjacent marshes. Steamers run regularly from Norfolk to Knot's Island, which is three miles distant from the Club grounds. From Mr. Andrew Powell, the Club's secretary, we have obtained the following information, which we publish the more cheerfully as there is nothing of a speculative character in the organization:

White swans, geese, ducks, &c., congregate here in such great numbers that there is scarcely a single moment day or night, when they may not be heard at their sport, or seen on the wing, or in the waters. It is really the sportsman's paradise. At one time, and in one body, I saw a mass of ducks and geese, called a "raft," covering not less than one hundred acres of the surface of the water, and this within three miles of our grounds.

These masses disperse, and in smaller bodies scatter throughout the surrounding creeks and bays among the marshes.

The club property runs from the Virginia line southerly about three and a half miles, and from the Atlantic Ocean (not including the sandhills) westerly about one and a half mile, being separated from the main land, by one or two marsh islands, and distant about one quarter of a mile. The location of the club house is among a grove of beautiful live oaks and pines, and being the highest point among all the marshes, affords a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Those desiring to shoot quail, and "such small deer," can be satisfied to their hearts content, by going on the main land, the distance being less than to some of the "points" on our own grounds.

A couple of dollars paid to the owners of these lands, will afford immunity to the upland gunner, for an indefinite period. In addition to the wild-fowl already mentioned, there are English Snipe and coons in great numbers among the marshes, and some good upland shooting on the 200 acres of high grounds belonging to the club. In no portion of this country that I have visited, have I seen game so plentiful. From the time the steamer enters the mouth of the Sound, until she stops at her destination some thirty miles below, wild fowl are never out of sight.

The reasons for so great a number gathering there is attributable to two causes, first the mild weather, during which the waters are seldom frozen, and then only for a few hours; second, the great amount of vegetable matter, which on account of the water being so shallow grows to the very surface.

In the creeks and bays, water deeper than three feet is seldom found, while the average depth would be near a foot.

The surface is covered by a dense growth of wild celery, which in many cases renders it difficult to navigate a small boat.

On our grounds, are some of the finest "points" on the Sound, and fifteen or twenty gunners can shoot continually without inconvenience.

Our Superintendents will open the club house on the 15th of October, and from that time until the 15th of February, will meet guests on steamer at Knot's Island, convey them to the club house, supply them with decoys, boats, gunner, and board at the rate of \$2.50 per day.

The route is by way of Norfolk; time from New York, thirty hours; cost of the round trip \$24.

—The best duck shooting season in North Carolina is during the months of November and December, after which time, *vide* St. Johns River, Florida.

—The Yale College expeditionists had a severe and prolonged contest with a grizzly bear in the Uintah Mountains. After many narrow escapes, and serious injuries to the guide the bear was finally killed. The scientists are not hunting for any more bears.

—The recent suit before Justice Torman to recover the penalty for violating the laws, was not instituted by the West Jersey Game Protective Society, under the act organizing that society. It was brought by a private individual under a previous act.

TREATMENT OF GUNPOWDER BURNS.—When a charge of powder is fired near an exposed part of the body, a portion of the unburnt powder is deposited in the skin, proportionably to the imperfection of the combustion and the coarseness of the granules. The inflammation which results is not sufficient to procure the elimination of the grains, and the person remains tattooed for life. Hitherto the only means for preventing such a deformity has consisted in the picking

out by the fine point of a knife or a needle each separate granule. This, although a very tedious and painful process, answers well enough in burns of a limited size; but in a recent case in which the whole side of the face was completely blackened, Professor Busch resolved to try a plan he had seen Hebra adopt for the removal of freckles, viz: exciting an eczematous inflammation by means of a solution of five grains of corrosive sublimate to eight grains of water. This was kept applied during several hours, for five days, with the effect of exciting a smart eczema, and detaching the granules. The burn was quite recent, and whether the means used is applicable to burns of an older date remains to be tried.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The Narragansett Gun Club shot a handicap Pigeon-match on Monday, September 8, on their private grounds, at Bryers' Sea House, a few miles from Newport, for a cup valued at \$300, the second to take the entrance money, and the third to save his stake.

DETAILS.

Harry Russell, 27 yards—1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1—8.
 Pierre McCarty, 26 yards—1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0—8.
 George Lorillard, 30 yards—1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0—7.
 Charles A. Post, 28 yards—0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0—6.
 E. T. Snelling, 24 yards—0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0—5.
 T. A. Lowery, 28 yards—1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0—4.
 William P. Douglass, 30 yards—0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0—3.
 Charles Peters, 27 yards—1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0—3.
 F. B. Porter, 25 yards—1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0—3.
 A. Barbanson, 27 yards—1, 0, 1, 0, 0—2.
 David King, Jr., 25 yards—1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0—2.
 S. H. Robbins, 29 yards—0, 0, 1, 0—1.
 A. Stafford, 28 yards—0, 0, 1, 0—1.
 Dr. Wheeler, 26 yards—0, 0, 0—0.
 E. A. Post, 28 yards—0, 0, 0—0.

The tie between McCarty and Russell was then shot off.

Russell—1, 0, 1—2.

McCarty—1, 0, 0—1.

Mr. Harry Russell won the cup, Mr. McCarty won the stake, Mr. Charles A. Post saved his entrance money.

A meeting of the members of the Brooklyn Gun Club, took place last week, at Dexter's, L. I., to shoot for the gold medal fifteen birds each; ten entries; twenty-one yards rise; eighty boundary. We append the score;

Mr. K.....	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	1—8
Dr. A.....	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1—10	
W. S.....	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	1—9	
J. H.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1—5	
W. M.....	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	0—10	
C. W.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1—11	
J. B.....	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1—10	
J. R.....	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—3	
I. M.....	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0—10	
H. S.....	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0—11	

TIES.

C. Wingate, 25 yds.....0 1 1..... 2—3

H. Shipman, 25 ".....0 0 1..... 1—3

Mr. Wingate shot off the tie and won the gold medal.

There was no match at Creedmoor on Saturday. We would call attention to the score made lately at Toronto, by the Volunteers there.

BATTALION MATCH.

Three shots at 300 yards; same at 500 yards.

	300 yards.	500 yards.	Totals.
Sergt. Taple.....	11	11	22
Lieut. Barnhill.....	10	12	22

ALL COMERS PRIZE.

Ranges 300; 500 yards; and five rounds at each range

	300 yards.	500 yards.	Total.
Sergt. Maj. Shand.....	17	18	35
Larkin.....	18	17	35

NURSERY PRIZE.

Range 400 yards; seven rounds.

Corp'l. O'Blais.....	26
Pt. Namelton.....	26

The Amateur Club will meet on Saturday next at Creedmoor, and should Capt. Bodine win a third time having secured the prize twice, he will finally capture it.

The Directors of the National Rifle Association have authorized their Range Committee to extend the southern butts so as to allow of the use of two additional targets.

Adj't. Gen. Rathbone has informed the Association that he will offer the State prize of \$500 at the coming match, and also an additional prize of \$100 to each of the First and Second Divisions and the same prize to other divisions in the State provided that two or more regiments of any division send a team to compete for the prize. Gen. Rathbone also contributes a prize of \$100, the President and Executive Committee to procure a medal with that sum of money.

The Seventh Regiment, Colonel Clark, is ordered out for rifle practice at Creedmoor to-day (Wednesday). Assembly at 8 A. M. The Commandant, in General Orders, directs attention to the ample and admirable facilities furnished to the National Guard by the National Rifle Association, at Creedmoor, for rifle practice at long range. The use of the rifle range at Creedmoor by the companies of the regiment is earnestly recommended, as well as by officers. Commandants are directed to carefully record the results of the rifle practice of their companies, as the proper basis for determining the comparative improvement and proficiency of the several companies of the regiment in this necessary military accomplishment.

B Company, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., numbering 100 men, has joined the National Rifle Association in a body, making the second company in the Seventh that has done this.

C Company of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., has applied for use of the Range on the 23d inst., and five targets have been assigned them for use on that day.

D Company of the Thirteenth Regiment has also made application for the use of the Range, to select their best shots to represent them on October 8th at the match.

Colonel Hitchcock, of the Ninth Regiment, is organizing

a detachment of about sixty men to practice at Creedmoor during this month, for the purpose of selecting the best shots as a team to compete on behalf of the Ninth at the match on the 8th of October.

The Twelfth, Col. Ward, visited Creedmoor for rifle practice on Monday last.

A number of teams from various newspapers have entered for the Orange Judd Press prize.

On Monday last, at Creedmoor, about 300 members of the Twelfth Regiment met, in order to pick a team for the October contest. The following were chosen for the team, and made five shots each at 500 yards, after being selected: Sergeant McGowan, 12; E. Yeager, 11; Sergeant Reddy, 11; C. B. Waterbury, 11; W. Hope, 8; Sergeant Manly, 7; H. Lovell, 7; Sergeant Boos, 5; Sergeant Wolier, 6; W. S. Smith, 6; Sergeant Hoffattatter, 6; P. Doerle, 4. Captain Burton, Major Powell, Captain Clar. Ranold, Rangekeeper Higgs, and a number of others were present and made good shots. Captain Burton and his son, G. W. Burton, made fourteen consecutive bull's eyes (56) at 500 yards, taking turn about. Captain C. Ranold, at the same distance, made sixteen and eighteen fine shots each. The rifles used by the regiment were the Remington military.

Athletic Pastimes.

SCOTTISH GAMES.—The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Caledonian Club took place at Jones' Wood, on Thursday, September 4, and the last to be held there, as the grounds are about to be cut up into streets and building lots. These games are of very ancient origin. It is the custom in Scotland, especially in the Highlands, to have a "gathering" in each prominent district once a year. The morning proved gloomy, and rain fell heavily at intervals and deterred many of the delegates and their families from coming to the city, as it is essentially a national gathering, where strangers from all parts of the United States and of Canada, meet their friends once a year. By four o'clock in the afternoon there were 100 carriages, and over 20,000 people of all ages present to witness these popular pastimes. The games were under the personal supervision of President James A. Craig, who represents the athletic element in the Club, and were conducted with energy, spirit, and decorum, resulting in great success. The dress of the members was very handsome, especially the Chiefs, who wore the tartans of their respective clans. As to the decorations on the breasts of the different members, we counted on one gentleman twenty-eight gold and silver medals; the dirks and other silver accoutrements were mounted with the celebrated Scotch stone, the "Cairn-Gorm."

The music was excellent. Wallace and Robertson's full brass and string bands played at short intervals, during the gathering of the clans. The Club pipers played their inspiring and weird-like music, especially the beautiful Highland air, "I hear the Pibroch."

The following is the programme and award of prizes:—

PUTTING HEAVY STONE.—First, John Anderson, Newark, 33 feet 10 in.; second, Jas. Melrose, Hartford, 31 ft. 7 in.; third, Alex. McKay, New Haven, 30 ft. 10 in. Weight of stone 21 lbs.

STANDING JUMP.—First, Geo. Goldie, New York, 9 ft. 10 in., but having won the Club champion gold medal last year, had to lay over this year; second, Andrew Rennie, New York, 9 ft. 4 in.; 3rd, Wm. Mungle, Hudson Co., 9 ft. 3 in.

RUNNING JUMP.—First, A. Rennie, New York, 19 ft. 1 in.; 2d, Geo. T. Addison, N. Y., 18 ft. 6 in.; 3d, D. E. Bowie, Montreal, 17 ft. 8 in.

SHORT RACE.—First, D. E. Bowie, Montreal; 2d, A. C. Read, Chicago; 3d, G. T. Addison, N. Y.

THROWING HEAVY HAMMER, 16 lbs.—J. Anderson, Newark, 90 ft. 21-2 in.; 2d, Rennie, N. Y., 83 ft. 4 in.; 3rd, David Deans, N. Y., 79 ft. 1-2 in.

STANDING HIGH LEAP.—First, Geo. Goldie, N. Y., 4 ft. 10 in.; 2d, Wm. Duke, N. Y., 4 ft. 9 in.; 3rd, J. Fullerton, Montreal, and A. Tasker, N. Y., tie at 4 ft. 8 in.

BROADSWORD DANCE.—First, James West, N. Y.; 2d, Robert Forfar, Brooklyn; 3rd, A. Robertson, Chicago.

BOYS HIGHLAND FLING.—James Knox, N. Y.

THROWING FIFTY-SIX LBS. WEIGHT.—1st, Wm. L. Campbell, N. Y., 20 ft. 5 in.; 2d, J. Fullerton, Montreal, 20 ft. 4 in.; 3rd, Geo. Goldie, N. Y., 20 ft.

LONG RACE.—1st, D. E. Bowie, Montreal; 2d, T. B. Irving, N. Y.; 3rd, Colin Carmichael, N. Y.

TOSSING THE CABER.—1st, M. E. More, N. Y., 38 ft. 6 1-2; 2d, A. McKay, New Haven, 38 ft. 2 in.; 3rd, J. Fullerton, Montreal, 38 ft. 1-2 in.

HITCH AND KICK.—1st, A. Marshall, New Haven, 8 ft. 7 in.; 2d, G. T. Addison, N. Y., 8 ft. 6 in.; 3rd, A. C. Read, Chicago, 8 ft. 5 in.

BOYS RACE, under 12 years.—1st, Thomas Grassic; 2d, L. D. Robertson Jr.; 3rd, Jas. Inglis.

VAULTING WITH THE POLE.—1st, George Brymer, N. Y., 10 ft. 3 in.; 2d, William Robertson, Brooklyn, 10 ft.; 3rd, Geo. Goldie, N. Y., 9 ft. 9 in. This was the most beautiful contest of the day, and was greatly applauded. This was Mr. Brymer's first appearance in Jones Wood, and his jump of 10 ft. 3 in. is the best ever made at any games in the country, his grace and agility are perfection.

WALKING MATCH.—1st, Wm. Forsyth, New Haven; 2d, John Henderson, N. Y.; 3rd, A. Marshall, New Haven.

SACK RACE.—1st, F. Marshall, New Haven; 2d, W. Forsyth, do; 3rd, D. B. Fleming, N. Y.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.—1st, D. E. Bowie, Montreal, 40 ft. 5 in.; 2d, Geo. Goldie, N. Y., 37 ft. 8 in.; 3rd, A. Rennie, N. Y., 37 ft. 5 in. For running Mr. Bowie also won the Bernett cup at Springfield, Mass., open to colleges only.

HIGHLAND FLING.—1st, Munro Cameron, Brooklyn; 2d, James Aitchison, N. Y.; 3rd, James West, N. Y.

PUTTING LIGHT STONE, 14 lbs.—1st, John Anderson, Newark, 41 ft. 2 in.; 2d, James Melrose, Hartford, 39 ft. 3 in.; 3rd, W. Robertson, Brooklyn, 38 ft. 1 in.

THROWING LIGHT HAMMER, 12 lbs.—1st, J. Anderson, Newark, 103 ft. 11 in.; 2d, Rennie, N. Y., 102 ft. 2 in.; 3rd, J. Melrose, Hartford, 100 ft. 10 in.

ONE MILE RACE.—1st, J. K. Bayley, Ottawa, Canada; 2d, F. Marshall, New Haven; 3rd, John Downie, N. Y. The first prize in this race was \$50, the second \$25, and third \$15.

RUNNING HIGH LEAP.—1st, A. Rennie, N. Y., 5 ft. 2 in.; 2d, A. Marshall, New Haven, and G. T. Addison, N. Y., tie at 5 ft. 1 in. In jumping the tie, both cleared 5 ft. 2 in., and divided second and third prizes.

HURDLE RACE.—1st, J. K. Bayley, Chicago; 2d, W. Forsyth, New Haven; 3rd, A. C. Read, Chicago.

BOYS HURDLE RACE.—1st, James Campbell; 2d, Jas. Grossick; 3rd, Thos. Shann.

BAGPIPE PLAYING.—1st, William Cleland, N. Y.; 2d, Angus Rankin, do; 3rd, P. Bowman, N. Y.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLESTON.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Sept. 11.....	1 54	10 37	9 54
Sept. 12.....	2 39	11 21	10 39
Sept. 13.....	3 25	eve. 10	11 25
Sept. 14.....	4 14	1 0	eve. 14
Sept. 15.....	5 11	1 57	8 11
Sept. 16.....	6 12	2 58	9 12
Sept. 17.....	7 19	4 4	3 19

—The number of yacht clubs in Eastern waters is much larger than the general public suppose. In Boston and vicinity there are the following: Eastern Yacht Club, Boston Yacht Club, South Boston, Dorchester, and Beverly. The Eastern Yacht Club has been organized several years, and was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1871. They have forty-five yachts, comprising thirty-two schooners and thirteen sloops. Aggregate measurement, 2,500 tons, o. m. At the latter part of this month they will hold their closing regatta for the season. The celebrated yacht *Faustine*, E. Y. C., which made such a fine run to England lately, is owned by George Peabody Russell, who is now a resident at Binstead, Isle of Wight, England. The Boston Yacht Club has forty yachts, about 550 tons, o. m. Their closing regatta takes place to-morrow.

—The fifth regatta of the Dorchester Yacht Club, of Massachusetts, took place last week over the regular course for the championship of the fourth centre-board class. They have sixty-two boats belonging to the club. The contending yachts were the *Bessie*, *Virginia*, and *Rockett*, each of which had won in its class. The wind was fresh from the southwest, and the yachts were reefed. They started at 4:20 P. M. The *Rockett* was the first to get away, and took the lead, which she held until the yachts passed "Half-tide Rock," when the *Bessie* became the leading yacht, which position she held during the remainder of the race, though the *Rockett*, which came in second, took the prize by time allowance.

The everley Yacht Club, of Massachusetts, has forty-one boats, and held their special regatta on September 6th. The prizes were given by Mr. Soheir, which included a consolation cup for the last boat. This club is practically a Boston club, and the boats are principally small, being under thirty feet water line.

—The annual election of the Oceanic Yacht Club, of Jersey City, resulted in the election of F. Hughes, commodore; Charles Taylor, vice commodore, and James Flagg, rear commodore.

—The schooner *Elsie*, of Boston and Dorchester clubs, was lately sold to Mr. Martin, of Boston Highlands, the latter giving the sloop *Violante* in part payment.

—A new pilot boat, the *Thomas S. Negus*, No. 1, to replace the *Janc*, lost last April, was launched from the yard of Mr. C. & R. Poillon, foot of Bridge street, Brooklyn, on Saturday, the 6th instant.

—The International Regatta held at Toronto on the 3d, 4th, and 5th instant did not fully meet the anticipations of the most sanguine, the proceedings of the second day especially being denominated a fizzle by the Toronto press without qualification. The regatta on the first day, however, for the Governor General's cup, was fair, ten yachts entering, and the contest between *Lady Stanley* and the *Ina* being a keen one. The latter is owned by Colonel Shaw, United States consul at Toronto. The distance was thirty miles, and the *Ina* was beaten by forty minutes.

—The Amateur Regatta on Saratoga Lake is now in progress as we go to press. The arrangements for boats, and the comfort of the competitors, are of the most perfect order. The Sheriff of the county has given his word that he will do his utmost to prevent any pool-selling or gambling along the lake shore, and has closed the gambling houses in the village. There are two races to-day. First prize for a beautifully designed cup, valued at \$500; pair-oared shells; two crews entered. Second prize a large silver cup; for single sculls; eleven crews entered. To-morrow, Friday, the first race will take place at three P. M.; double scull shells; one mile to stake-boat and return. The second race at four P. M.; junior single sculls; one mile and return. The third race at five P. M.; four-oared shells; one and a half mile and return; six crews entered. The following is the list of crews entered:—

For the Pair-oared Shell Race To-day—*Nassau Boat Club*, of New York, Oliver T. Johnston, stroke; Frank Brown, bow. *Argonaut*, of Toronto, Canada, R. Lambe, stroke; H. Lambe, bow.

For the Single Scull Shell Race To-day—*James Wilson*, Beaverwyck, of Albany; H. S. Truax, Potomac, of Georgetown, D. C.; M. J. Fenton and Charles Pipenbrink, Mutual, of Albany; Robert Leffman, Atlantic, of New York; William Hughes, Friendship, of New York; Charles E. Courtney, Union Springs, of New York; Frank E. Yates, Grand Haven, Michigan; T. R. Keator, Harlem Rowing Club, of Harlem; H. Lambe, R. Lambe, *Argonaut*, of Toronto, Canada.

For the Double Scull Race, on Friday—*Beaverwyck Rowing Club*, of Albany, James Wilson and William R. Hills. *Mutuals*, of Albany, Charles Pipenbrink and William S. Mosely. *Argonaut*, of Toronto, R. Lambe and H. Lambe.

For the Junior Single Scull Race, on Friday—*Frank E. Yates*, of Grand Haven, Michigan; A. A. Graves, Jr., Jos. H. Girvin, and A. G. Graves, Jr., of the *Beaverwyck*; John C. Sweeney, of the *Friendship Club*, of New York.

For the Four-Oared Shell Race, on Friday—*Potomac Club*, of Georgetown, D. C., D. Coughlin, stroke; A. J. McBlair, 3; S. L. Cropley, 2; H. S. Truax, bow; Z. T. Carpenter, substitute. *Duquesne*, of Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, Frank Brannon, stroke; Samuel Moody, 3; Geo. Scharf, 2; John Straub, bow. *Pape Borge Club*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Daniel Brown, stroke; John W. Kirk, 3;

with the Indians. Their only means of transportation were bateaux of their own construction, which the men rowed the entire distance up and back, their being no vessels on the Lake at that time. From here the same companies proceeded to Mackinac, when the barracks were rebuilt; then to Fort Gratiot, (a heap of ruins,) which they also rebuilt. In 1832 he was ordered with his regiment to the "Black Hawk" war, or as the late General Scott termed it, the "cholera campaign." In 1837 he participated in the Indian war in Florida enjoying (?) this delight (?) of a soldier for three years. In 1841 he was ordered to the Recruiting Depot at Fort Ward, and continued in this service until his retirement, in 1869. In all this time he was never in arrest or court-martialed. The old gentleman is still hale and hearty, the only regrets he appears to have being that he was not a member of Colonel Miller's regiment at Lundy's Lane, and that he was too old to participate in either the Mexican or the late war.

The reports of General Custer's in regard to the recent skirmishes with the Indians near the Yellowstone river, are exceedingly interesting and characteristic of that distinguished officer. The General must believe thoroughly in the effects of a military band, as to the crack of his rifles he always adds the inspiring strains of "Garry Owen." Suffice to say, that after quite an exciting fight, forty Indians were killed, and many were wounded. Our loss was comparatively small.

The New York Fire Department propose establishing a corps of sappers and miners to be used on the occasion of an extreme conflagration in blowing up buildings, etc., as a means to check the fire. One man from each engine company will be detailed for this purpose, and the corps will be thoroughly instructed by United States engineers in the use of explosives as well as go through a course of drill.

—At the battle of Gravelotte the French numbered 130,000 men, while the Germans numbered 200,000; and at Sedan 220,000 Germans attacked 130,000 French. The casualties in the first battle were 14,000 French and 20,000 Germans; at Sedan the French lost 14,000, while the Germans 10,000. In these two decisive struggles nearly 60,000 men were lost, yet this scarcely holds a candle to some of the little slaughters we had in our rebellion, a record of which cannot help but send a shudder to the heart of every true lover of his country.

—General Ord, commanding the Department of the Platte, is foremost among Department Commanders in rifle practice, and the monthly record shows constant improvement. The cavalry, strange to say, make the best scores as a rule. The system is not the Hytlie or that followed at Creedmoor, and there is an effort now being made by the National Rifle Association of this country to establish a uniform system of target practice, both in the army and militia. We trust it will be successful.

—General "Phil" Sheridan, the well known advocate of celibacy, has been giving the Kanucks a chance to "receive" him. The General really enjoys, like all bachelors, these little "stag parties." At one time he had retreated slowly from Montreal, and was "just five miles away" from—somewhere in New Hampshire, the White Mountains, we think, and was fast making cover for headquarters in that Phoenix like city of Chicago.

—There has long been a struggle to abolish the practice of purchasing commissions in the British army. There is an opinion that similar steps will have to be taken in regard to our own army. Still in the British army it is an acknowledged fact, while in our case the fact is covered.

—Among the pleasant institutions of New York city is the rooms of the Army and Navy Club in 27th street. The club numbers 400 members, and is among the most successful organizations of its character in the country. The formation of a special club for army and navy officers is something new in "these parts," and very frequently you may see in the handsome apartments of the club many of our most distinguished officers of the service.

—Second Lieutenant Thomas M. Canton, of the Eighteenth Infantry, has, we regret to announce, been cashiered the army in consequence of drunkenness and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. It is said that drunkenness is the curse of the army, yet it seems hard to be compelled to cashier for this charge one who has but reached the first step as a commissioned officer of the army. We can but sympathize for one so truly unfortunate.

—Major Thomas T. Barr, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., has been stationed at Boston.

—First Lieut. James E. Bell, First Artillery, has been detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Vermont, Burlington.

—Second Lieut. Frank H. Edwards, First Infantry, is on duty at the Military Academy.

—The officers at Fort de Russell, under the *soubriquet* of "Artful Dodgers," recently played a national game with some citizens calling themselves the "Ku-Klux." The "Ku-Klux" in this instance came out ahead.

—The Yellowstone expedition, or one portion of it, will return about the middle of this month.

—Lieutenant Colonel Drayson, on the cause and duration of the glacial period, and the probable antiquity of man, thinks he is so exactly right about it, as to place the last English glacier back some 31,840 years exactly. Only English critics say that he knows nothing about dynamics, and either despises or is desirous of revolutionizing modern terrestrial science.

—The New York Athletic Club are to hold their annual fall meeting on Saturday, October 4th, on their track, foot of 133d street, East River. The prizes, as usual with this club, are gold medals, and much interest is being manifested by its members. The 100 yard race will doubtless be very exciting, as two of the entries are closely matched. The club's definition of an amateur is the following: "Any person who has never competed in an open competition, or for public money, or for admission money; or with professionals for a prize, public money, or for admission money; nor has ever, at any period of his life, taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood." Officers of the club—Colonel W. E. Van Wyck, President; Frank S. Babcock, Vice President; John H. Stead, Secretary; Henry E. Buermyer, Treasurer. The programme is as follows, and the list of entries we shall publish as soon as they are out: 100 yard running race; 440 yard running race; 880 yard running race, and one mile running race. Walking three miles, open to all amateurs. There will also be a handicap running race, once round the track (one-sixth of a mile) open to members of the club only.

The Manhattan's played the Staten Island club on the grounds of the latter at Camp Washington, Staten Island, on Friday September 5th, which resulted in an easy victory for the Manhattans. The day was all that could be desired. Many ladies were present, and the wicket unusually good. The bowling of Brewster of the Staten Island club was very effective, as he took six wickets. Ronaldson of the Manhattans made an excellent catch at slip, and will make a dangerous bowler. Hayward and Kersley made double figures for the Manhattans, while Duer, Filmer, and Davis the same for the Staten Islanders.

MANHATTAN C. C.

First Innings.

Hayward c. Irving b. Luske.....	27
Tucker b. Brewster.....	5
Ronaldson b. Luske.....	4
Kersley b. Luske.....	20
Byron b. b. w. b. Brewster.....	3
McDougal b. Brewster.....	6
Rully c. Luske b. Lee.....	0
Olondrgan b. Brewster.....	4
Beattie b. Brewster.....	16
Bishop b. Brewster.....	0
Tilly not out.....	2
Byes, 10; leg byes, 3; wides 11.....	24
.....	111

STATEN ISLAND C. C.

First Inning.

Second Inning.

Filmer b. Tilly.....	13	b. Byron.....	1
Davis b. Ronaldson.....	12	hit wicket b. Byron.....	4
Lee b. Ronaldson.....	3	b. b. w. b. Byron.....	1
Brewster b. Ronaldson.....	1	b. Byron.....	4
Luske b. b. w. b. Byron.....	0	not out.....	9
Outerbridge c. Ronaldson, b. Byron.....	2	b. Ronaldson.....	2
Irving run out.....	0	b. Byron.....	0
Lawrence ct. Beattie b. Byron.....	1	c. McDougal, b. Byron.....	4
Duer ct Ronaldson, b. Byron.....	11	b. Ronaldson.....	6
McKeon not out.....	0	c. McDougal, b. Byron.....	0
Gardner b. Byron.....	0	b. Ronaldson.....	3
Byes 4; wides 2.....	6	Byes 9; wides 6.....	15
.....	49	49

—The St. George's Cricket Club played the United St. Louis eleven on Tuesday. This was a two days' match. St. George's won the toss and sent in the St. Louis'. The batting was very fair considering they only arrived late at night, and had little rest. H. Temple and Lycett made double figures. The Bowling of the St. George's was unusually straight and effective; the fielding was also very close and steady.

We regret that we were obliged to go to press while the match was still on.

—The Manhattan's played the Zingari on Saturday, on their grounds at Hoboken

—The Athletic and Philadelphia base ball clubs played at Philadelphia on Monday last, with the following score: Athletics, 5; Philadelphia, 6. Each had earned two runs.

On the same day a game in Boston between the Boston and Atlantic clubs resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 15 to 10.

Military News.

Probably the oldest soldier now in the United States is Lieut. M. Moore, (retired) who entered the service on the 30th of April, 1812, joining the Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Peter B. Schuyler commanding, then organizing at Greenbush, opposite Albany, N. Y. Shortly after joining, this regiment was ordered to the frontier, but on arriving at Onondaga, it was divided, five companies being ordered to Buffalo, and five to Niagara. The latter (to which the subject of this sketch belonged) participated in the battle of "Queenstown," where Captain, afterwards General, Wool was wounded. He was with his regiment at the capture of Fort George, the subsequent pursuit of the enemy, and the battle of "Stony Creek," where Generals Winder and Chandler were captured. Returning, the regiment formed part of General Wilkinson's army in the movement down the river St. Lawrence, the contemplated attack on Montreal, and took part in the battle of "Williamsburgh," after which the army went into winter quarters at French Mills. In 1814 Lieut. Moore's regiment was ordered from Plattsburgh to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., with the army under General Izzard, at which latter place it remained until the close of the war with Great Britain. The Thirteenth was one of those then consolidated to form the new Fifth. In 1821 he accompanied five companies of the Second Infantry, to which he then belonged, to Sault de St. Marie for the purpose of establishing a military post at that place. From here, in 1826, he went with two companies, "A" and "B," to the head of Lake Superior as escort to Governor Cass, who proposed to effect a treaty

Henry Keylish, 2; K. B. Hauser, bow. Argonauta Rowing Association, of Bergen Point, New Jersey, Fred C. Eldred, stroke; Walter Man, 3; E. R. Craft, 2; Edward Smith, bow. Beaverwyck Club, of Albany, James Wilson, stroke; Daniel Doncaster, 3; Richard Gorman, 2; Torrance Gorman, bow. Ballston Rowing Club, of Ballston Springs, New York, J. S. Smith stroke; S. C. Meadbery, 3; Albert J. Reed, 2; J. M. Ramsdell, bow.

—The boat race between Pipenbrink and Moseley, of the Mutuals, and Wilson and Doncaster, of the Beaverwycks, at Albany, September 4th, was one of the prettiest that has taken place on the river for many a year, and while the Mutuals were successful, the Beaverwycks made a gallant race, and may feel proud of the result. The time of the three miles for the winner was twenty minutes and forty-five seconds, that of the losing club but nine seconds later, twenty minutes and fifty-four seconds. This for a three mile race with a turn, is the fastest upon record, the next to it being twenty-one minutes and forty-one and a half seconds.

—The Oneida Boat club of Jersey City will hold their regatta on Saturday, September 13th.

Scullers race for champion badge; eight oared barge race and a seventeen foot working boat race are a part of the programme.

—The Atlantic boat club hold their annual regatta on the Passaic river, New Jersey, on Wednesday, September 17th.

—The Friendship Boat Club will hold their annual regatta on Monday, September 29th, over the Pleasant valley course. Senior and junior sculls, a four oared race, and an open single scull race.

—Brown has agreed to Biglin's proposition for a race at Halifax three days after the St. John regatta, and has signed articles and forwarded them with the necessary money for deposit to New York to bind the agreement. The race will probably take place on the 20th inst.

—Mr. E. Hasee, of the Atlantics, and Mr. D. Roch, of the Nautilus club, will row a sculler's race on the Harlem river on Monday, September 15.

—A number of the members of the New York Rowing and Athletic Club have subscribed for another new medal. The medal must be won three consecutive times by a member in order to become his final property. The race is for single sculls one mile straight away, and to take place on Saturday, September 13.

We reprint from our second number the following rules adopted for the government of the International Regatta to take place at St. John, New Brunswick, on the 17th instant. We shall have a full report of the proceedings from our own reporter:

1. The races shall take place on the Kennebecasis River, on the usual regatta course, on the 17th day of September; or should the weather on that day prove unfavorable, on the first suitable day, thereafter.

2. All races shall be started in the following manner: The starter on being satisfied that the competitors are ready, shall give the signal to start.

3. If the starter considers the start false, he shall at once recall the boats to their first stations, and any boat refusing to start again shall be distanced.

4. No fouling, whatever, shall be allowed.

5. It is in the province of the umpire, when appealed to, but not before, to decide a foul. The boat decided by him to have fouled shall be distanced.

6. It shall be considered a foul when, after the race has commenced, any competitor by his boat, oar, or person, comes in contact with the oar, boat or person of another competitor, and nothing else shall be considered a foul.

7. Any boat taking another's (boat's) water does so at his own peril, and it shall be held that a boat's own water is the straight course from its starting point to its turning point.

8. Each boat shall turn its own buoy, the turn to be made in shore toward Rothesay.

9. If in any race in which more than two boats start a foul takes place, and the boat adjudged by the umpire to have been fouled reaches the turning point first, the race shall be decided as the boats come in; but if the boat fouled does not come in first, or if the umpire is unable to decide which boat has committed the foul, the race shall be rowed over again, unless the umpire shall decide that the boat which came in first had sufficient lead at the moment of the foul to warrant it having the race assigned to it.

10. Whenever the umpire shall direct a race to be rowed over again, any boat refusing to row again shall be distanced.

11. Every boat shall start by its own accidents.

12. The decisions given by the umpire shall be final, and there shall be no appeal therefrom.

Art and the Drama.

AS an established institution, tragedy has been for years banished from our metropolitan stage, but at Wallack's there continued, until recently, to be presented the best old English comedies. Here was a green spot, where the intelligent and cultured lover of the drama could find an evening's entertainment, be pleased throughout the performance, and go home with the consciousness of having spent an hour or two in the most satisfactory recreation. Now these splendid, and we may correctly say, social entertainments, never lacked patronage—the theatre was always crowded. The lookers-on were literally composed of the very best people of the city. "Wallack's regular patrons" were as thoroughly well-known as were the ushers, and night after night you saw the same aristocratic faces, the same high-toned gentlemen and lovely women, while the young people were models of refinement and good manners. It always was an interesting sight in the palmy days of Wallack's supremacy to witness a large family party enter the boxes and take their seats. First came the mother and father, dressed with exquisite care, but properly old-fashioned, to suit "their style," next the blooming daughters, to whom the fond father assigned the best seats with a courtliness of manner that would have charmed Chesterfield. Then the beaux and brothers were "chinked" in, the "admirers," however, always managing, by the careful mother's direction, to be placed behind or by the side of the girls. All were in the best of humor, their faces rippling over with smiles—the very difficulties of getting packed away in the narrow seats adding to the zest of the affair, and every little annoyance proving a subject of pleasant remark or suggesting a practical but harmless joke. After all this bustle and rustle and suppressed laughter, and after due arrangement of ruffles, shawls, curls, and bouquets, the party would finally settle down into a display of ineffable contentment, the prevailing idea being, "We have a pleasant evening before us, and we are bound to be very

happy." Presently the ladies would timidly put up their tiny, jet-tubed opera glasses and study attentively, whether the equivocal individual across the parquet was a very homely masculine girl, or a young gentleman with his hair parted in the middle. Then the occupants of a private box opposite would suddenly throw signals of recognition to our happy group, and a battery of smiles and congratulations follow that were wonderful to behold. Then the happy father would notice an old gentleman with a great want of hair on the back of his head, encased in an immense white vest, sitting in the orchestra seats, armed with a heavy cane and a "field glass," and said happy father would point out this owner of the huge white vest to his daughters with the remark, "girls, there sits one of your mother's old admirers," whereupon the mother would express her astonishment at such a frivolous remark in the presence of the young people, then her eyes would snap and all would laugh, especially the young ladies. Then three young men, with a quarter of a dozen of white kid gloves on their hands, would station themselves in a conspicuous place in the corridor and attract the young ladies' attention by the affectation of earnest conversation, at which the beaux of the family party would become perfectly indignant, while the young ladies, strange as it would seem, rather liked the idea of being objects of so much attention. The gas by this time would be turned on in full force, the musicians crawl out from a hole under the stage and take their assigned places, when Tommy Baker would enter, looking as if he was abashed at the attention he attracted, then, showing his back in full to the audience, he would wave a piece of pipe stem as a baton, then throw his head over each shoulder, smile approvingly to see so many people present (he presumes for the only purpose of hearing his band), then, tapping the music stand, the overture, generally a medley, was thoroughly well done. Everybody, at this preliminary notice, would now settle down into a listening mood—even the quarter of a dozen of kids felt it imperative to sink into temporary obscurity—a new arrangement was made of the crowded personalities and compressed crinoline—the curtain is up!

Who ever noticed the excitement of a legitimate Wallack audience at this critical moment without a glow of pleasure? Programmes were not needed; the faces and persons of every actor or actors were familiar; in fact, the play was as near the audience as if it had been acted in the parlor and among the occupants of a private house.

Who will say that the legitimate drama failed of support, or that good acting has not its power to command patronage? Who that thinks rightly can otherwise than regret that intellectual entertainments have been thrust aside to be supplanted to "the poetry of motion, and gorgeous attire and splendid scenery?"

That we will ever get back to the "old times" is difficult to predict, but this much is certain, the meretricious character of the stage which is now so popular can possibly be *over done*. The power of capital to create mechanical effects is wonderful indeed, but the triumphs of great minds cannot be ordered as you order splendid attire and gorgeous scenery; they come only through the careful cultivation of God's gifts. At present, the large and most estimable class of people who delighted in the representation of the old English comedies at Wallack's have no place of amusement. To them the drama, as they understand it, has ceased to be presented in this city. How much society and the drama have lost by this fact is difficult to appreciate. Alas, for the day when Wallack's succumbed! But echo answers back, "it pays to succumb," and the manager's conscience is at rest.

On Tuesday evening The Wandering Jew was formally installed at the Grand Opera House, its merits being heralded as an entirely new and most powerful, romantic, and spectacular drama! If the greatest possible variety of scenery, and much of it done with most artistic style, will fill the great interior in which it is exhibited, then Mr. Daly's aspirations will be rewarded. Close upon this appeal to the eyes, follows on—

Thursday evening, September 11th, the opening of the new Lyceum Theatre, with a romantic spectacular drama, entitled Notre Dame, with a full chorus and corps de ballet.

We now have five first-class theatres appealing to the public for patronage, in all of which only the eye is appealed to. The notion among managers seems to be that all intellectual representations that will pay are impossible. The struggle for supremacy in the use of paint, ballet girls, minstrel music, and startling scenery, is gigantic. Look out for wrecks at the close of the season.

Italian opera in its grandest estate will soon be inaugurated, and the city, when this is done, will be fuller of operas, theatres, and other places of amusement than at any time in its history. Signor Salvini, accompanied by Signora Piamonti, will reach this city this week, and will open on Monday, the 15th instant. Mr. Max Maretzek announces the coming of Mme. Lucca, Signor Tamberlick, Mme. di Murska, with innumerable others of great fame, who are to establish once more the grand opera. Mme. Nilsson Rouzeand, with the expected arrival of Mr. Strakosch's stars, complete the extraordinary list of singers who are destined in a few days to be pouring out their musical notes to New York audiences, with the expectation that they (the audiences) will be most lavish with their notes. We promise to be overwhelmed.

BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music, which possessed from the beginning most of the requirements of a first-class building, was, from the unfortunate character of its interior, always dingy and uninviting. No force of gaslight

could remove the impression that it was a great cave, very cleverly arranged for dramatic representations. The men who originally colored the ceiling and selected the upholstery, must have looked forward to the time when the building could be used for some penitential purpose, possibly a monastery. For years this radical defect has remained, and the Academy has ceased to be of any practical value, except for some extraordinary use—a charity fair or a trumpery exhibition. In the summer just passed important changes have been made throughout. The seats have been renewed, the private boxes ornamented with crimson satin lambrequins, with rich draperies to match. But the most important and desirable work is in the substitution of new gas fixtures and the washing out of the old india-red wall, and the introduction of a light-pencil gray tint, set off with a due amount of golden stripes. A new era of usefulness promises to open, and we trust that the building, in most respects excellent, will become, as it should, a popular, and if anything a fashionable, place of amusement.

The new Park Theatre, late Mrs. Conway's, was opened on the 9th instant with a most excellent company, and so thoroughly "reformed" in its interior designs, decorations, and scenery that but little is left save its location to remind one of its for years most deplorable condition. Brooklyn is morally in great need of the inspiring effect of good, cheerful amusements, and it seems likely to be provided with them this coming winter. Mr. Samuells, though a young man, as a manager has a genius for his business which is even of more importance than experience; he will be a success.

The Brooklyn Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Conway, will open on next Saturday night with Othello, Mr. Edwin Booth, Mad. Jannauschek, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wilhams, and Mrs. Chanfrau are named among the stars.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

BREECH-LOADERS. By GLOAN. New York: George E. Woodward. Orange Judd & Co., 1873.

If we are quite familiar in the United States with breech-loading rifles, perhaps better acquainted with them than any other people in the world, it is none the less true that we know hardly anything at all about breech-loading sporting guns. Such special works as have been written on this particular arm, of which W. W. Greener's book was the best, were rather to be regarded in the light of catalogues of breech-loaders; therefore any practical work on this subject, of a wider scope, must be of interest to the general American public. Gloan's book, is cleverly written, is to the point, and can only be the production of one who has thoroughly mastered, not only theoretically but practically, everything in regard to what must inevitably be the arm of the future. In books of this character, it is sometimes quite puzzling for the critic to determine exactly whether the work under review is, or is not the production of a gun maker, or written in the interest of gun makers, and Gloan's Breech-Loader, is a work of precisely this uncertain character. It is true, a certain prominence is given to those most excellent English gun makers, Messrs. Douglall, Greener, Westley Richards and Lang, and even our American makers, Parker & Brothers have some slight comment made about them, (though the Remington gun, is entirely ignored), but after a careful perusal, we are only too glad to give the book the highest praise for fairness. If the book does have the peculiar smack of an English book, and may or may not be written in the interest of the English gun makers, it by no means detracts from the excellence of the compilation. In fact there can be nothing objectionable in this. If English breech-loading guns are better so far than those of American make, if they shoot harder, have more range, are less liable to get out of order, by all means let us have them. Sportsmen have nothing to do with patriotism, they accept only the best arms, no matter where they are made. But where we differ from Gloan, and think he is mistaken, is where exercising somewhat of a prophetic power, he seems desirous of inculcating the idea, that breech-loading guns equal to the best English guns, can hardly ever be produced in the United States. If we have made the best breech-loading rifles in the world, not only for sporting but for military purposes, is there any reason why we cannot turn out breech-loading fowling pieces? A gun is not more difficult to make than a watch, and to day, American skill has triumphed in this special art of horology after but a few years practice. Arguments as to the greatest excellence of hand-made locks or even of barrels, have only a comparative degree of force. If a pistol or a rifle lock on military arms, can be made perfect enough to pass rigorous ordnance examinations, there is no possible reason why the same pieces in a breech-loader cannot be made equally good. Of course there is a *dilettantism* about these things, and we are the furthest possible from deceiving it. If a man has the money to spend, his gun should be a perfect piece of art. We cannot paint by machinery it is true, and between a cup carved by a Benvenuto Cellini and a Colt's Revolver, there is a wide difference. If in the artistic inspirations, this more prosaic century has retrograded in the mechanical instinct we have fully progressed. Gun making has its secrets; it is a combination of the highest scientific and mechanical powers, but it is by no means the great mysterious art, in which so many writers try to enshroud it. The solution of perfect gun making has been found in many new mechanical devices, which now supplant the old hand work. In the United States, breech-loaders must drive out muzzle-loaders, and as soon as the demand sets in, not one manufacturer, but a dozen will make them, and there is no doubt that that good guns will be made. They may be plain guns if you please, democratic ones if you like. You may not be able to pass the thumb all over them without the finger nail catching, but they will undoubtedly be sound, honest and square guns. If the perfect sportsman lucky enough to combine unlimited means and elegant tastes, should want a \$1000 gun, there is no doubt that in a very short time, the American gun maker, will be perfectly able to make him a breech-loader fully worth the money. We entirely disclaim any idea of rivalry, and are free to acknowledge what was before asserted that so far English breech-loading sporting guns are superior to our own, but the idea we wish to convey is that this superiority cannot always be maintained. In the last ten years, England has taken more from us, in gun mechanism of every kind, than we have received from her. Having we trust in no captious spirit advanced our opinion, we now return with great pleasure to the intrinsic merits of the book. Every subject is discussed with singular good judgment, and the advice given is excellent. In fact, we have so good an opinion of Gloan's Book on Breech-Loaders that we trust to use it frequently for subtle points of gun lore, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the attention of all American Sportsmen.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which, if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yachting news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that degrades or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented *Downing* for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even *clamor* for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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HUMORS OF SPORTING LIFE.



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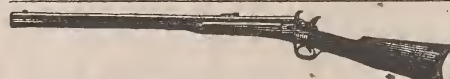
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1873.

Volume I, Number 6.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

MEXICAN SCENERY.

HIGH on a bare, volcanic cliff,
Above the sailing clouds I stand,
And gaze o'er many a shining eagle
Of outspread, flowery Mexic land.
Beneath me ancient forests lie,
Their green tops rippled by the breeze,
Their massive foliage heaves and swells
Like tumbling billows of the seas.
So thick they weave their leafy screen,
That scarce a broken sunbeam falls
Thro' the green arches to illumine
The sombre shadows of their halls,
And many a grotesque swinging vine,
Like glittering serpent climbs their tops;
The cactus twines its color'd crowns,
The aloe its red garland drops,
And tropic birds on spangled wings,
Flit thro' the fairest openings.

And here the browsing deer-herds roam;
Now scouring the extended plain,
Now lost in arbor of the wild,
Now wandering by the tumbling main.
Far thro' the thick, umbrageous depths,
The shy wild turkey leads the brood,
And swarms of chattering monkeys sweep
Along the summits of the wood.
High soaring in the upper air,
Vast cones volcanic rise like clouds,
Each with its vapory flag of smoke,
That ever the white crown enshrouds;
The Indian ages long ago,
Long ere the Spaniard trod the shore,
With awe beheld these mystic flames,
And hearken'd to the crater's roar;
Dreaming that goblins of the mine,
With incantations wierd and dark,
Mingled their orgies in the gloom
Of night, and lit each lurid spark.

Far down, amid the valleys green,
Soft scenes outspread the fairy land;
Flowers of gay hue and fragrant smell,
Broadcast are sown by Nature's hand:
All the rich colors that entwine
The rainbow, here celestial shine,
Each radiant with eternal bloom,
Each aromatic with perfume.

Afar I hear the tinkling bells
Of the slow caravans ascend;
And voices of the muleteers,
In soft, harmonious cadence blend.
Far off, o'er Guatemala's plain,
O'er peasant huts I see the smokes,
And from each rustic chapel hear
The evening bell-chimes' measur'd strokes.
And twinkling in the setting sun,
The distant city glistens white,
Belfry and cupola sublime,
Transfigured with the streaming light.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

A Day with the Naturalists.

STEAMER BLUE LIGHT,
PEAK'S ISLAND, ME., August 16, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

I write you from Peak's Island, a place the existence of which is perhaps to you, as it was to me, not long since, unheard of.

But that was our bad luck. The denizens of Portland and of the adjacent towns know, and knew, of it and in its evergreen groves seek the relief which its constant, cooling breezes and delightful climate offer during the "heated term," for up North and down East though it be, Portland does have its "heated term."

It is easy of access, for a trim little steamer, the Express, commanded, clerked, piloted, and steered by a most popular captain, makes a number of regular trips daily; with great groves of grand pines, and here and there a noble elm, furnishing shady, romantic walks and snug nooks for resting; with a craggy beach on its further side, against which the broad Atlantic drives its billows, and in an easterly storm, dashes surf furiously to its highest cliffs; with here and there, in the magnificent view seaward, scat-

tered dots of rocky islets, where, clear from man, the little petrel, the gull, and tern make their nests and rear their young in safety. Here, at sunrise, one can commune with Nature, and hardly realize that within a gunshot, just across the belt of pines, civilization is amusing itself. For on this side there is a quiet sheltered anchorage where the smallest boat can stay secure in the heaviest storms.

Each end of the island, two miles apart, is given up to merry-making. Restaurants, where, since the Maine law took effect, nothing stronger than coffee can be obtained—unless the landlord knows you. Strictly temperance houses, but if a gentleman will drink, why, they don't like to disappoint him. Swings, rustic seats, croquet grounds, bowling alleys, &c., furnish amusement to the crowds of pleasure seekers who come over to the island for a day's picnic. Sprinkled about among the groves are the white tents of many families who seek relaxation in a "week's camping out," with chowder, clams, and fishing *ad libitum*; and on a warm, sunny day, the scene is very cheerful. The woods are gay with white frocks and red ribbons; and boys and men bedecked with blue flannel shirts with great white anchors embroidered on the bosom, (for it is the "swell" thing here to be a yachtman;) and two boys with a punt and shelter tent, are happy in considering that they are yachting and camping out. Bands of music and singing parties enliven the evening.

But there is another side to this; now and then a cold easterly wind, with its inevitable accompaniments of fog and rain, comes upon us, and then, chilled and miserable, our gay campers take to their tents, wrap up in rubber, and happy if their roof sheds water, solace themselves with cards and pipes and pray for a shift of wind, which must come sooner or later. In the midst of the last driving storm, when all nature was clad in dismal gray, trimmed with water colors, I accosted a weather-beaten old fisherman with, "How long is this thing going to last, Captain?" (it's very safe to call a man "Captain" here—they don't aspire to General or Judge.) "Wall, I guess it'll tucker out after a bit. I never knowed but one of these sou'easters that didn't come to an end sometime." "Why, when was that?" said I. Said he, "This one," and I went my way sadly and sold.

The central parts of the island, though, on its western face are as quiet and retired as the ends are gay, and here with every facility at its disposal for successful work, the United States Fish Commission has established its headquarters for the summer. A large workshop on the wharf has been fitted up as a laboratory, the adjacent houses are occupied as quarters, and the wharf itself is turned into a first class dissecting table, where sharks, sword-fish, skates, and other great fishes, surrender their jackets and bones to the keen knives of the "Doctor" and his pupils.

And the little "Blue Light" lying quietly at her anchors of nights, bears daily, either to sea, or into some of the many sounds and bays into which Casco Bay is subdivided, a party of young men, enthusiastic in the cause of science, bound to search out, and with their own eyes see, the mysteries that nature has tried so hard to conceal.

Clad in many-hued and ancient garments, it is evident that "dress" is not their forte. Yet, when on Sunday, a "boiled shirt, stove-pipe, and frock coat," take the place of the daily costume; and some, quietly writing or working up their notes, others filling the pews of our little church, and some even the pulpit, it becomes equally evident that "dress" is not an infallible criterion, and that an educated gentleman can bring any dress to his level and not sink to its.

These, though, are not the views of a damsel, island-born and "raised," who asked me, "What is professors, anyway; and what do they do?" I told her; she mused, and then thoughtfully remarked: "Well they may be smart enough, but they don't dress up much; they're all married, I hear—I don't think much of 'em, anyhow."

She thinks better of them now, though, since one Sunday evening, when a "perffessor," hearing her really magnificent voice raised in a grand old hymn tune, with melodeon accompaniment, went into the kitchen and joined his fine

bass to her soprano. That Perffessor never got cold coffee again.

Armed and loaded with trawls and dredges, harpoons and fishing gear, at 9 A. M. the Blue Light sounds her whistle, and runs in by the dock, and then a string of hurrying men, with green buckets and scoop nets, bottles and sieves, take possession, and away we go, if it is a fair smooth day, right out to sea, till the color of the water proclaims deep soundings. Then in sixty to seventy fathoms of water we go to work to find what sort of bottom is there, what sort of fish, what sorts of animal life.

The lead shows soft bottom, and over goes the trawl, a large bag net, with a beam some ten or twelve feet long across its mouth, fastened at each end to an iron runner.

This machine is strung with a bridle to which is attached a towing line, and is lowered to the bottom. A good scope is given to the line, which is led in through sheaves on an iron crane to the drum of a small windlass on the fore-castle of the steamer. When ready, the ship is backed slowly, and the trawl drags along the bottom. It may catch on some unexpected obstacle, and perhaps be broken and torn to pieces. A simple contrivance, however, obviates much of the danger. When the tow-line, a three-inch hemp rope, is paid out its proper length, a piece of small rope is fastened to it just outside the outer sheave, and then the towing line is slacked out until all of the strain comes upon the small line, which is made fast inboard. A good lookout is kept, and should the trawl catch, the small line will break; immediately the engine is stopped and reversed, the larger line is slacked out, and before any damage can take place, the vessel has moved ahead toward the trawl, which is immediately hauled in for examination. Steam here saves hands, and our little deck engine soon rounds in a hundred fathoms, and the big net comes to the surface, is gathered inboard, and its contents dumped out upon the deck for investigation. And a motley collection it sometimes presents. In its pockets odd fish such as flounders and skates are entangled, and among its meshes strange crabs and starfish; while from the closely netted pouch tumble out anemones, sea urchins, and shrimps, with no end of varieties of crustacea and mollusks.

Once we brought up a great rock fully six hundred pounds in weight, and our little engine had to puff hard to get it safely up. Its presence in a soft mud plain, as the bottom here seems to be, some three hundred feet from the surface, was an anomaly, but probably ages ago it was torn from its birth place in the frozen north, and slowly drifted to the southward by an iceberg, until melting clear, it dropped, and there has lain, while countless generations of *terra brachalina* and other inhabitants of deep cold water have made it their resting place and home. A bottom temperature of 37°, while at the surface the mercury stood at 63°, seems to confirm my idea that we have struck here a little branch of an Arctic current. We have found here in this cold water belt several specimens that have before been supposed to exist no nearer to our coast than on the Georges Banks in 400 fathoms depth.

The dredge is a smaller and stronger apparatus, on the same principle, and is used on stony bottoms where the trawl would be torn and cut to pieces. It is a strong net bag that will hold two bushels, made fast to a pair of flat iron jaws; this is also dragged, but at a less degree of speed. When either is brought to the deck it is an amusing sight to see both professors and non-professors gather eagerly about the mouth, and as the contents emerge forty fingers go poking and picking at the heap; and the worms and clams, if not already as indignant as their nature will permit at the rough usage they have received, most certainly must become so, could they but hear and understand the hard names they are called. "*Myra aranaria*," sings out a voice, and a poor clam finds himself bucketed. "*Asterius vulgaris*," "*calista conveva*," "*nereus*," are called out rapidly, and the note taker puts them down, and a little white shell, a starfish, a clam, (to ordinary eyes,) and a big red worm are popped into bottles.

Or perhaps we have struck mud bottom, and the dredge comes up with a quarter ton of it. To an unscientific eye it seems of no value; but wait a bit; the load is emptied into

a big rocker sieve, a stream of water turned into it, and like gold diggers we cradle out our "find," till perhaps a gallon or so is left, and with it a harvest of worms and small crustacea. In one haul of the dredge, in which it was down but a few minutes, we sorted out eighty-three varieties of animal life; and I have been assured that over one hundred and fifty varieties have been taken in one haul.

If the day be rough, we run up into some one of the numerous smaller bays or sounds, into which three hundred islands and many long narrow peninsulas, subdivide Casco Bay, and we can always find a sheltered spot to work.

While the dredge is down forward there are more or less fishermen busy with hand lines aft, and according to the nature of the bottom, with more or less success. Let the dredge bring up a rocky bottom, with star-fish, crabs and shrimps, and ho! for codfish aft. The same kind of bottom, not quite so rocky though, with perhaps gravel, worms, and small shells, and silvery haddock, the chief of chowder-fish are soon slapping our decks with their tails. Muddy bottom, and only hakes and flounders reward us. If with the cod-bottom we find a deep red sea weed, beautiful rock cod live there, but every where are pollock and skulpins, (*blanked* pollock and *blanked* sculpins, they are always called) eating away our bait and annoying us.

After a good day's work, and a dinner when the chowder and boiled cod would suit the most fastidious, and we return to our moorings in Blue Light Cove, with buckets and bottles full. And after a light island tea of hot biscuit, fried cakes, sponge cake, preserves, cold meat, fried fish, blueberries, clams, lobsters and mince pie, we retire and sleep under blankets. I say "we," but here do not include the Professors. Till midnight and an hour after, the glimmer of their lamps can be seen, as they, with their books and microscopes, study into the nature and habits of their prizes.

And here I will leave them at their midnight toil, and if you wish, tell you more next week of our island life.

PISSECO.

THE WININNISH—CAMPING ON THE SAGUENAY.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

I was much interested in the letter of Mr. J. U. Gregory, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of September 4th. So little is known of the wininnish that any information concerning that exceedingly gamy and plucky fish must be acceptable, and it is therefore to be regretted that your correspondent did not enter into details with reference to this comparatively unknown member of the great *salmo* family. I only wish it were in my power to add as largely as could be desired to the knowledge thus far obtained regarding a fish which, in my opinion, surpasses the salmon in succulence and delicacy of flavor, and is its equal in gameness and endurance. I have caught the wininnish, and bear cheerful testimony to the high claims which have been set up on its behalf, particularly by that veteran of the art, Genio C. Scott, who, by the way, is the only author who has treated of this "rare delicacy of the frozen latitudes of the Canadian forests." [Excepting Hallock's Fishing Tourist, pp. 179-82.]—ED.

As I have not only had the good fortune to catch the wininnish, but to have eaten of it, fresh from the foaming rapids of the Saguenay, I must take the liberty of correcting an error into which your correspondent has fallen with respect to the color of the fish, which, he says, "is white instead of being pink-color, like that of the salmon." Probably this is a typographical mistake, as the flesh of the wininnish is really a deeper pink than that of the salmon, and certainly more *pronounced* than any trout I have ever seen. As to its pluck and endurance and game qualities generally, it is hardly possible to say too much for it in this respect. It is no easy matter to play a four-pound wininnish, and requires no ordinary patience and skill to land him after a contest not unfrequently of more than half an hour in duration. I have heard of wininnish repeatedly leaping over canoes in their desperate efforts to escape, and I have a vivid recollection of their saltatory performances while fishing at the Grand Discharge during a part of the summer of 1872.

Having been informed, while spending a few days at Tadousac, of the fine sport which some of the visitors at that picturesque resort enjoyed on the banks of the Saguenay, near Lake St. John, I determined on making the trip and satisfying myself. Arriving at Chicoutimi, which is at the head of navigation, I took a private conveyance to the foot of the first rapids, and crossing at that point in a canoe, manned by two stalwart and experienced *canotiers* of the well-known Savard family, was, after many a hard jolt, and an hour and a half of the roughest sort of riding over the roughest kind of road, set down at the mansion of my guides. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived, and a pleasant company of woodsmen, with a sprinkling of fair Canadiennes, were assembled in the one-room mansion of Savard *père*. A portion of these were on the floor, treading the mazes of a regular old-fashioned country dance, and keeping admirable time to the music of a rustic Paganini. Then there were hornpipes and jigs that for variety of steps and grace of movement would have done no discredit to the Terpsichorean performances of some of our best "minstrel" companies. Take it all together I doubt if in the great city of New York, with all its boasted enjoyments, a happier party could be found than the party assembled that evening within the four wooded walls of the *habitation's* humble dwelling.

The following morning, bright and early, we left the Savard domicile, and squatting in the best canoe, paddled by the two *canotiers* aforesaid, swept over the broad, still reaches of the Saguenay, hooking an occasional pickerel as we proceeded on our way to the place of destination, some twelve miles up the river, and about six from Lake St. John. For two of these miles the Saguenay is broken into a fierce and boiling torrent, along which no canoe has ever passed in safety. We had, therefore, to disembark, and traverse two miles of the roughest, rockiest, most intolerable of roads which I have ever travelled over, even in Canada. Imagine the banks of a river strewn for miles with stones of all conceivable sizes and shapes—some as round as a ball, and as unsteady under the feet, some sharp and angular, affording scant hold even for the sure-footed Capricornus himself—imagine all this, with here and there huge rocks fifteen or twenty feet high, with faces almost as flat as a smoothing iron, and up which we had to clamber as best we could, and you can have some conception of the approach to the Grand Discharge. However, we got there in course of time, and were repaid for the labor and fatigue of the journey. It was evening when we arrived, and we had little time for piscatorial pleasure, but the scene alone was worth the ordeal through which we passed. Here at the head of the first rapid below the Grand Discharge the Saguenay flows along as placidly as a meadow brook, and here we were gladdened with the sight of many a dorsal fin protruding over the surface. In this respect, but in no other, does the wininnish resemble the shark. "*Voilà le wininnish!*" exclaimed our guides, as they pointed to several small triangular objects moving slowly on top of the water, and almost invariably against the current.

Our camp was erected on a beautiful green sward on the edge of a forest of spruce and birch, and our bed was made of the tender, aromatic branches of the spruce, that diffused a peculiarly agreeable odor. Except at this point the river is thickly wooded down to the water, and the forests on either bank, we were told, are "full" of bears. Indeed, we had evidence of their whereabouts in the footprints within a few yards of our camp—a rather close proximity, it must be admitted, but if they did take a peep under the canvas we were blissfully ignorant of their visit. To bed at eight and up at four, after such a sleep as fully rewarded our toil of the previous day. A hurried breakfast took the edge off our appetites, and a few steps brought us to our casting place, on the flat surface of a small boulder, just where the rapids begin. Hastily putting together an eight-ounce split bamboo, and selecting two favorite flies—red body with light grey wing and crimson tail—we made our first cast within a few feet of a small, black, moving object some fifteen yards distant. Again and again we place the tempting lure right before the eyes of the coveted treasure, but all in vain. With a provoking indifference, wininnish after wininnish sails slowly on, and we have our trouble for our pains. Surely there must be something wrong. We suggest in as good French as we can command that our fly is not of the right kind or color.

"*Oui, oui, monsieur, ne changez pas les mouche.*"

And following our guide's advice, we do not change the fly, but resolve to test it to the end. At last, after repeated casts, and at least an hour's pacing up and down, now above the rapids in the still water, and then in the foam-flecked torrent, we have hooked our first wininnish. Taking the fly beneath the surface and hooking himself, he ran out about ten yards of the line before the reel ceased to revolve. Judging from the spirit and strength displayed I concluded that I had hold of a four-pound fish, and being fully apprized of his reputation for gameness I prepared to deal with him accordingly. Reeling up as the line slackened I had hardly ten feet gathered in when the handle of the reel was reversed with a jerk that set my fingers a-tingling, and out went twenty or thirty feet more of my woven waterproof. This was something more than I expected, and as I had but a few yards left, I had certain serious misgivings whether my grilse rod was not better adapted to this kind of work. Fortunately, however, my fish was more accommodating than I had hoped, and after walking me up and down the bank of the river three or four times, a distance of a hundred feet or more, and making various little excursions in tangential directions, he consented, after some floundering and splashing, to be taken ashore in a landing net. And what a beauty he was! A few ounces under three pounds, he gave me as much sport as a five-pound grilse. There, as he lay on the green sward, no salmon could look brighter or more beautiful. With the exception of the forked caudal, the resemblance to the *salmo salar* was most striking. There were the irregular, black markings above and below the lateral line and on the gill cover, but if my memory is correct the head of the wininnish is a little larger in proportion to its size than that of the salmon. It is this marked resemblance which has doubtless suggested the title of land-locked salmon; but as you are, of course, aware, the real salmon is found in the same river with it, and goes up the tributaries of the Saguenay to deposit its spawn. The wininnish has therefore the same means of egress to the sea, but I understand it is not found in the St. Lawrence, and, I have been informed, spawns either in Lake St. John or in the streams which debouche on that magnificent sheet of water.

Several captures rewarded my efforts that day, but owing to the lateness of the season, or some other cause, I was not favored with an abundant take, and after three days' fishing, during which I netted a couple of dozen wininnish, I concluded to strike camp and return to the great metropolis.

I should state here that of these, I caught three or four

with an artificial minnow in trolling, but all were under three pounds. The wininnish, however, attains much larger proportions, and I was assured by several dwellers on the Saguenay that it is no unusual thing to catch them weighing six and seven pounds, and they have been caught something over eight pounds. Cooked fresh from the river they are, to my taste, sweeter than the salmon, and, as I have stated, their flesh is of a deeper pink color. The dorsal fin and tail arc much larger in proportion, the latter being more forked than that of the grilse. As to the number of rays in the dorsal, pectoral, and caudal fins, the structure of the gill covers, palate, maxillaries, pharynx, &c., those points I leave to the anatomist to determine. It is to be hoped, however, that they will be found all right on proper inspection, and that nature has made no mistake in these particulars. And so I leave the wininnish to the tender mercies of science, trusting that it will think none the less of it if it fail in the requisite number of rays, and if its pectoral and ventral fins are not as correctly located as they might be. One thing is certain, that it a most worthy member of the salmonidæ, that it is inferior to none of its varieties, that it should be better known to the piscatorial fraternity, and that its introduction to some of our northern rivers and lakes would be a decided advantage. You can do a great deal yourself in this direction, Mr. Editor and as I have heard that it is your intention to get up a museum of the finny tribe, I trust among the first contributions thereto will be one of these beautiful denizens from the deep brown waters of the profound, placid, turbulent, and foaming Saguenay, for it is all these together, and "more too."

Let me say, in conclusion, that there are some huge pike, or pickerel, in the still waters of this grand and gloomy river, and that on my way homeward to the Savard mansion I caught with a troll seven fish, weighing in the aggregate forty pounds—two of a pound and a half each, two of five pounds each, two of seven pounds and a half each, and one of twelve pounds. Three escaped, and of these one was estimated at about twenty pounds. One of the seven captured had a deep scar on its side, the result of an effort on the part of a bigger *esox* to assimilate the smaller unto itself. Truly yours,

J. MULLALLY.

THE EAGLE AND THE TOM CAT.

A COMBAT IN THE AIR.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I'll tell you how an eagle lost its mate, and how we lost our old white tom cat. Away down in the southern portion of Monmouth county, New Jersey, one beautiful autumn morning, two sportsmen armed and equipped for a day's partridge shooting, emerged from the door of a country tavern. A resident of the village, a capital shot and a thorough good fellow, accompanied them as guide. They had scarcely crossed the threshold when an object high up in the air arrested their attention, an object that never fails to bring a thrill of pleasure to a naturalist, or even a casual observer. It was a noble specimen of the bald eagle. The fish hawk, or osprey, on whose industry he had lived so bounteously all the long summer had migrated to a more congenial climate, and now our eagle had left the neighborhood of the sea to seek further inland, by his own exertions, his daily fare. How splendidly he sailed over our heads; with what ease his powerful pinions enable him to sweep around the whole horizon. A moment motionless in mid air, as something arrested his attention, then swooping down with swiftest dash, to rise again disappointed or dissatisfied with the object. We watched him a long time, as in concentric circles, now higher, and then lower, he hunted the country and finding no breakfast there, sailed away, and we saw him no more.

"Well," Lanning, I said at last, "that was a grand sight, and I never weary at looking on our noble emblem bird; and then only is he fit to be called such when he seeks and captures his prey by his own bold, free flight and by his own exertions. At other times I despise him, as when I see him sit for hours on some dead limb by the sea, watching the active fishhawk capture his prey, and then turn robber; or when I sit in my blind on Chesapeake Bay, and see him perched on the tallest tree by the neighboring shore, listening for the report of my breech-loader, and looking if I have struck down some noble "canvas back," to fall dead beyond the reach of my recovery. In the event I do not have to wait long, (his eye is more unerring than mine;) he launches himself at once, and only avoiding the spot from whence the fatal shot was fired, is over the duck with almost the speed of thought, poises a moment, then grasps the object by the neck, carries it back to his accustomed perch, where in sight of my eyes and almost in sound of my curses, he picks its bones." Turning to Abrams, our country guide, I asked if the eagle frequented the neighborhood, and if so where was his mate, for you rarely see a solitary eagle in an out of the way place. In reply, he said:—

"There were a pair of eagles here in the spring; in fact that pair had been around the neighborhood a good many years, and had their nest always in the big woods you see on your left. Well, we got kind of used to those eagles, and I liked to see them sailing around even if they did sometimes pick up something they oughtn't to. But one day last spring the eagle you saw just now lost his mate, and we lost our old white tom cat, that we set great store by, at the same time.

"I'll tell you how it happened. The spring had been a very cold one, snowing and raining almost every day, and

freezing hard at nights. We had our sheep under shelter, a long pen with a sloping roof, thatched with straw, but the weather was so severe that when the early lambs came they froze to death as soon as they were dropped. In throwing out the first dead lamb it happened by accident to fall upon the sloping roof; but it didn't stay there long I can tell you. Those eagles were about every day and were mighty hungry. I had hardly got away from the stock yard, when one of them came out of the sky like a flash of lightning, and picked up that dead lamb before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' I was rather glad she (for it was the female, you can tell that by the greater size), took off the lamb, for it would save me the trouble of burying it when the warm weather came. As the other lambs died, and there were a good many of them, we threw them on the roof, knowing the eagles would soon carry them away. At last the weather grew warmer, and no more lambs died. Still the eagles paid us daily visits as usual, for they seemed to like 'spring lamb' as well as city folks, even if it was a *little off*. I had just come out of the door one sun-shiney morning, and saw the eagle sweep out of the woods, then suddenly turn in her flight, directing her course towards the sheep pen, as she had often done before. Aha, I said to myself, no 'lamb chops' for you; but swifter than my thought, she dashed down, and before I had even time to wonder, the whole thing was out. Our old white tom cat had gone on the sloping roof to rest himself, after a night's mousing or courting, and lay there all unconscious of danger, stretched out in the sun. Of course the eagle had gone for another lamb. She only woke up a small lion. I tell you there were fur and feathers at once. With a terrific scream, the eagle struggled to rise in the air, her claws planted deep in old tom's stomach. With a horrible squall she surprised and infuriated cat clawed and scratched, and drove her fangs in the eagle's neck. The screams of the one and the squalls of the other, were something frightful. The feathers drifted one way and the fur floated another, as the eagle bore the cat higher and higher in the air. But it didn't last long, that fight. Like a rough and tumble fight, something is bound to happen soon, and it did happen sooner than it has taken me to tell it. A hundred yards in the air, the cat had given the eagle a fatal bite. In a moment her head drooped, her wings collapsed, and swifter than they had ascended they fell together on the frozen ground. When I reached the spot they both lay dead in a sort of fatal embrace; the force of the fall had killed the cat and he had killed the eagle. And that you see is how that eagle lost his mate, and how we lost our old white tom cat.

CANVAS BACK.

BASS IN TROUT WATERS.

HONEOYE FALLS, September 10th, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Since the publication of my article in which I placed the plebian bull-head next to the lordly trout as a profitable fresh water table fish, I have been expecting some one to take up the gauntlet thus thrown down, in order that we might have this subject well ventilated, but as no one has seemingly cared to break a lance in any such tournament as that, I have concluded to try again. First, to correctly define my position, I will say, in all that I have ever written upon fish, the question of *profit* is the one ever uppermost, for, as is well known, fish breeding is my business, and although I love it, it is not my pleasure. With the sport of angling, which has so many enthusiastic votaries, and whose able pens so well recount and describe its pleasures in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, I do not propose to interfere; but having paid some attention to the increase and profitableness of many of our fresh-water fish, I will give my opinions always as a fish culturist and not as a sportsman.

In your issue of September 4th, "Piscator" enters his protest against the indiscriminate introduction of all kinds of predatory fish into the waters of the State, and especially the introduction of bass in trout waters.

No doubt but what the Commissioners believe they were right in putting bass in the Racquette, but with all deference to those gentlemen, to whom the State of New York owes much for their invaluable services, I am among those who think that they made a serious blunder in this matter, and will be glad to hear from the other side of the question and be set right, if wrong, as the truth in these matters is of far more value than any man's "ideas."

One of the reasons given at the time that the bass were put in, was that the trout were being exterminated, and consequently but little fishing was done there compared with former years, and that the bass would be more valuable to the inhabitants of that region than the trout (?), that there would be ten pounds of bass to one of trout, and so the people could have plenty of fish all the year round; also, that the pleasure of a few sportsmen who visited that region for a few months in the year was not to be put in comparison with this; all of which would be very good if it were not for the fact that those transient sportsmen whom the few trout lured farther into the wilderness than any amount of black bass could ever do, employed the people as guides, boarded with them, were transported by them, and left money enough there in those few months to support them the rest of the year, and in this way more than compensated them for any difference in the number of pounds of fish. The Commissioners refer to this matter in their report for 1872. They say:

"Some species live on the product of vegetable matter, being the harvesters of the fields of the sea, in which there is a yearly growth of this nutritious food of an amount rarely estimated.

"Of these species a few, such as the whitefish and suckers, are themselves fit for human food, but they are principally useful as furnishing the support of more desirable varieties. On the land grain and grass are grown to feed cattle, which are again converted into butcher's meat for the human race. In the water the same course may be pursued, or it may be carried one step further. Analogous to the system of tillage by plowing in clover for manure, the product of water vegetables may be consumed by crustaceous and inferior fish, which again may be left as prey to larger and more marketable kinds. While on this analogy, it may be suggested that rotation of crops may be as advantageously introduced in pisciculture as in agriculture. In a portion of France where the land is low, and can be overflowed at pleasure by a system of dyking, crops of grain and cels are alternated, the latter being the more profitable; but this is only the germ of the true principle. When one sort of root or grain or vegetable is repeated on the same land it is found that the soil is exhausted of its food, while its enemies are augmented in number. Identically the same thing occurs with fish that are kept in one locality. They use up their food and increase the list of their foes.

"So soon as this happens they suffer, and should be supplanted by a different species, living on different food, and having a totally different class of enemies. Wherever this has been done the effect has been surprising, the new species increasing enormously for the first few years, and then meeting the same fate as their predecessors.

"It was on this theory that your Commissioners acted in introducing black bass into some of the lakes in the wilderness of this State which were once inhabited by speckled trout, but which have long since been practically depopulated, and a similar benefit is confidently predicted."

This theory is very plausible, but let us see how it is supported by fact. In the first place, it is hardly fair to compare the culture of fish to that of grain, or reason from analogy when the objects are not analogous; but to dig right into the case, what are the enemies of trout? Loons, kingfishers, wading birds, mink, otters, man, parasites, &c. And are they not all the enemies of bass as well? And concerning the question of food, are not both fish piscivorous and insectivorous in about an equal degree? What article of food does the trout consume that the bass will refuse? And where has this been tried with such surprising effect?

If the Commissioners, acting on this "theory," had stocked these waters with whitefish, siscoes, smelts, or even carp, they would have conferred all the benefits alluded to above without injury to the trout.

It would be as well before closing this article, to look at this "theory" a little.

The waters of the Adirondaeks have been the home of trout perhaps hundreds or even thousands of years, and when the white man first came they were swarming with them; they have been decreasing perhaps twenty years, certainly not more; and is this attributable to the failure or exhaustion of their food supply? If so, it is singular, as the insect breeding woods still remain, and the waters are undiminished. The fact is that there is more fishing out of season than there should be; the demand in the cities has stimulated those inhabitants for whose benefit the bass were put in to catch trout in the winter, when the weather will permit them to be transported, and a false taste among monied parvenus who will buy them out of season encourages it.

The last two winters I have seen the fish stands in Albany filled with them in January and February, and two years ago, while there, I called on several sportsmen and tried to stir them up about it. They, however, did not take any action in the matter, and so Albany is well supplied with brook trout all winter.

This is the real reason why the trout are decreasing; and while I disagree with the Commissioners about their using up their food, I fully concur with them that one enemy at least has increased, and that one is *man*.

FRED. MATHER.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.

TREMPELAU CO., WIS., September 13, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Remarkable are the powers of locomotion. I have been shooting chickens for the last two days in Trempe lau Co., Wisconsin, with an enthusiastic English friend, who, disgusted with the opening of the season in Argylishire, absolutely packed up guns, sporting rig, and all, and with a dog, took steamer from Liverpool on the 14th of August, and on the 8th of this month telegraphed me in La Crosse from Chicago, something to this effect: "A dog, a gun, and a man lost in Chicago. Please provide for me." An hour later I should have missed his telegram. Two days ago my friend made his appearance, and we have been hard at work ever since. Last year I had left a brace of dogs with a farmer friend of mine in the neighborhood, and was delighted with the excellent training they had gone through. Nothing could have been more amusing than their conduct towards their green English cousin, a fine specimen of the English pointer. I prefer very much open prairie shooting, and rarely follow the birds into the corn ridges, and both my dogs had been taught to jump occasionally clear up out of the high grass to show themselves. The English dog seemed at first fairly amazed at this performance, but whether from force of example or not, yesterday, having got over his astonishment, we were both surprised to see him make one or two futile attempts of the same character. Yesterday evening, however, we withdrew him from action. His long travel must have made him footsore, and not understanding how to manage the tough resinous grass, he cut himself a great deal. His performances were, however, in the highest degree creditable, and the methodical way in which he worked up every foot of ground, showed his admirable training. I am pleased to say that Lioa is to

end his days in this country, and some day I trust to inform you of the good deeds of his offspring.

My English friend used a gun I have never yet seen in the United States, Mercott's breech-loader, which has no hammers. Its shooting was admirable, and its mechanism simplicity itself. I had a Purdy C. F., 12 bore, bought for me by my friend, and I have been delighted with its performance. I somewhat surprised my companion by the weight of shot and charge of powder I used. Chicken shooting and the characteristics of the bird, I need not describe, as I suppose most of your readers are familiar with it. I think birds are getting more shy, and less plenty every year, even in this neighborhood. Our bag has been however, remarkably fair. Yesterday was our best day, my English friend taking to it naturally, and dropping his birds in splendid style. To day birds have not been quite as plenty. Our total for the two days has been thirty-seven and a half brace. Birds in tip-top order, with a fair proportion of old birds. Grass thicker and tougher than I have seen for some years. My English friend says that he is very certain that the condition of the game in the old country must bring over here a number of English sportsmen. Perhaps I may induce him to drop you a line giving you an Englishman's experience in the field. He is inclined to think that English shooting theory is all very fair, but that in some respects American practice is quite as good. Strange to say, he is enthusiastic over my dogs, and well he may be. What higher compliment could he pay them than by wanting to take a six months puppy of mine, born and bred within six miles of where I am writing this, back with him to old England. He says our dogs have a toughness and rapidity of gait which might be useful in England. This is rather a letter about dogs than birds.

T. S.

AMERICA'S GAME AND FISH SUPERIOR TO THOSE OF EUROPE.

A PARTRIDGE, fat and tender, is as good as a mushroom. Truffles do not improve woodcock. The birds can afford to go it on their own hook without any assistance whatever. So with such fish as the pompano, the mountain trout, the Jack salmon and the shad. They are able to stand alone. Over here they don't stand at all. Their best fish is the crawfish and the snail, for the lobster is indigenous everywhere, and is not to be counted in the list at all. They know nothing of the soft-shell crab, of the terrapin, or of the oyster as a cookable viand. Their turbot will not compare with our halibut, nor their sole with our shad. The English white-bait is simply a minnow, and only a trifle better than a smelt. In soups, which is a thing of condiments, they do excel us. As a general rule their service is neater than ours. But you can give, on a few hours' notice, a better dinner at the St. Nicholas, in Cincinnati, or at Rufer's, in Louisville, wines included, than you can give in Paris, at the Café Anglais, or in London at the Burlington. The American prices will range somewhat higher, certainly. But we pay high duties on wine, and it is there that the figures will chiefly tell in the bill. Not much difference will be found as to the dishes.

A word or two about these prices. To be sure, there is considerable art in ordering a dinner, involving both a knowledge of the French language and a knowledge of the particular restaurant where you are dining. The American who understands neither may expect to pay thirty per cent. more than other people who do. Ignorance of every sort, and all over the world, has to be paid for. But, at the best, he who expects to dine like a swell must also expect to settle like a swell. I have never heard of a good, first-class cheap dinner in Paris. At the Diner de Paris, where they charge you six francs (\$1 50 in greenbacks), the food is all messed, and the wine is sour. There is no thoroughly good *table d'hôte* at a fixed price in Paris. When you order *à la carte*, you will have to take the consequences, and \$3 or \$4 a head will secure a square, well-served meal—not gorgeous or elaborate—and that is all. It is sheer nonsense to talk about cheapness. If one is to live like a nabob he must fetch plenty of money with him and spend it freely.—H. W. to Louisville Courier-Journal.

—What is the difference between an angler and a dunce? One baits his hook; the other hates his book.

—A good many people have expressed the belief that Professor Wise is half crazy, but according to last accounts he isn't by any means as *flighty* as he was.

—They are building snow sheds, Rocky Mountain fashion, at the Cobequid Mountains, in Nova Scotia, on the line of the Intercolonial Railroad.

—Prolific copper mines have lately been discovered at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and new coal veins about four miles from Port Hood, Cape Breton.

—The Blooming Grove Park Association has been presented with four deer, six English pheasants, and two geese, from the estate of John Magee, Watkins, New York.

—In Smileytown, Kentucky, a watermelon has been found without any vine. It grew directly from the roots within one inch of the ground. The seed was brought from Nicaragua.

—It is stated that in all the country between the valley of Truekee and that of Salt Lake, a distance of nearly 600 miles, there lived, when the Central Pacific Railroad was commenced, but one white man. Its civilized population is now nearly 100,000.

—San Francisco institutions are especially flourishing. The population is estimated by Mr. Langley to be 188,000, of whom 12,000 are Chinese, leaving 176,000 liable to make deposits, which now aggregate \$43,731,223. This gives a depositary representation of \$248.50 to every individual in the community, and is far in excess of any other portion of the globe. The number of actual depositors being 49,805, the average to each is \$886.95 gold, equal to \$1,020 currency.

From the Canadian Monthly.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY CHAS. SANGSTER.

THE mocking-bird sits in the old apple tree,
Jovially, jauntily singing;
Who trills a daintier song than he?
With a wilder gush, or a deeper glee,
Fresh from his glad heart springing?
Up steps my passionate oriole,
And sings till you'd think the bird had a soul,
So mellow, and deep, and rich the strain—
Song-mist and sweet showers of music rain.

He has a rare touch of rich humor, too:
Up in the maple perching,
Hiding, and singing a score of songs,
Until the birds appear in throngs,
Each for its own mate searching.
Now like an absolute bird of prey,
Scaring the terrified flock away;
Sudden the flutter, the flight absurd—
Is he not laughing, the jovial bird?

My robin peers out from his cage in the hall,
Strutting, and fluting loudly;
Rapid and clear is his morning call,
Graceful and cheering his madrigal,
Bird never sung more proudly;
Back to the apple tree flies my thrush,
Strikes a fine chord through the calm and hush,
That follows my robin's melodious strain,
And gives him his strophes all back again.

Bobolink whistles his treble note,
Rossignol sings a minute;
Delicate airs up the ether float,
Melody pours from each vocal throat,
Tanager, jay and linnnet.

Let them all flutter in plumage bright,
Warble and sing from morn till night,
Still, my plain mocking-bird there in the tree,
Proves himself master of minstrelsy.

AMPERSAND MOUNTAIN.

A BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

Dr. W. W. Ely, of Rochester, whose valuable map of the Adirondack region is well known and properly appreciated by most sportsmen in this part of the world, has lately addressed a letter to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, which we are conferring a benefit upon our readers in copying. Such emanations from gentlemen "who speak by authority, and not as the scribes," are rare, and ought to be widely circulated and carefully preserved. The Doctor writes in this wise:—

"Those who are familiar with the Saranac lakes and their surroundings will at once recall the position of Ampersand Mountain, lying southeast from the Middle Saranac, or Round Lake, from which its base is about two miles distant. The Stony Creek Mountains, which extend westward from Ampersand, form with it a barrier, which obstructs the view of the higher Adirondack ranges from this central lake and its vicinity.

"Ampersand is one of the lesser mountains of the western range, of which Whiteface, Seward, Sandanona, and Mt. Emmons are the principal peaks. Its altitude has not been ascertained. It may prove to be somewhat lower than Blue Mountain (or Mt. Emmons), whose height is 3,595 feet. Notwithstanding its inferior altitude, being comparatively isolated, its position makes it favorable for observations.

"For general description, we may say that the long axis of the mountain is about three miles east and west, while its base transversely is narrow, so that the slope of the sides is steep, and in many places precipitous walls of rock, scarcely concealed by a sparse growth of evergreens. The outline of the mountain is irregular, the higher part consisting of two rounded peaks, separated by a sharp sag, the eastern peak being the higher. These peaks are traversed by gorges, which, being concealed by trees, are not distinctly seen at a distance. The north side rises from a level forest which separates the base from the Saranac Lakes and river. The south side is made up of parallel ridges, through which the sources of Coldbrook flow eastward, and from this valley other mountains rise abruptly, over which are seen still others in close proximity as far as the eye can reach. At the foot of the western half of Ampersand, south, lies the solitary and picturesque Ampersand Pond, so named from some resemblance to this alphabetic character. On the eastern shore of this pond are the remains of the 'Philosopher's Camp,' a log hut erected many years ago for Agassiz, Lowell, Homes, and others. This spot is sufficiently retired, being five miles in the deep woods, and ten from a base of supplies. It is a gloomy place, and we are not surprised that 'philosophers' of their stamp forsook it for more genial associations.

"From the Valley of Ampersand Pond outlet, running west, and another valley intersecting it running south, rises the majestic Mount Seward, which, with its three grand peaks, is thus visible from crown to base.

"On the north side of Ampersand the lumberman has pushed his way as far as his labor could be made available or profitable. Beyond this the line of the trapper may be seen, while the deer hunter has followed his game still higher along the base of the mountain. But above this there is no evidence that the foot of man had ever trod. In olden times it was ranged by the moose, whence its former name of Moose Mountain, and later the panther and the beaver have enjoyed its rocky recesses undisturbed.

"At Bartlett's 'Sportsman's Home,' between the Upper Saranac and Round Lakes, the mountain is a prominent object. One never tires of watching the contrast, in varying lights, of the dark evergreen with the hardwood foliage of the intervening hills. Here also, clouds and mist, blue haze, and the purple light of the setting sun, may be seen and enjoyed, although certainly not on so grand a scale as in some other parts of this mountain region.

"It is not strange that such an object, habitually seen during visits to the woods, should excite the desire to become more intimately acquainted with it, and with the prospect which might possibly be enjoyed from its summit. Accordingly, last year (1872), a preliminary exploration was made, which, in the time allotted to it, sufficed only to reveal the precipices in the line of the route then selected.

On further consultation with an experienced woodsman, it was determined to make another trial on the opposite side, from near the site of the Philosopher's Camp. This consumed two days, and was rewarded with the discovery of the highest peak, a flat-topped cone, having a surface twenty feet wide and thirty in length, from which the view on both sides was found to be of great extent and interest. Postponing further explorations, for want of time, until the present year, on the 31st of July we ascended the mountain again by the old southern trail, reaching the top at six o'clock P. M. We slept on the summit without shelter, the wind howling wildly over our heads, while drizzling rain towards evening, with a dense fog, seemed as if intended to discourage our efforts. As this visit, however, was intended chiefly to open a path down the north side of the mountain to Round Lake, so that the extended circuit of the southern ascent and its difficulties might be avoided, the unfavorable state of the atmosphere was a hindrance only to sight-seeing. Having previously determined on the course, the path was selected with the aid of the compass, while our men blazed the line and cut out the obstructions. As we were seven hours in making this trail, it may be inferred that it was thoroughly done—two hours now being sufficient for the descent. The trail scarcely deviates from a northwesterly course coming down. It is free from precipices or difficulties of any kind, except those incident to forest paths and steep ascents. It is two miles distant from Bartlett's, and may be reached by boat in half an hour. The mountain may be ascended in three or four hours, returning the same day, or the night may now be spent comfortably on the summit.

"Meeting my friend Dr. William Read of Boston, on the 12th of August, on his return from camping, I informed him what had been done, and of my purpose to clear off the top of the mountain, and erect a shanty for the use of visitors, &c. He at once expressed a desire to join me in the enterprise. We started accordingly on the morning of the 13th, with three men, and pack baskets with blankets, provisions, &c., and reached the top after noon. The day was consumed in building our shanty of logs and bark, which at nine A. M. was in a condition to protect us in case of storm. The next day our Tip Top House was completed, being nicely covered with bark, the chinks filled with moss, so that it subsequently proved a perfect defense against rain. Being nine feet long, with an open front and southeastern outlook, a party of six will find it very comfortable, and, for the woods, an elegant structure of its kind. Our blazing fire at night was seen at different and distant points, and was signalled at Bartlett's by volleys of fire-arms and other demonstrations which the distance prevented us from noticing. Our stalwart and obliging men were now set to work with their axes in all directions—on the edge of precipices, in deep gorges, anywhere—as trees interfered with the prospect. We spent three nights on the mountain, and three days at this work, returning at the close of the fourth day.

"I may here note that on the second day (14th), a well-known gentleman from Boston, and his daughter, made us a visit. We were happy to welcome the first lady to the top of our mountain and the shelter of our shanty. They expressed themselves delighted in the highest degree with the outlook. After finishing our clearing we had an extended horizon, losing only the portions lying in the axis of the mountain east and west. The views on the north and the south sides are entirely different in character. On the south, Ampersand Pond and the whole of Long Lake are the chief visible waters, while innumerable mountains of the loftiest class are seen in all directions, as Seward, Sandanona, Emmons, McIntyre, and other mountains in Keene and North Elba. It is mountains, mountains everywhere. On the north side there is more of the picturesque. In a semi-circle, with a horizon twenty-five miles distant, are also mountains without number, and a vast spread of forest, with lakes and ponds, of which not less than thirty are seen in different directions. Here we look down upon the beautiful valley of the Saranac river, with its hamlets and ponds, down to Franklin Falls; the Lower Saranac and Round Lakes, with all their islands and tributaries; the Upper Saranac Lake also, with Cox's Hotel at the head and Bartlett's Settlement on the outlet, are distinctly visible. The lower half of Tupper's Lake, Mount Morris hiding its southern part, Raquette Pond and the farm buildings near it appear in the west. Big and Little Clear Ponds and St. Regis waters are visible. At the Lower St. Regis Paul Smith's is hidden by trees. Here and there in the forests we notice sparse settlements, and the isolated, solitary dwelling of backwoodsmen. Great swamps, with their sharply defined outlet of trees, look in the distance like farm clearings. Large fire slashes break the continuity of the green woods with their brown, dusky hues. Such a panorama, of which only some general points can be noticed, is well worth the time and labor spent in reaching the summit of Ampersand.

"The Adirondack wilderness, formerly visited by a few adventurous sportsmen, and almost unknown to the people of the State in which it lies, has, within a few years, become one of the most popular resorts for tourists. Hotel accommodations have been multiplied, but they are still scarcely adequate for the demands of visitors during the travelling season. Of the throngs who resort to the woods, but few can enjoy the pursuits of hunting and fishing. Besides, game no longer exists in its former abundance. Sporting must continue to afford less and less inducement to visit the wilderness, and must be superseded by new objects of interest—the climate, the peculiar local institutions, the boating, the rough and salutary exercises and exposures, and the unsurpassed natural scenery will remain. There will ever be wild passes to traverse, and rugged and difficult mountains to climb. The grand mountains of Essex, such as Dix, Marcy, McIntyre, Whiteface, are well known to the tourist. It is believed that the less lofty Ampersand is destined to attract attention as well as the old favorites, now that the way has been opened and the outlook has been tested and approved. The ascent of this mountain requires no deviation from the usual route through the Saranac waters. It may be made an incident of travel, involving but little delay, to those who are passing in or out of the wilderness in this direction. W. W. E.

"Upper Saranac Lake, August 18th."

—On Gringley-on-the-Hill, in Yorkshire, England, a pair of three year old horses were bought about 1864. They have been worked ever since, and the distance they have travelled has considerably exceeded 30,000 miles. They have worn out six sets of carriage wheels, and are going along as merrily to-day as five year olds.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the *Connoisseur* of 1755, there is a portrait of a brave old sportsman of the time of Charles the First. There is a truthfulness, a strength, a fidelity in the way it is rendered, that makes it a picture as vivid as if worked up by the pencil of a Wouvermans or a Terburg:

"In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings; by his quality, son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age; or rather the copy of an ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong, and very active; of a reddish-flaxen hair. His clothes always green cloth, and never a white, when new, five pound.

His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer; and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen; many fish-ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never leveled since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls; and it had a hanting house like a stand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ-church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea, and river fish. And indeed all his neighbors' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports. He was very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, father, or brothers of the manor on his estate, and the men were very welcome to his house; whenever they came they found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty. A house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrowbones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a polecat intermixed; game-keeper's and hunters' poles in great abundance.

The parlor was a large room, as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a little white stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best-choice hunting hawk poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighboring town of Pool supplied him with them.

The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, and on the other the book of martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pleasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes, were not wanting. In the holes of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine; which never came thence but in single glasses; that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie with thick crust, extremely baked.

His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best salt-fish, as well as other fish, he could get; and was the day his neighbors of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my part lies therein.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gullflower in his sack; and had always a tin glass, without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

He lived to be a hundred; never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

A DEFENCE FOR SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—In speaking of scientific education, M. de Quatrefages, President of the French Association for the advancement of science, stated as follows:

"That the devotees of literature accused science of stifling sentiment and imagination; she kills, they say, the ideal and stunts intelligence by imprisoning it within the limits of reality; she is incompatible with poetry. The men who speak thus have never read Kepler the astronomer, Pascal the geometer, Linnæus the naturalist, Buffon the zoologist, Humboldt the universal savant. What! says the President, science stifles sentiment, imagination, she who brings us every hour into the presence of wonders! She lowers intelligence, who touches on all the infinities! When *littérateurs* and poets know science better, they will come and draw from her living fountain. Like Byron of our time, like Homer of yore, they will borrow from her striking imagery, descriptions whose grandeur will be doubled by their truth. Homer was a *savant* for his time. He knew the geography, the anatomy of his era; we find in his verses the names of islands and capes, technical terms like *selacticle* and *scopula*. None the less he wrote the *Iliad*."

The French aeronaut, Pointevin, took up, suspended from his balloon, a spirited horse. As soon as the animal was off the ground, he became as still as though he had been paralyzed, but when he came down and dragged slowly through a cornfield, he bit at the ears of corn, though in a peaceful manner. It is said that a horse, when off his feet, loses his viciousness and puts himself completely under the control of whoever has him in charge, whereupon it is suggested that an aeronaut voyage is a capital manner to tame vicious horses.

Darwin's missing lynx may be found in America.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

No. V.—THE RED CEDAR, (*Juniperus Virginiana*).

"—Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May turn the clod and wheel the compost mould—
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind."

COWPER.

Years ago, the hedge question was considered among the impracticals of the time, something much to be desired, and was then in the years 1835 to 1840, but little known practically, in this country. True, some tolerably good specimens of hedges could be found, but they were of not much account otherwise than giving a clue or specimen of what might be accomplished in the making of the hedge row in later years.

When the subject of the evergreen hedge was brought to the attention of our farmers, particularly in the western country, for the first time, they encountered their disbelief if not direct opposition from those who should have been the very first to have encouraged and readily engaged in the planting of hedges, "in this new thing" entirely. One extensive land owner who was possessed of one of the finest grazing farms in the West, said "we did not know anything about what we were writing about, and if we ever had good tree hedges, we should have to go to the English gardener to produce them." We were led to a very close study of the whole subject of hedges; and much that is valuable in our after acquired knowledge, we frankly confess, was in a great measure owing to this severe rebuff from our old Pennsylvania farmer, with his strong predilection for everything European.

In our investigation of the hedge question at this period, we learned from conversation with men of the first intelligence, and consultations with the most practical English authors, that the idea of any other hedge than the English hawthorn, at that time could scarcely be tolerated. Arbor vitæ now so freely used, was not known as a hedge plant, scarcely at all. Even many attempts to make a good hawthorn hedge proved unsuccessful. This want of success in those early days, we think to have been owing more to neglect and the slovenly treatment accorded to the plant than any inherent quality or defect of the thorn plant; subsequent judicious treatment, having proved it to be easy of cultivation, and a good reliable hedge plant.

The cultivation then bestowed upon the hedge, was next to no cultivation at all; left almost entirely to itself after planting, no wonder the hedge row, once so trim and neat, became the "awful scraggly" and irregular, unsightly row of bushes of all heights; without order or beauty; an eyesore, an offence to every attribute of the beautiful.

An English hawthorn in those days even, was not considered as the pride of the village, the odoriferous sweet blossoming, neatly trimmed avenue of beauty that it became in after years, and of which we shall speak in its due place in our papers on hedges.*

We make these brief remarks upon the hawthorn, as an early, and one of the first hedge plants used in the towns of which we speak, before the days of our evergreens, a continuation to the use of the different kinds of which we now return.

As shelter from the regular cold currents of our winter months has become of so much importance to the husbandman, the agriculturist, florist, and ornamental gardener, we naturally look about for the plants best adapted for this purpose. There are, as we have already shown, several plants well adapted for this purpose, but the cheapest to use, to any extent, is common red cedar. (*Juniperus Virginiana*.) This well known plant is easily grown from the seed, which are produced abundantly, and if properly planted will be large enough for planting out in the hedge row in two years from the planting. By the third or fourth year being a hardy compact plant, it will by this time present quite a firm barrier, as well as a shelter hedge. This plant bears the "shears" or clipping remarkably well; as well as any one of the evergreen hedge plants we have used. Its tendency being of a uniform upright growth, we have seen it growing remarkably well, with but little or no attention at all. It will under any ordinary circumstances make a compact evergreen wall of protection, sending out its evergreen branches even from the very ground. Any one who has carefully noticed the upright, hardy tendency of this red cedar plant, will have observed it to be a remarkably clean and compact growing tree in its natural woods and forests. It should be more extensively used than it has been, for it is a long liver, and one of the best plants that can be used for an outside fence, where cheapness and durability are the chief questions under consideration. The red cedar is found in many portions of our country, and it readily springs up from the berry even in the most arid and unpromising situations. The birds plant a great many trees, and of this cedar berry, they are truly the great planters. We have seen acres of this beautiful tree at all heights and sizes running up like a perfect cone, green, and beautiful to behold, and always commanding our especial attention. From Maine, throughout Massachusetts, all along the Hudson, and on Long Island, may be seen this hardy plant growing profusely, and scattered over a vast extent of field and past-

*There are now in the United States many miles of this kind of hedge, and they have stood the climate well, particularly in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

ure land, as though inviting every thrifty well informed yeoman to make at least one experiment in the cultivation of this valuable adjunct of civilization.

Every one has seen or heard of what in some portions of Long Island, are called "lop fences," made originally in this manner: It being desirable to apportion off a certain portion of the lands, either for pasturage, clearing, or tillage, a row of small trees of white and red oak, sometimes the "scrub oak," was pressed into service and made to do duty as live posts for our line fences. Then the operator with his axe commenced to trim along the side of his future fence, the short undergrowth of shrubs, whortle-bushes, and undergrowth of plants, reserving the small trees of white oak, which were at this stage about the size of hoop poles, for his "lop fence." These latter were then by a slight blow of the axe on one side partially severed, and the top of the sapling bent over about two feet from the ground and tied down in a longitudinal manner, with withes to keep them in position. Aided by a few stakes as further support, the primitive outline of the "lop fence" was initiated. This "lop fence" in after years being the resort of birds of various kinds, who deposited the seeds of the numerous kinds of trees upon which they fed, planted the same along the line of the fence, a large portion of their favorite feeding ground being the red cedar groves and cherry trees of Long Island. Soon our fence became the resting place of the feathered planters, who deposited the seed with a liberal bill the whole length of the "lop fence" line.

Having used to a considerable extent the red cedar, and from careful observation of the growth of this hedge plant in different sections, of our country, we have no hesitation in saying that as a protection, nothing in the nature of an enclosing, strong, permanent hedge, is found superior to the red cedar hedge when rightly planted. Mr. reynard or rabbit, cannot get through this impenetrable, smoothly trimmed green; the field mouse can scarcely find a shelter within it; nor will ox, cow, or horses get through it. Hens and turkeys, those pests, often, of the farm-yard, try it once or twice, and leave it after a few vain attempts to penetrate it, as something they cannot understand.

For a winter screen, this kind of hedge is the *sine qua non*, you can make it compact as you please by sowing the seeds thickly along the row, and then thinning to a desired distance apart. As they grow very straight you have only to keep your eye upon them to have a perfect straight evergreen, true hedge. The element of shelter from the wind is soon obtained from this hedge, and who does not know from experience, how comfortable he feels, on a cold, raw November day, to seek the sunny side of just such a screen.

And then again the long undulating line of beauty to be found in such a well kept hedge is charming. Imagine such a hedge as this upon an uneven surface of landscape, as it rises and falls with hill and vale, in easy natural curves,

"Nature assuming a more lovely face,
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace."

Really there is grace and beauty in the sturdy old hedge, as well as plant power of resistance to the elements, or the encroachments of bird and beast. Then when we add the ornamental elements of beauty and attractiveness, always found in variety around us, we feel a new love of the beautiful within us, if not a desire to make all men appreciate in some higher degree than before, the loveliness of this glorious world that God has called into existence for the pleasure of man.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

†We merely introduce the natural "bird fence," or "lop fence" in this place as an illustration of the hardy, tenacious character of the red cedar as a hedge plant. Many very interesting and highly instructive facts, relating to this kind of fence, and all particulars relating to the same, together with curious and amusing incidents connected with it, will make the subject of a separate paper, upon "lop fences" and their use in a future number of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Magazines.

PERSIAN MANNERS.

The natives of Persia do not recline on cushions, in the luxurious manner of the Turks; but in an erect posture, on thick felt called a *numud*. They have seldom, if ever, fires in their apartments, even in the coldest season, and in order to keep warm, fold themselves in a fur pelisse or a *barounee*, which is a handsome robe of crimson cloth, lined with shawls or velvet. Like other Oriental nations they rise with the sun, and having dressed and said their prayers take a cup of coffee, or perhaps a pipe. They then enter upon the business of the day, if they have any; and, if not, smoke and converse until about eleven o'clock, at which time they usually have breakfast, and then retire into the harem. There they remain until about three o'clock; when they retire to the hall, see company, and finish their business; for with these people the most important affairs are discussed and transacted in public. Between nine and ten the dinner, or the principal meal, is served up. This chiefly consists of *pillows*, and of mutton and fowl, dressed in various ways, of which, however, they eat but moderately. Wine they never taste before company, although in private they are the most notorious drunkards, and invariably drink before they eat. They are passionately fond of tobacco, which they smoke almost incessantly from the moment they rise until it is time for them to retire to rest; it constitutes, indeed, the principal source of amusement to a man of fortune; and were it not for his *calcan*, I am at a loss to imagine how he would spend his time. In this respect, indeed, there seems to be something peculiarly inconsistent in the character of the Persians. When without an inducement to exertion, he resigns himself entirely to luxury and ease; and the same person, who with his *calcan* in his mouth, would appear to pass the day in a sort of stupor, when roused into action and mounted upon his

horse, will ride for days and nights without intermission. Hunting and hawking, as well as various gymnastic exercises, are favorite amusements of the Persians. By these means their bodies become hardened and active, and as they are taught to ride from their youth, they manage their horses with great boldness and address. They frequently use the warm bath, but seldom change their linen. They are as bold and daring horsemen as I have seen, and delight in showing off their dexterity. One of their great amusements is shooting from horseback, and they show wonderful skill in thus bringing down ground game at full gallop. This is most remarkable, as they have no idea of shooting at a bird on the wing: indeed never attempt it, but wait until they can get a shot on the ground. They are excessively fond of horses, and, although unsparing of their powers in the field, take much care of them in the stable, where, strange to say, a pig is often kept for their protection, on the supposition that should an evil spirit pass the threshold it will take up its quarters in the soul of a beast so loathsome to the nostrils of a true son of the Prophet, and leave the horse unmolested. Much faith is likewise laid in the efficacy of charms, and the favorite animal of the stable has generally a turquoise, which is held to bring luck, strung to his tail. Oats and hay being almost unknown, the horses are fed on barley and chopped straw, and a course of green fodder in the spring.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

That his sacred majesty of Persia must be somewhat of a wag is evidenced by the following account of one or two illustrations of his love of practical joking. The Shah had invited some Europeans to breakfast and display their skill in skating at one of his country palaces. "His Majesty, surrounded by his court and some of his ministers, stately long-bearded gentlemen, in flowing robes and tall hats, took much interest in it, and highly applauded the performances of the two English engineers in his service. After a time, however, his interest flagged, and urged no doubt by the *espiglerie* inherent in the character of all Persians, he expressed a wish to see his courtiers try their feet on the ice. . . . The dignitaries of the court cast deprecating looks at their sovereign when his wish was made known to them. But the more reluctance they showed, the more the idea seemed to tickle his majesty, and the more he insisted: so the skates were attached to their feet, and they were carried on the ice. I refrain from attempting a description of the scene that ensued; its counterpart might perhaps be imagined by conceiving several Lord Chancellors in their state robes taking their first skating lesson on Virginia Water.

The other incident occurred not long after. The Shah took such a fancy to a portable india-rubber boat, that its owner, one of our officers, who had got it from England with a view to explore some of our rivers, begged, and of course obtained, permission to present it to him. It was at once transported to the palace, and, when inflated, my friend had the honor of paddling royalty about on one of the tanks. The amusement pleased his majesty, and he took to paddling himself; the courtiers followed suit and eventually the King caused a throne to be erected near the bank, in order that he might be at his ease to watch their progress in their new accomplishment. It was probably too slow to afford him satisfaction, for one day he announced that he should like to see how many persons his boat was capable of carrying. Three could sit comfortably in it, but there was room for a dozen, and accordingly a dozen A. D. C.'s and chamberlains, in their handsome shawl dresses and gold brocades, stepped in. Meanwhile, some one in the royal confidence had secretly opened the valves. The boat was shoved off toward the middle of the tank, and as the air escaped, gradually sank lower and lower, and finally disappeared with its gorgeous unsuspecting freight in the water. In a moment there was nothing visible on the surface of the tank but lamb's-wool hats and linen scull caps; for a moment, too, there was silence. Then a dozen shaven heads were seen wagging their tufts and sidelocks, and a dozen mouths and noses were heard puffing, blowing and snorting as the owners struggled slowly to the side. The Shah laughed long and loudly, and was so much pleased with the success of the stratagem, that when his victims emerged, all dripping and crestfallen, before him, he deigned to inquire, what news of the fish? Persians can take a joke as it is meant; and though no doubt the courtiers wished the boat and the donor a speedy descent to the warmer climate, I dare say they all afterward joined in their sovereign's laughter.—*Mounsey's Persia*.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE.—It is some fourteen or fifteen years since I first watched an eagle through a telescope.

Not to go back too far, as I must trust to memory, I was two or three years ago, on the summit of a long-backed solitary hill, 500 or 600 feet high, in the Coimbatore plains of Southern India. There was a light breeze blowing, and I saw an eagle stemming it, on the leeward side of the hill, which was steep. Sometimes he was within (say) fifty yards, and having a good glass at hand, I rested it on a stone heap, and watched him. It was frequently possible to see him thus, stationary in a motionless field of view, at an apparent distance of ten or twelve feet. Not a feather quivered: the head was turned from side to side as he scrutinized the hill-side; occasionally a foot was brought up to the beak: the roll of the eye was perceptible: but otherwise he was at rest to all appearance. They may have been quivering, but they looked as steady as those of a stuffed specimen. And here I may observe, that for this appearance to be compatible with an unperceived vibration, the position of rest must have existed alternately with successive excursions, and the time occupied by the latter must have been insignificant as compared with the duration of rest. I find it impossible to accept this explanation, even as a first step, and need not inquire how it would produce the supporting effects. The tail, I should mention, was not at rest. It was frequently feeling, as it were, the passing breeze.

It is to be understood that in the course of the frequent changes of general position, I had the bird under examination from different directions—not always of course so favorably.—*J. Herschel, in Nature*.

—Storm signals are raised on the citadel at Halifax, when notice is given by the Dominion Meteorological Bureau.

—Isn't the sea-serpent likely to prove a boa?

—Was the can-can co-existent with the do-do!

Natural History.

THE GURNARD AS AN EDIBLE FISH.

AMONG the fish that may be classed as edible, but which are entirely neglected here, is the *Sea Robin*, *grunter*, or *gurnard*. This curious, but rather forbidding creature, is, in reality, one of the most delicate morsels that can be laid before an epicure, the flesh being snow-white, firm, and fully as good as that of the *king-fish* or *whiting*. In fact, it would be hard to distinguish them when placed on the table.

In Europe every one of the various kinds of *Trigla*, or gurnard family, is sought after eagerly, and finds a ready sale on the fish-stalls. They have eight or ten kinds of the group there, and we have but six here, all but one different from the European kinds, though belonging to the same family. We shall not attempt to describe all these fish, which resemble each other very much in all but the color. They all have large heads, sheathed with rough, bony plates, and armed with many acute points, and their dorsal fin has also several sharp, thorny rays. These prickles are all erected by the fish when taken alive, and they inflict painful, though not, as many say, a poisonous wound. The broad mouth is furnished with rough, but not sharp teeth, the pectoral fins in most of the species are very long, and can be expanded like a fan, whence they are sometimes called *flying-fish* and *butterfly fish*. It is doubtful, however, whether they can actually fly like a flying-fish; but they have been said to skip from wave to wave, a peculiarity often alluded to by *habientic* poets.

They also emit a grunting sound, which can be distinctly heard in still weather while lying at anchor on a shallow, which they frequent. At such a time the sound resembles the distant lowing of kine. When freshly taken from the water they grunt quite loudly, whence their popular name of *grunter* or *cuckoo fish*.

The gurnards live on crabs and delicate fresh food, taking all such baits readily, on a clean bottom, and they sometimes annoy fishermen lugely by their voracity. They play well on the hook, and a large one tugging at a rod is often supposed to be a game fish and a prize, till the ugly sea robin, with his spiky helmet, shows himself at the surface.

The gurnards of our coasts do not reach a large size, at least we have but rarely seen any that weighed over a pound, while in Europe some of the species, such as the Tub fish (*Trigla hirundo*) has been found, weighing eleven pounds, and those of seven or eight are common. The red gurnard or rotchet (*T. cuculus*) and the piper (*T. lyra*) reach three or four pounds, averaging about two, while the other European kinds resemble ours as to size.

Small as our species are, they are not the less delicate when cooked, and we have often verified this fact.

They are sold in England by the number, and not by weight, for their large heads are inedible, while they add, perhaps, one-quarter to their weight.

The English fishermen take them almost everywhere along the coast in large trawl nets, constructed for their capture, though other bottom fish may find their way into the net. These trawls are generally twelve or sixteen feet wide at the mouth, with a bag proportioned to their beam, which has one or two labyrinths like a fyke net inside. The trawl is managed from a large sail-boat with a block and tackle, and is hauled in water as deep as eight or ten fathoms.

We do not recommend this special fishery to our coast fishermen, as our gurnards are small; but wish only to call attention to the edible qualities of this generally despised fish.

Piscator (the anonymous author of the *Practical Angler*), in his excellent little treatise, entitled "Fish; How to Choose and How to Dress," published in 1843, says of the gurnard, that their flesh is "white, exceedingly firm, and shells out into snowy flakes, and is of a remarkably agreeable flavor, and that they keep well." He recommends them to be boiled—that is, the large ones—while the small ones may be split and fried.

We have no popular names for each of the species that are found in our waters. All are called *sea robins*, *flying-fish*, *grunters*, &c.

The *Trigla cuculus* is the only one of the genus enumerated by Professor Theodore Gill, in his catalogue of the "Fishes of the Eastern Coast of North America, &c." This one may be the same as the European species, but a closer comparison of them is needed before this can be affirmed. This is the true *sea robin*, being the only one that is red like its feathery and distant relative. The other species of *Trigla* named in the above catalogue belong to the genus *Prionotus*, but the distinction is a slight one. Of these Gill names five species, which it would be useless to quote here.

Having drawn attention to this first as one that deserves a place on our tables, we leave his fate hereafter to the tender care of a good cook and a discerning palate.

J. C. BREVOORT.

THE SEAL A GOURMAND.—If the sense of smell is exceedingly acute in the seal his taste for food may be judged by the keenness with which he relishes his food. "The mouth of the greatest gourmand," says Cuvier, "never waters more at the prospect of a rich repast than of the seal when in expectation of its common sustenance. A copious saliva fills and flows from its mouth during deglutition, and not less so the moment the seal perceives its prey."

FISH PROTECTION IN CHINA.—What a good people the Chinese are. If they do roast a missionary occasionally, they preserve the fish laws. Let us have some mandarins at the head of our Fish Commissions. Listen to the worthy actions of the Chinese in regard to fish:—

Some 1222 years before the christian era, an Emperor of China had expressed a desire to go a-fishing with his consort. It was then the fourth moon—the spawning season. One of his chief ministers, rejoicing in the name of Tchangsyppe, threw himself on his knees before his majesty, and showed him that by carrying out his proposal he would violate one of the most important laws of the kingdom, and would have heavy accounts to render to history for setting the example which might cause the ruin of the public resources of food in the shape of fish. "You are right," answered the emperor; "lie to whom heaven has confided the Government of a people must conform to the laws of the country and watch over the interests of his subjects, otherwise he is not fit to reign." Another emperor had set out fishing once during the close time in one of the ponds belonging to the place, when one of his councillors, named Lyke, came quietly up and cut the net in pieces before his astonished sovereign's eyes, explaining, in answer to the imperial threats and angry demands for his reason for so acting, that he was merely fulfilling the duties imposed on him by the law. This brave minister, we need hardly add, was, of course, richly rewarded by the erring but repentant emperor.

SNAKES SWALLOWING THEIR YOUNG.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writes as follows:

When about twelve years of age, I met a small snake about two feet long, on a dusty road in Central New York, whose singular motions at my approach attracted my attention. When within a few feet of it, I discovered four little ones, five or six inches long, hurrying towards the large one, and one by one disappearing in its widely opened jaws. The old snake then attempted escape, running toward the side of the road, by which ran a small brook. My curiosity being excited, I killed the reptile, and cutting it open found the little ones coiled up in some kind of cavity, (I cannot say what, for at that age few boys have much idea of anatomy.) The little fellows being thus rudely turned out attempted to effect a hasty escape. I am not certain whether it was an ordinary striped or a water snake.

—The Hon. Thomas James Bernard, member of the Council, has related to me a very curious fact of the yellow snake. Lately his laborers in the Pedro mountain district, St. Ann's, killed a yellow snake containing some ten or twelve *groun* young ones varying from eight to ten inches in length. The negroes expressed their surprise at this circumstance, because they knew that this boa produced its young from eggs. A phenomenon like this was well calculated to call forth from negroes their usual 'golly' of surprise, but it should have excited in intelligent observers and professional naturalists some other idea than that snakes have a 'local option' in bringing forth their young, by eggs hatched in the ground, or by incubation, or by 'bearing them alive.' Mr. Hill timidly ventures the remark, 'Is this to be received as a case of snakes that retire upon alarm into the mouth and stomach of the parent?' It is stated of the rattlesnake in "Hunter's Memoirs of a Captivity among the North American Indians," that, when alarmed, the young ones, which are generally eight or ten in number, retreat into the mouth of the parent, and reappear on its giving a contractile muscular token that the danger is past. Credible eye-witnesses say the same of the European viper. (See Charlesworth's *Mag. Nat. His.*, Vol. I., new series, 1837, p. 441.)

KATONAH, WESTCHESTER CO., September 11, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Yesterday, when walking through my fields, I was attracted by the vigorous barking of my dog, and noticed that a huge frog was exciting his ire. Calling the dog off I secured the frog, and taking it by the leg, was about carrying it to a pond in the place, when I observed something hanging from his mouth. Taking what seemed to me to be the tail of some creature, between my fingers, from out of his mouth, I extracted a very large field mouse, fully three inches long. I was not before aware that frogs would prey on mice.

Seeing Professor Goode Brown's inquiries in regard to snakes swallowing their young, I beg to add that, two years ago, while picking berries, I observed a black snake, fully four feet long, near me, which on my approach made for the bushes. With a stick in one hand, the other engaged in picking berries, I kept on at my occupation, when suddenly the snake made a dash at me. Expecting an attack, I struck at her as she sprung, and with a blow of my stick, almost cut her in two. Imagine my surprise when I saw five or six small snakes, about as large as rye straws, inside of her. They presently emerged from the body of the snake, and took to the grass. I killed two, but the rest being quietly, escaped.

Yours very truly,

J. W. A.

—A new and important fact in silk culture has been developed by the Acclimation Society of France, namely: That silk of varied color can be produced by feeding the silkworm on different leaves. Worms fed on vine leaves produce a silk of magnificent red color. Lettuce has been found to produce an emerald-green colored silk. Of course, then, if fed on the leaves of the indigo plant the product would be indigo blue.

—A farmer in Washington county, Ky., has found a practical use for a snake. For two years he has had one shut up in his corn-crib, and during all that time not a live mouse has been seen there.

—A man in Fayette county, Pa., while gathering blackberries, heard a rattlesnake's peculiar note of warning, and looked around on all sides before discovering that he was standing with both feet on the reptile, but so close to its head that it could not bite him.

—In Ireland, with less than 5,400,000 inhabitants, the two shillings licence duty was paid in 1872 on 290,796 dogs. The British government will not object to the continuance of this grievous tale so long as the Treasury is benefitted by this tax on a nation of wags.

—Lester B. Platt, a Yale divinity student, who has been spending his vacation on the western plains, accepted an invitation to hunt with the Pawnees, and was with them when they were attacked by the Sioux recently on the plains and so many of them slaughtered. Platt fought bravely, but was captured. He wore the Pawnee dress, and would have been scalped, but the Sioux chief forbade it, and, pointing to the Republican river, bade him run for his life. He did, and saved it.

The Kennel.

THE FOX-HOUND.—The fox-hound, of all dogs used in the field, is by far the most numerous. It is generally supposed that the modern fox-hound derives its origin from the old English hound, and its various points of perfection from judicious crosses with other breeds. There are various breeds of dogs which are remarkable for the great development of some peculiar faculty—such as speed in the greyhound, courage in the bull-dog, delicacy of scent in the bloodhound, sagacity in the poodle, &c., so when a breed of dogs begins to fail in any of these points the fault is amended by the introduction of a dog belonging to the breed which exhibits the needful quality in greatest perfection. The fox-hound has not only the greatest sagacity and the most refined powers of scrutiny, but is far superior in bottom and stoutness to any other breed of the hound race. Only consider the immense distance a hound travels over during the many hours that he is frequently absent from home. The country he travels over is generally of the very roughest description, such as sharp rocks, scrub-oak, brambles, &c., and he frequently takes to the water. For the authenticity of the following anecdote we think we may safely vouch:—"Mr. Phillips, of Bergen Point, has a singularly fine old dog. He had been hunting with a friend of his in New Jersey, and the hound had been running a dog-fox nearly all day, when at last the hound turned him toward water; the varmint, instead of taking to water, however, ran up a branch of an old dead tree that was overhanging the stream, the hound waiting a second or two as if undetermined what to do. In an instant he jumped on the but of the tree, and, walking up carefully, the limb snapped, and both fox and dog fell into the water. Now came the struggle for life. The hound rose to the surface first, and immediately espied the fox, who was swimming for dear life to the other side; the hound turned on the fox, both going down together. The hound again rose first to the surface, and once more, making a kind of leap in the water, seized the fox by the back of the neck, and held him there until he had absolutely drowned him, and then swam ashore, bringing the dead fox with him, to the utter astonishment of Mr. Phillips and his friend, who witnessed this curious scene from the shore." The best breed for fox-shooting is the English fox-hound, crossed with the American hound. The English-bred hound is too delicate. The ground you ride over and the ground you shoot over are totally different. The English dog is too finely bred to suit our rocky ground; its pace is too fast, as, unless it runs in the open, it is apt to overrun the scent. A dog running at thirty miles an hour cannot be expected to hold the scent as strongly as one running at fifteen miles an hour. The speed which can be attained by fox-hounds may be estimated from the well-known match which took place upon the Beacon course at Newmarket, England. The length of the course is four miles and 352 yards, and this distance was run by the winning dog, Bluecap, in eight minutes and a few seconds. The famous racehorse Flying Childers, in running over the same ground, was little more than half a minute ahead of the hound. Now, if we compare the dimensions of the horse and the hound we shall form a tolerably accurate idea of the extraordinary speed to which the latter animal can attain. In the match no less than sixty horses started, together with the competitors, but of the sixty only twelve were with the dogs at the end of this short run. The English hound is of the utmost importance to our fox-shooting friends, as what they require in a hound is a good nose, hard feet, padded with a thick sole, strong propelling powers behind, and more endurance than excessive speed, not forgetting a musical tongue, which can only be attained by the cross of the American hound with the English. As there has been so much breeding "in-and-in," and very little fresh stock imported, the fox-hound is sadly deteriorating, as we only hear of a few instances of fresh blood. In the South they have some splendid new blood, which they have crossed with the southern fox-hound, and have produced the perfection of a hound for their purposes. The best breeds of fox-hounds in the North are owned in Buffalo; Guernsey county, Ohio; Mr. Taylor's Connecticut farm; the Leatherstocking Club, of Oswego; and the Blooming Grove Park Association. The latter have two bitches, crossed by a Connecticut dog, and the whelps, if properly trained, will undoubtedly come as near perfection as possible.

—There is a knowing dog (and a "yaller" one at that) in Washington who complies with the letter, but not exactly with the spirit, of the law in relation to muzzling canines during the dog days. He is never without a muzzle, but instead of wearing it strapped over his nose, as other dogs do, he carries it in his mouth, and is never seen on the street without it. When he halts to rest he drops it between his fore legs, but whenever he starts he picks it up and jogs along quietly, looking as if he would say to all policemen, "I am a law-abiding Tray; as you see, I have a muzzle; so please don't molest me." When he is at home he deposits his muzzle in his kennel, but whenever he is going out walking with his master or any of the family he goes regularly and gets his muzzle, and it is never necessary to remind him of it. Smart dog that. He is a good-natured old fellow, too, and doesn't bark like Kelly's now famous cur. He don't belong to that breed of dogs.—*Washington Star*.

—We weighed a day or so ago a puppy, twelve weeks old, a cross between a mastiff and a Pomeranian dog, and he turned the scales at fifty-two pounds. We think this weight is hard to beat.

The Horse and the Course.

TROTTING GAITS.

RUNNING is undoubtedly the horse's natural gait, as it is his swiftest, but for carriage driving, and for the thousand and one business purposes for which the horse is used, trotting horses are far superior, and running horses almost useless. Probably this fact first brought the trotting horse into such universal favor, for, before the use of carriages became general, the gait was almost unknown. Since their introduction, however, it has become the universal gait, so much so, in fact, that even on the race-course it predominates, and a majority of the fall meetings in this country are devoted to trotting matches, with occasional running matches sandwiched in between, just for the excitement of the thing. Besides these two distinct gaits, there are several modifications, to some one of which occasional horses are addicted. Thus Pocahontas, one of the fastest horses this country has ever produced, was a pacer—that is, stepped with fore and hind foot on the same side together, or, as old horsemen generally say, "stepped all on one side." Other nags have a habit of swinging their feet in and out, or racking, giving their bodies a motion something like that of a ship in a heavy swell. Others still have a mixed gait. Some trot squarely with their fore feet and run behind. Others have an uneven step, half way between a trot and a run, the legs neither moving together nor shooting out together at exact intervals. Of this latter class was Flora Temple, who trotted a mile in 2:19½, when tracks were some seconds slower than they are now. All of these gaits, however, are simply imperfect approximations to the trot, the ideal of which is an alternate, accurately-timed stepping; the body swaying neither to the right nor the left, and with the least possible motion up and down. This latter motion is one of the most common faults of the trotting horse, and, when an animal is free from it, he is said to "trot level." Another common failing is a dragging of the hind legs, especially noticeable when the trotting horse begins to tire. As running is the natural gait, most horses take to it without difficulty, and the main differences in the gait are in the length and rapidity of the stride. Most of the great trotters began their trotting education after they were well matured. The record of these best animals also goes to show that, so long as they are sound and their joints limber, they have continued to improve with age, and have done their best work between the ages of ten and fifteen, and generally after they were twelve years old. The cause of this is twofold, and is found in the fact already stated, that the trot is a forced gait, and therefore always susceptible of improvement; and in the other fact that the trotting muscles harden with age and get that steely quality that never tires, and enables the horse to hold his gait through the number of heats needed to win a race.—*Springfield Republican.*

HOW THEY CATCH MUSTANGS.

The editor of the Pleasanton Stock Journal gives the *modus operandi* of capturing wild horses in Texas, which will no doubt prove instructive to many. It will be perceived that all the popular notions in which the lasso and fleet-footed charger play an important part, have little foundation in reality.

As soon as a herd of horses is discovered, the party of hunters divide, one portion striking camp, while the other sets off in pursuit of the herd. The frightened animals go bounding across the prairie through the prickly pear and dense chapparel, leaving a trail which the hunters steadily pursue at an easy gait until they come in sight of the herd, which scampers off as before. These tactics are kept up by pursuers and pursued for days, the mustangs returning to their first starting-point—which they are sure to do—when the camping party takes the place of the tired pursuers and thus follow the herd, until the poor, wearied, half-starved creatures, with swollen and bloodshot eyes, give up the struggle and submit to be driven anywhere. The object of the hunters has been merely to keep close enough to the mustangs to prevent them grazing. Starvation soon brings them to terms, and the prairie monarch, with drooping crest and dejected look, leaves his native wilds henceforth to become the slave of man. That is what hunters call "walking mustangs down."

A remarkable trotting match took place at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, on Thursday last, between Mr. John Miller's bay mare Dollie, and William Kendall's handsome bay horse Spot. The former gentleman's horse was driven by Mr. Scofield, to a light sulky, while Mr. Kendall drove his horse to a Germantown wagon, containing four persons, \$200 having been staked by the latter gentleman against Mr. Miller's \$100. The contest was won by Spot, who is a very large and powerful animal, by about six lengths, completing the distance, one mile, in 3:30, which, considering the great weight he had, must be regarded as very astonishing time. A number of prominent gentlemen were spectators of the race, and were greatly surprised at the result. No similar instance is on record in the world.

A sale of fine horses took place last week at the farm of George C. Hitchcock, Esq., New Preston, Connecticut, conducted by Colonel Barker, of the New York "Tattersals." There was a fair sprinkling of New Yorkers, notably among them "Hark Comstock" and Clarence C. Collins. Mr. Collins bought a pair of geldings for \$600. The amount received for twenty-eight horses was \$10,795. The highest price obtained was \$1,500 for Highland Queen. The lowest \$100, for Highland Maid. The average, \$385 53.

In the last seven months the number of horses exported from England was 1,320, of which 543 went to France. The value was £77,025. In the same period last year the number was 1,888, and the value £104,913. In seven months of 1871 as many as 4,104 horses were exported to France.

FLEETWOOD PARK, September 15.—Sweepstakes \$500; mile heats best 3 in 5, to wagon; owners to drive.
W. Johnson's b. g. Bay Dan..... 2 1 1 2 1
W. Lynch's b. g. Billy Lynch..... 1 2 2 1 2
P. Daley's br. g. Tony Hartman..... 3 3 dist.
O. Murphy's b. s. May Morn..... 4 4 dist.
J. Millane's b. g. Bay John..... Drawn.
Time—2:57½, 2:52½, 2:50, 2:50, 2:51½.

SECOND RACE—Sweepstakes \$500; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagon; owners to drive.
O. Murphy's b. g. Tassy Torney..... 1 1 1
M. Ryan's b. m. Belle Jones..... 2 2 2
J. Ryan's s. m. Lady Ryan..... Drawn.
Time—3:04, 3:00, 2:56½.

The regular fall meeting of the Fleetwood Association began on the 15th. The premiums are liberal, and the entries embrace some of the best blood of the trotting horses of the country.

Robert Bonner's famous stallion Startle again appeared on the track September 13th, and trotted three-quarters of a mile in 1:43, which is the fastest time ever made on the track.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., September 15th.—The unfinished trotting race of September 13th, for a purse of \$500 for horses that had never beaten three minutes, best 3 in 5, was completed to-day. At the time of postponement eight heats had been trotted, and three more were required to arrive at a result. Eleven heats in a race of this character is very remarkable. Ben Wilson's brown mare Carrie at last proved the winner.

PHILADELPHIA, September 11th. The sport commenced with the unfinished 2:33 race, postponed from the evening before. Purse for \$2,000; for horses that had never beaten 2:33. Mile heats, best three in five in harness; \$1,000 for the first. There were thirteen entries. Five horses were distanced. J. K. Leavitt's Star won. Time 2:33, 2:34; 2:30½. The first race on the regular programme was a purse of \$3,000, for horses that never trotted better than 2:24, mile heats, best three in five, in harness; \$1,700 to the first. After three exciting heats Crown Prince proved the winner. Thomas Jefferson, Jr., taking second money. Time 2:37½, 2:26½, 2:26½.

Winding up the meeting was the free-for-all purse of \$4,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness; \$2,200 to the first, \$1,200 to the second and \$600 to the third horse. Entered for this was Budd Doble's bay mare Goldsmith Maid, Ben. Mace's bay gelding Sensation, J. J. Bowen's black gelding Camors and A. Goldsmith's black gelding Gloster. Won by Goldsmith Maid in three straight heats. Time 2:22, 2:25½, 2:24.

HARTFORD, Connecticut, September 12th.—The Plainville Park Association closed a very successful fall meeting. There were about 4,000 people present. The weather was fine and the track in fine condition. In the 2:50 race for \$1,000, four heats, Commodore Perry, of Providence, was the winner. Time, 2:39½. In the two 2:29 race, for a purse of \$1,500, four heats, Commodore, of Newburg, N. Y., won. Time, 2:33½. In the free-to-all race, for the \$2,000 purse, four heats, Judge Fullerton won. Time, 2:25.

LEXINGTON, September 12th.—The races of the Kentucky Association were the best during the week. The first race, two mile heats, was won by Wither's entry, Stanford, in 3:40½, making the last mile in 1:40½, and distanced his competitor, Mandarin, in the first heat.

Second race—Colt and filly stakes; two-year-old; \$50 entrance; play or pay; \$250 added; one mile. Three started, and the race was won easily by Robinson's Astral colt, by Asteroid, in 1:44½, being the fastest time for two-year-olds ever made. Letoler came in second, and Lagrange third.

LONDON, September 12th.—This was the fourth and last day of the Doncaster September meeting. The great race of the day was for the Doncaster cup, value 300 sovereigns. Mr. Savile's br. c. Uhlan, 3 years old, was the winner. The b. f. Lillian, 4 years old, belonging to the same gentleman, came in second, and Mr. R. N. Batt's ch. c. Thorn, 3 years old, third. There were five starters. The betting was three to one against Uhlan, three to one against Lillian, and six to four against Thorn.

Athletic Pastimes.

A cricket match was arranged to take place at Hoboken, September 13th, between the second eleven of the Manhattan Club and the first eleven of the Zingari Club. Only five of the Zingari's put in an appearance, so a scratch match was called, Messrs. Rutty and Ronaldson choosing sides. There was no difficulty in selecting two elevens, as a number of the first elevens of the Manhattan and St. George's Clubs were present. Rutty having won the toss, chose Hosford, Lewis, Tilly, Hayward, Oakley and Tucker, of the Manhattans; Green, of the St. George's, and Lendrum, Mooney and Boddy, of the Zingaris. Ronaldson chose Smith and Talbot, of the St. George's; Peters, of the Prospect Park; Parker, of the Staten Island; Lonergan, Bishop, Franklin, and Beattie, of the Manhattans; Orton of the Newark, and Roche, of the Jersey City Clubs.

The game was an exciting one, the batting of Tilly, Hayward, and Oakley on Rutty's side, and Ronaldson and Peters on Ronaldson's side being excellent. The bowling of Hosford and Ronaldson was also worthy of notice. The following is the score:

RUTTY'S SIDE.	
Hosford, c. Ronaldson, b. Lonergan.....	6
Tilly, b. Ronaldson.....	12
Rutty, b. Talbot.....	10
Lewis, st. Lonergan, b. Talbot.....	0
Hayward, b. Ronaldson.....	19
Lendrum hit wicket, b. Talbot.....	4
Mooney, c. Peters, b. Ronaldson.....	6
Oakley, c. Smith, b. Lonergan.....	24
Boddy, run out.....	2
Tucker, not out.....	4
Green, b. Beattie.....	2
Byes, 4; leg byes, 4; wides, 4; no balls, 1.....	13
Total.....	102

RONALDSON'S SIDE.	
Ronaldson, c. Mooney, b. Hosford.....	29
Smith, c. Rutty, b. Mooney.....	5
Peters, b. Hosford.....	7
Talbot, b. Hosford.....	1
Lonergan, c. Boddy, b. Hosford.....	0
Franklin, b. Richardson, b. Hosford.....	0
Bishop, c. Hayward, b. Lewis.....	0
Parker, not out.....	3
Roche, c. Boddy, b. Lewis.....	0
Beattie, c. Rutty, b. Hosford.....	2
Orton, b. Lewis.....	8
Leg byes, 1; wides, 3.....	4
Total.....	59

—The sixth game of the championship series between the Mutuals and Philadelphians was played September 13th, on the Union Grounds in the presence of an immense assemblage. The game was an exceedingly good one and free from errors, the Philadelphians charged with only six and the Mutuals four. A feature of the game was a magnificent running catch by Cuthbert, the equal of which is seldom seen on a ball ground. Holdsworth and Start carried off the honors of the infield for the Mutuals, the latter putting out no less than seventeen men. The Mutuals won, scoring seven to the Philadelphians two.

Captain Thomas Dean, of the thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn, and late drill-master of the Brooklyn Police, is to open a billiard room about the first of November, in the new iron building, corner of Smith and Fulton streets. The room will contain fourteen tables, and surpass in some respects any similar place of resort in the two cities. Mr. Dean is a favorite, and rememorative support has been pledged him by many gentlemen not usually known in billiard circles.

What is the difference between a chime of bells, and a back salary grabber?—One peals from the steeple; the other steals from the people.

Important to sportsmen—The domestic hen is a good setter; so is a grocery loafer.

Motto of the Professional Nines—"Base is the slave that pays."

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

FELIX, Baltimore—Mocking-birds begin to moult the last of July. The moulting season ought not to last more than three weeks, providing the bird is in good condition. If not well cared for, it may take three months before he gets his voice back. Keep birds out of draft, feed with nourishing food, not too plentifully. Bird must have quiet, and not be fretted.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN—Deer abound in McKean and Warren, but not in Forrest. All are good counties for game. No fear of roughs.

CONDOR—Collies can be had in England from three guineas to ten pounds. Unless you have a friend to purchase, it is a risky business. Have tried English dog biscuits and do not like them.

H. R.—Reeves' gren felt is a preparation of gum cotton. The fibre is felted, then treated. In France a similar material made into paper pulp is used. Have tried it and found it excellent. It may, in time, be extensively used. It can be bought here. (See Gloan).

L. D., Brooklyn—The book you want will be published shortly in California, by Carmany & Co. Address them.

W. H. K., Boston—A handy book is Newhouse's Trapper's Guide. The very best is an English work, "Lord and Baines' Shifts and Expedients."

A. A., Boston—Will give the whole subject our best attention next month, with character of game, methods of conveyance, hotels, &c. It is too early yet to go, being decidedly the most unhealthy season of the year in that section.

T. L., Jr.—Chap. XL, Revised Statutes, 1871, §41, says: "No mascalonge, pickerel, pike, sun-fish, or bream, yellow perch, or black bass shall be introduced, by means of the live fish or spawn, to any waters where they do not now severally exist. See fourth number FOREST AND STREAM.

PISCATOR—Will Piscator be good enough to send his address? We and others wish to communicate with him on matters in the interest of science.

GAMMA—You ask how to load an 8 bore breech-loader so as to shoot hardest for brant. Clean and load shells yourself, as follows: Five drachms powder, two felt wads on top, one and a half ounces No. 2 shot; then pasteboard wad on top of powder. Do not drive too hard on shot so as to alter shape of shot. The use of oil in shot tends to lump them.

B. O.—You can get a caribou skin from Kaiser, Granville street, Halifax; cost, \$4 to \$10, according to size.

CALEB—Pilot fish (*Naucrates Ductor*). Facts as to its piloting the shark not fully established.

L. H. & N. U.—One dollar a day and found is what you ought to pay your Indians. You will want not more than four, two for each canoe. Five hundred dollars is ample for the trip.

D. S.—A gun made expressly for pigeon shooting will cost fully \$400 before it reaches you.

X. Z.—English decoys not as good as ours.

ORNITHO—Should think it was the cedar bird, from your description of plumage, yellowish brown, with a darker colored head, and the slaty blue of the wings, most especially from the red waxen tip on the wing, *ampelis cedrorum*. Consult Wilson.

BOYTON—The Gadide family are distinguished by having the ventral fins beneath the pectorals. The cod is of this family.

OVUM—In number four FOREST AND STREAM, you ask if a trout will "go back on its paternity, by eating its eggs." We say yes, not only young males, but females also. Can see the thing often while lying on the covered spawning race watching operations below through the cracks in the boards. Mr. Fred Mather, of Honeoye Falls, informs us that he takes all his spawn on the Ainsworth screens now, and claims that he gets stronger and healthier fish, and though the percentage of impregnation is less than by handling the fish, he claims that he can raise more fish from a thousand eggs laid in the natural manner, than can be done by the hand operation.

[We must again beg correspondents to give us their names, as we will for the future give no replies to any anonymous questions, or return answers by letter. Time too much occupied.]



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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To Correspondents.

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All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible. CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, Sept. 19—Kansas City Association, Mo.—Central Pennsylvania Association, Altoona, Penn.—Winfield Union Fair, Herkimer Co., N. Y.—Agricultural Fair, Bangor, Me.

SATURDAY, Sept. 20—Boat clubs, foot of 133d street, Harlem—East Saginaw Fair, Mich.—Grand Rapids, Fair, Mich.—Kansas City Fair, Kansas City, Mo.

MONDAY, Sept. 22—Topeka Fair, Kansas—Waverly Fair, New Jersey—Milwaukee Fair, Wis.

TUESDAY, Sept. 23—Prospect Park Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.—St. Paul Fair, St. Paul, Minn.—North Adams Fair, Hoosick Valley, Mass.—North Eastern Fair, Waterloo, Ind.—New York Western Fair, Rochester, N. Y.—Pennsylvania Central Fair, Erie, Penn.—Somerset Central Fair, Skowhegan, Me.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 24—Prospect Park Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Albany Agricultural Fair, Albany, N. Y.—Murfreesboro Fair, Central Tennessee.

THURSDAY, Sept. 25—Prospect Park Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.—St. Paul Agricultural Fair, St. Paul, Minn.—Somerset Central Fair, Skowhegan, Me.

A WORD IN SEASON.

TWO very valuable papers the FOREST AND STREAM has given to the public since its birth, both of which relate to regions almost unknown and until recently unexplored by sportsmen. One descriptive of Anticosti Island was concluded in our last number; the other, relative to the Nepigon, remains to be completed. We trust our readers will appreciate their value, and realize that they may at some day not distant, be of practical utility for reference. Through our numerous available channels of information, we are enabled to supply gentlemen sportsmen with an unlimited fund of knowledge pertaining to the shooting and fishing grounds of America, of which most of them have hitherto been ignorant, and we can conscientiously assure our readers that this paper will not reach the climax of its effort and of accorded merit until it is made as indispensable a *sine qua non* to our own people as the London "Field" and "Land and Water" are to the gentlemen of England. In the course of the two coming months we shall be placed in a position to redeem this pledge.

We wish, moreover, to impress upon the public that the material of this paper is made up directly from resources which are tributary to its requirements, and not from matter collected from contemporary journals in the interest of out-door sports. The aid that we have secured from official and semi-official sources, as well as from private contributors, is calculated to make the FOREST AND STREAM an accepted

and reliable authority on most of the subjects that come within its scope. Our subscription list already includes some hundreds of leading naturalists, sportsmen, and "gentlemen in general," most of whom, in sending their favors, affirm that they have never yet been subscribers to any sporting journal (so called), and that this paper exactly meets their views and requirements. Our sole ambition is to merit a continuance of their confidence and approval.

MIGRATIONS OF FISH.

IN Sweden, in 1556, there was a *Land-stotning*. That is, the fish, having emerged from the deeps, appeared in incalculable numbers in the Skargard, and thus continued until 1587, a period of thirty-one years, when they as suddenly absented themselves. During the period of glut, the fisheries are described as having been more productive than at any other on record. Old chroniclers state "that for a space of fifty or sixty miles the shores of the main land, and the adjacent islands, were scattered with euring and salting-houses, many of them two and three stories high, and inhabited by vast multitudes of people who had congregated there from various and distant parts, and whose sole occupation was in connection with the fisheries. That herrings were there so very abundant that thousands of ships came annually from Denmark, Germany, Friesland, Holland, England, and France to purchase fish." This would not seem to be a very exaggerated account, as from the small town of Marstrand alone, no less than 600,000 *tunnor*, or some 2,400,000 bushels were yearly exported.

The disappearance of the fish in 1587, which reduced the fishing people to penury and misery, was, according to the belief of the age, foreboded by the capture of a herring—the queen of the family, as it was supposed—of such enormous size, that two men could with difficulty carry it suspended on a pole! During a space of seventy-three years, the herring appeared again, but in small numbers, when, in 1663, there was another arrival, though not comparable to that of 1556. In 1774 was the last great advent of herring, which lasted until 1804. In 1803, herring again as mysteriously left the coast, and have never again visited it in an overwhelming way. Swedish naturalists, deputed by the Government to account for the absence of the fish at that time, imputed it to various reasons. Among them "to the noise and uproar when the fisheries were flourishing, caused by the tens of thousands of congregated people, which noise, in calm weather, or when the wind was off the land, might be heard miles and miles at sea; the enormous quantity of refuse of all kinds cast out from the curing and boiling-houses into the sea, which on sinking, destroyed all submarine vegetation, and masses of which resembling floating islands, emitting a dreadful stench, which might, at times, be met with far away from land. Though more than half a century has since elapsed, the places where this filth deposited itself in any considerable quantity, are still quite visible, and by the fishermen called *tod-bottnar* or death-spots.

These interesting facts just stated we have compiled from various sources. We have not a very high opinion of the astuteness of the Government naturalists of that day, although as respects one of the causes attributed—that of the putrid offal—it doubtless had a decided effect to diminish the quantity of fish. The chief reasons, probably, were the great destruction of fry and lesser fish by the small size of the meshes of the nets and the use of a drag net of gigantic proportions, which swept the bottom and destroyed all the grass and plants amongst which herrings are accustomed to spawn.

The whole subject of the migration of fishes is most interesting, though their movements are not more mysterious, perhaps, than the migration of deer, buffalo, and other wild animals, only that they are hidden from observation by the unsearchable element in which they live. The whole family of fishes is divided into pursuers and pursued, and the instinctive effort to escape may lead the pursuit to localities far beyond the climatic and natural range of the pursuer. Change of temperature in the water has also its most important effect, and the same organic laws that have made some races of land animals extinct, and driven others far beyond the boundaries of old established haunts, operate equally upon the denizens of the sea. Caprice, too, has something to do with changes of habitat, and we cannot think it more strange that the salmon should desert rivers that it has resorted to for generations than that wolves, deer, or wild turkeys should suddenly disappear in this place and present themselves in that.

Bluefish, and many others both nomadic and stationary, have made an unexpected appearance on our northern coasts from time to time, and we have already remarked in previous numbers of this paper that several species peculiar to equatorial and semi-tropical waters have, within two or three years, been met with here. Perhaps the temperature of the sea is changing in this latitude. As regards pursuit, however, if we could determine the advent of the food fish by the coming and going of the small fry, an important and useful scientific point could be gained; but, as it happens, the shoal of bluefish, herring, or mackerel in salt water, or the whitefish, herring, and salmon-trout of the lakes do not incessantly follow one single shoal of small fry until they have incontinently consumed them. The mood may take the pursuer to suddenly dart off in a different direction after other fry, and so, after following this chase and that for a time indefinite, the haunts that knew them familiarly once may be deserted for a long period of consecutive years, or, possibly, "know them no more forever."

Still, with the most plausible, theoretical accounting for of facts, it does seem singular that these immense shoals of fish, incredible in number and extent, should visit certain points on the seaboard and inland coasts, not periodically, but sporadically; and their advent is always recorded as a marvellous phenomenon of the times. The most extraordinary of these occurrences ever mentioned was witnessed on the southern shore of Lake Superior about the 10th of June, 1870, just off the harbor of Marquette. A letter of that date, in our possession, says:—"The lake was filled by a large body of salmon-trout. They presented a front of *sixty miles*, facing Marquette and extending out into the lake to 'Stannard's Rock,' forty miles distant from shore. A steamer was chartered, and a party of men, women, and children started for the rock; they fished for four hours, and took four hundred trout, weighing from six to forty pounds each. The next week another party started, and in four hours took eight hundred trout, weighing from six to forty pounds each. It was then discovered that there was no use in going such a distance, as the harbor was full of them. I and my youngest son took a yawl and started to try our luck in the harbor. In less than three hours we loaded her down to the water's edge. We had small oars, and rowed with one hand and held the trolling line in the other. We used a spoon. One young man went out in a yawl to see how many he could take, and he caught one hundred and fifty and then gave up."

This is no fish story, but can be authenticated in a hundred ways. The fish filled an area of forty miles by sixty in extent, and were off the harbor of Marquette two weeks. The prevailing winds during the visit of the shoal came from the southwest, with occasional thunder showers.

With regard to the feeding of the trout, it was observed that most of them threw from their stomachs, on being hauled into the boat, from three to four small herring six or eight inches long. The herring were fresh, and seemed to have been taken but a few minutes before the trout were caught. It is possible that this shoal of trout followed a shoal of herring, feeding on them as they travelled south, as that appeared to be the direction in which they were moving. The trout averaged twelve pounds each in weight. There must have been millions of them in the school.

ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL SCIENCE COMMISSION.

A MOST important discussion is now going on in England in regard to the introduction of scientific studies into the Universities, and the report which has been just published is well worthy of our attention. Especial attention is directed to the remarks of Sir Benjamin Brodie, who stated in order to show what a demand there is to-day for scientific laborers of the highest quality, that in England "almost every scientific man is caught up instantly for educational purposes, for the object of teaching alone; and in the next place a very great draft indeed is made upon Science for economical purposes; I mean for purposes connected with practical life. In sanitary matters we have numerous examples of the vast amount of work done by scientific men for public and practical objects. So that the supply of scientific men is not equal to the demand, for those objects alone."

The smattering of science, distributed in small doses over the English University term of instruction, according to Sir W. Thompson, is productive of the smallest possible amount of good. The emulation of the student directed to no special point of research, he fails to see the immense advantages that a more profound knowledge in any particular branch would give him.

Another subject dwelt especially on by the committee is in regard to Fellowships, and the creation of them with some small salary sufficient to give its recipient, if not ease, at least independence, during a course of scientific research. When Mr. Tyndall was in the United States, he told us quite feelingly how hard it was for the man of patient study, the scientist who ought to be for years giving the best days of his life to the elucidation of some fact, to have to eke out his existence through the drudgery of teaching. If advantages of this character, such as Fellowships, are given in Scotland, such does not seem to be the case in England. The foreign methods adopted in the *Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes* are particularly recommended. In regard to it, the Committee state that "the course pursued by this institution is to take young men who have completed their preliminary scientific studies, and allowing them an annual stipend to defray the expenses of their maintenance, to place them under the care of competent professors, who give them assistance and advice in their first researches, and to whom they afterwards become useful. This plan appears to us so excellent in itself, and at the same time so academic in its general character, that we desire to recommend it for adoption at Oxford and Cambridge. To insure due attention to both classes of students, it would be proper that the laboratories intended for training in the methods of research should be distinct from those in which more elementary instruction is given."

There is even, it seems, in conservative England some idea of giving Doctorates of Science, in imitation of the German universities. That there is a grand awakening on this subject of university training is very certain. Slow to move though the English may be, some radical changes are quite likely to be effected.

—On the tip end of "Anthony's Nose," Lake George, appears conspicuously the advertisement of "Vinegar Bitters." Is this a desecration of nature, or is it according to nature, that this infallible sign should thus assert itself?

THE SARATOGA REGATTA.

IF some familiar names known among our amateur oarsmen were wanting in this contest, the race itself was in every respect a model one, and well worthy of putting on record. Aside from the spirited nature of the struggle, there was one excellent element about it, the perfect harmony with which everything went off, and the absence of all strife and bickering. The unpleasant feeling which was manifested in the Springfield race did not occur, and to the conquerors were instantly adjudged their well earned rewards. Such accidents as may arise about stake-boats and buoys, from ignorance of crews, and incompetency of judges, we trust will no longer mar the pleasures of our amateur contests. Saratoga Lake is, perhaps, one of the best waters in the United States for boating contests. Three quarters surrounded by woods, the wind has but very little effect, so that the water is rarely lumpy, and of course influences of currents are unknown. We again have to commend the fact that no gambling was allowed, and that the authorities had combined with the managers of the race to entirely exclude anything like pools. Efforts of this kind are in the highest degree proper, and must tend to elevate the sport to that high position which all gentlemen desire amateur boating should assume in the United States.

There can be no possible grumble at the victory gained by the Messrs. Lamb. They showed themselves thorough oarsmen. It is exactly by meeting rivals of this calibre that true proficiency will be acquired by our own men. Of course our amateur friends will do wisely to profit by the lesson they have received.

With a little more care and judgment by beginners to train our boys at an earlier age to athletic sports, the time will come when we will put our English friends up to their mettle.

WHAT THE GERMANS SAY ABOUT WOOD CUTTING.

THE Germans, who have made a science of arboriculture, with their admirable powers of scientific analysis, have determined pretty exactly how much water is preserved by the soil covered by their forests. They do not, however, indulge only in simple speculations in regard to this self-evident fact, but, in some cases, have brought the calculations down to a question of gallons. From the *Ausland* we translate as follows: "The woods, thicket, and herbage which cover the ground, we all know, hold the rain-water which falls on them. The sole reason for this is, that there is less chance of the water evaporating. The best idea that can be had of what would be the effect of cutting down the woods, would be presented by supposing we denuded the Spessant Mountain of its trees, which mountain rises in the right side of the Mein (Maine) on one side of the valley which divides it from the Odenwald. The cutting of the wood on this single mountain would prevent the formation of a river as large as the Mein before Aschaffenburg, whose flow would be continuous during a period of sixteen days."

Here is shown, in that admirable practical way the Germans have of imparting knowledge, exactly the facts the FOREST AND STREAM is so desirous of making public, in regard to indiscriminate, senseless wood cutting. Data of this character we think are essential, and if reiterated, must at last have their effect on the public mind. Cut down the Adirondack region, and it is no exaggeration to state that the volume of the Hudson will be appreciably diminished.

TRESPASS.

A VERY proper amount of prejudice exists in the United States in regard to the stringency of the English game laws. As was justly remarked by a prominent English statesman, "that miserable animal, the rabbit, has been the cause of more class-hatred in Great Britain than any of the most obnoxious acts passed by Parliament." If Herbert Spencer, in some of his admirable essays, has quite clearly proved that almost all the modern efforts of legislation have been directed towards diminishing the vigorous character of certain laws imposed on us by generations that have gone before, such arguments hardly hold good in this newer country of ours. Game restrictions in England may be sometimes rigorous, extending not only towards the game itself, but taxing pretty roundly those who carry guns; but without advocating any extreme measures we must nevertheless animadvert if not to the singular laxity with which our game laws are administered, at least to the indifference in regard to trespass.

This matter of trespass seems to be now a growing evil, and the cases of individual injury are so frequent that we are in receipt of numerous letters requesting us to use our influence to prevent it. Each year, just about this time, men with guns (not sportsmen) assemble from every quarter of the United States and track the Western corn-fields and prairies in search of the pinnated grouse. They shoot right and left, without leave or license. The farmers of our prairies are as generous a set of men as ever lived, many of them good sportsmen, and, actuated by no dog-in-the-manger motives, are now up in arms at this violation of their grounds. Every year they see their grounds destroyed, their birds slaughtered, and they can find no redress. They ask us what are they to do. Some even go so far as to intimate a desire to take the law in their own hands. Such measures we must deprecate. The redress lies in taking the laws made against trespass out of the civil courts; which is a tedious and ineffective process of law,

and of having cases of trespass tried by the more prompt action of the criminal courts. Privileges to shoot should be considered as property, and might be sold by our Western prairie owners, and without any idea of money being made out of them. With the proceeds of the sale of such licenses men might be employed to guard the grounds, who could prevent trespass. We doubt very much the efficacy of having State officials to attend to these duties, something like the French *garde de chasse*. Such duties could be better undertaken by men paid for this purpose. That trespassing, all over the country, is a growing nuisance is very certain, and that prompt measures for correcting this evil are necessary, is equally evident.

MOCCASINS.

WE have received some letters from friends *en route* for Nova Scotia and the Dominion of Canada, intent on moose and caribou hunting, who are desirous of obtaining some information in regard to moccasins. Such moccasins as we find at Saratoga, are only proper to use in a bed-room. The real hunting moccasins, which can stand any amount of usage are an entirely different thing. There are two kinds of moccasins used in the Canadas, one which may be called the shoe moccasin, low cut, fitted for going over smooth ground, the other coming up higher, proper for rough country, and where brambles are found, and commonly called the shoe-pack. Both kinds should be made of the hide of the caribou. The skin of the caribou contains within itself a great deal of natural oil, is remarkably tough and moderately elastic. The hide should be regularly tanned in oak bark; all preparations containing alum destroys its excellent qualities. The hide of the caribou, especially in the male near the neck, is almost an inch in thickness. The hair itself is very close and curly, looking like grey moss. In tanning, hide and hair should be cured together. In making a pair of moccasin boots, have the sole broad and the heels low, and sew the seams with the sinews of the caribou. Moccasins dipped in the melted fat of the animal makes them almost impervious to snow and water. The boot should by all means have a tongue of caribou hide, not a thin one, but one which will fully cover the instep and ankle. It should invariably be laced with caribou thongs. If a boot of caribou hide is rubbed with the ordinary preparations of tallow and Burgundy pitch or dubbing, it seems to retain such substances longer than any other kind of leather. All village shoemakers in the Provinces can turn out a servicable pair of moccasins, and know how to make a good fit. Never wear high boots in hunting moose or caribou; they make too much noise in those still woods. Besides boots are rapidly worn out, going over the rocky ground, and become soon useless. An excellent sole is made, and a most lasting one, by taking a piece of hide with the hair on, doubling it on the skin side, leaving the hair outside, and then sewing it together. The durability of a sole of this character is remarkable.

In camp when coming home from a wet hunt, never put either boots, shoes, or moccasins too near the fire. It is better to hang them up above your head, and let them dry slowly. The smoke of the camp fire seems to improve them. Sometimes moccasins may be frozen stiff; they must then be completely thawed out, and whilst not too near the fire rub deer fat into them. No one who has hunted in moccasins takes again to the boots or shoes of civilization without regret. In fact nothing can be made more unphilosophical than our boots and shoes, as to their construction. The writer has frequently shot on the prairies, for a whole season, following the grouse over the tough wiry grass, with a single pair of Canadian moccasins, while his companions have worn and cut out two pairs of ordinary hunting shoes in the same time. Perhaps, had the learned Chancellor of England, Erskine, known about moccasins, he might not have said, what Rogers declares he did say on his death-bed, which was: "When that dread hour comes when all our secrets will be shown, then only shall we know the reason why shoes are always made so tight."

AMERICANISMS IN SHAKSPEARE.

FROM Dr. Charles Stearn's clever book on the wisdom and knowledge of Shakspeare we select the following fragments, from a chapter with the above caption. Such fossil words as have remained with us should be treasured. Brought over here three centuries ago, they still defy all attempts to cover them over with the fresher alluvial deposit. We note particularly these that follow:

"Slyly fingered from the deck." 3 Henry, VI. V. I.—A similar use of the word "deck" for a pack of playing cards is common at the present day throughout the Western and Southern States.

"When I cried Ho! like boys in a muss." Antony and Cleopatra, III. 2. Muss is a familiar word to Americans, as meaning a slight brawl, or disturbance.

Then again *flapjack*, is Shakspearian, too, for what do the fishermen say to the ship-wrecked Prince Pericles? "Moreover, puddings and flapjacks," that were promised him. "Flapjacks," are those broad, thin and extemporaneously prepared cakes, now called pancakes, and consecrated in Old England to Shrove Tuesday, but which are yet known in New England by their Shakspearian name. In regard to horses, Dr. Stearns quotes from Macbeth to show that the Mexican *stampede* was not unknown to him. Duncan's horses are said to have "Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, contending 'gainst obedience."

The critic says, "this sort of panic is probably unknown in England at the present day, and could only have hap-

pened in parts of the country comparatively thinly settled. In a newly settled country, stalls for horses are little more than small sheds fenced about with wooden palings. Duncan's horses could not "break" or "fling out," from well built brick stalls. Again of Duncan's horses: "'Tis said they eat each other."

Dr. Stearns states that "this language, used of horses, sounds like poetical exaggeration. Yet it happens to be true. Horses when loose and engaged in deadly conflict with each other, use only their teeth, and aim to get at one another's throats, but never use their heels. They kick only when quarrelling, or if they are tired and hampered in some way."

KILLING A GRIZZLY BEAR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* on the Hayden expedition writes as follows:

"On this beautiful green meadow, all our three divisions encamped. Not that it was wholly destitute before of an occupant and owner. Unmistakable signs in great abundance and freshness showed at once that it was the pasture and play ground of a large bear. To avoid any strife as to the rightful possession, one of the party shot his bear-ship yesterday. It was a good sized grizzly bear, old and tough beyond the average of his kind. His teeth were well worn, one or two of the front ones even giving way and decaying, and his skull was completely ball-proof. He was really killed by the first shot, one of Meigs's explosive bullets taking effect just behind the head and blowing the first cervical vertebra to pieces; but as he stilled moved, two or three solid shots were, by way of precaution, fired through the head, as was supposed, from a good Remington rifle at 30 yards' distance, but they simply flattened against the bone, without penetrating it or leaving a mark. People may look incredulous, but I have in my pocket one of the flattened bullets taken from between the skin and the maxillary arch, and the skull may be examined by any one in the Smithsonian collection next winter."

A gentleman attached to the Hayden expedition has called on us, and on our asking about the flattening of the balls, when fired at this bear, he states that the gun used in this particular case was a light Remington sporting rifle, that it was loaded with the regular army carriage, and that the distance was about fifty yards. He states that the balls struck the bear just where a heavy dense muscle covered the grizzly skull, which muscle was fully four inches thick. The bear weighed 1,000 pounds, and being in prime order, was excellent food. He repudiates all stories of the stabbing a bear with a knife, insisting that the hide is so thick that no steel will penetrate it.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.—The gentlemen named below comprise the United States Fish Commission, whose headquarters are at Peak's Island, Maine. They all serve without any compensation whatever, and pay their own expenses. They give the Government the first choice from the specimens which they collect, and furnish gratuitously all professional services required of them. In return they receive merely the advantages of the outfit and the facilities thereby afforded for collecting. Science is always enthusiastic, generous, self-denying! The names are herewith given:—

Prof. S. T. Baird, Assistant Secretary Smithsonian Inst.
Prof. A. E. Verrill, Professor Zoology, Yale College.
Prof. S. I. Smith, Assistant Prof. Zoology, Yale College.
Prof. J. E. Todd, Professor Zoology, Tabor College, Iowa.
Prof. E. Y. Nelson, Ohio Wesleyan Union, Delaware, Ohio.
Prof. Wm. Rice, Wesleyan Union, Middletown, Conn.
Prof. J. K. Thatcher, Tutor, Yale College.
Mr. J. B. Goode, Curator Museum, Wesleyan, Union Middletown, Conn.
Dr. E. Pulmer, Curator, Smithsonian Institute.
Mr. J. H. Emerton, Artist, Boston Soc. Nat. Hist.
Mr. H. Benner, Student, Yale College.
Mr. H. E. Rockwell, Phonographer, Washington, D. C.
Mr. Spencer Biddle, Philadelphia.
Dr. Scovil, Indiana.
Dr. J. B. Holder, Central Park Museum, New York.

TALL FIGURES.—The sale of the famous New York Mills stock took place on the 10th, three miles from Utica. The origin of the herd was the purchase made by Mr. Samuel Thorne of New York of several animals of the Duchess tribe at the famous sale of Earl Ducie in 1852, which he bought for his father, and for Col. Lewis G. Morris.

Among the English breeders present may be mentioned the Right Hon. Lord Skelmersdale, whose seat is near Liverpool; Mr. Halford, of Papillon Market Harbor; Mr. Calthrope; Mr. Richardson, who represents Sir Curtis Lampson, of Sussex; Mr. Berwick agent for Lord Dunmore, but who buys for Earl Beattie, recently of Lord Kenlis, of Underly Hall, Lancashire, and Mr. Kello, agent for Mr. R. Pavin Davis, of Horton, Gloucestershire. Messrs. Cochrane, Christie, Miller, and Beattie of Canada were also present.

The three year old bull, second Duke of Oneida, was sold for \$12,000, to Mr. McGibbon of Cynthia, Kentucky. First Duchess of Oneida was bought by Lord Skelmersdale, for \$30,000. The tenth Duchess found a purchaser, Lord Beattie, at \$35,000. Eleven cows of the same august family, \$238,800. There were 111 animals presented, realizing \$481,585. Some day we will send horses and dogs to England.

We understand that the manufacturers of the Ballard rifle have ceased making them, and sold their machinery. Messrs. Smith & Squires, 523 Broadway, purchased some time ago a large number, and have a few left. It is a good opportunity for those who desire one of these excellent breech muzzle-loaders to purchase one at once, as no more will be made.

News from Abroad.

OUR English friends are just over the St. Leger. Doubtless it was an exciting event, and was cleverly won by Marie Stewart, against such a field as Kaiser, Doncaster, and Gang-Forward. Perhaps fortunes were won and lost on it. It was, however, not what is called in England a betting race. From the first it was pretty certain that one of the four favorites would be sure to win. There must, however, always be a certain amount of glorious uncertainty about "dice on four legs," not only as to whether a horse can win, but sometimes as to the probable existence of the horse, for just now the English sporting fraternity are quite exercised about a railroad accident. Not that some hundreds of common people were smashed, but because two famous young colts, the possible favorites at Oxford, came to an untimely end in a late collision. Of course human casualties of this character are quite insignificant; but as a leading English authority has it, "the horses will appeal to the Company in their most sensitive part—their pockets." It is neither refreshing nor consoling, but it seems to us they smash up quite as much in England as they do in the United States. Sometime ago, in regard to the transportation of dogs in the United States, we mentioned the trouble and risk attending such shipments, and now, in England, they state exactly the same thing. When one learns that there are no less than seventy dog exhibitions in England, it seems difficult to understand how railroads can be at fault; we see, nevertheless, a circular letter in the *Field*, addressed to all the leading English railways, issued by the National Canine Society, Eldon Chambers, Nottinghamshire, imploring the British Railway directors to give better accommodations to the traveling dog. At present in England, there are in full blast, no less than eight agricultural shows, four dog exhibitions, and six poultry collections; and the journals are filled with descriptions of the many wonderful excellencies of the animals and birds. As we expected, the first volume of the Grouse Encyclopedia has presented itself to the English public, to be followed by a whole British museum of such volumes a little later. English sporting advertisements alone present a world of information. From them can be gathered the epitome of their pastimes. Just now the coming hunting season shows itself, by wants, such as for Huntsmen, Kennel-men, and Fielders. How many American lads could fill the following place, with its various functions?

WANTED—A WHIP for the Taunton Vale HARRIERS; a smart active man, light weight, a good rider across the country, and a good groom; one who has been whip to a pack of foxhounds, and could hunt hounds if required, would be preferred; he would not have to assist in the stable, but a kennel-man kept; none but men of good character need apply.

—News from the grouse does not improve. The Earl of Stramford, after the second day, stops all shooting, and we look forward to an obligatory closing of the shooting season. In Ireland, however, birds are plenty, and there is an exodus of sportsmen there.

—Of Polo, very possibly the ponies are not yet over their hard spring work, but during a period of leisure the Carlton Club have had time to issue a set of rules governing this game. One rule of hardly an amusing character we copy in full: "Any player may interpose his pony before an antagonist, so as to prevent the latter reaching the ball, whether in full career or otherwise, and this despite the immediate neighborhood of the ball." That means that should the ball be going, and a man put his horse broad-side to it, to stop an adversary coming on, it is perfectly legitimate to ride over him, if you can, providing you have the heavier mount. We wonder if Frenchmen have tried their hand at this game? People are inclined somewhat, and we think very ignorantly, to underrate French equestrianism. They may not be rough riders in the English sense of the term, though we have seen in our time a stag sent through Fontainebleau with a skurry of riders after him, when not only a good deal of courage and pluck was shown, but some very famous English gentlemen riders were left at the fag end of the chase. A very interesting portion of the English papers is that devoted to the report of the select committee on horses. It seems to show that neither thorough-breeds, nor racers, nor hunters, nor carriage horses have diminished, but that the dearth is to be found among agricultural horses. In 1870, in England, there were 977,707 horses of all kinds used for agricultural purposes, and in 1872 there was a decrease of 15,159. The causes assigned are the exportation of horses, and the increased profits on the raising of sheep and cattle rendering the rearing of horses less profitable.

—The "*Field*" (London) notes a decrease in gun accidents every year, although we may take it for granted that firearms of every description are now more used than ever they were before. Considering the number of volunteer riflemen, who are practising daily or weekly with their weapons, we may even feel surprised that accidents arising from this source are so few and far between. As to shooting on the moors, especially since the introduction of the breech-loader, it is fortunately seldom indeed that we are called upon to record a catastrophe at the grouse hunts. But there is in connection with guns one fertile source and cause of manslaughter, against which we would reiterate a caution and protest. There is absolutely no excuse now for leaving a gun loaded in a house, and it is a downright criminal act of negligence, morally if not legally, to place a charged double-barrel in the way of servants or children.

—English yachtsmen are getting into bad repute. They are netting salmon in the Scotch estuaries, which is a shameful act.

—The number of deer kept in Windsor Great Park, England, on an average of the last ten years, is 1,658, as appears from a return just issued; the number killed is 128, and sixteen are annually required for the Royal Hunt. The net cost is estimated as under £1,500 a year. In Richmond Park, Bushy Park, Hampton Court Park, and Greenwich Park, the number of deer kept is 2,889; the number killed per year, 372; the estimated cost annually, £4,894. At Phoenix Park, Dublin, 780 are annually kept; 106 are annually killed, of which thirty are given to the poor and sold; the remainder for distribution in Her Majesty's service. The average net annual cost is £203.

HONOR THROWN BROADCAST.—The Shah of Persia was so much delighted with the *Jardin des Plantes*, as to be desirous of distributing decorations among the great Parisian scientists who direct it. Unhappily the Persian monarch somewhat dashed the pleasure of the decorative men of science by an awkward blunder. Mixing up the living and the dead, men with animals, in his royal note book, while M. St. Hilairé got a "sun" in rubies, the *Dinotherium* was enobled with a "lion" in diamonds. Milne Edwards and the *Megatherium*, were both made happy in one and the same gift.

AN EARLY ELECTRICIAN.—English papers record the death of Sir Francis Ronalds in his 89th year, at Battle, in Sussex, during the last month. Sir Francis was well known, many years ago, for his experiments in electricity. In 1823 he published a pamphlet containing an account of some of his experiments, and explaining his plan of an electric telegraph. He had erected in his own garden, a number of poles supporting eight miles of wire, and through this wire he sent his messages. Each message was read at the further end by means of two needles moving on a dial plate much the same as that which afterwards came into general use. The spark in his telegraph system was, however, created by an electric machine, and not, as in existing systems, by a galvanic battery. In recognition of the value of his discovery, the Government bestowed on him the honor of knighthood in 1870, when the same mark of appreciation had been conferred on Sir Charles Wheatstone for his improvement of the telegraph.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Macchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Cervus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Ophya Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scolopax rusticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Curlew, <i>Numenius Arquata.</i>)
Esquimaux Curlew, <i>Numenius borealis.</i>)	Sandpipers, <i>Tringine.</i>)
Plover, <i>Charadrius.</i>)	Willetts,
Godwit, <i>Limosine.</i>)	Reed or Rice Birds, <i>Dolichonyx orizivon.</i>
Rails, <i>Rallus Virginianus.</i>)	

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—The cool weather of mid-September is scattering the coveys of partridge and grouse, and soon the persistent pursuit of the sportsman will have broken up still more the old family connections, and thousands of the toothsome birds will have gone to pot and bag. Already reports begin to come from our correspondents out West. See our very interesting letter from Wisconsin to-day.

×—The same frosts that are painting the foliage of our northern forests with crimson and yellow hues, are setting the blue in the livery coats of the deer, and infusing new blood and vigor into the courtly stags that roam their wilderness domain. The royal blood of the old bull moose is aroused at the call of his stately dame, and the crash of his antlers is heard through the brush and dead limbs as he rushes in headlong career, with eyes half blinded by love to respond to the wooing. Now the hour of the hunter's opportunity begins, and with a trumpet of birch bark ingeniously fashioned, he hies forth to familiar stamping grounds, and with nicest imitation calls up the noble game by its siren notes. Eager are the yearnings and kindling anticipations of the old bull moose; and as certain his doom by fatal rifle-ball! What grand old experiences of moose-hunting we shall have to recount to our readers during the winter months! What wars of rival monarchs! What subterfuges to circumvent by counter-wiles the artifices of the hunter! What shifts to pick a precarious living among the crusted snow drifts that cover the ground a fathom in depth! What curiosities of natural history are associated with this mighty monarch, the largest of the *Cervi* family, and the sole survivor of the ancient race of giants that once inhabited Europe and America!

Then the caribou, too, will claim some share of the hunter's attention, though not so much valued in the chase, or for his flesh, which is by no means as succulent and toothsome as that of the moose, or even the common red deer. There are no viands comestible equal to a juicy moose steak, and no tidbit so worthy the school of epicures as the "muffe" of the moose. Between a beaver's tail and a moose's muffe, a connoisseur in backwoods economy would be scarcely able to give a decided preference. However, as the one is an appendage caudal, and the other of the nose, nasal, it is not strange that he should be unable to pass so abruptly from one extreme to the other in the matter of expressing a choice. But, speaking of the caribou, and throwing jokes (real or intended) aside, we will soon find his grizzled contour blending with the grey granite boulders of

the upland barrens, whither he will go to gather mosses when the frost has bared the trees of browse. Meanwhile we will have good sport stalking him in the hunt; all of which matters will receive full attention in our columns, in due course of time; for as we do not hunt out of season, neither do we give much space to description of unseasonable species.

We propose now to open to the notice of our not always thoroughly informed readers, one of the finest hunting grounds to be found in any part of America; and as the season progresses, to introduce them to other localities in various parts of the country. Old sportsmen will graciously bear in mind that our paper is prepared with especial reference to the information of novices and the uninformed, and that if we repeat what they already know, it need not be construed into a reflection upon them, while it may be of essential service to those not so well posted.

The region we refer to lies in New Brunswick, and embraces one million and a quarter acres of wilderness comprising the county of Restigouche, the same being traversed in all directions by the Restigouche river and its tributaries, which afford easy thoroughfares for canoes to its innermost penetralia. To reach this district, the main artery, the Restigouche, must be made the objective point, either at its mouth or at its upper waters. For the former, take railway or steamboat to St. John, thence railway to Shediac on the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the Gulf Port line of steamers thence to Dalhousie. Twenty miles above Dalhousie is the celebrated hostelry of Daniel Fraser, Esq., where really elegant accommodation is provided for gentlemen and their families, not in a log house, or old fashioned farm house, but in a modern commodious structure, with the convenience of a post office, telegraph line, and when the Intercolonial Railway is completed, of a seat in the first train for home at your very door. Here can be obtained canoes, guides, and provisions, for the journey up the river; and in case sportsmen come into the wilderness at the upper end of the route, goods and necessaries must be sent up from here by a previous timely order to meet the incoming party. Mr. Fraser has this month already sent six canoes for parties of Brooklyn and New York gentlemen, who have gone there upon our own recommendation. It is about eighty miles up stream to the portage which must be crossed by those taking the other route, which is by railway via Bangor to St. Croix, on the European and North American Railway, thence to Woodstock by rail, and thence by stage via the Grand Falls to the mouth of Grand river, which is fifteen miles further the whole stage journey being about forty-five miles over a most excellent and picturesque road that follows the course of the noble St. John River. At Grand River, bateaux can be procured through Mr. Violet, a French Canadian, to take you to the portage, fifteen miles up the river, at which point you meet the canoes from below. The advantage of the latter route is that you reach more quickly the heart of the hunting country though for the matter of game, there is plenty, from Dan Fraser's all the way up stream, with the exception of an inhabited stretch of the first twenty miles or so.

In this wilderness, the moose, caribou, bear, wild cat, and lucifee, still abound, beavers build their dams, and many varieties of fur-bearing animals and small game are found. The streams are filled with salmon and trout in their season. We shall have occasion to recur frequently to this region.

The cost of a canoe and two Indians per day is \$2 "and found." A hundred dollars ought to cover the expenses of a three weeks trip, the fare from New York being about sixty dollars for the round trip.

—A firm in Chicago is engaged in preserving game—such as grouse, snipe, quail, woodcock, &c.

—A faithful correspondent in Halifax, Nova Scotia, encloses a letter to us from his brother in China, who with two other guns, went on a hunt up the Yang-tse-Kiang, above Shanghai, some weeks since and secured the following bag in the course of twenty-three days, viz., forty-seven deer, fifty ducks, fifty teal, and one thousand pheasants. This is something like sport and "knocks the hind sights clean off" anything that can be done in this country or Canada.

—The shooting in Nova Scotia, commenced on the 1st. September, but the cover is yet too thick, and the birds are weak and poor.

—Within the past few days there has been some heavy work done in plover shooting in Westmorland County, New Brunswick. Mr. John R. Lawrence shot sixty plovers on the marshes near Moncton, on Thursday and Friday last. Judge Botsford shot upwards of sixty near Memramcook on Saturday. Messrs Oulton and Hickman, Barisiers, of Dorchester, say they shot eighty-four on Tuesday.

—Mr. Oliver D. Schock writes us from Harrisburg, Pa., September 11th:—

"Our sportsmen are preparing to make a general war on the rabbits, and as they are plenty, they will no doubt get a full share of them. Every year, citizens of the surrounding cities pay our healthy town a visit, to go hunting on our mountain.

Partridges are getting plentier, since the law prohibiting their destruction is in force. Pheasants are very rare; occasionally two or three can be met on the Blue Mountain.

Gray and red squirrels, foxes, minks, and weasels also abound on the above mountain. A report was in circulation that a wild man, six feet in height, whose body was entirely covered with hair about three inches in length, was seen sleeping on the mountain, and sometime after that another report came, to the effect that he was shot about ten miles from here, and it then turned out to be a full-grown kangaroo, which no doubt had escaped from some travelling menagerie. If so, some showman is minus one large kangaroo."

—Beavers are beginning to multiply in Canada, after having been nearly exterminated for many years.

—The woods in San Juan county, California are perfectly

other lakes and ponds another year. The salmon at Sebago are very large, averaging double the size they do in the eastern part of the State. They vary from six to seventeen pounds. They are of a bright silver color, with very few large black spots on the sides near the back, so nearly resembling the grise that the difference can hardly be perceived. The land-locked salmon at Sebec and in the Scodic waters are identical, varying only in size. When hooked they spring from the water three times their length, and are as gamey as the sea salmon.

Sebago Lake is situated fifteen miles from Portland. The Ogdensburg R. R. runs past it. The salmon a few years ago were very plenty there, but owing to reckless fishing have decreased very fast. They begin to run up the streams the first of September and continue to do so till they spawn, which is in October. They also run up in May, about the fifteenth, and stay up about two or three weeks.

There is a State law to prohibit taking trout and land-locked salmon from the first of October to the first of February.

To reach Sebec Lake and other points in that section, go to Bangor; from there take the European & North American R. R. to the different lakes and streams. Hiram Leonard, of Bangor, (Rod Maker), and by the way not to be beat in that line, has thrown the fly in all sections in that part of the State, and is always willing to give anglers all the information desired. He is now at Sebec Lake preparing to take spawn of the land-locked salmon for the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Maine, to distribute in her waters.

H. O. Stanley, one of the very efficient Fish Commissioners of Maine, to whom we are indebted for many favors, writes at recent date:

"I am somewhat extensively engaged in fish culture, outside of what I am doing for the State. I have a hatching-house here at Dixfield, where I hatched 150,000 salmon for the State, and turned into the Androscoggin river this season, and am expecting to increase the amount the coming year. I have also just established a large hatching house (in company with Mr. George Shepherd Page and George O. Hayford) at Bemis' Stream, on the Mooselucmeguntic Lake, one of the Rangely chain of lakes, where we intend to take hundreds of thousands of spawn from the finest trout in the world. We shall hatch and turn into the lake twenty-five per cent. of all we take. Shall also hatch a large amount of land-locked salmon and turn into the lake. The balance of the trout eggs, after turning in twenty-five per cent., we shall sell at a very low price to any one wishing to stock other waters."

—We are in receipt of the following letter from D. H. Fitzhugh, Michigan, a gentleman who has been chiefly instrumental in identifying the American grayling and adding it to our list of "game fish:"

BAY CITY, Mich., August 24, 1873.

I have just returned from the "Au Sable," whither I was accompanied by a young Norwegian, who is here looking at our pine lands, a proficient in "the gentle art." I went to try the grayling. We found capital fishing. Each taking a light flat-boat, with a man to manage it, we fished up and down two or three miles of open river, taking 220 fish averaging, when cleaned, half a pound each. The heaviest fish weighed two pounds.

—A private letter from Harrisburg, Pa., says:—

"I am sorry to say that this section of Berks County cannot boast of mammoth fish or game; but there are streams in our county in which fish are abundant, but they are of a common size. The Schuylkill river, which passes through here, has no fish—not even "schnakes," or frogs, as the coal dirt which accumulates in it from the Schuylkill coal-fields, kills them all.

In years gone by, shad and all other kinds of fish were plenty in the river, but the poor quality of the water exterminated them all.

The fish laws are very stringent, and are rigidly enforced. We hope, ere long, to catch "big fish" again in the streams and rivers around here."

On the 4th of September instant, Seth Green received a shad which was caught in company with others at Tidouite, Pennsylvania, on the Allegheny River. It was thirteen inches and a half long and well developed. These fish were no doubt the offspring of the lot of shad which to the number of 25,000 were taken from the fish works on the Hudson, and deposited in the Allegheny river at Salamanca, by Mr. Green, on the 30th day of June, 1872. They were sent to the Allegheny by request of Prof. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner at Washington, who was engaged in the work of stocking the Mississippi with shad by planting them in its tributaries.

The shad that was sent to Mr. Green is about the size it should be at the age of fourteen months. Tidouite, the place where it was taken, is about sixty miles below Salamanca, and these shad were doubtless making their way to the place where they first found a home in the river. It is probable that they had been down the Mississippi, and true to the habit of their kind, were returning to the place of their nativity so far as they were able. If shad will live in the Mississippi and its tributaries, to the age and size of these, the experiment of stocking these waters may be regarded as successful.

—John Foord, Esq., of the *New York Times*, who has just returned from a tour of the lakes, reports game in upper Wisconsin as being remarkably plenty. In Oconto county, near Lake Noqueba, the deer were abundant.

—Some gentleman in Scotland has a big fish in a loch, which he wants to catch and cannot. Mr. Buckland thinks it is a monster pike, and advises the use of an ingenious bait, which is worth trying, for our muscalonge, he says make an imitation of a water-rat out of worsted. Put two small black buttons for eyes, and boot-laces for the tail.

—A shark nine feet long, of "a lovely sky blue tint," and weighing 475 pounds, was caught in San Francisco Bay a few days ago, and will be stuffed and sent to Vienna.

—Codfish, so enormous as to attract remark, are selling in the fish-market at Halifax, N. S.

—A schooner arrived at Halifax last week, so infested with bed bugs, that the authorities impressed a steam-water boat into service, and after two hours' scalding with boiling water, succeeded in cleansing the vessel.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLESTON
Sept. 18.....	h. m. 9 42	h. m. 6 28	h. m. 5 42
Sept. 19.....	10 25	7 10	6 25
Sept. 20.....	11 08	7 43	7 3
Sept. 21.....	11 36	8 18	7 36
Sept. 22.....	noon	8 54	8 9
Sept. 23.....	0 9	9 29	8 43
Sept. 24.....	0 43	10 5	9 19

—The New York Yacht Club held a meeting last week, Rear Commodore Kingsland in the chair.

Mr. Colgate moved that the Regatta Committee be authorized to carry out the instructions of the Commodore's letter in regard to the October races. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Chase the Secretary was added to the committee.

It was moved to appropriate \$1,000 to defray the expenses for the October races. Carried.

A letter from the Treasurer, Mr. Sheppard Homans, was read, calling attention to the fact that interest on bonds of the club will be payable on demand, at his office, 250 Broadway. The meeting then adjourned.

The following are the prizes to be sailed for at the October races:

Cups presented by the Commodore, one for schooners and one for sloops, to be sailed for on the first Thursday in October, over New York Yacht Club Course; value, \$500.

Cup, presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for on the second Thursday of October, by schooners of any organized yacht club, from anchorage off Owl's Head to and round Lightship off Cape May, and return to Sandy Hook Lightship; value, \$1,000.

Purses, presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for on the second Thursday of October (under the direction of N. Y. Y. C.), by pilot boats, working schooners and snacks (schooners), sailing from any port in the United States. The first vessel arriving to take a purse of \$1,000; the first boat arriving of each of the other two classes to take a purse of \$250. No class, however, to win more than one prize.

Further instructions in regard to the races will be issued by the Regatta Committee from time to time. Any person desiring to enter their boats or wishing any information can address Mr. Charles Minton, Secretary, No. 25 Broad street.

—The Boston Yacht Club held their sixth annual regatta on September 13th, off Castle Island. It would have been impossible to have selected a finer day, and the first class yachts had a grand time of it outside, as they turned the stakeboat in splendid order, the schooner yacht Fearless taking the lead, and proved the winner. The celebrated yacht America was tendered by General B. F. Butler, the owner, as the judges' boat. The regatta was unusually interesting. The winning boat in the first-class schooners, was the Fearless—time, 2h. 50m. In the second-class schooners, the Mercury was the first. Time, 1h. 26m. In the first-class sloops (keel), the Mary Ellen was the winner of the first prize—time, 1h. 22m. 24s. In the second-class, sloops measuring less than 26 feet, the Rebie was the first boat—time, 1h. 16m. 24s.

—The South Boston Yacht Club held their third and last regatta this season, September 11th, over the same course as in previous races. The first prize in the first-class, was won by Kelpie. In the second-class, Queen Mab won the first prize, and Ripple the second. For the second prize in the first-class, Starlight was the winner. In the third-class, the Maud is the winner of the first prize. Another trial is to take place for the second prize. The wind was light, from the southeast, and the yachts carried all their light sails when in favorable parts of the course.

—The Royal Halifax Yacht Club match is settled, and will take place on Friday, September 19th, when the Squirrel, Whisper and Petrel, will sail to Sambro Light and back. These yachts are the fastest sailers in the squadron, and will afford an excellent opportunity of testing their relative merits and speed, as the distance is a long one. The proposed stakes is a cup to cost \$100, to be provided by the two losing yachts.

—The Brooklyn Yacht Club has at present seventy-three yachts, composing twenty-one schooners and fifty-one sloops. It was organized in 1857, and incorporated in 1864. The fall regatta will take place in October; the date is not yet decided on. The election of officers takes place at the annual meeting in January next.

—The Yacht Sphynx, of Toronto, capsized in the gale on Lake Ontario, on Friday, and drowned three men.

SARATOGA LAKE, SEPTEMBER 11.—The grand amateur regatta on Saratoga Lake is proving without exception the best managed out-door pastime that has ever taken place in this country. Even the losers did not complain. The weather was delightful, and the wind died away toward the start. There were ten entries for the single scull race. Distance one mile and return.

C. E. Courtney.....	Union Springs.
T. R. Keator.....	Harlem.
H. S. Traux.....	Potomac.
Robert Leffman.....	Atlantic.
F. E. Yates.....	Grand Haven.
W. H. Hughes.....	Friendship.
James Wilson.....	Beaverwyck.
Charles Pipenbrink.....	Mutual.
A. A. Graves, Jr.....	Beaverwyck.
M. J. Fenton.....	Mutual.

The signal gun to get into line was fired at three o'clock precisely. The start was an excellent one. Wilson appeared to get off a trifle the quickest; but Yates, Courtney and Keator soon follow and bring their boats up to his line. Courtney puts more steam on, but does not increase his stroke, and takes the lead. Keator takes the second position. Wilson is not rowing as well as he does on his own waters. Courtney is now pulling forty-two strokes to the minute and gaining at every stroke, and he turns the stake

boat and crosses the line a winner in fourteen minutes and fifteen seconds. Keator second, Yates third, and Wilson fourth.

The pair-oared shell race came next. Two entries, Nassaus of New York, and Argonauts of Toronto. Distance one mile and return. Commodore Brady fires the pistol, and they start off well together. Johnson and Brown (Nassaus) pulling 42, the brothers Lambe (Argonauts) pulling 43. For the first quarter of a mile, the two crews are a-beam. The Toronto men rounded the stake boat ten lengths ahead of their opponents. The Nassaus are pulling vigorously, they are out-rowed; and the Lambe brother's, pass the judges boat in fifteen minutes four seconds. Nassau crew in sixteen minutes, fifteen seconds.

SARATOGA LAKE, September 12th. The weather on the second day of the grand amateur regatta was even more delightful than on the previous one. The first race was the single scull race, for all who have never rowed for a championship cup, and was started at three o'clock precisely. There were seven entries. Distance one mile and return.

F. E. Yates.....	Grand Haven.
T. R. Keator.....	Harlem.
A. A. Graves, Jr.....	Beaverwyck.
J. H. Girvin.....	Beaverwyck.
B. B. Hauser.....	Cincinnati.
J. C. Sweeney.....	Friendship.
Robert Leffman.....	Atlantic.

All the men started with the exception of Leffman, and had taken their positions promptly after the firing of the last gun. The start was evenly made, Keator, Girvin and Yates taking the lead. Cincinnati drew out of the race. Sweeney capsized. Keator maintained his lead and kept it throughout the race, and came in a winner in sixteen minutes, twenty seconds. Graves second, Girvin third.

The second race was for double sculls; three entries, two of which came to the start.

Argonaut.....	R. Lambe, of Toronto.
	H. Lambe, of Toronto.
Beaverwyck.....	James Wilson, of Albany.
	W. R. Hills, of Albany.

The Beaverwycks and Argonauts were in line. The start is given, the Albanys drawing ahead, pulling thirty-six, while the Argonauts are losing at thirty-eight strokes to the minute. When the Canadians spurt, the Albany men do the same; the Argonauts put on the steam and the Beaverwycks fall a length behind. The boats make direct for the same stake boat, and a foul is imminent. They don't touch, are round it and off for home. The Toronto boat now pulls right away for the Beaverwycks, leading them six lengths, and eventually pulls across the bow of the Albanys and come in winners after a magnificent race. The Argonaut Crew of Toronto, Hurd R. Lambe, made the two miles in fourteen minutes, thirty-five seconds. The Beaverwyck crew of Albany, in fourteen minutes, fifty seconds. The third, a four-oared race, was the most interesting of the day. There were six entries. The following is a list of the four-oared crews:

Cincinnati.....	D. Brown, stroke.
	J. W. Kirk, 3.
	H. Keylish, 2.
	K. B. Hauser, bow.
Duquesne.....	F. Brennan, stroke.
	S. Moody, 3.
	G. Scharf, 2.
	J. Stranb, bow.
Argonaut.....	F. C. Eldred, stroke.
	M. Phillips, 3.
	B. Stephenson, 2.
	Edward Smith, bow.
Beaverwyck.....	T. Gorman, stroke.
	R. Gorman, 3.
	D. Doncaster, 2.
	James Wilson, bow.
Ballston.....	J. Smith, stroke.
	S. C. Medbury, 3.
	A. J. Reid, 2.
	J. N. Ramsdell, bow.
Potomac.....	D. Caughlin, stroke.
	Z. T. Carpenter, 3.
	A. J. McBlair, 2.
	H. S. Truax, bow.

The start was very equal, the Argonaut and Duquesne in about the same style. Cincinnati, showed well in the front. Beaverwycks and Ballstons got off together; the Argonauts took a decided lead at the start, leading Duquesne by about half a length. After about six lengths had been rowed, the Potomac crew spurted, and barely scratching past the Ballstons' boat gave them their water. Instead of pulling straight ahead, as every one expected, they kept their diagonal course, and a foul with the Beaverwycks seemed inevitable. It did not come, however, for, by a wonderful effort, Truax, the bow of the Potomacs, ran his boat alongside of the Beaverwycks. After a good deal of trouble they got off again safely. The Argonauts made a good spurt at the half mile, but Duquesne soon passed them and secured the lead. Duquesne turned the stake boat first, the next three following fifteen seconds behind. The Argonauts made a good race of the last half mile, but could not get any closer to the Duquesne men. Pittsburg men were leading by six lengths and swept past the judges' boat in twenty minutes fifty-five seconds. Argonaut crew followed, their time being twenty minutes fifteen seconds. The prizes were presented at the Town Hall, a great number of ladies being present. Charles Courtney, of Union Springs, was awarded the diamond single-scull badge, the Lambe brothers the pair-oared and double scull prizes; T. R. Keator, of the Harlem Rowing Association, the badge in the junior scull race, and the Duquesne Clubs' four-oared crew of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, the grand challenge cup and four goblets.

—The annual review of the Schuylkill Navy took place September 13th, on the Delaware. The crews presented a very creditable appearance. The eight-oar shell of the West Philadelphia crew, in passing through the locks at

Fairmount. was crushed to atoms by a canal-boat running against it. No one was injured.

—The single scull race between E. Losee, of the Atalanta, and Roche of the Nautilus club took place September 15th, on the Harlem river course. Losee had the New York side, and Roche the Westchester side. They both got off pretty evenly, and it was very closely contested until turning the stake boat. On the home stretch, approaching McComb's Dam, Losee spurred and forged ahead of Roche, which lead he maintained, and finally came in the winner, some 150 yards ahead. Time, twenty-three minutes and thirty seconds.

—All the requirements in the articles of agreement between John Biglin, of this city, and George Brown, of Halifax, N. S., have been complied with, and Biglin has left for Nova Scotia. The race is to be five miles, for \$1,000, to take place at Halifax next Saturday, the 20th inst.

—The Palisade boat club of Yonkers, on the Hudson, has challenged the Vespers boat club to an eight-oared barge race.

—The following are the leading rules adopted to govern the regatta of the "National Amateur Oarsmen," to be held at Philadelphia, October 7th. The expenses of the regatta have been guaranteed by the Philadelphia clubs, with an additional donation of \$200 to the prize fund. Clubs in all parts of the United States will be represented. The prizes to be awarded will consist of cups and money.

First—No clubs but those which have subscribed to the rules of boat-racing, and the definition of an amateur oarsman adopted by the National Convention, and have agreed to recognize the decision of the Judiciary Committee thereon, shall be entitled to compete. Entries of individuals will not be received.

Third—Any club intending to compete for any of the prizes, must give due notice to the secretary of the regatta on or before the day appointed for closing the regatta. Entries shall close two weeks before the date of the regatta. In all cases of entries for four oared races, a list of not more than eight names, and in all cases of entries for four-oared and double-scutt races, a list of not more than four names shall be sent to the secretary, and from those names the actual crew shall be selected. The names of the captain and secretary of each crew or club entering for any race, shall be sent, at the time of entrance, to the secretary. A copy of the entrance list shall be forwarded by the secretary, to the captain and secretary of each crew or club so duly entered.

Eighth—Entrance money for each boat shall be paid to the secretary at the time of entering, as follows: Four oars, \$15; pair oars, \$10; double sculls, \$10; single sculls, \$5.

Ninth—All races shall be mile and a half heats, straight away.

Seventeenth—The laws of boat-racing, established by the National Convention of Amateur Oarsmen, shall be observed at this regatta, and the definition of an amateur oarsman established by said convention shall govern the qualifications of each competitor.

We define an amateur oarsman to be one who does not enter into an open competition for either a stake, public or admission money, or entrance fee, or has not competed with or against a professional for any prize, or who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or who has not been employed in or about boats or in manual labor on the water.

—The following entries for the International Regatta at St. John, had been made up to our latest advices. We shall have a full report of the affair in our next issue:

FIRST CLASS FOUR OARED RACE.

- "C. McCarthy"—Longshore Club, Portland, Me., blue.
- "St. John"—Paris crew, pink.
- "Xiphias"—Indiantown crew, white.
- "John Goddard"—McLaren crew, red.

FIRST CLASS SINGLE SCULL RACE.

- John A. Biglin—(no name).
- Alex Brayley—"J. Clark, T. T."
- George Lovett—"Robert Hewett."
- Robert Fulton—"A. C. Smith."
- Doyle—"C. O'Harris."

FOUR OARED INRIGGED RACE.

- Logan crew—"Crown Prince."
- Lower Cove crew—"Dexter."
- Morris Boys—"Neptune."
- Pleasant Point crew—"Walter Brown."
- A. Harned—"The Volunteer."

PAIR OARED RACE.

- "Robert Bustin"—John Loman and J. Tilt.
- "Dexter"—Lower Cove pair.
- "Ben Lomond"—C. H. Wright and Robert Stackhouse.
- "Brothers' Pride"—Hugh and Charles McCormick.
- "Katy Did"—R. S. Inch and D. McKellar.
- "Isaac Craig"—Frank Nice and James Pollock.

SINGLE SCULL RACE FOR PRIZES GIVEN BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

- "R. Dalton"—Hugh McCormick.
- "A. C. Smith"—Robert Fulton.

—The Oneida Boat Club, of Jersey City, held their fourth annual regatta September 13th. The course was from Pleasant Valley dock to the dock of the Chemical works. The first race, single shells, was for the championship of the club and a gold medal. There were five entries, three of which came to the starting point. Henry took the lead and maintained it throughout, winning in fourteen minutes and twenty seconds. Schanck came in second. The second race was for the working-boat championship and club badge, over the same course. There were three entries, rowing with a strong tide. Ockerhausen won in twelve minutes and twenty-eight seconds; Gregory second. The third race was an eight-oared race between the heavy and light weights of the club. The start was good, the light weights in the barge Oneida, a new boat built by George Roahr, having the outside. Within the first mile they took the Hudson's water, and gradually increased the gap until, in passing the pier, at the finish, they were fully five lengths ahead, the time being: Oneida, eleven minutes and thirty seconds; Hudson, eleven minutes, fifty seconds. The regatta was in every way well conducted and satisfactory. C. A. McCready, of the Athletic club of New York, and E. R. Pinkney, of the Harlem Rowing Association, acting as judges, and C. A. Peverelli, of the *Aquatic Monthly*, as referee. Fully 1,000 persons witnessed the race.

—The Athletic rowing club single scull shell race for a gold badge, took place September 13th. Distance one mile

The contestants were C. H. Cone and R. W. Rathbone. They started off well, but before going half the distance Cone fouled Rathbone, which was claimed and allowed.

—The Portland Me., Yacht Club regatta takes place to-day. They start from the harbor and return. In the club they have twelve yachts, comprising four schooners, aggregate, o. m. 160 tons; and eight sloops, aggregate o. m. 120 tons. The club was organized in 1869.

Military News.

The Militia, or more properly speaking, the National Guard of the various States, is an important auxiliary to the Army, and it has long been a matter of surprise, particularly since the close of the war, that some measures have not been taken by the several States to organize on a uniform basis or a basis similar to that of Canada, their militia force. The late civil war truly showed the evil results of this neglect, and the time may come again when the United States will find its little army of some 30,000 men as inadequate for the purpose as it was thirteen years ago. The militia, as represented in many States prior to the war, was in public estimation of little account beyond the annual play-soldier displays, and the so-termed "training days" of the Eastern States only tended to place them in a still more ridiculous position before the public. The old time militiaman with his poppinjay-like uniform and gorgeous trappings, was really, in appearance, no subject for war it is true, but it was this very spirit and national pride, which afterwards in the real service made many good soldiers. The National Guard is to the country or its volunteer soldiery, what West Point is to the army, and for that reason should be organized by the various States on one plan, as a school of instruction for citizen soldiers or volunteers, upon whom the country in time of war mainly depends. Why, the least knowledge of the drill, at the beginning of the war, placed men forward as leaders of the thousands of raw and entirely undisciplined troops, who at that time flocked from the farm and workshop. The Seventh of New York, of course like many regiments of the National Guard, was before the war, looked upon as first-class "play soldiers," and there are some people still who regard them in the same light. Yet be that as it may, the records show that from the ranks of this very regiment, 640 officers were furnished to the volunteer and regular service during the war. Let us then have a uniform militia law, and let Congress see that this land is never again so entirely unprepared for war, as it was in 1861. This alone can be accomplished in view of the expense and popular objection to a large standing army, by a good and somewhat capable militia system similar to that of Canada. The National Guard, as far as organized in many of the States, is superior in discipline to the volunteers of either England or Canada.

—The American civil war has, since its close, developed perhaps more romance than any other war of modern times. The peculiar character of the conflict was unprecedented, and under the circumstances it would have been strange if any amount of incidents and romance did not arise therefrom. A story from the South is to the effect that Mrs. Buckner, wife of General Buckner, the Confederate General, has recently had returned to her a large amount of property which, when the war broke out, she had conveyed to her brother. At the time General Buckner joined the Confederate service, and before his wife joined him, she conveyed the property to her brother under a deed of trust. The young man afterwards married, became a father, and entered the Union service. The question now was, what would become of the property; for in case the brother should die, or be killed in the service, without making a will reconveying the property to his sister, his child would inherit the estate. It appears, however, on the eve of the battle of Sharpsburg, her brother made a will of this character, and in that battle the poor fellow was killed. General Burnside, who commanded the corps in which Mrs. Buckner's brother served, knew of this will, and kept the secret; and after the war informed General Buckner, and the latter, by his aid, was enabled to recover the will, and proofs being obtained, Mrs. Buckner's title was fully established, the fortune saved and turned over to its original owner.

—The noise and bustle about those Alabama claims will, thank Heaven, soon subside, now that the hard cash has at last been deposited in our strong box. Fifteen and a half millions dollars don't seem so much in these times of big figures, yet 15,500,000 in gold would be no light weight to carry around loose in one's pocket. It took, however, but a few minutes for the State officials at Washington to fix this matter finally. We opine, however, there will be no end of red tape before it gets into the hands of the owners of the vessels destroyed by that great Confederate cruiser, the Alabama.

—The late civil war rather made us forget all other American wars as far as anniversary celebrations go. Revolutionary anniversary celebrations, as well as the more recent Mexican war, have of late years become less, and the memories of our late war and the many battles thereof are kept alive only by army, corps, and regimental reunions, and these too, we think, in time will pass from public view and new events, war-like or otherwise, will take their places. Recently, however, after many years of neglect, a disposition has been shown to look after the fortune (no reference to the large (?) Government pension) of the few survivors of the Mexican war of 1846. Many prominent officers of the army and navy, among them Generals McClellan, Hooker, Cadwallader, Burnet, and Sweeney, and Rear Admirals

Boggs and Stringham, took the matter in hand, and on Monday, September 15, in New York city, celebrated the capture of Mexico in grand style, by a military display and grand reception of the veterans, etc. The whole matter was pleasing in its inception, and the result will tend doubtless to revive memories of our former struggles with Mexico, as well as awaken new interest in affairs along the Rio Grande. Who knows but that this resurrection of the memories of a war almost forgotten among the younger generations, may not result in a renewal of the contest. The United States could do a little satisfactory business in the direction of Mexico. A little skirmish in one part might aid in settling some of the weekly revolutions in that direction.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

SPARKLES FROM SARATOGA. By Sophia Sparkle. New York: American News Co.

This book is emphatically just what its title claims—*Sparkles*—and it is full to the overflowing of "overtrue tales," or sketches of life at the watering places. Every one, it is pre-supposed, is aware that every person who visits the Springs goes there for other purposes than to drink the waters.

Our merry friend, Sophia Sparkle, in her racy, truthful sketches of Saratoga, lifts the veil, and allows us to "peep behind the curtain" of this enchanted life. She speaks of Saratoga, and most graphically does she tell us of what the bubble and foam of this aristocratic (?) society is, in a measure, composed.

At our sitting down to review this highly interesting and valuable mirror of life at the Springs, we proposed to give some quotations from the same for the benefit of those who have not seen the book; but we feel that instead of doing this, we should recommend every lady of good sense who has a great desire to go to the Springs, to read this book before she starts, and if she goes, put it in her "Saratoga trunk," as one of the indispensable and necessary articles belonging to the same.

Our own experience of the Springs bears testimony to the usefulness of this work. How hard it is indeed to be a "fashionable" woman? It would seem that our superannuated belles of six seasons must have learned wisdom by this time, but not so. Sophia says: "six years ago, the Widow Dash was a belle of the beau monde of Fifth Avenue, and having gently laid away her "old Latitude and Longitude," she is still doing Saratoga with her six trunks, and is one of the vainest of the vain in this great Vanity Fair. Chapter VI is devoted to the Widow Dash, and this same Widow has many followers. The "Saratoga Droop" and "Kangaroo Hop" and "Old Bachelors," as well as many other habits of Saratoga, are simple "lame ducks," and under the luminous and scorching rays of Sophia Sparkle's pen, will be known hereafter as a class whom it will do not the least harm in the world not to have an introduction to, if they should visit the Springs.

We hope to hear from Sophia Sparkle again. She has done a world of good in her first attempt at stirring the "Foam."

POLICE RECORDS AND RECOLLECTIONS; OR BOSTON BY DAY-LIGHT AND GASLIGHT. By Edward H. Savage. Boston: Jackson, Dale & Co. J. F. Riday, Subscription Manager, 147 Tremont street.

This is by no means a sensational story of events, as some might be led to suppose from the title, but a sober, chronological history of the principal events occurring in Boston from the time of 1630 down to the later period of 1873. The work is evidently written with the utmost truthfulness in all things, from its beginning to its end. The opportunities of Mr. Savage for seeing things just as they were, either by "day-light" or "gaslight," were such as but few men have during their whole lives. We are quite sure such opportunities never should be had by a great many men who, from some cause or other, wear the police uniform, and carry the police "locust." We do not mean the good policemen. Oh no. Mr. Savage may be truly styled the type of what our policemen should be in all instances—high-minded, honorable men—whose reverence of truth-telling and morality should be synonymous with the word "policeman." What should the word "policeman" signify? *Guardian of the people, defender of the innocent, a man of integrity, high principle and honor.* We are very sorry that we do not find on all the "beats" just this standard of a man.

Mr. Savage's work will be found very valuable as a work of reference, as it goes back two hundred and forty years, and during this time many strange events took place, all of which are faithfully transcribed.

DIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. By Dr. Trall. New York. S: R. Wells.

Dr. Trall says, in his introduction, "We are a nation of dyspeptics." Who can wonder at the assertion of this fact; how do we eat, drink, and sleep, without great abuse of our physical nature? Eat we do not, moderately, taking time to masticate, in the most thorough manner, our food. We throw the various edibles before us down, like corn into a hopper; pork, beans, bread, meat, pickles, mustard, and—well, that will do for the food department of any laboring man's dinner. Now, the drinking process is very much like this; cider, water, ale, tea, or coffee, if not brandy or wine, make a portion of almost every common laborer's dinner. This he gets through in say, not one-half to an hour's time, as he should, but in about fifteen minutes at the longest.

Do you wonder that man has the dyspepsia? If you do, we do not. We should expect it as a natural consequence, or that he had an "India-rubber stomach."

One thing, as the Dr. says, is very true. "The American race must arrest its dyspeptic tendency, or die out."

Reader, get this book and read it. It tells you all about this distressing malady. How to get it, and how to get rid of it, if you have it. Go and buy this valuable treatise of life and its greatest blessing—health of body—and by following the precepts laid down in its pages, you cannot fail of having peace of mind.

NEW BOOKS.

The Bazaar Book of Health is a series of semi-medical essays, in which much useful information is given in unscientific, plain, matter-of-fact phraseology. New York: Harpor & Bro. We can say of this book, almost any one can read it with profit, and many useful suggestions are given, with illustrative facts, to prove that man has other duties to perform in this world than simply to eat and drink. Man is intellectual and accountable, and though grovelling in his tastes, nevertheless he is an accountable being.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Herbert Spencer's DESCRIPTIVE SOCIOLOGY, dedicated to his American friends, is waited for with great interest by his many admirers in the United States. The work will be a gigantic one, and its value, when completed, will be immeasurable. In a subject so vast we can only mention a few of the topics treated, such as "Division of Labor," "Regulation of Labor," "Domestic Laws," "Laws Criminal, Civil and Industrial," "General Government," "Habits and Customs," "Religious Ideas and Superstitions," "Knowledge," "Agriculture," "Weapons," "Habitations," &c., &c.

Art and Drama.

THERE was a time when the opening of a new and splendid theatre occasioned a great deal of excitement in the city. We suppose the remark will be made: Very possibly, but that was when New York was a village. Now it has grown to such metropolitan proportions that a sensation theatrical is impossible. This may be partially true, yet we insist that the inauguration of a temple of the drama of such excellent characteristics as the New Lyceum should have been a more marked event than a mere ripple on the surface of public excitement, to subside immediately into the level of the common-place. The introductory piece was, and is, entitled "Notre Dame," and the plot is morbid and melo-dramatic enough to suit the most enthusiastic disciple of the modern school of playwrights. To give our readers any idea of "how the thing is done" is impossible with language of ordinary construction and use. We are therefore compelled to quote a few paragraphs from what is considered to be the leading theatrical paper of the day. Speaking of the personelle, we have, among other similar descriptions, the following:—"There is the character of Esmeraldi, as beautiful as a clear conscience and as rare, who throws sunlight upon the hideous tragedies around her until her own young life is quenched. There is Jehan, the boy student, for whom existence should have been as harmonious as a hendecasyllable, and as smooth as a rhyme in the metre of Catullus. There is Gudule, whose fate flashes with the blackness of a terrible nightmare through the light and shadow of the romance. And finally, there is Quasimodo, in whom the perfection of the grotesque and the perfection of the horrible meet in chemical affinity," &c., &c.

And to get these impersonations (!) before a West side New York audience, is erected one of the most charming and easily-reached places of amusement in the city, where the audiences are expected to crowd in every night to witness the heroine, beautiful and rare as a clear conscience, quenched in hideous tragedy, while the fate of Gudule "flashes with the blackness of a terrible nightmare through the lights and shadows of the romance!" To conceive that this dainty dish is selected and seriously put on a stage located in the most refined and intelligent part of our city is almost impossible for belief, and to many of our readers the realization of such an event will indeed "flash with blackness" the dispatch that we have another downward slide of the stage. Not a newspaper notice has expressed the least admiration of the performers; they are passed by as mere necessities to get the "gorgeous and unsurpassed scenery in its place." "Miss Lewis," however, calls forth some warm expressions from our critic already quoted. He says this "slender brunette" captivates more by her personal appearance than by her acting or her voice, but she becomes invincible when "threading the dance to the mingled music of the balafoes, the tambourines, the goat horns and Gothic rebecs."

All this is really unworthy of serious notice in any paper desirous of sustaining public amusements—amusements which are equal to the intelligence of our people. Our public may be compelled for all time to eat these dishes of "husks" because the managers have found it easier, cheaper, and more to their glory to command scene painters, gilders, and fiends of red and blue lights than draw around them cultured men and women, upon whom God has bestowed genius, and the power to illustrate the various and conflicting emotions of the human heart. We have charity to believe that the proprietors of the Lyceum would do better if they could. The fact that "their opening night" was only moderately well attended, a thing that never before happened on an opening night of any theatre, must have given them some twinges of despondent doubt as to their final success if they persist in running a muck in intellectual wealth against the Bowery in its worst days, and against the "Crook" for scenery in its "Imperial splendor."

The Grand Opera House has brought out and continued on the stage since our last issue the notable melo-drama of the "Wandering Jew." The story is made familiar by the name of Eugene Sue, and our citizens who are maturing into men and women will recall its successful representation at

the Bowery Theatre some fourteen years ago. Of course all that can be done by scenery and costume has been bestowed "in the fitting up" by the enthusiastic management, and yet the audiences are not happy. Mr. Fox, of "Humpty Dumpty" fame is evidently the intellectual hero of the play; what he does has no connection with the piece, but it affords to the thoughtless crowd who witness it an immense amount of amusement for its grotesqueness, and, to the few judicious present, is taken as a running comment of condemnation upon the absurdity of the play. As a contrast, probably, to the aged Jew, who is supposed to have lived nearly nineteen centuries, there has been forced into the piece, in the carnival scene, a large number of dancing infants. In fact, the performance of these little ones occupies almost the time of the third act. These infants receive a great deal of applause, but how mothers who have left their babes at home to enjoy their natural sleep can otherwise than be painfully impressed by the exhibition is difficult to imagine.

At Robinson Hall, West Sixteenth street, near Broadway, by some very natural but unexpected offering, the legitimate drama is making its way with the public through the means of marionettes, or wooden dolls. Since the decline before the British public of modern theatricals, efforts on the part of ingenious persons have been directed to the construction of mechanical figures, which could by their histrionic powers not only amuse and instruct an audience, but also, possibly, revive a taste for intellectual acting instead of mere scenic display. These dolls are diminutive wooden figures (though not as wooden in their acting before the curtain as most of our living actors), furnished with movable limbs, and are moved by means of cords controlled by unseen hands. They are managed by bright and intelligent people, and their performances are throughout pleasing and unexceptionable. These little creatures, through pantomime, assisted by intelligent and apt dialogues, give almost every human action; in fact, their attention to detail is almost or quite as perfect as the French school. It would be a great benefit if most of the living actors now strutting their brief hour on the stage would go to see these marionettes, and learn something of the true expression of their business. At present the dolls give Punch and Judy, a crippled sailor, and a melo-drama, in which a wicked nobleman is punished. The troupe also includes an Hibernian, who, in some respects, is quite equal to Boucicault in action, and superior to him in the correct brogue. To hear the juvenile portion of the audience laugh their applause and demonstrate their joy with clapping hands and light eyes is worth a dozen prices of admission. We do not know if the report is correct, but we have understood that negotiations are now under consideration for the engagement of the marionettes for the production of a series of plays, including two or three of the best tragedies of Shakspeare, and all the old comedies so popular in the palmy days of Wallack's Theatre. We trust that this will be the case, and possibly our living representations of mimic life will take heart at the success of these dolls and try to imitate them on the stage. The dawn of the era of the legitimate drama possibly opens before us.

The Olympic Theatre has substituted "Sinbad the Sailor" for Mr. Rowe's burlesque of "Mephisto," and we think the change is warmly appreciated by the public. Miss Thompson has now an opportunity of reveling in her peculiar role of the "child-like and bland." Miss Ada Beaumont is nightly gaining in popularity.

The Vokes at the Union Square, in the "Belles of the Kitchen," present really one of the most agreeable entertainments in the city. The sketch of "Micawber" to us is not interesting; it is depressing, and the personation of Uriah Heep, while it is artistic probably to the last degree, is simply a hideous phantom, that makes one feel as if a snake was in his pocket. The "sketch," no doubt, answers its purpose, in making the appearance of the dashing girls doubly agreeable, but we would be content to see the jolly demonstration below stairs first, and leave Micawber and his troubles to go on without our presence.

BROOKLYN.

The entire success of the Park Theatre, under the management of Mr. Samuells,

has already established the fact that a good theatre will be patronized in Brooklyn, and hereafter it would seem that New York is to lose some of the patronage that was justly expected from our neighboring city. The effect has been to give a new impulse to other places of amusement, and the Brooklyn Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Conway, which, without opposition, was allowed to literally "go to seed," opened on the 13th instant with an improved company and the greetings of a crowded and fashionable audience.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Artists are flocking into the city in crowds, all busy as bees in completing their engagements for the coming season. Among others is Wirner, the celebrated violencellist, who returns to this country after two years' absence in Europe.

Santley, whose name has been mentioned in connection with Miss Kellogg in English Opera, has withdrawn. Frank Bartlett, the ballad singer, is now spoken of as likely to join the troupe.

The engagement of Mrs. Van Zandt, at the St. Petersburg Opera House, turns out to be merely an "unfounded report."

Salvini is possessed of a much handsomer person than his pictures in the various saloons suggest.

Nilsson sang recently in four different languages at the house of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild.

We are happy to announce that Jefferson will probably soon appear in a new play. This will be a genuine sensation, and we have no doubt it will prove so to the public. Of his success, who can question it?

A phenomenon has appeared in Paris—a moral drama. The author is Malpertuy.

The Graphic balloon ascension was advertised under the head of "amusements."

Booth's Theatre, heretofore claimed as the home of the legitimate drama, is to be made sensational by the production of the "New Magdalen."

A passion play has been revived at Briglegg, a small Tyrolean town, after a prohibition of some five years. At Ammergan the performance was literally in the open air. At Briglegg it is performed in a covered building, with seats for 2,500 persons. Great throngs attend. The words and plot are from the Scriptures, followed as literally as possible.

The Union Square Hotel is crowded with the members of the Grand Opera troupe. Many not finding accommodations are seeking quarters in private houses in the neighborhood.

The regular opening of the Union Square Theatre will be on the 30th instant, with a new play by George Fawcett Rowe entitled "The Prussian."

Mrs. James Oates is announced to appear at the Olympic Theatre on the evening of September 20th in modified *opera bouffe*, given in English.

Pliny estimated that Roscius made annually \$20,000, and that the Dancer Dionysia had an income of \$8,200. For the love of his art, for ten years prior to 77 B. C., Roscius played for nothing. Imagine Mr. Booth or Mr. Sothern doing anything of this kind. The Roman stage was then remarkable for its pageants. Cicero says that in "Clytemnestra" no less than 600 mules appeared on the stage, and that in the "Siege of Troy" whole regiments of cavalry and infantry appeared *en scene*. After this all modern "Cataacts of the Ganges," with equine developments, must be considered as one-horse affairs.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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Publications.

MR. LINCOLN

AND

MR. SEWARD.

An Answer to the Memorial Address of Charles Francis Adams on the late Wm. H. Seward.

By HON. GIDEON WELLES,

IN OCTOBER No. OF

THE GALAXY.

MR. ADAMS, in his Memorial Address, placed MR. SEWARD above MR. LINCOLN, both as a statesman and a patriot. To this MR. WELLES takes exception, and presents the other side of the picture. The article is of great interest.

THE GALAXY for October also contains articles by RICHARD GRANT WHITE, COL. DE FOREST, ALBERT RHODES, PAUL H. HAYNE, LADY BLANCHE MURPHY, and other noted writers.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A FAIR SAXON, by Justin McCarthy, - - - 1 00
MODERN LEADERS, by Justin McCarthy, - - - 1 75
PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC, by Wm. R. Bliss, 1 25
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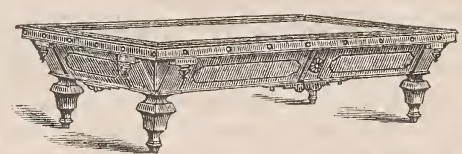
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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a healthful agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented *Downing* for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home," and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even *clamor* for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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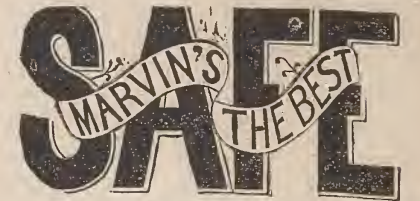
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1873.

Volume 1, Number 7.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

SEPTEMBER.

Charmed is my eye to-day,
As cooler breezes play
Around my pathway by this mountain stream;
Not yet has summer gone,
Tho' days have rolled us on
'Till harvest moon through clouds of Autumn gleam.

But lingering with us still,
Her voice among the hills,
With mellow tones of Autumn mingling sweet,
Gently as she glides away,
And gone the summer day,
E're we have missed the music of her feet.

Oh, golden harvest-time,
Ye come with solemn rhyme,
To warn us that September of our life
Shall come to us ere long,
And hush the summer song,
And God shall garner us from every strife.

Oh bright September day,
Fond memory is at play,
Among the many scenes that you recall,
Fresh breezes breathing joy,
Make me again a boy,
And waft away the clouds of sadness all.

Now from the marshy ground,
With merry whistling sound,
The snipe fly up in many a zigzag line—
In vain the wild ducks hide
In reeds by river side,
My trusty gun speaks out and they are mine.

I feel the sluggish blood
Go bounding like a flood
Back to a youthful heart again to-day;
And such a moment's bliss
Is years in world like this.
Oh, could we linger always by the way!

HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

Down the Potomac.

NO. I.—THE WATERING PLACES.

IN the summer months Washington resembles a deserted village. The salary-grabbers, the Credit Mobilierites, the Washington Tammanyites, the plethoric-pursed contractor, the uppermost of Government officials; the designing mammas, with marriageable daughters—in brief, shoddy and the *crème de la crème*—flee from the heat and dust of the Capital to Saratoga, Long Branch, Cape May, the Virginia springs, and other "fashionable" resorts, for change of air, fare, and dissipation. For the thousands whose occupations and purses will not permit of such extravagant pleasures, there remains the Potomac—noble stream that it is—bringing cool breezes to the feverish city, and nourishing in its depths oysters, crabs, and the best of fish. I might tell of the Little and Great Falls, above Washington, and of the black bass fishing, but the caption of these papers forbids. Mine is the pleasing duty to tell of life down the Potomac—of watering places unknown to the fashionable world, but frequented by boating men, fishermen, and people who feel most at home in their old clothes. The Washingtonian who can only spare an hour daily for recreation may enjoy the cool breezes of the river by taking the ferry boat to Alexandria and return at a cost of twenty-five cents for the round trip. He will pass and re-pass the navy yard, will have glimpses of green hills, shady groves, rippling water, white sails, puffing steam tugs, laden coal barges, a fleet of shipping, and enjoy the while a pure air and delicious breeze. Farther down the river are Glymont and Marshall Hall, accessible by excursion boats and resorted to by picnic parties and yachting parties. Here rum and riot sometime prevail, but there are "select excursions," which provide their own champagne, and indulge in gentlemanly intoxication by moonlight or otherwise. Of course there are dancing pavillions, and hotels where meals and mixed

brought in with the dessert, we walked down to the wharf, drinks are supplied; and here shad-bakes take place in their season.

Planked shad is a Potomac delicacy, and deserves brief mention, e'en though the last *roes* of summer have disappeared from the larder. *Imprimis*, you draw a seine to catch your shad. As this operation is not always successful, it is well to have provided a supply of fish for the party beforehand. Then you want a roaring fire, and some hard wood planks, planed smooth. These planks are stood against the bank, near the fire, until thoroughly heated. Then the fish, which have been split, nicely cleaned, and sprinkled with salt, are fastened to the planks, which are again placed against the bank, where the fire will cook and nicely brown the shad. May the shadows of planked shad never grow less.

Of the best known summer resorts farther down the river may be mentioned Colton's, Leonardtown, Blackstone's Island, Piney Point, Marshall's, and Point Lookout, the latter a point of land at the mouth of the Potomac, with a splendid beach fronting on Chesapeake Bay. The attractions at all these places are boating, fishing, bathing, crabbing, and a fare composed almost exclusively of fish and oysters. Save at Piney Point, the terms are very moderate—\$2 per day, \$10 per week, and \$30 to \$35 per month. Piney Point was quite a fashionable resort long before the war, and has sometimes, though inaptly, been called the Southern Long Branch. It has fallen somewhat into disrepute of late, partly through the unpopularity of its managers, but largely because of those ravenous pests, the mosquitoes, who are no respecters of persons. The cottages and hotel buildings stand in a grove of pine trees near the beach, and in the rear is a pool of brackish water. This swamp and the surrounding foliage are thought to account for the prevalence of mosquitoes, from which the place is only free when a strong breeze blows up the river. The Potomac at this point is eight miles wide, and a southerly wind creates quite a respectable surf. The beach is somewhat abrupt, and therefore dangerous to those who cannot swim, though I have never heard of any fatal accidents here. The bottom is hard and sandy, but as one occasionally encounters an oyster shell it is advisable to wear bathing shoes. This is the only place on the river which boasts of a tennis alley and billiard table; but of other amusements there is a painful dearth. You may catch crabs and small fish from the wharf, but if you wish to sail you must hire a boat at so much per hour; and during the past summer, for weeks at a time, there were no boats to be had for love or money. There is music and dancing at night, an excellent table, and the arrival and departure of the three or four steamers which ply up and down the Potomac help to dispel the monotony. It will be seen that Piney Point is no place for the sportsman or the lover of aquatic sports. It would be a fashionable watering place if it could, and put on airs, but during the past summer its cottages were for the most part untenanted, and the season was an utter failure pecuniarily.

Point Lookout, according to the distance-table of the steamer *Lady of the Lake*, is 113 miles from Washington, at the mouth of the Potomac river. It is a watering place gone to seed, but a top dressing of greenbacks would soon cause it to blossom forth again, as the place has many natural advantages. A railroad to Washington is now in process of construction, which will not only open up a new country, but tend to build up Point Lookout as a winter port for the shipment of fish, oysters, and produce. The distance by the land route is much less than by the river, and it is expected the journey from Washington to Point Lookout will be made on the railroad inside of three hours. This will enable business men who send their families here for the summer to run down at night and return in the morning, or, at least, to come down Saturday night and remain until Monday morning. But for the check received from the war Point Lookout would to-day be the most prosperous watering place south of Cape May. It had been laid out on a grand scale, and many of the improvements completed. A hotel building had been erected, and

there must have been between three and four hundred one and two-story cottages. Walks, drives, ponds, and fountains appear upon the lithographic plan issued by the proprietors, but of these not a vestige is seen to-day. During the war the place was taken possession of by the Government, and used as a naval station and a prison pen. Whole rows of cottages were burned in wantonness, or torn down for fuel, and as no repairs have been made from that day until this, the remaining buildings are in the last stages of dilapidation and decay. The hotel building is barely habitable, and a two-story villa is in a fair state of preservation, though nearly undermined by the waters of Chesapeake Bay, which now wash up under the verandah; but the remaining cottages are leaky as sieves, and ready to tumble down. The property was sold for taxes during the war, and bought by a Miss Baker, a hospital nurse, and one of the strong minded. It is said she bid in the cottages at \$1 apiece. This sale has been the cause of litigation ever since, and has prevented any improvement or repairs. Believing possession to be nine points of the law, Miss Baker has lived on in the main building, dragging out a precarious existence by the rent of a cottage or two, and the "taking in" of an occasional guest.

I shall never forget my first visit to the place, a little more than a year ago. The original wharf has nearly disappeared, and one constructed by the Government during the war, now used for the landing of passengers, is rotten as punk, full of holes, and tottering to its fall. Yet upon this dangerous and rickety structure our party of five—two ladies and three gentlemen—was landed between twelve and one o'clock one dark night. That we reached the shore in safety was little less than a miracle. Then, heading for a twinkling light in the distance, we walked ankle deep in sand for a quarter of a mile or more, and entering a door in a barn-like structure, which loomed up through the darkness, found ourselves in a large, dimly-lighted room, which we afterward learned was the dining-room. Here we met the hostess, a gaunt, weather-beaten woman, in a dark dress, which clung closely to her angular figure, and barefooted. After some delay, a lantern was procured, and we were marched up stairs to our sleeping apartments. The first couple were assigned a room, and given a candle, stuck in a goblet, to light them to bed, and there remained another couple and the writer to be disposed of. We were finally given a suite, and, the inner room containing a double bed, the outer of course fell to my lot. The furniture of these rooms was of the simplest description. The inner room contained, beside the bed, a chair and an eight by ten mirror, and the outer a single bed and washstand. But one candle could be obtained for the party, and in undressing by the light which shone through the transom I hung my clothes on the floor and went to bed. In the morning, after performing my ablutions, taking care to use but one end of the solitary towel furnished, I passed the washstand into the next room and received the mirror in return. At breakfast we were waited on by the hostess herself, still barefooted, and the cook, who wore an apron filthy beyond description. The bill of fare comprised some scraps of cold fish, a dish of chicken legs, and a cold decoction of chicken. Asking for a glass of water, we were told there were no glasses (they were all in use as candlesticks); but on insisting some tepid water was brought in a teacup. During the morning we went in bathing, and though assured there were no sea-nettles in the vicinity, our party were all more or less badly stung by them. An application of fresh water is said to furnish instant relief, but this remedy being then unknown to us we used sweet oil, without any perceptible benefit. The beach is certainly a fine one in many respects. It slopes down very gradually—indeed, one may wade half a mile from shore—and there is of course very little undertow. The bottom is hard and smooth, but one frequently encounters oyster shells, which cut the feet severely. An expert swimmer would find little pleasure here, but for women and children the bathing is excellent. After a dinner of chicken legs (there must be a peculiar breed of chickens hereabouts) and some cold chicken soup, which was over which we had made the perilous passage of the night

before, and amused ourselves opening oysters with spikes and penknives, a small boy providing us with all the bivalves we wanted by wading a short distance into the water. One day was enough for us at Point Lookout, and after a farewell repast of chicken legs we took the steamer up river that night. During the past summer there have been perhaps half a dozen families at this place, occupying the villa and the most habitable of the cottages, but they brought with them from the city furniture, provisions, and all the requisites for housekeeping. Fish, oysters, and crabs may be had here in abundance, but everything else must be brought from Washington or Norfolk. The fishing here is said to be much better than at any of the points above, and particularly for sheepshead. Occasionally a sea turtle is caught. Last year two men, while fishing from a canoe, hooked a turtle which towed them across the Potomac to Cone river before they could secure it. It was finally captured and sent to Washington, and when killed weighed 350 pounds.

The most popular resort on the Potomac at this time is Marshall's, two miles below Piney Point, and one hundred miles from Washington. Until this year it was little known, save to sportsmen and a few persons who value comfort and independence more than fashion. The accommodations were somewhat limited, consisting of a two-story and a half dwelling and country store combined, and a cottage with two rooms. This year a large three-story building was erected, and a steamboat wharf built, and the place is now known as the St. George's Hotel. The buildings are directly on the St. George's river—more properly an inlet—which extends four miles above, and three miles below unites with the Potomac and St. Mary's rivers. The Potomac is in full view, and but a quarter of a mile distant across the tongue of land on which the St. George's Hotel is situated. At the end of this point, less than half a mile from the hotel, are the Straits, a shallow strip of water between the main land and St. George's Island, through which canoes pass in going to Piney Point. But for this passage they would be compelled to sail entirely around St. George's Island, a distance of ten or twelve miles. I have been thus particular in describing the topography of the place from reasons that will appear later. The surrounding waters are everywhere shoal near the shores, and are filled with oyster bars, which are often encountered in the most unexpected places by sailing parties. Oysters are found in every direction, but those used at the hotel are brought in canoes from the St. Mary's river, and delivered alongside the wharf for ten to fifteen cents a bushel. They are measured and thrown overboard, to be *tonged* up when required. Half a dozen canoes lay at the wharf for the use of the guests, and a colored man is always to be had to sail them. No extra charge is made for the use of the canoes, nor for the raw oysters, of which one may eat a fill at any time from daylight to dusk. Indeed, there are no extra charges for anything, your dollar a day (if you stay more than a month, otherwise \$35 per month) covering all necessary expenses. A blue shirt, an old pair of pants, a broad-brimmed straw hat, such as may be had in the store for thirty cents, is *en regle* for costume, a coat being essential only when you go to the table. A Saratoga trunk is therefore unnecessary, a good sized valise holding all that is required in the way of outfit. You will rise in the morning not later than sun-up, and take a bath in the tubs or tanks at the end of the wharf. These are perforated boxes, which may be let down to any depth required, giving you all the benefit of a buff bath in the salt water without coming in contact with the sea-nettles. After your bath you will find your way to where two or three colored men are shucking oysters for the kitchen, and eat a dozen or more of the bivalves just from the water. It is then time to dress for breakfast, which meal will consist of whatever panfish have been taken by the fishermen in their gill nets the previous night—spot, crokers, small rock, or taylors—stewed and fried oysters, fried chicken, hot rolls, corn bread, waffles, and an abundance of milk. After breakfast nearly everybody adjourns to the summer house, midway on the slender wharf, at the end of which are the bath-houses. Around it the canoes are moored, and here the sailing parties are made up. Some of the ladies, who dare not venture farther on the raging St. George, will seat themselves with a book, newspaper, embroidery, or croquet work, and watch the children crabbing. Their outfit for this sport is very simple, and success certain. Having procured a chicken's head from the cook, it is tied to a string, weighted with an oyster shell, and thrown overboard. It will hardly reach bottom before it is seized by one of these voracious crustacea, and often with so firm a hold as to be drawn upon the wharf. A net with a long handle is necessary, however, with which the crab is dipped up as he nears the surface and dropped into a box or barrel for transportation to the kitchen. This is fine sport for the children, who can sit in the shade and catch crabs until they tire. Albeit, these shell fish have been both scarce and small this year, a fact which no one was able to account for. The soft crab, a great delicacy, must be sought for at low tide, on a shady shore, among the tufts of sea grass. Here it lies helpless, and is picked up by the fisherman as he wades along with observant eye. These not only furnish a favorite dish for the table, but bait for all the Potomac fish except the sheepshead.

Between twelve and one o'clock, the ladies having had their baths, a crab and oyster lunch is in order. This is partaken of under the boatshed, on the shore. The crabs are sent down on a large tray, with condiments and soda crackers, and a colored boy brings a basket of oysters. The work bench or an old boat serves for a table, and all

fall to *sans ceremonie*. Then a siesta. For dinner there will be oyster or chicken soup, boiled and baked sheepshead, oyster pie, chicken, duck, and goose, and a dessert of peaches and cream. After dinner the canoes will be in requisition again, and the croquet balls set in motion. For supper there will be cold fowl, stewed oysters, ham, cakes, and milk *ad libitum*. Soon after supper dancing commences, and is kept up until midnight. Such is a brief outline of a day's doings at the St. George's Hotel.

The facilities for sailing are unsurpassed. If the waters of the Potomac are too rough to venture upon, there is the more quiet St. George's. You may go for miles inland, with little coves branching off on either hand; here a comfortable farmhouse and there a negro cabin; here an orchard and there a tobacco patch. Or you may go down the St. George's three miles, and rounding a point known as Cherryfield, enter the St. Mary's river, and visit the old colonial city of St. Mary's, where landed the first settlers of Maryland. The St. Mary's is three miles wide at its mouth, but soon narrows, only to branch off in various directions into inlets, which furnish scenery of the most charming and picturesque description. It is considered quite an expedition to sail around St. George's Island, but by far a pleasanter one to land and visit a Captain Adams, whose garden and orchard contain the best of fruit. Here may be had figs, peaches, plums, pears, nectarines, melons, and apples in the greatest abundance, and at trifling cost. A party of four ate all they could on one occasion, and went away laden down, at a cost of only twenty-five cents.

Another favorite sail is to Piney Point, distant one and a half miles by land, but nearly three miles by water. The course is down the St. George's to the Straits, on opening which the Piney Point lighthouse comes into view. Once through the straits it is plain sailing, but the navigation otherwise is somewhat difficult, and the inexperienced hand is apt to run his canoe hard and fast on an oyster bar. Sometimes he may push off with his steering paddle, but oftener he will have to jump overboard and pull his craft into deep water. On "steamer nights" parties are made up to go over to the Point to greet the new arrivals or speed the parting guests. The boat is due on her down trip at ten P. M., but on her up trip not until midnight; so that while in one case everybody is home again before twelve o'clock, in the other it is sometimes one, two, and three A. M. before all is quiet on the St. George's.

Twice a week the steamer Lady of the Lake lands a mail punctually from Washington at Piney Point, and it is brought over by wagon to Marshall's, this being the post office. No sooner is the rumbling of the wheels heard than the parlor is deserted, and everybody rushes for the store. The mail-bag is emptied upon the counter, Mr. Marshall dons his spectacles, and seizing upon the letters calls off the names amid a terrible din and confusion. Envelopes are hurriedly torn open, messages shot to and fro, exclamations of satisfaction or regret uttered, and then, the letters having been disposed of, the newspapers are in order. The most momentous news is, however, of secondary importance to a "Letter from Marshall's," and this I have found to be the case at every watering place I have visited. Let them say what they will, people do like to see their names in print, and to have it known that they are "out of town." Woe unto the watering-place correspondent who ignores this craving for newspaper notoriety. Even the indolent Bohemian, bent only on taking a respite from quill driving, is not safe from the assaults of neglected fair ones, but is waylaid in verandahs and besieged in his cottage, as the writer can testify. Of course we had a Mrs. Grundy among us, but she tarried not long, and, on the whole, a nicer, jollier, happier set of people than were congregated at the St. George's Hotel last summer it would be difficult to find.

I had intended deferring what I had to say concerning the fishing until another issue, but there is so little to be said that it may as well be said now. Up to the 1st of September the fishing had been exceptionally poor. In June two young lads struck a school of rock, and, with soft crabs for bait, took forty pounds in a short time. There was no line fishing after that worth mentioning until about the 1st of August, when a fine string of white perch was taken in the mouth of a cove on the St. George's, a mile above Marshall's. All through the summer, however, the regular fishermen were bringing in sheepshead daily, with occasional intermissions. Seven was the highest number caught in one day by one man; two or three being the ordinary catch. The sheepshead are caught at Sheepshead Rock, a mile or so above Piney Point, and in huddles, or hurdles, at the lower end of St. George's Island. The bait used is a species of clam known as the man-nose. The hurdles are small enclosures formed by driving poles into the bottom, the bark being retained. The theory is that the fish feed on this bark. There must be a depth of water not less than ten or twelve feet, and a rocky or gravelly bottom. Hand lines are used, and when a fish is caught a small eord is made fast through the gills and attached to the boat. They are thus towed to a market, and when purchased are tied to the wharf to swim about until required for the table. The price paid the fishermen last summer was fifty cents a piece for sheepshead, large and small. They are sometimes taken weighing twenty-five pounds and upwards, but the average of the past season would hardly exceed ten pounds. The fishermen complain that the gill-nets in use lower down destroy the fishing in this vicinity. This is no doubt true, and moreover, the fishery laws of Maryland are frequently and openly violated along the Potomac by boats from the Virginia shore. The penalties are severe, but no captures are made, and the illicit traffic goes on.

A word should be said of the taylor, to my taste the best

fish taken in these waters. It may be taken with a troll, or with a hand line, soft crabs being used for bait in the latter case. Those who fish for sport, however, prefer to use a cedar pole, without a reel, and to feel the weight of the fish before landing it. Some parties were quite successful in the latter part of August, bringing in from fifty to one hundred good sized fish; but the best fishing is in September. Spot and crokers were sometimes taken with hook and line, but the supply for the table was furnished by the nets.

As for shooting, partridges are very abundant in this region, and later in the season the duck shooting will be good; and occasionally a shot may be had into a flock of wild geese. Of smaller game no note is taken by the inhabitants, and the gunner from the city must find it out for himself.

CHARLES A. PILSBURY.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN INDIANA.

CENTREVILLE, Indiana.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Arriving at the little railroad station of Remington (on the L. P. and B. R. R.), in Jasper County, Indiana, we were met by Joe, who was soon busily engaged in loading our baggage into his big two-horse, covered, spring wagon, said baggage consisting of a soldier tent, centre-pole, barrel of crackers, sugar-cured hams, ten pounds ham sausage, twenty-five pounds of butter, one dozen loaves bread, salt, pepper, one cheese, tobacco, shot guns, ammunition, blankets, &c., and we were soon on our way northward over the broad, green prairie, and our dogs had to run to keep up with our fiery team.

We had scarcely gone three miles from the station, when a prairie chicken (pinnated grouse) whirred away from the side of the road. Shot guns were then got ready, and presently two more went sailing past; but one was brought down, by whom I cannot tell, as we all fired at once, and each claimed that *he* had hit it. Every now and then our dogs would start one, sometimes half a dozen in a drove, but they were too far off for a shot, and we were anxious to get to our camping-ground. We saw a few sand-hill cranes and ducks, in sloughs, or places where there was water. About sunset we arrived at our camping-ground, a place which certainly did credit to Joe's judgment in selecting it, for it was a nice little grove of scrub oaks and hickory trees, while on the west ran a stream of clear, pure water. He had brought his cooking utensils—frying-pans, skillets, pots, coffee-pots, &c., with him, and in a very short time we had our centre-pole put up, all our traps unloaded, while Dick, the sable cook, had the coffee (Java) made, and we sat down to as good a supper as was ever eaten, at least it required no trouble to clear the table of any remaining fragments. We sat around the camp fire until late at night, smoking our meerschaums, relating stories of former hunting and fishing, and then rolled ourselves up in our blankets to sleep. To sleep? No, for the Major's sonorous snore made it impossible for me to sleep, so I lay awake until nearly midnight, listening to the myriads of katydids in the trees, and the chirp of crickets in the long grass down by the creek; but finally I went into dreamland, and did not awaken until the sun was at least two hours high, when Dick called me up for breakfast. We had some fried grouse, which one of the party had shot that morning, and we all partook.

We then went to work in earnest—six men and four dogs—and as the game was plenty, the dogs had no trouble in finding it, and wherever they pointed we were sure of chickens. We made it a rule not to fire until they had got about thirty yards distant, when we seldom failed in bringing down the game. At noon we had succeeded in bagging forty among the whole party, nine being the largest number shot by any one. We did not go out again until evening, when we brought in seventeen more. Supper, smoke, to bed, and the same snore of the Major's; but I was so tired that I soon slept. Thus we passed the time for five days, killing all the chickens we needed, and occasionally brought in a brace of fat ducks. On the afternoon of the fifth day we removed our camp near to the Kankakee river, but still on the same creek, and in a grove also. During the middle of the day we generally laid in the shade and read or smoked, and did not try to kill any game, except mornings and evenings, nor did we kill any and throw it away, as no true sportsman will do this; but after the first day we killed only what we wanted to eat, and had chicken fried, roasted, or stewed every meal, varied occasionally by a brace of roast ducks. Joe went to a farm house, about ten miles off, and brought back a lot of fine melons.

Sunday, we read, smoked, and slept, and no one thought of taking his gun. We spent five days at this camp, then sung our "parting song," took down our tent, loaded the wagon—not forgetting to take home a half-dozen chickens apiece—and were on our way to the station again, after having killed over 200 chickens, and having ten days of rest and recreation, with a hope and a promise to meet again at this place next summer.

September and the first two weeks in October are more pleasant for hunting than August, as the nights are cooler, although we did not experience any discomfort from the heat, as there was always a good breeze.

Later in the season the game is generally a little scarcer and wilder, but there is always plenty of game. We met parties who had killed many more chickens than we had. I would advise any who go to do as we did, take tent and provisions, and you can hire a wagon and from team farmers near any of the stations along the railroad west of Logansport, and a wagon can go over any part of the prairie. There is good shooting along the railroad for miles on both

sides, but the north side is the best, as you can find plenty of game for twenty miles north. Encamp in a grove near water, and you will be happy.

AMATEUR.

PALATINE, Ill., September 12th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

We have some as nice gunning here in the West as there is anywhere to be found. It is not unfrequently that I take my pointer, Joe, (which, by the way, is one of the noblest dogs that ever I fired a gun over) and go out in the fields, returning in about a couple of hours with from ten to fifteen plump prairie chickens, and occasionally (in the season) as many fine partridges or quail. Our snipe shooting here is of not much account, as we have no swamps, nor any good feeding grounds for them. Of ducks, we get our share of most all kinds, in their proper time. With pigeons we have great sport, especially in the fall of the year, so you see that we are not left quite out in the cold, as far as shooting is concerned.

F. J. F.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

NEW YORK, September 18th, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

I was glad to see in print my communication on the crying evil of "stocking trout waters with black bass," but your compositor made sad work of part of it. As a recent tour in quest of a trout pond or stream which a club might restock, has confirmed me in my views of the importance of the subject, I would like to make my article more intelligible by requesting the reader to replace the word "description," by "discussion," so that the sentence would read "I would like to see a fair discussion," &c.

But to the subject which I now wish to introduce, viz. stocking the Hudson with salmon. Yes! with *Salmo salar!* Why not? What should prevent this noble fish from going up a long way above tide water. There are many streams running into the Hudson which would afford spawning ground. The Croton is one; your memory will doubtless recall many others. A fish ladder could very easily be made at Glenn's Falls; and cheaply too, if one be required, as lumber is plenty there. And so on, over all the impeding dams. I know that the upper waters of the Hudson are splendidly adapted for salmon, to say nothing of many large brooks running into the main river above Lansingburgh.

Now, Mr. Editor, when the United States Fishery Commissioner is introducing salmon into the Delaware, can we not get some salmon fry placed in the Hudson? Try the German salmon as well as other kinds. If the Fishery-Commissioners of this State will only show proper zeal, they can do something which will indeed cause people to think them of some use. And I will show them how to do it.

Last year, Mr. C. G. Atkins, of Maine, was employed by several contributors to the fund, to collect salmon spawn on the Penobscot or Kennebec. He was very successful, so much so that the cost of the ova was only a few dollars per thousand. I believe he is to repeat the experiment this autumn, and that the United States Fishery Commission will, as last year, contribute liberally. My suggestion is to have our State Fishery Commissioners subscribe to this project, hatch the ova in the State Hatching House and put the young salmon into the upper waters of the Hudson. The year or two which would elapse before the young fry would be old enough to return, would give our Fishery Commissioners ample time to see that fish-ways were made at every dam for a long way up. Many dams are already prepared for shad, and of course would be used by salmon.

So you see, a few thousand dollars of the State appropriation (now wasted on distributing or catching perch, suckers *ed id omne genus*) would introduce a really important article of food into our beautiful Hudson, to say nothing of furnishing the grandest sport at our very doors.

I don't want to be too sanguine, but now is the time to endeavor to get Mr. Baird to help us. Surely the Hudson is as important a river to stock as can be found. I have descended the stream from its source to Glenn's Falls, and know how feasible the project is. Then there are many rivers, such as the Chateaugay, which flow into the lakes or the St. Lawrence, which used to swarm with salmon. Can they not be restocked?

Now is the time to agitate the question.

Yours, PISCATOR.

"WHAT BECOMES OF THE FISH?"

NEW YORK, September 19th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The brief article in your last issue, entitled "What Becomes of the Fish?" gives additional probability to my guide's theory concerning the dead pickerel in Raquette river. During my fortnight's encampment at Hedgehog Rapids, in June, not one was seen. Then the water was high. The pickerel grass and other weeds which they use as a cover, were not grown.

But in August we found nearly four feet less of water. The banks were sedgy, and the shallows everywhere visible. Then the river was full of dead and decaying pickerel, from one to four pounds in weight.

The otherwise pure air of that region was tainted. Hundreds of carcasses were floating lazily with the current, or were lodged among the lily-pads. The cause or occasion of this destruction was a puzzle. The oldest guide on the river, on being questioned, affirms that their slayer is the great blue heron.

Of these huge birds we saw scores daily, wading in the shallow water and grasses. They are known to be most

greedy and unscrupulous fishermen, killing game far beyond their needs for food. Hec. Marden says they watch for the pickerel in their haunts, grip them savagely between the sharp blades of their beaks, and leave them to die. We examined great numbers of these dead fish, and in every case found two large wounds on opposite sides, generally a little back of the dorsal fin, or just behind the gills.

These scars would answer almost exactly to the beak of the great blue heron.

Your correspondent says of the night heron that it is never seen in the day time. The blue heron of the north woods, doubtless a specimen of the same genus, is seldom seen except in the day time.

Both are most destructive of fish. I should vote heartily for the extermination of those Springfield herons, for they destroy trout; but I should like to give a good bonus to the Raquette river herons, for every vagabond, predatory pickerel which they munch in their beneficent jaws.

I like your paper.

J. CLEMENT FRENCH.

MOON SICKNESS.

MUSEUM, WES. UNIVERSITY, }
MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Sept. 11th. }

Every one familiar with sea-faring men must be aware of their belief in the ill effects of the direct rays of the moon. The light of the moon striking the face of a sleeper is held to be particularly injurious.

Many officers do not allow their men to sleep on deck when the moon is bright. I have never talked with a sailor on the subject without hearing cited from personal experience at least one case of temporary blindness or distortion of the face thus caused.

As I could find no reference to this disease in medical works I was at first inclined to class this belief with the superstition which formerly called the insane "lunatic," or "moonstruck," but it is shared by so many intelligent men that it deserves investigation.

Mr. Cuthbert Collingwood in his very entertaining "Rambles of a Naturalist on the China Sea," gives an instance which occurred on a vessel with whose *personnel* he was acquainted, and which was corroborated by all the men and officers.

"The lad was eighteen years of age, of fair complexion, full face and large, light grayish blue eyes which attracted attention from their remarkable appearance. In February, 1864, on a certain night in the full moon, the lad was sleeping on the fore-castle with his face turned upwards, fully exposed to the direct rays of the moon. The circumstance was remarked by his messmates, who warned him but to no purpose. Next night he was one of a deep-sea sounding party and was beating the line when the moon rose, when he suddenly exclaimed that he could not see and would have walked overboard had he not been stopped. For sixteen nights, as soon as the moon arose he complained that a cloud came before his eyes, and it was necessary to lead him about the deck. This was only in moonlight. The surgeon, a gentleman of superior attainments, with whom I am acquainted, examined his eyes minutely and could see nothing abnormal in them. Between decks and during daylight he had no difficulty. When the next moon came around he had recovered from this singular affection which did not return. Many other instances have been related to me by persons, sometimes medical officers, under whose direct notice they fell."

The subject is an interesting one, particularly to sportsmen and others who sometimes sleep in the open air. It is hoped that this may meet the eye of some medical man or naval officer who can throw additional light on the question.

G. BROWN GOODE.

VENOMOUS LIZARDS.

HALIFAX BARRACKS, September 13th, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Having noticed your article on "Woorari" where Dr. Saffray describes a venom as coming from a frog used by the Indians to poison their arrows, I beg leave to state the following facts, which I trust will find some explanation in your columns: Two years ago while hunting in the mountains of Nova Scotia with Indians, during the middle of September, in the dense hard-wood forest, I came across a rather large lizard. I was about securing him, when my Indians cried out "retez!" "retez!" their French for stop. On inquiring the reasons for their caution, they said it was a most dangerous creature, calling it "the man poisoner lizard." They assured me that if there was a scratch on my finger, and I touched the lizard, it would poison me fatally. I cut a stick and poked him. I did this easily, as his movements were rather lethargic. This seemed to enrage him, and he turned on the stick. At the same time a peculiar white creamy and glutinous matter exuded from his body. One of the Indians caught a field mouse. I touched the mouse, who was quite lively and unhurt, somewhere about the mouth, with the stick which was imbued with the exudation of the lizard, and the mouse died in violent convulsions in a few minutes. I regret very much not having preserved the lizard, which I killed. I do not have much faith in the Indian stories, though my guides were very reliable and trustworthy men, and not in the least inclined to deceive me. I found out afterwards, that the settlers all believed that this lizard was terribly venomous, and cited accidents arising from touching it. The color of the lizard was of a greenish yellow. His body was about four inches long, and his tail about five inches. He had two quite sharp teeth, fangs in fact, on

both his upper and lower jaw, and smaller teeth in front. Have any of your readers come across a similar lizard? Is there any foundation in the universal dread people have of toads and lizards? I think there may be some reasons for it.

CAPTAIN P.

CROSSING THE YELLOWSTONE.

Bloody Knife, General Custer's Indian guide, manufactures a boat in this way:—

Two beeves were immediately killed and skinned for Bloody Knife's use. Stout willow wands were then cut and the bark pulled off. They were then bent into the proper shape and bound together by thongs of raw hide. The frame, when completed, looks like a denuded umbrella frame, the tips being secured by a large willow ring which determines the diameter of the circular boat. The hide is stretched over the frame and secured to it by more thongs of raw hide. The green hide is then allowed to dry, the process in our case being hastened by a large fire. When completed, this unique boat looked like a large raw hide umbrella, three feet deep and about five in diameter, without a handle. Yet Bloody Knife declared that this raw hide tub would carry 1,000 pounds. A second bull-boat was made and dried in the same way. The day had been passed in these endeavors, and it was too late to make further trial that night.

We picketed our horses near by, spread our blankets, and dropped to sleep. Just before we retired, an Indian was seen to come down to the bank on the other side to water his horse. As soon as he observed our camp he immediately fled without giving his animal a drink. His surprise showed that our presence so near the enemy had not been discovered. Had we possessed the proper appliances for crossing the river, we could no doubt have effected the passage without discovery. Once discovered, an attempt to cross a line in the morning by our bull-boats would be extremely hazardous.—*Tribune Correspondent.*

AN ARTIST'S AMBITION.

THERE is no reading I like as well as dog reading. Mr. Bulwer's romance dogs is poetry dogs, but not equal to Mr. Dicken's dogs. They is true to the life, and if dogs could speak, for they do think, they would talk just like Mr. Dicken's dogs. Only one thing, sir, and if you don't think it a liberty, I shall presume to remark, which it is in regard to dogs, do what you may, good or bad treatment, they never will perform their tricks and carry a good tail. Now, to make you understand, do you see that yellow spotted dog? That dog knows we are talking about him, and he's pondering on us. Dogs does a deal of pondering. That dog's an inventive dog, sir, and is capable of striking off for himself a perfectly original line of characters, only, sir, when up to the beauties of his part, hingspired I may say, regularly hingspired, he will drop his tail. Some dogs drops their tails more than others; some carries them right between their legs, which takes ever so much away from the traction of the piece. May be, sir, you don't know much about plays where the dog is the actor. The female lady character says: "Oh my dog! my faithful dog! how joyously he bounds this way! We are saved! we are saved! He comes! he comes." Now to see a dog come in like a whip'd cur takes all the life out of the piece. Dog human nature notwithstanding any of the arts of man, will show itself there. Once I got acquainted with an Italian. He knowed most as much as any man I ever saw on dogs. He had a big spaniel dog, as was a most natural dog. I seed that dog perform a dozen times, and that dog had no drop in his tail, tho' his play was cowed like and not free. Of course his master woldn't let me handle him. But I paid a friend of mine to have that dog sent me once, just for ten minutes, and I found it out. The dog was nicked, sir; the mussels at the joint of his tail had been clean cut, so that he couldn't drop it or wag it, if he tried.

That ain't true art, and I'm above it. It's the ambition of my life, however, to succeed on that one point. I suppose if I had a very young puppy and trained him up alone, apart from any other dog, and we neither of us lost our tempers, we might succeed. In the meantime, as you see, I satisfy my craving for perfection with short-tailed dogs. Nature and her defects ain't as perceptible in a bob-tailed."

"Will you allow us," we said, "to thank you? for you are really a conscientious artist; it is difficult to meet such."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply. "The living I pick up is one thing, and the satisfaction I derive from my calling another. It ain't often I am appreciated."—*New York Times.*

CROWS IN BERMUDA.—The crows are voted such a nuisance that an Act of the Colonial Parliament has been passed for their extirpation, and 2s. 6d. is paid out of the Colonial Treasury for each crow that may be brought dead to the proper authority. However, the crows build their nests in trees upon islets rarely visited, so that their numbers do not visibly decrease, though some are shot from time to time. During the breeding season the boatswain or long-tail birds (*Phaethon athereus*) are seen in large numbers flying round the rocks (in the clefts they have deposited their mottled eggs) or roving about the ocean in search of small fish, upon which they feed; and very handsome look these white birds, with their black-tipped wings and two delicate fawn-colored feathers in their tails, as they dart and skim through the air in the neighborhood of their nests.

They are difficult to shoot by reason of their thick feathers, and are easily captured in the holes of the rocks (sitting upon their eggs) by pushing in a stick or rag and jerking them out when they bite the article, taking, by the way, particular care they do not bite your finger with their powerful yellow beak.

Some years ago a gentleman passing through Bermuda was anxious to obtain a few specimens, and was sufficiently unwary to advertise that he would pay 2s. 6d. apiece for any that might be brought him, and he was soon in possession of a boat load, for which he had to pay several pounds, with the consolation of hearing that the public verdict was "served him right!"

Some years ago the Virginian partridge was brought to Bermuda, and the birds are said to be thriving and increasing and to be well suited to the climate, or rather the climate is well suited to them.—*Saint James Magazine.*

For Forest and Stream.
NARRAGANSETT BAY.

VIEWED FROM THE ESTATE OF E. D. PEARCE, ESQ., SEPTEMBER, 1873.

I've wandered far and been in many places,
With heeding mind, fixed thought and open eyes,
And memory paints but few with half the graces
Of the fair scene which now before me lies.

I see the city's spires and silvery dome,
Its trees, the wharves, its bridges all in sight,
The noble river safely bearing home
Its fleet of summer steamers, swift and white.

The breeze brings music from the crowded deck,
With rousing chorus from the happy throng;
While new formed wavelets roll to shore and break
Where Flora's offerings from the sea are strewn.

Oh lovely peaceful stream! not more of praise
Thy beauty, than thy graceful bosom given
To serve thy Maker's will, and make our days
Of pleasure brighter—less of earth than heaven!

A wooded height along the river's side
Slopes gently downward to the water's edge,
And birds are there, and sing and chirp and glide
In graceful flight from drooping branch and sedge.

The puffing engine flies along its way
Past vale and rock, with steady hand to guide;
Cool breezes blow throughout the summer day
And cedars shade me as I walk beside.

My steps are slow—I fain would linger long
And give to memory all the beauty here,
And so recall the birds' melodious song
And feel the river, woods and meadows near.

Think of their quiet when I'm far away,
While noisy business works my soul-life low,
I'll oft look backward on this happy day
And wish me watching these fair waters flow.

R. FARQUHAR.

Hunting Caribou in Nova Scotia.

COBEQUID MOUNTAINS,
NEAR WESTCHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA,
September 8th, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Thanks to some instructions given by you to me, as to time and locality, while in your city in June last, I have had the satisfaction of killing my first caribou. As I had informed you, when last I had the pleasure of seeing you, I was not unfamiliar with hunting this animal, having killed three caribou in 1871, and two last year in New Brunswick.

My traps I had sent to a friend in Halifax about the middle of August, and I found them in good order on arrival. At Halifax I stayed a day, and bought a Hudson Bay frieze coat, an admirable protection for bad weather. This with two rubber blankets, a bag or so of buck shot, and a special kind of camp hatchet, made for me deftly by a clever Irish blacksmith, completed my list of purchases. Early next morning after an admirable breakfast at the Halifax House, I took the Inter-Colonial railway to Truro, stopping there at the Prince of Wales Hotel, kept by the most jovial of hosts and Scots, Mr. McKenzie. Truro is a charming little village at the head of an arm of the Bay of Fundy, and is much visited, being the best place to see the wonderful tidal action of the water, known as the Bore. Every fine day hundreds of people drawn from all parts of the world assemble on the bridge which spans the Salmon River, awaiting the coming of the huge tidal wave. Sometimes when wind and tide favor, it rises like a wall, ten feet high, and sweeps on up the Sound. I know of no phenomenon which impresses one more vividly with the idea of the grand, rhythmic power of nature, and I fancy if Herbert Spencer had ever seen it, he would have used it as an illustration. I took some pains to measure accurately the absolute rise of the tide. Taking my sea tackle and sinker, and letting it fall until it touched the bottom, at low water, landing the sinker fast in the mud, and marking the length of the line afterwards, where it was just on the top of the water, the difference I found to be sixty-four feet, eleven inches. Its approach is heralded by a deep, sullen roar.

At Truro I remained all day, having to make arrangements for the hiring of horse and buggy for a week or so, not only to carry me and my traps to Purdy's, some thirty-five miles distant, but to facilitate any movements I might desire to make. Next morning, with a very good horse, and a rough but strong vehicle, furnished me by McKenzie, I started on my way, my road having been quite thoroughly explained to me. The country I passed through was magnificent. Dark, umbrageous spruce woods, sombre in character, were relieved occasionally by the brighter colored maples. Sometimes gloomy gorges, hardly wide enough for the buggy to pass through, were almost sepulchral from the heavy shadows of the mountains.

In one place the road led along a mere shelf of rock, the Londonderry, a noble stream, rushing along below me. It was a rough road, so that it was almost nightfall before I reached Purdy's. There I found myself in admirable quarters. To the kindness of the host, Mr. Purdy, was added the more delicate attentions of the Misses Purdy, three very handsome and highly educated women. As Purdy's was to be my base of operations, I immediately commenced getting together my supplies, and the question of guides was paramount. I had the choice of several excellent men. Following the advice of my host, I chose George Beesewanger, a native of the place, and secured his services, agreeing to pay him \$1 50 a day and to find him.

My second guide I was instructed to find later. At Purdy's I laid in the heavy rations, such as pork, tea, coffee, flour, Indian meal, &c.

There never was such a glorious view as I had from my window when I rose next morning. Far, far below me were interminable forests of spruce, huge billows of green leaved, surging to and fro with the breeze, and away beyond lay placidly the dark blue waters of the Bay of Fundy. I tarried here fully three days—days of delightful laziness, pure days of sensuous enjoyment—pretending, it is true, to perfect my arrangements, just breathing in the fragrance of the glorious woods, perhaps a little indifferent as to caribou. At last Beese (the final "wanger" to his name I shall drop in the future as quite superfluous) said to me at dinner that "he thought matters were now in good trim, and that he felt it was caribou weather, and that it was time to go to Castlereagh."

In Castlereagh dwelt John Gamble, a famous moose and caribou hunter, who tilled a farm there. Taking horse and buggy, well laden down with provisions, we left Purdy's, and reached Castlereagh, a sparsely peopled settlement, at about dusk. Gamble I found at prayers. There was something inexpressibly solemn in the picture I saw there. In the small rough house were assembled the family, and by the flickering fire Gamble was reading to them the prayers, in deep, sonorous language. I hesitated almost to tell my errand. The last amen was pronounced with unctiousness, when I told him the purpose of my coming. "I was for caribou, and would he join me for ten days or so." He quickly assented, and seemed pleased to go. A more wild place than Castlereagh, as to topography, I never saw. It is the ideal of a spot where civilization ends and a wilderness begins. The people who live here, some forty souls all told, are scattered over an area of about fifty miles. They are all Scotch-Irish, were among the early settlers of the island, and are strictly religious and trustworthy. Their honesty may be shown by the fact that a lock on a door is unknown. Their ideas are primitive, and their language Scotch-English, with a dialect of their own. With but few wants, ignorant of the world or its surroundings, many of them, perhaps, have never, save when hunting, gone out of the shadows of their woods. Everything was arranged for an early start. My party had now an addition—George Gamble, a highly intelligent lad of sixteen, with the pseudonym of "Dandy," going with us. Gamble had located a lodge for moose and caribou some six miles from the settlement, which was our objective point. Next morning, before dawn, we started, dividing the buggy-load between us, the horse and vehicle remaining at Castlereagh. My battery consisted of a Remington, a Ballard, and a smooth bore No. 10. My guides told me that it would be a long and tedious tramp, up hill all the way, and so it proved to be. Bass river, quite a brawling stream, waist deep, was forded; no easy task for me, "heavily accoutred" as I was, and, after a scramble up its steep, rocky banks, at last we struck the woodlands. Here we visited what Dandy called Porcupine Den, when Dandy soon ousted a porcupine, which he slew. Here we halted, took a bite, and started again after some ten minutes' rest, and, skirting the woods, a half hour before sundown reached Gamble's lodge, just on the edge of the caribou barren. The lodge was well built; three of the walls were of logs, the other made of piled stones. The floor had been well rammed down, and it was sweet and clean. Near it gurgled a limpid spring. What struck me most about these Nova Scotia woods was the intense, almost painful stillness. Nature must take her kief here, to awaken later, when, in a paroxysm of passion, with icy blasts she lays low the majestic trees. Beese, Gamble, and Dandy in a trice had everything in military order. Of cooking paraphernalia, a kettle and a frying pan made up the catalogue. Of fragile china or stronger delf had we none. In a half hour, with pliant birch bark and threads of withewood, cups, dishes, and plates were improvised, quite as useful and more durable than those made by the potter's wheel. Fresh spruce boughs of aromatic fragrance, so excellent for consumptives, were spread on the floor. Dandy had killed four grouse as we left Castlereagh, and a good supper was assured us. Gamble was desirous of having variety in the menu, and on his assuring me that there was a stream positively not more than forty yards off, I thought I would try for a trout, though I was terribly tired out. With line in hand, cutting a pole as I went, baiting my hook with some white grub picked from a dead tree, in ten minutes I had some dozen trout. They were small ones, scarcely half pound fish, but gamey and pleasant to catch. With Gamble as *chef de cuisine*, I watched the way he cooked them. The fish were cleaned, not scaled; heads and tails and fins were all left on. Each one was dipped into a birch bark dish, filled with meal, inside a piece of fat bacon was inserted, a place was made for it in the hot coals, and in ten minutes the fish was withdrawn, done to a turn. The grouse were stuffed with wild cranberries, hung from the ceiling with a bit of twine, put before the fire, and Dandy was set to basting them. How good a *pottage de Porcupine* is I do not know, but I must confess that maple sugar as a condiment to a porcupine, though original, is not to be despised. A famous pot of tea was then brewed, and we had bread from the settlement. Hardly was tea swallowed, our pipes smoked, and the least nip of rum taken, than I got drowsy, and think I must have tumbled on the spruce bough covered floor just as I was, for in the morning, between the last word I had spoken or heard, and the song Dandy was singing (some quaint old stave) outside the lodge at daybreak, there seemed to have been but the interval of a second. Looking at Beese, who was still sleeping, I noticed he held

his pipe tightly clutched between his teeth. I ran to my trout stream, took a single refreshing dip, and strolled about some little, and arrived just in time for a glorious breakfast.

Our first day was one simply of prospecting and finding out the lay of the land. A caribou barren (we were on the verge of one) may be described as a *plateau*, covered with a thick grey moss two or three inches thick, on which grows the cranberry. Here and there it is dotted over with huge quartz boulders, covered at their bases with that most succulent of mosses, the lichen, on which the caribou principally feeds. A barren is most always intersected by a running stream, and there are occasional clumps of spruce. This tree always looks dark and sombre, and long trails of funeral-like moss hang like weepers from the limbs. On this moss, too, the caribou feeds. The trees are mostly stunted. This is not owing to the winds, for the barrens are generally encircled by the thick woods, which would keep off the blast, but their low growth is an effect of the soil. Dig where you may in the ground, when you have passed through the cushion of moss there is a morass below. To tread on this carpet of moss may be the poetry of motion as far as softness of footfall goes, but until one is accustomed to its yielding nature it makes walking quite fatiguing. There are no brambles on a barren—nothing but the cranberry and whortleberry. The particular barren we were to reconnoitre had an area of some 800 acres, and was completely enclosed.

The caribou being the most sensitive and observant of the deer species, the utmost silence is necessary when hunting them, so when skirting the barren, save by some mute signs interchanged as to direction, hunters never speak. We all kept together for a mile from the camp, when we divided, Gamble going with me in a southeasterly direction, and Beese and Dandy striking northwest. The woods on our route soon opened, and the walking became easy. Gamble pointed out a tree of black spruce, a perfect giant, which he made a sign I should climb. It was not difficult to scale, and when fairly on top, with my race-glass I scanned the barren we were skirting. I had a beautiful view of our barren, and of several barrens beyond, fully ten miles distant. On our barren I saw no sign of an animal, but on a barren I should have judged five miles off with my glass I plainly made out two caribou. Gamble, on my descending and announcing the fact, expressed some doubt, but on ascending himself verified the statement. Sometime about mid-day we found Beese and Dandy, and after lunching we proceeded homewards by a different route. Dandy was the first to find caribou tracks, which he did cleverly in the afternoon. How he saw it I cannot understand, and it was some time before I could see it, but caribou foot it was, and a little further on the spot where one had laid down was pointed out to me by Gamble. It was determined not to follow up their track, but to still keep up the study of the country, so that in case one of the party got astray, which would probably have been myself, we might have a better chance of finding our quarters. That night, around the camp-fire, Beese told me a hunting story about killing and landing moose, which I at first was inclined to doubt, until Gamble asserted its truthfulness. Some seven years before, Beese said that hunting with two Indians in a rather small canoe, on the broad waters of the River Philip, they had shot a bull and a cow moose. Moose meat was scarce at the settlement, and it was a question how to get their carcasses home, as the canoe was too small to hold even 100 pounds of additional weight, and the two moose would gross 1,800 pounds. One of the Indians suggested making a boat of the bull moose and using it for transporting the cow. The bull was opened and disembowelled, the head was cut off, the neck sewed up, he was split carefully, ribs of wood were built into him, and he was launched into the stream, and so, loaded with the cow, was safely towed to the settlement, twenty miles distant.

Next morning it rained heavily, and our camp was thoroughly cleaned and guns overhauled. In the afternoon, the rain having changed to a drizzle, Gamble proposed our going to Rock Lake, some three miles distant. After rather a wet walk of an hour we reached the lake, and Gamble built a raft. One peculiarity of the lake was that it was always bubbling, abounding probably with springs. I had taken a light fly rod, and with a coachman hackle and Blue Professor made a cast or two without success. Later I tried a yellow Dun with no better luck, when choosing a Miller and a bug the trout rose rapidly. In a half hour I had secured eighteen fish, of about two pounds each. A flock of black duck on the upper edge of the lake attracted our attention, and I killed five. Of course this shooting was done at some distance from the barren, as a single gun fired in its immediate proximity would have cleaned the ground of the caribou for a week.

Fresh food now becoming scarce, as we had determined not to shoot any more, we smoked our ducks for the future, hanging them in the smoke of the chimney. Next day we started just at daybreak. The sun rose clear, dispelling the mist, and Gamble said it was "a fine hunting morn, and that it would fetch caribou." Dandy was left in camp, and Gamble, Beese, and myself made the party. It was our intention not to return without a caribou. We made directly for the barren, but saw no sign. We now boldly crossed it, plunged into the deep forest beyond, skirted the second barren, and found here moose tracks three weeks old, but no sign of caribou. Here we came across an old Indian camp, which, being in good order, we took possession of, studying its bearings in case we should have to retrace our steps and spend the night there. We kept on through the

second barren, going round a pretty lake, where Gamble set some otter traps. Still no trace of our game. The sun was now but an hour high. As the forests become dark at five o'clock, when it is light on the barrens until eight, we determined to push on through the third barren as far as we could and camp there, so as to be near the fourth barren early next morning. After our supper of bread and pork, without tea, we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and slept soundly. We were now fully twenty miles from camp, as the bird flies, and fully thirty-five by the route we had taken, Economy Lake being south of us, and we had some two miles yet to make before we could reach the fourth barren. It was dark when Gamble quietly awakened me. We ate our breakfast quickly, and walked fully two hours before dawn cleared the sky. As soon as it was light Gamble climbed a tree. The country he said had changed somewhat, as it had been seven years since he had been at this barren. As he slid down the tree, by the expression of his face and the glitter of his eye I felt sure he had seen caribou. "Five of them in the barren, not more nor a mile off, a feeding, sir." That was all. Now, with the utmost precaution we traced our steps. Just on the south side of the barren we found a distinct trail, which the caribou had made through the woods. Their tracks resembled these made by cattle, only a little more elongated, for the caribou has rather long, low hoofs. The dung was even fresh, and not much larger than that voided by sheep. They had evidently laid down during the night at this very spot, as little bits of hair were visible. We followed the track in Indian file, Gamble leading, I in the middle, and Beese in the rear. The gait was a slow one, and our feet were cautiously placed on the ground, fearful that even a twig should crack. Not a word was spoken. With one hand on his gun, the other behind him, Gamble would signal with his outstretched fingers which way we should go, or whether we should halt. The track was almost 400 yards long, and a small stream had to be crossed. Silently as otters we went through it. Just then the barren opened on us. We rested for a few moments, then got to the last screen of trees, and saw for the first time our caribou. They were hidden by a slight fringe of spruce boughs, and were not more than 600 yards off. About 400 yards distant in the barren there stood a huge boulder, of a greyish white, glistening in the bright morning sun, and throwing off sparkles of light from the quartz crystals in it. Could we reach it? If able to do that there would be the chance of a shot. We all dropped to the ground, and crawled slowly on the moss, worming our way round smaller boulders until we reached it. Looking stealthfully over the top of it, I was now sure that the caribou were just within long rifle shot. We waited fully five minutes (it seemed to me five hours), hoping the caribou would come nearer. When we saw them first the herd—made up of two old bucks, two male yearlings, and a doe—were playing together; now they were feeding. Thinking Gamble the better shot, I had given him my Ballard, reserving the Remington for myself. Every moment I expected the caribou would move further off. Though they could not wind us, every now and then the nearest buck would pause, slowly raise his head, and look around him, as if on his guard. Gamble looked inquiringly at me, as if asking what to do. I made the motion of firing. Indicating the buck I wanted to shoot at, I left Gamble to pick out any one he chose. I carefully took a resting shot on a sharp edge of the boulder. Presently the furthest buck came a trifle quartering towards me, and taking the most careful of shots, with a fine bead, aiming at the brisnet, I let him have it. Almost instantly afterwards Gamble fired. My buck fell dead in his tracks. Gamble's caribou gave one single, short leap, and fell dead not ten yards from mine. One long, exulting shout sounded through the barren as we screamed with excitement. The next moment Gamble was down into the barren with gleaming knife in hand, and the throats of two noble caribou were cut. The buck I had killed was the finest of the two, and would have weighed 300 pounds. Gamble's buck was a trifle lighter. The horns on mine were only fair as to size, while Gamble's were the most magnificent ones as to size and spread I had ever seen. My eight hundred miles of travel were amply repaid. "If my grandsire drew a long bow at Hastings," I must plead it as an excuse for entering somewhat into the exact distance we fired at these animals. Pacing it off, I found that my buck was killed at a trifle under 186 yards, and Gamble's at 170. We rested for awhile, and, seated on our animals, ate and drank as only hungry and excited men can.

Now came the question of how to get them to the lodge, some forty miles distant. Gamble's and Beese's woodcraft then came into play. In a half hour, with their axes they had fashioned a sledge of hackmatack, on which the caribou were placed. Long withwood traces were made, and, like horses, we went in double harness. Awful hard work it was. There was a little stream some three miles off which emptied into Economy Lake, and here was where our hauling would end and water transportation begin. Seven mortal hours did it take us before we accomplished those three miles. At sundown we reached the stream. A fire was built, our last bit of pork was devoured, a cup of coffee was made, and we all soon went to sleep, thoroughly used up men. Next morning was again fine and clear, a trifle cold, but every particle of fatigue had left us. There is some peculiarity in this rare mountain air, which makes a breath of it send the blood through the lungs with renewed and freshened vigor. Gamble proposed making a straight line for camp, and finding Dandy, who would walk to Castlereagh, and from thence take the horse and buggy to Economy Lake and meet us. It was no

sooner proposed than off he started, going off with that splendid swinging gait which only one who treads these native wilds can acquire. Beese now built a raft; it was but the matter of an hour. The game was loaded on, and we were just about pushing off into the stream which emptied into the lake, not more than half a mile beyond, when a pleasant morning breeze sprung up. Here I must confess that what nautical knowledge I may have had now came to me as if by inspiration. From a large birch tree we took some sheets of bark. Under my direction Beese sewed them, a mast and a spar were rigged up, a pennon of birch bark was hoisted to the fore, and with a regular latine sail we went spinning down the lake, much to Beese's amusement. At the foot of the lake we found a settler's cabin, and here we moored our raft. From the settler we hired a span of oxen and a cart, and, loading our caribou, leisurely reached Economy. There, sure enough, was Dandy, waiting for us.

I am writing this at Purdy's, in delightful quarters once more. In a week or so I will go for moose, just as soon as Gamble has made his crop. I shall take Gamble with me, of course, and Beese and Dandy, for better hunters or more trustworthy people I never came across. Gamble says we may safely call the moose on the next full moon.

T. F. C. T.

THE PEOPLE'S HUNTING GROUND.

FROM the *New York Times* we copy in full an admirable article with the above caption. In a late number appeared a communication entitled "Stocking Trout Waters with Bass," addressed to us by one of the first sportsmen in the United States, which exactly covers one portion of the ground taken by our distinguished contemporary. We are only too glad that we have on our side such a powerful advocate as the *Times*, and trust it will continue to advocate the better preservation, of not only our forests and streams, but of their inmates.

"We hear nothing as yet from the Commission appointed by the last Legislature to report on the subject of making the Adirondack forest and mountain region a grand public park and hunting-ground forever. The project is one which deeply interests our citizens. It is worthy of the dignity of modern democracy that the people should have its hunting-ground preserved and cared for, as Princes have had theirs. The cost and sacrifice to New York State would be no more than the grand act of the comparatively poor State of California was to its people, in reserving the Yosemite Valley as a public pleasure ground. The public are favorable to the scheme, and are waiting eagerly for the report of the Committee. But whatever these gentlemen intend doing should be done quickly. If some energetic measures are not taken speedily, before the Adirondacks become a public hunting-ground, there will be no game left to hunt. The extraordinarily healthful and invigorating atmosphere, as well as the taste for wild life offered so conveniently in this region, are attracting crowds of tourists and sportsmen. Every traveler must have, if possible, venison and trout for his meals, and the inn-keepers strain every nerve to supply the want. Each new fledged or experienced sportsman must kill his two or more deer, or catch his basket of trout. The consequence is that every nook and corner of the woods is scoured for venison, and every pond and streamlet whipped for fish. We have known an inn-keeper have eighteen hounds out at once for any unfortunate deer that might be in the neighborhood. The present law—if we are not mistaken—permits "hounding," but allows no killing of deer before the middle of August, or the first of September. Yet it is well known that an indiscriminate massacre of these beautiful creatures begins early in June. During the present year does were killed in that month, and we know one instance where a doe was shot, with two fawns within her, while neither her flesh nor skin were of the slightest value. Fawns and mothers are murdered without mercy all through the early summer. Parties were in remote ponds and lakes of the Adirondacks even during July of this year, who hounded or killed by "jack-light," fifteen or eighteen deer. We believe, from careful consideration, that something like a thousand deer are killed each year in the Adirondack forests. It will be seen that with such a merciless and inconsiderate slaughter, it will not need a long time before the supply of deer will be exhausted. In fact, we have no doubt that, if this killing be allowed to continue, within three years a red deer will be as scarce in the North Woods of New York, as he is now in those of Connecticut.

The same thing is true of the trout. It is well understood by all anglers that mere rod-fishing in the season will never destroy this delicious fish in any given stream or lake. A remarkable instance has been given of this recently in Scotland. The best fishing-ground in the United Kingdom is considered to be Lock Leven, in Kinross-shire. This lake is only three and a half miles long, by two and a half broad, and open to the world, on the payment of a certain sum per hour, during the months of May, June, July and August. For the rest of the year the lake is closed to fishing, and the spawning-beds are carefully watched. There are in the lake the pike and perch, bitter enemies of the trout, but these are kept down by the use of the net. For fifteen years the catch has been increasing, giving immense sport to the anglers, and a handsome profit to the proprietor. Last year upward of 17,000 trout were taken there by the fly, and during May and June of this year about 9,000, the average weight being the remarkable size of nearly one pound.

The truth is that man's angling is the least destructive agency which diminishes the increase of fish. The fatal agency is whatever destroys the small fry or injures the female fish before spawning. In the Adirondack waters millions of future trout are destroyed by fishing on the spawning-beds, and much havoc is occasioned by "set lines." To add to the destruction, some guide has introduced into Long Lake and the Raquette waters that "fresh-water shark," the pickerel, or, perhaps, the muscalonge, and in Raquette Lake, the Fish Commissioner himself is said to have put the black bass, which will make terrific havoc with the best fish of American waters. Even at the present time, the sporting parties find it extremely difficult to take any trout, and if this goes on, it will need only two or three years to make "speckled trout" a tradition in the Adirondack lakes. When one thinks of the vast amount of pleas-

ure and health obtained from innocent sport, such a result would be really a public calamity. This and the corresponding destruction of the deer can only be prevented by some vigorous public action. We have law enough, but the difficulty is in its execution. If the "Sportsman's Club"—which has already done "yeoman service" in preserving game—would present a form of an act through their well-known counsel, Mr. Whitehead, to the next Legislature, creating an office of "State Game-keeper," similar to one already existing in Canada, and then have him or his assistant placed in the Adirondack region, the game might yet be saved. If there was a question about creating a new salaried office, the club would have no difficulty in making up the few hundred dollars necessary, and plenty of bold, experienced men could be found in the woods to take its undesirable risks. It is true that the towns have the right now to appoint "game constables," but they cannot pay enough to make any one ready to incur the odium and risk of the office. Moreover, a State official would have far more authority. Let us save the game in time.

Athletic Pastimes.

—The St. George's Club of New York and the Marion Club of Philadelphia, will play a match at cricket on the grounds of the former at Hoboken, tomorrow and Saturday. The St. George's eleven will consist of Cashman, Jones, Moeran, Sleight, Smith, Bowman, Lennon, Harcombe, Sonter, Talbot, and Ewing. Wickets will be pitched on Friday at 2 o'clock, and on Saturday at 10 o'clock. The Marion Club have a strong eleven, and an interesting match is expected.

—The Prospect Park Club have resumed their practice, having ceased to play for thirty days in consequence of the death of their late Vice President, George T. Keiler.

—The Germantown Club of Philadelphia, have challenged the St. George's Club of this city to play a match at Hoboken on October 3d. and 4th.

—The following professional players have made engagements with clubs for 1874:—Hicks, Malone, McVey, Clapp, Allison, Cummings, Zettlein, Spaulding, McBride, Matthews, Mack, Barnes, Fisher, Carey, Ferguson, Meyerle, Sutton, Fulmer, Force, Burdock, Radcliffe, George Wright, Henry Wright, Cuthbert, Leonard, Remsen, York, Pike, White, Fisher, Gedney, McMullin, Hines, Egger, McGeary, and Glenn.

—The return match between the Excelsior Quoit Club of Dartmouth and the Komos Club of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was played on September 17th, on the grounds of the latter club, and resulted in favor of the Komos who won handsomely in both innings. Many of the best players of both clubs were conspicuous by their absence. The substitutes played remarkably well. The rest of the day was spent in lurching, toasting and speech making.

—The annual fall game of the New York Athletic Club, will be held October the 4th, on their grounds foot of I33d. St. Harlem.

—The Atlantics were defeated by the Baltimores in Baltimore on Friday, the 19th, by a score of 14 to 5.

—On Saturday, the 20th, the Athletics beat the Atlantics at Philadelphia, by a score of 11 to 5. The batting and fielding of Anson was the most noticeable feature of the Athletics' general good play, Burdock bearing off the palm for the Atlantics in fielding. The game was impartially umpired by Fulmer.

—The eighth game of the champion series between the Bostons and Mutuals, took place at Boston, September 20th. The play was anything but good on the part of the Mutuals who only scored in three innings, they being virtually beaten on the sixth inning. Nelson played second base finely and Egger excelled in the field. The score, Bostons 7. Mutual 1.

—At a meeting held in Baltimore last week \$4,900 was subscribed towards securing a nine for that city for the season of 1874.

SAGACITY OF BIRDS.—A great mental quality which birds seem to have in excess of other animals is a very fine calculation of distance, and this, too, in direct subordination to their own well-being. It has been shown again and again—and Mr. Leith Adams refers to some facts in support of it in this essay—that as new weapons of offence are invented many species of birds narrowly observe the range of the new bows or guns, and keep out of range, not even troubling themselves to go at all farther than is necessary to be out of range. Quite recently we have read, though we cannot verify the reference at present, of some birds that adapted themselves, within a few days, to the increased range of the rifle, directly after they had learned its range for the first time, having been previously accustomed only to the fowling piece, and kept just outside the 2,000 yards' range, or whatever range it was, retaining their composure at that distance. We suppose the wonderful accuracy of the traveling birds in striking the exact point for which they are bound, of which Mr. Leith Adams gives us wonderful illustrations, is a still greater proof of the same power. Mr. Adams tells us of swifts which after eight month's absence in the South, at a distance of some 1,800 or 1,900 miles, return not merely to the same region, but to the same nests, which they had deserted, and that, too, year after year, the individuals having been marked so that there could be no mistake as to their identity, unless indeed there is such creatures as "claimants" to abandoned nests even in the ornithological world. Again, the delicate adaptation of the power of geometrical measurement to the welfare of its species, seems to be shown by the weaver-bird of India, which hangs its "elaborately-constructed, purse-shaped nest" from the tops of branches overhanging deep wells, in order to render it particularly difficult for enemies to get at the nest without running a great risk of falling into the well.—*The Spectator*.

Brute speech—Deer-stalking.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

No. VI.—THE AMERICAN HOLLY, (*Ilex*).

"Shoots up its spine, and shakes its leaves in the sun."—Proctor.

"Happy is he who, in a country life,
Shuns more perplexing toil and jarring strife;
Who lives upon the natal soil he loves,
And sits beneath his old ancestral groves."

We speak in this paper of a plant, a venerable relic of the old plantation of the Elizabethan age, yet a plant long neglected for no good reason that we can perceive. In the days of Henry and Queen Elizabeth, there abounded what were termed ancient parterres, or picturesque gardens. In these rich old grounds this green Holly did much abound. While we like the plant, we like not its "topiary" treatment, at that time common. It is a whimsical, barbarous conceit, this cutting out of the green Holly the "Great Queen Dragon" or any other horrid ingenuity suggested by the morbid fancy of the gardeners (?). Were we to call such men gardeners at this period, we should offend against all sense, reason or good taste. But we can pardon even this low taste, this meagre appreciation of high art, so long as it has left us unimpaired in its native beauty, the grand old American Holly. From the man of unappreciative mind and uneducated taste we can forgive much, for in what is left the true lover of nature rejoices.

"A wood coeval with himself he sees,
And loves his own cotemporary trees."

Among the beautiful plants that may be called suitable for hedges, we would name the American Holly. If we could only press into our service as a hedge plant the old English Holly, well adapted to withstand the cold of our severe winters, what a beautiful tree would grace our garden plots. Who does not love its rich, deep green leaves, its grassy foliage, and its rich garniture of bright coral berries, studding like gems its massive beauty? Only a few of these beautiful evergreens grace our American gardens, and these secured an existence only by the most skilful care; while in England it may be truly called the "pride and beauty" of the English garden.

Passing the many bright and delightful recollections of the Holly tree, and its legends and Christmas carols, its talismanic virtues, and its many bright associations, we feel that if we cannot have the English Holly from the uncongeniality of our climate, we need not despair.* While we are compelled to part reluctantly with the European Holly in our Middle States, yet it may be cultivated some- what, as it has been, south of Philadelphia with tolerably good success, and in time we may hope to see it fully acclimated. We would encourage lovers of this valuable plant to make experiment, hoping that some fortunate individual may in time succeed in growing a hedge of the Holly.

We fall back with a good grace and much confidence to the American Holly, which in several respects nearly resembles the European. Our American Holly has leaves very much like the English, waved and irregular upon its surface, and in general outline, though the leaves are somewhat longer than the English. They are in color a trifle lighter green than their European prototype, and like it present the same row of sharp points or prickly terminations. The berries, perhaps, do not grow quite so profusely as upon the English, but in quantity sufficient for all purposes of propagation. The American Holly may be said to cover quite an extensive region of our middle climate, and one has only to take a journey to the eastern shore of Maryland, some portions of Virginia, and the lowlands of New Jersey, to find this plant growing not only profusely but in full perfection of all its natural beauty. I had the pleasure once in company with Mr. A. J. Downing, of visiting in Maryland a most splendid grove of American Holly. It would have done one's heart good to have looked upon some of those beautiful green trees. "It is no uncommon sight," remarked Mr. Downing, "to behold trees forty feet in height in such localities." In the shady swamps where the soil is cool and rich, it grows perfectly rampant.

In conversation with a gentleman of much intelligence, from West Tennessee, he remarked it was his belief that the experiment of transplanting these Holly plants of one and two feet high, might be done with perfect success, were it done at the right season and in the right manner. My own observation led me to that conclusion. Here were isolated plants, perfect in symmetry and in healthy condition, so wondrously beautiful that I longed for a spade and means of transportation for some of them. There is but little question in my mind that the same degree of care that is requisite to grow a good hemlock hedge would also give with cultivation an equally as good Holly hedge, and oh, how much more beautiful. In such localities as the one I am speaking of, the Holly tree often reaches forty feet in height and from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter.

The Holly is quite a slow growing tree, yet is nevertheless always beautiful. The American Holly can be quite easily cultivated, and we are surprised that so few specimens of it, even as trees or separate plants, to say nothing of it as a hedge plant, are cultivated in our gardens and upon our lawns, where they never fail to prove very attractive. The seeds of the American Holly can be very easily procured, and can be as easily propagated as many other not half as beautiful and valuable plants. To have the

*Many attempts have been made to acclimate the English Holly in the New England States, but without success. Much money has been spent for this purpose in vain. True, we have, and still may see in highly sheltered enclosures fine specimens of the Holly; but they are quite rare, as the plant is too tender for New England.

seeds of the Holly tree vegetate readily, you have only to gather in autumn the quantity you wish to plant; then you should scald or immerse them in boiling water, and let them remain in water until it becomes cold; sow immediately, having previously prepared your plot of ground. They then vegetate in the coming spring, as freely and as easily as the well known asparagus seed.

Let us urge upon our agricultural friends and all lovers of fine hedges to give this beautiful and, we fully believe, reliable hedge plant a trial. If you do not feel like making a large investment in plants, try the seeds. You can easily procure them, and plant some quarts or pints of them, watch their growth carefully, and note your experience with them, and you will not only confer much pleasure upon yourself, but your efforts to introduce this valuable plant to a more extended notice, will be a public benefit.

Our appeal is for the Holly; plant its seeds; transplant its small trees, and introduce again some of the rare plants used in ancient gardening. Evelyn says, in the year 1664: "Above all natural greens which enrich our home-born stone, there is none certainly to be compared to the Holly. Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable hedge of one hundred and sixty-five feet in length, seven high and five in diameter, which I can show in my poor gardens at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves?" Thus says Evelyn, a most practical lover of nature, in the early history of the Holly.

Now why cannot our American agriculturists take a hint from the old man eloquent? He loved nature, and revelled in the genial and the bright as revealed in the lily, the rose, and the Holly; all were but types to him of a great and beneficent Father, teaching through his works the wonderful creations of his mighty power.

The Holly seed, as I have before stated, should be gathered in the fall months of the year, and treated as I have named, and planted at once. If the ground is well prepared, they will come up quite readily in the spring, being quite hardy of themselves.

Now readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and especially those who are interested in the ornamental as well as practical—those who love the noble and elevating science of ornamental gardening, how many of you will respond to my appeal for the Holly? Commence this present fall; gather and prepare the seed carefully, and deposit them in the seed bed, looking to a green and bright germination in the glorious spring time.

OLIPOD QUILL.

CENTURY PLANT.—The Century Plant on the premises of Mr. Lee, now stands thirty-six feet high, and has about forty bunches which contain upwards of a thousand buds. The young plant on the same place is three feet high and has ten large buds which are as far advanced as those on the large plant. Upwards of two thousand persons have registered as visitors to these plants.

The denizens of San Jose are paying twenty-five cents apiece to see a Century Plant in bloom. There is scarcely a month in the year but one of these plants can be seen in full bloom in Los Angeles.

This remarkable plant, is generally understood as blooming only once in a hundred years. As a general thing here in California it blooms at from ten to fifteen years after planting, and if more attention was given to it, would bloom in from six to ten years.

This Plant (The *Agave Americana* or American Aloe) is one of the most desirable plants that can be found to place in large open lawns or parks as a show plant. It is a clean and showy plant always during its growth, it is also a fine hedge plant, and will prevent horses or cattle from breaking in or out—it should be grown more extensively.—*San Jose, (Cal.) Express.*

MAN, THE DESTROYER.—When nature out of her supplies has bountifully provided for all dependent upon her, man as often as not steps in to play havoc with what is left. We know that the greed of man, allied to the food-wants of our great and accessible seats of population, and, as in the case of sea-fish, the comparatively easy acquisition of a money-yielding commodity that costs nothing, has undoubtedly made an impression on various species of animated nature. Grouse-moors, for example, are becoming in some districts exhausted from over-shooting; and many kinds of inshore fish, notably the haddock, are yearly becoming scarcer, because of the incessant industry of our fishermen, impelled to constant work by the pressing demand of the public. Oysters are not nearly so plentiful as they were wont to be, and no wonder, considering the enormous numbers that are brought to market. London alone requires one billion of these delightful bivalves every year, whilst Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns could consume a much larger number than they can obtain. Even in France, where economy is a study, some kinds of animals are exhausted, nature having been overborne. The oyster-beds of France, for example, have nearly all in turn been dredged to death, so that it became necessary for man to plant them anew; and in particular instances this has been done with success. A French oyster-ground which was barren in the year 1856, produced 320,000 francs in five years' time. In Ireland the greed of man has despoiled many of the natural beds of oysters. Other kinds of shell-fish are yearly becoming more difficult to obtain; fishermen now experience a great scarcity of bait, and require to proceed long distances to obtain supplies of mussels. Our inshore lobsters are annually becoming smaller, whilst men have to proceed to greater distances to capture them. We know, too, that the capercaillie had at one time almost entirely disappeared from Scotland. The wild white ox has vanished, and Shetland ponies are less plentiful. So are whales; men go farther and find fewer of them now than they did fifty years ago. Seals, too, will in time become scarce, so fierce has become the pursuit of man in search of them.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Magazines.

AN OLD BILL OF FARE.

IN her capacity of cook, Mrs. Woolly, (the Miss Leslie of the time of Charles the First), catered for well-to-do people. She gives us bills of fare "without feasting, only such a number of dishes as are used in great and noble houses in their own family, and familiar friends with them." A couple of examples will suffice to shew what sort of dinners grand folks sat down to in the days of the Merry Monarch. In summer-time the first course might be: A boiled or baked pudding; boiled chickens; stewed carp; a Florentine; a calf's head, one half roasted, the other half boiled; haunch of venison; venison pasty; a couple of fat capons, or a pig. The second course: partridges; artichoke pie; quails; cold pigeon pie; souced pig; salmon; tarts; a Westphalia ham, and dried tongues about it. In winter, the first course might consist of: collar of brawn; a capon and white broth, two roasted neats' tongues, and an udder between them; a chine of beef roasted; a shoulder of mutton stuffed with oysters; a salad of divers herbs and pickles; cel pie; three young turkeys in a dish; souced fish. The above to be followed by a quarter of lamb roasted; a couple of rabbits; a kickshaw fried; mallard; cold venison pasty; a dish of snipes; warden pie; tarts; sturgeon; pickled oysters—cheese of all sorts, jellies, and sweetmeats coming upon the table as soon as the meats are cleared away. The total absence of soup, the lack of vegetables, and the substantial nature of the provender altogether, perhaps justifies the outbreak: "Who are so weak as our English people! for they eat so much of meat, that they distemper themselves with it; whereas if they did eat herbs, roots, and plants more freely, it would be better for them. Observe the diet of other nations, they make savory meat, and do not use half so much meat as we do!" We certainly are an obstinate race in matters of eating and drinking; and we fear all the lecturing in the world will not lessen the consumption of meat in England by a single beefsteak.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Mr. Hubert Airy, in the last number of *Nature*, differs somewhat respecting the flight of the eagle, as described by Mr. Herschel, an article in regard to which was copied in our columns. Mr. Airy says:

"If there was no quiver of the wings perceptible 'at an apparent distance of ten or twelve feet'—if the very tips of the wings 'looked as steady as those of a stuffed specimen,' then certainly the theory of self-support by muscular action must be abandoned, and the problem is reduced to one in which we have only to consider the weight and shape of the bird with outspread wings, and the velocity and direction of the wind.

Captain Herschel rejects (perhaps too hastily) the notion of 'slants of wind,' and asks: 'What becomes of the horizontal force' of the wind? Surely its effect would be to balance the horizontally resolved portion of the bird's slant fall, just as the vertically resolved portion of the slant current of wind would balance the vertically resolved portion of the slant fall.

Different degrees of inclination and force of the wind might be met (within limits) by different degrees of slope and spread of the wings.

I must confess this is only theory. We want more observations, as keen and careful as Captain Herschel's, to ascertain the force and direction of the wind attending this arrest of motion in mid-air. Slant currents are common enough on a small scale among house-walls, and on a larger scale we may see how the wind pounces down on a land-locked water, or presses up a mountain side. In a steady wind, the shapes of hill and valley must cause certain regular currents variously inclined to the horizontal, and some of these, I suppose, the eagles find and use. On the lee side of a hill (as in the case given by Captain Herschel) there would be a current rising from the eddy to join the main course of the wind."

THE BALANCE OF NATURE.—When man, from his desire to obtain sport or food, destroys some particular species of bird, beast, or fish, nature speedily places the matter before him in such a way as to indicate the error of which he has been guilty. Of this we have a striking and painful instance in the case of France, where the foolish and cruel practice of killing all sorts of birds has given latitude to whole hosts of insects which prey on the crops. So too, frequently, the gamekeeper remorselessly shoots down the birds of prey that would kill the rats and other vermin which, whenever they obtain the chance, devour the grouse or eat their eggs. What is the result? It is simply that more grouse are destroyed in one way than in the other! The more hawks that are shot the worse it becomes for the grouse. The hawk, like the sparrow, has its mission, and on a grouse-moor that mission would appear to be the weeding out of unhealthy birds which, if allowed to live, might perpetuate unhealthy progeny or breed disease, and so ruin the moor. The stock is kept at its best by the weeding out constantly performed by predatory birds; a scheme of nature to maintain a healthy and vigorous breed. The economy of a grouse-moor is not, we think, sufficiently understood. It would be well if a reliable estimate of its wild population could be formed, so that it could be ascertained, with more exactitude than is at present the case, what percentage of birds man might shoot, and how many grouse per acre ought to be left, in order to multiply and replenish the stock. It has been affirmed, that to the mania for over-preserving game, we owe the grouse-plagues which have more than once prevailed during these later years; and, at a meeting of the British Association, it was asserted that, if the kites, falcons and hawks, once plentiful in Scotland, had not during the past twenty years been so ruthlessly killed off, the grouse disease would have been stamped out before becoming epidemic, it being the business of those keen-eyed foragers of the wilderness to snap up all the weak and sickly birds they can find. A given number of acres of heather will only breed and feed a given number of birds, and if more grouse is hatched than there is food for, it follows, as the merest matter of course, that the birds will be weak and ill-fed. Nature, in short, has established a balance, which it would be presumptuous for man to imagine he could improve by disturbing.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Advice to anglers—"Spare the rod."

HOW LEATHER IS MADE, AND COBBLING DONE IN BLIDAH, ALGERIA.—The manner which shoe-leather is prepared in this part of the world is curious. When a skin has been removed from a cow, for instance, the Arab proceeds first of all to cut off the head, together with the horns and the hoofs, and then, hanging it up, he scrapes off all the fat that may have been left clinging to the inside. When this is done it is well rubbed with salt, and placed out in the middle of the road with the inside exposed. Passers by trampling it under foot all day; then, when it is perfectly dry, it is taken up and cut in rectangular pieces about a foot long by five inches broad, which are sown on the shoes—as soles—with the hair outside. Arab shoes when new cost from two to four shillings a pair, for which the very best may be obtained, and the charge for resoling them generally varies from a shilling to fifteenpence. A considerable trade is done in second-hand shoes among Arabs in needy circumstances. Wherever, for example, a Bedouin buys a new pair he is sure to make an arrangement to be allowed a certain sum for the old ones. These the cobbler mends, and eventually sells to some less fortunate countryman, who, having none at all, and perhaps very little money to purchase any with, is glad to procure a pair cheap. Thus the market cobblers have always a stock of second-hand shoes with them, which they generally manage to get rid of during the course of the morning besides sewing on ten or a dozen pairs of soles.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THOREAU.—It was his habit to go abroad every day to the fields or woods, or to the river. "I go out to see what I have caught in my traps, which I have set for facts." He loved the world, and could not pass a berry without a question. Men who had seen the partridge drum, caught the largest pickerel, and eaten the most swamp apples were the men for him. The farmer who could find him a hawk's egg, or give him a fisher's foot, he would wear in his heart of hearts. He admired the toil-worn workers, seasoned like granite and pine, slow and silent as the years, "like the sweetness of a nut, like the toughness of hickory." "The farmer spoke to me, clear, cold, moderate as the snow when he treads. Yet what a faint impression that encounter may make on me after all. I see men like frogs; their peeping I partially understand."—*Channing*.

Natural History.

THE NOTORNIS A RARA AVIS.

THE last number of *Nature* has some very interesting facts in regard to this exceedingly rare bird, the Notornis, which though discovered and described in the last century, naturalists have for a long time been doubting. Mr. Newton, in *Nature* states that "no specimens are known to have been brought to England for upwards of eighty years, and that only two are believed to exist in museums, one in Liverpool and the other in Vienna." He adds:

This bird, which has been variously assigned to the genera *Gallinula* (moor-hen), *Fulica* (coot), and *Porphyrio*, is now referred to the genus *Notornis*, containing only one other species, the "Takahe," of New Zealand (*N. mantelli*), itself nearly, or quite, extirpated. It was about the size of a barn-door fowl, with the bill and legs red. The Viennese specimen seems to be entirely white; the example at Liverpool is mottled with purple, but not enough to gainsay the name of "White Bird," by which it seems to have been known both in Norfolk and Lord Howe's Islands. It would no doubt, if taken alive, be easily kept in confinement, and I need not say how highly a living example would be valued by the Zoological Society; but this is perhaps more than can be reasonably hoped for, and so far as I am concerned, I should be well content with a specimen in spirit or a skin with all the bones accompanying it, for the Cambridge Museum.

The species is most likely extinct in Norfolk Island, but a passage in a pamphlet by Mr. Edward Hill, published at Sydney, in 1870, seems to show that it may still exist in that of Lord Howe—though, if so, doubtless on the verge of extermination through the pigs with which the island is said to be overrun; for the bird is believed to be unable to fly. Should any examples be still living, it would certainly be better that their remains should be placed in our museums, than that they should contribute to the formation of pork; and I write these lines that they may attract the attention of some Australian readers of *Nature*, who may be disposed to do a good turn to the University of Cambridge.

MIGRATION OF FROGS.—The Logansport (Ind.) *Star* relates and vouches for the truth of the following recent occurrence in Cass County, that State: "For some days past the weather had been dry, and the ponds on the prairie failed in water. The turtles and frogs that had been living in the vicinity of one of these stood it for a day or two, but it finally became too dry for frogs and they decided to migrate. The nearest pond that contained water was three miles distant, and to this turtles and frogs started in solemn procession, the turtles in advance sagaciously piloting the way, and the frogs bringing up the rear. The procession stretched out over the prairie a quarter of a mile long, and steadily marched to the goal."

ANIMALS AND INSECTS SUFFERING THE PENALTY OF THE LAW.—In the year 1120 the Bishop of Loan thundered against a plague of caterpillars a sentence of excommunication. In 1576 a swarm of caterpillars was formally tried before the Court of Troyes, an advocate being appointed, for the defence, and being found guilty, were summoned to withdraw in six days on pain of being declared accursed and excommunicated. Several instances occur in France of pigs being hanged and their bodies reduced to ashes, for devouring little children, or for attacking grown persons; but in all cases, they received a fair trial.—*Saint James Magazine*.

—THE TOAD ON GRAND MANAN.—Visiting the island of Grand Manan, New Brunswick in the summer of 1872, I observed the common toad (*Bufo americanus*) in large numbers. I was informed by Mr. Walter McLanghlan, keeper of the Gannet Rock Light that none were to be found until 1854, when he introduced a pair from Maine. From these parents the whole of the island has been stocked in eighteen years. Mr. McLanghlan proposes to introduce turtles in the same way. G. BROWN GOODE.

THE HERRING AND ITS FOES.—One of the most prolific fish of the seas, according to its size, is the common herring, which, as a general rule, is only a few ounces in weight, and yet yields many thousand eggs—far surpassing in that respect the salmon. But the herring requires to be enormously prolific in the reproduction of its kind, because the waste of herring-life is enormous. Man annually robs the shoals to a vast extent, and although man's depredations are enormous, they are reputed to be trifling compared with those of many other agencies which are daily at work. Man only takes his tens of thousands, but the codfish, we are told, takes hundreds of thousands, and the gulls and gannets of the neighboring rocks are constantly engaged in exacting daily tribute from the herring shoals. We have examined the internal economy of a codfish, which contained in its stomach no less than eleven full grown herrings! If a few hundred thousands of cod fish go day by day devouring herrings at this rate, their devastation in the course of years must swell to a vast figure. Then the cod is only one of the sea-enemies of the herring: there are also dogfish, which follow the shoals in immense numbers, eating the herrings out of the nets in which they have been enmeshed. It has been calculated that the cod and ling fish take in one year in the seas and friths around Scotland would devour more herrings than could be caught by fifty thousand fishermen. Solan geese live upon herrings during those seasons in which they can be obtained: A calculation of the herring-eating powers of these birds has been made, which is as follows: Say that the island of St. Kilda has a population of 200,000 of these birds, and they feed there for seven months; let us also suppose that each bird, or its young ones, eats only five herrings *per diem*—that gives a sum total of one million of these fish; and counting the days in the seven months from March to September as 214, that figure may be taken to represent in millions the quantity of herrings annually devoured by these birds.—*Chambers Journal*.

The Kennel.

THE deer-hound is a noble specimen of his race, his proportions being quite as good as those of the greyhound, in which he resembles the rough variety of that beautiful dog. He is possessed of better powers of scent than the greyhound, and in chasing game depends as much on his nose as on his eyes. It is curious that, although he makes use of his nose when running, he holds his head higher from the ground than the greyhound, which only uses his eyes. The purity of the breed is judged a good deal by the coat, which should be very wiry, long, without being woolly. The old deer-hound is becoming scarcer every year, and a cross of the fox-hound with the deer-hound makes the most useful dog to hunt the stag. The object is to obtain a fine nose, so as to hunt a cold scent, but united with such speed that he may be able to keep the deer in sight.

We have many letters from gentlemen who have pointers, setters, and fox-hounds, asking us to write on their management and keep; also what kind of kennel is the best, and what food. One of the very best authorities is "Stonehenge," but in some instances we differ from him, such as in giving large quantities of oat meal, &c. The kennels intended for pointers and setters should be dry and well protected from the weather; but they should be kept cool, on account of the exposure to wet and cold which shooting dogs incur. Many persons keep their dogs chained up to a small yard kennel, but the plan is not a good one. In your yard, have a space set apart sufficiently large to allow the dogs room to move round easily; pave it with hard bricks, keep it washed; but it should not be roofed in, as the rain serves to harden these dogs, who will not suffer from it, if their beds are dry. An inner room must also be provided, but don't make any bed during the summer. In order to keep the yard as sweet as possible, it should have a fall from the centre, where there should be a trapped grating to carry off the washings of the yard. When dogs are kept long in kennel they are almost sure to contract some eruptions of the skin, which is often caused by parasites of one kind or another, such as fleas, ticks, and lice, which are great pests and difficult to eradicate. The proper method is to dress the dogs once or twice in a season, with a mixture of train oil and brimstone, which may be rubbed into the roots of the hair over the whole body, or take white precipitate in powder, rub it well into the roots of the hair, let it remain for two or three hours, taking care the dog is carefully muzzled, then brush all out and keep the dog dry for some days.

Now, as to the food: Indian meal mixed with a little oat meal and table refuse, all boiled together, will make excellent food for shooting dogs, in an ordinary way. Bones are eminently essential to health, for unless the dog has something to gnaw, he does not produce the amount of saliva which is required for his digestion. Green vegetables, such as cabbage, potatoes, carrots and turnips should be given twice a week during the summer months, and by pouring a little soup broth over it they will be glad to eat it. Throughout the months that dogs are idle, they require no flesh, and their mess need only be flavored with broth. When dogs are hard at work, there is nothing better than sound horse-flesh, boiled; but this should be given gradually, and it is well to give them an occasional meal of it during the summer, to avoid the chance of its disagreeing in the fall, which it often does, when given for the first time.

Dogs are too often sadly neglected. They are sometimes left in a kennel for weeks, and even months at a time. When this is allowed, they become fat, inside and out, and are not able to work. The shooter is well aware of this fact, as exhibited in his own person, and yet he will often ignore it as concerns the inmates of his kennel. He should remember that the setter travels over six times the ground which he does, and at a fast rate instead of a walk. Some

dogs have naturally thin soles, but even these may be made thicker by use. Let every shooter see that these precautions are used, and he will not suffer from the disappointments which are so frequent, owing to their neglect. Many a mistake is caused by want of condition, and not from want of a good nose, for a blown and exhausted animal is not in possession of the sense of smell.

ST. LOUIS, September 15th, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

In your paper of the fourth instant in "Answers to Correspondents" I note remedy for worms in dogs.

Let me suggest worm seed. One teaspoonful to be given a full grown dog at evening, to be followed the succeeding day by castor oil, one ounce. Repeat after three days. For a pup less than one year old, half that quantity of seed and a proportionate quantity of oil. Two doses will probably cure; certainly will not kill.

With your permission I will tell your friends how to cure mange: whale oil soap, four ounces, which dissolve in clean water, four quarts; but not in a brass or copper vessel. Wash the dog thoroughly; probably three washings will cure, if not, repeat the washings. It rarely fails, but should it, take oil of tar, two pints, sperm oil, one pint, mix thoroughly; anoint the dog with the mixture; two applications ought to cure any ordinary case, but may not if of long standing; if not, then wash thoroughly with suds from castile soap and repeat the anointings. It will cure, but it is harsh; whale oil soap suds is preferable.

Almost this same receipt for mange we find in the last number of *Land and Water*, only linseed oil is substituted for sperm oil. J. J. asks if we know of any way to rid dogs of fleas, and keep the brutes clean of these pests. In our number five we recommended insect powder. See "Answers to Correspondents."

We add what we believe to be a most useful receipt, if not for curing, at least for alleviating distemper. We know it was tried by a friend of ours last year with success. We copy the article in full from *Land and Water*. "I formerly used to lose two-thirds of the pups I bred, although using all the remedies given in different sporting works, but for the last ten or twelve years I have never had a single case of distemper in my kennel. My plan is simply this: Soon as I take the pup from the bitch, I give twice a week doses of garlic, and continue this treatment till the dog is a year old. After that I consider him safe, as the disease generally attacks dogs between six and nine months old. While the pup is very young, a piece of garlic the size of a pea will be enough for a dose, and as it grows older it may be increased to the size of a bean or hazel nut. If at any time it should purge too much the dose should be diminished. In cases where distemper has attacked a dog, I would give garlic three times a week, and keep him warm and dry. In nine cases out of ten this will effect a cure, and has been used with great success."

Answers To Correspondents.

DR. A., Brooklyn.—For mange in setter bitch; take of compound sulphur ointment, four ounces; spirit of turpentine, two ounces; mix and rub well into the skin twice a week; or take of iodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, one ounce; mix and rub a very little into the roots of the hair every day.

J. W. B., Brooklyn.—Red mange is a constitutional malady, and can seldom be cured without internal medicines. Arsenic in minute doses, continued for some time, is a great specific against the foul condition of the blood, but never give it on an empty stomach, but mixed with the food. Solution of arsenic, five to eight drops; add to the food, and give twice a day, the dog being fed night and morning. If in a month the whites of the eyes do not become red, increase the dose gradually until they do, then diminish a drop per week till the redness disappears, when continue the dose till the eruption is gone.

G. C. E., Jackson, Miss.—Have shown your letter to C. B. He says "he would be willing to leave the question to a committee of sportsmen whether a nine or ten bores may be termed swamp angels." All he did as to killing birds was perfectly legitimate. The gentleman in question we know to be a thorough sportsman, who has done as much for the preservation of game, and making of game laws as any one in the country.

S. H.—Keep your dog well fed, and he will seldom attack sheep.

REGULUS.—There is no acting Fish Commissioner of the State of Virginia at present. One was appointed last year, but the funds appropriated for this Commission are now exhausted, owing to the deplorable condition of the public finances.

A. M., Madison Avenue.—If you will give us explicit details, being above all sure of your facts, we will put the matter before Mr. Bergh. An example of this character is what is wanted. Gentlemen who keep horses, are often terribly at fault in not supervising their stables. Cases of cruelty by grooms and coachmen are of too frequent occurrence.

HOLMAN.—Antlers with forty-two points are not uncommon. They belong to the black tail deer, and probably came from Texas.

CALDER.—We have heard of the voluntary domestication of the wild pigeon before. That is to say, it remained with the tame flock six months, but if we remember rightly, about the time of the migration of the wild birds, it took wing and never came back.

S. R. N.—Largest of Australian *carnivora* is the Tasmanian wolf, or Zebra opossum, (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*).

GIBSON.—Average rain fall in England and in Eastern countries about thirty four inches; in the hilly countries forty-eight to fifty inches. New York is about thirty-six inches.

K. L.—A horse is quite a large one when he weighs 1,200 pounds. Nothing more easy than for you to put him on a coal-dealer's scale and get it to a quart of a pound.

J. N.—Sometimes, when nothing better can be had, a good dressing of wood ashes will keep a skin in fair order.

X. E. X.—There is probably no sporting question so frequently asked as "Childer's" time. He is said to have accomplished three miles in five minutes fifteen and one-half seconds. It is doubted. It seems to be traditionary, but very possibly watches were not correct in 1721. Eclipse's four miles in eight minutes, is even more doubtful.

ATKINS.—Gloan's book in a few words gives the answers you want. "The size (of shot) which lies the most compactly with the fewest interstices, will give the best pattern and penetration combined." To try this experimentally we have taken a pill box from our druggist, just about the size of the bore of the gun and counted the shot, which exactly lay on the bottom.

FANCY.—A good carrier pigeon, an undoubted bird, will cost you \$25. Some were sold, notable ones, in England lately for no less than £20.

K.—From description would say it was the sage cock, (*Centrocercus urophasianus*). They are found in Arizona and are represented as scarce. Said to feed on wild sage.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1873.

To Correspondents.

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All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their personal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

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We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, Sept. 26.—Albany Fair, N. N.—Waverley Fair, N. J.—Milwaukee Fair, Wis.—Pennsylvania Central Fair, Erie, Penn.—Agricultural Association, London, D. of Canada.

SATURDAY, Sept. 27.—Ridgefield Rowing Association Regatta.—Kingston Regatta, D. of Canada.—Tennessee Central Fair, Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Rowing clubs foot of 133d St., Harlem, New York.—Western Fair, Rochester, N. Y.

MONDAY, Sept. 29.—Cape Vincent Regatta, D. of Canada.—St. Joseph Industrial Fair, St. Joseph, Mo.—Northern Ohio Fair Association, Cleveland, Ohio.—North Missouri Fair, Hannibal, Mo.—Southern Illinois Fair, Centralia, Ill.—Northern Wisconsin. Oshkosh, Wis.

TUESDAY, Sept. 30.—Deerfoot Park, Parkville, L. I.—Dexter Park Club, Chicago, Ill.—Deerfield Valley Fair, Charlemon, Mass.—Central Michigan Fair, Lansing, Mich.—Manchester Fair, N. Hampshire.—Pennsylvania State Fair, Erie, Penn.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 1.—Southern Pueblo Fair, Colorado.—Deerfield Valley, Charlemon, Mass.—Dexter Park Club, Chicago, Ill.—Deerfoot Park, Parkville, L. I.—Annual Match Toronto Gun Club.

THURSDAY, Oct. 2.—Nassau 28. Analostan Rowing Clubs, Potomac, Washington, D. C.—New York Squadron Regatta.—Cincinnati Industrial Fair, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Northern Ohio Fair, Cleveland, Ohio.—Dexter Park Club, Chicago, Ill.

PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE Society has an elegant suite of rooms on Broad street, near the Academy of Music, and was opened with great *eclat* on the evening of the 16th. Delegates from every State in the Union are there, representing every floral and pomological society in America, under whose jurisdiction will be placed the land set apart in Fairmount Park for the Centennial Exposition. The Pennsylvania Society rooms have in the centre of the main hall a temple, formed of six magnificent pillars, which, in their turn, are made up of innumerable bouquets, which are presented to the ladies as they leave the society's rooms. In the middle of this temple is a fountain, giving out jets of cologne; and suspended from the interior of the dome are tube roses, camellias, and other flowers, grouped in such a shape as to represent the familiar old Independence bell. The cost of the floral bell exceeded \$200, while the expense of the temple and fountain was over \$1,000. The display of fruit is superb, and contributed from every quarter of the land, but few States having no representation. The names of the parties growing the handsomest fruit are as follows: Mr. G. E. Chamberlain, of Virginia; Mr. M. Thomas, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Perkins & Son, Morristown, N. J.; William Thatcher,

Darby, Pa.; Mr. Hovey, Boston, Mass.; Messrs. Smith & Powell, Rochester, N. Y.; and Hollway & Co., California. There is also a table of apples, pears and plums, brought all the way from Utah. The finest collection of pears by all odds is that offered by Mr. Thomas Grigg, one dish of his holding twelve large pears which, upon the scales, weigh just twelve pounds. The fruit stands are arranged in avenues around the room, while the central portion is taken up with plants, flowers, and cut bouquets.

THE CLERGYMEN OF ENGLAND.

WITH questions of orthodoxy, creed, tenet, or dogma, with discussions ritualistic or rational, of High or Low Church, sectarian or dissenting, the FOREST AND STREAM has nothing to do. With due respect to all such topics, inclined to interfere with no man's faith, looking up from Nature to Nature's God, we reverence His sacred name, and think that each leaf which rustles in the forest, or wave which ripples in the stream, unites in the one great paean of His praise. His ministers, the clergy, have our unqualified esteem. As a class they are hard working, generally poorly paid men, who, indifferent as to worldly goods, strive alone for the welfare of their flocks.

Their spiritual condition is beyond our province. Their physical state, however, we deem as legitimate to discussion in our columns. Taken as a class, our clergymen are not as strong nor as lusty as men following any other of the liberal professions. The life of the student, the immuring in the library, the compilation of the sermon, the attendance in the heated church, the calls made by the clergyman to administer consolation to the afflicted, even trying though they may be, are not sufficient to account for this exceptional low physical condition. This waste of strength arises, we are prepared to affirm, from the want of proper exercise, and certain sedentary habits which are considered by clergymen as obligatory to their profession. There is no question but that this state of things is forced on them. Disinclined as pious men may be to anything like asceticism, they nevertheless are influenced by the opinions of an austere laity. It is, therefore, to the congregations rather than to the clergymen that we address our remarks.

There is still in our midst a remnant of that over severe creed which believes that gladness and cheerfulness are at variance with religion and true piety. Without going to the extreme of Trappists, there are many congregations believing that the least inclination on the part of a religious incumbent to athletic sports, be they of the simplest kind, is ungodly. To them a game of base ball or cricket played by their minister, would be deemed as a profanation, and as to the simple sport of battle-door and shuttle cock, they would esteem it as an expression of triviality, of character inconsistent with the sacred character of a clergyman.

Do people think that God's chosen disciples are made of different flesh, blood, muscle or fibre from other men? Are they aware that the same laws of nature govern the bishop, the sexton and the grave-digger?

This frowning down of rational amusements is in itself an inconsistency. They require of their clergyman sermons. They drag from his brain his deepest thoughts; they drain his intellectual faculties to the very last drop, and then refuse him the only method which nature allows him by which he can recuperate his forces, and that is by bringing up the body to the same condition as the brain. They insist on burning the flame, basking in its light, warming themselves in the fervor of its heat, but forget that the elements must be furnished by which only this fire can be sustained. Good sermons are certainly the united products of both mental and muscular fibre. Of course our remarks are not intended for older clergymen, but we send forth this plea of mercy for those young in their sacred calling. Take the minister fresh from his theological school, with the merry shouts of the college campus still ringing in his ear, with the vivid recollections of the boat or the foot race still electrifying every muscle, and drop him into one of those cold, unsympathising congregations of doubtless good people, and mark the effect. The whole being of the man is changed, all those pleasant pastimes, healthful, innocent ones, must be abandoned. The *physique* in time works on the *morale*. Not only does the man suffer, but the glorious fire within him, the better, ever living portion of him, smokes for awhile, at last smolders, and is then extinguished. If we are educating young men for theologians, giving them health and vigor by means of boat clubs and athletic pastimes generally, let us not forget the world in which they are to live.

These remarks, pertinent or not, have been suggested by looking over an English Cricketer's Companion. Here we see among the Gentlemen of England, those whose prowess makes them the best known of the hundreds of thousands who play this noble game of cricket, such names as the Reverend E. T. Drake, Westminster. His credentials are (we copy literally,) as follows: "A destructive slow bowler. Fast run getter, and fine fielder." Then again we notice the Reverend C. D. Marsham Bucks, "once famed as the best gentleman bowler, and still a good player." There are fully a dozen clergymen cited as cricketers, with all their various points of particular excellence distinctly mentioned. Does any one dare, with a Philistine spirit, to declare that the learning, piety or broad christian humanity of these gentlemen is impaired? Does it take a little from their reputation because their names are heralded as lovers of a manly sport. Suppose for a moment such a publication was made in the United States in regard to a clergyman who was a good cricketer. There would be a cry of horror raised throughout the length and breadth of the land, and

all *les convenance*, secular, temporal and clerical, would be horrified.

Some time ago, a huge steamer full of men, women and children, struck, one dark night, on the rocks near Halifax, and hundreds of human beings struggled in the water for their lives. Who was it but a clergyman who launched his frail skiff into the surges and came to the rescue? Would rigid church disciplinarians have found fault with him then? It was not brute strength alone which kept the clergyman's boat afloat, there was skill in it too, those whipcord muscles of his which drove the craft through the whirls of foam had had long prior training; above all, there was a brave heart which sent him on his perilous way. No man could have performed a feat of this character unless with a body inured to muscular strain, and certainly this good clergyman must have rowed many a mile in his life for sport.

All men, whether they be of God's anointed, or miserable sinners, must sometimes be placed under just such emergencies, when not only their own lives but those of others may depend solely on their physical powers. But putting aside this view of the advantages derived from wholesome exercise, it seems to us as if smacking something of absolute cruelty to debar so many of our fellow beings because they are clergymen, through inconsiderate clamor, from enjoying the many advantages to be derived from rational amusements.

We sincerely trust the example given by English clergymen, who do not lose any of that proper respect which should always be attached to their calling, will find followers among our own ministers.

EFFECTS CAUSED BY PLANTING TREES.

IN a late number of the *Courrier d'Oran*, we find the following: "Though the period of the conquest of Algeria is of comparatively recent date (1829-30), everything seems to prove that, since trees have been planted, water sources have almost doubled, and in some cases quintupled in certain localities. The effects of a climatic change seem even probable. There is more moisture in the air, and every year the rain fall is more abundant."

What more convincing proof can we have than this example? In less than thirty years—for the subjugation of Algeria by the French was hardly completed before 1845—a country known to have been arid, and wanting in water is to-day, by the planting of trees, blessed with copious rains, flowing streams, and consequent fruitfulness of soil.

We are seeking to-day to double the capacity of our canals, and Senate Committees on Transportation are deliberating how best they shall utilize the waters of Lake Champlain and the Hudson, and such serious questions of supply of water naturally present themselves.

If we are to depend on unlimited sources of water, we must look at the prime causes of the supply. Legislators would do well to consider all these subjects, theoretically and practically, and the preservation of the forest in the upper portions of the State ought not to escape their notice. There should be no near-sighted policy about it. Works of the character proposed, a broad water channel, which shall bring to us the great grain crops of the West, are to be constructed, not only to suffice for the wants of the present citizens of the United States, but for generations yet to come. We assert that in the grand study of political economy, with particular reference to our country, there is no question so vital to its general interests as the preservation of our forests.

DUCKING ON 'CHANGE.

THE equinoctial storm of Friday, September 19th, was most disastrous on 'Change, flooding the ordinary channels, until it overflowed the banks, washed out the stools of speculative sportsmen, swept off their decoys and blinds, and submerged the favorite haunts of the game itself, so that they were unable to cover. Indeed the flood came so suddenly and raged so fearfully, that when it had partially subsided, it left many lame ducks along the margins of the numerous pools and high and dry among the rushes on the banks. Many old sportsmen who were wont to place implicit reliance upon the "points" of their favorite retrievers, found them now without a scent and utterly powerless to recover the fortunes that were carried down stream. Empty were the bags that day, and few the "flyers" that the most successful sportsmen were able to wing or bring to hand. The encouraging sounds of "puts" and "calls," as the well trained retrievers were alternately sent to cover and re-summoned, were seldom heard, and the only words that fell upon the ear were the grating syllables "Down—Charge!" In fact, the sportsman had no option in the matter. He could only stand quiet and tearfully watch the precious things that took to themselves wings and flew away or passively sunk in the seething current.

The mortality among the ducks, jays, geese, and snipe, is almost unaccountable, but is supposed to have been partly due to the fact that the flood left but few deposits upon the banks, and that consequently they became weakened from lack of feed and natural sustenance. Moreover, what has been regarded the safest and best security proved but a sorry refuge, leaving them to the pitiless chances of the market and the slaughterers of stock. It is useless, however, to venture an explanation or enter into details. The "long" and "short" of it is, that the disaster was overwhelming, and its effects likely to be felt for a considerable time to come.

Ladies' sporting ornaments—Hare nets and scull-pins.

THE HERONS.

IN reference to an article lately published in the FOREST AND STREAM on the depredations of the Night Heron, commonly known as the "Quawk," (*Nycticorax Gaudeni*), we give the following history of the Herons, in reply to several letters which we have received from different quarters, mentioning like depredations committed by the Great Blue Heron, (*Ardea herodias*.)

All Herons are nocturnal in their habits, although they sometimes feed during the day, particularly late in the season. They are all provided with their natural lantern, which they use with great success. There are sixteen species of Herons found in the United States. The largest and most powerful of these is the great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias*) and Florida Heron, (*Ardea wardemanni*), which greatly resemble each other in size and color, and by some naturalists are considered as one species, although they differ widely in their distribution. The great Blue Heron ranges from Canada to South America, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean, whereas the Florida Heron only occurs in the Southern States. They are both gormandizers of the first water, and devour fish, young birds, mice and marine insects without distinction. The next in size and the most beautiful of the larger Herons, is the *Audubonia occidentalis*, (great White Heron.) This is indeed a magnificent bird. When standing it is full three feet high, and as white as snow, making it a very conspicuous object when standing on the bank of a river, or when wading on the flats. The beautiful white plumes often observed in ladies' hats, are taken from the back of this bird. The great White Heron is found throughout the southern United States, but is most common in Florida. The next in size is the *Audubonia egret*, (*Herodias egretta*), a close relative of the *Audubonia occidentalis*, and an inhabitant of southern California and the southern States. Its plumage is white, and its bill is very long and of a yellow color. Its back is furnished with plumes in the adult stage of plumage. The bittern, or stake driver, (*Botaurus centiginosus*), is commonly found throughout the United States, and is one of the most widely distributed of birds. He is a quiet, peaceful fellow, who lives in the marshes and preys upon small fish, frogs, aquatic animals and mice, but should you break his wing by a chance shot, you will find him a formidable and determined enemy. With drooping wings, and with plumage erect, and neck drawn back until nothing is visible but the sharp beak and small yellow eyes, he will attack you savagely with his bill until he is laid low from a blow with your ramrod. The bittern differs from the rest of the Heron family in being more diurnal in its habits, and laying its eggs on the ground.

The Night Heron (*Nycticorax grandeni*) is found in every State in the Union, and is a very numerous species. They breed in colonies, generally in a dark swamp, where they retire during the day, but as night approaches they become uneasy, and when it is fairly dark they leave their roosts singly or in pairs for their favorite sand bar or mud hole, there to stand on one leg as immovable as stakes to strike their unwary prey, that glides beneath them. These are the birds that utter the sudden "quak" directly over your head when you are sitting quietly fishing some summer evening. The Blue Heron (*Florida caerulea*) is a resident of the southern United States, and is most numerous about the lagoons of Florida. The different stages of plumage of this bird would greatly deceive the amateur collector. The first year its plumage is pure white, the second year the ends of the primaries, or wing feathers, and the scapulars, or back, are blotched with a blueish tinge; the third year the blue on the wings, rump, and crest becomes more conspicuous, and the fourth year it has the adult plumage of a purplish blue. The Louisiana Heron (*Demigretta ludoviciana*) is another southern species found abundantly in Florida, and is distinguished by its long, slender neck and beak, being rather a lighter built bird than the other herons. The Louisiana Heron is bluish on the upper parts, whitish underneath; the plumes of the back are a bluish brown color, and its head is adorned with a pendant crest composed of five or six white feathers. This is the most active of its tribe, and pursues its prey with great rapidity. The White Heron (*Herodias egretta*) is rather a larger species, with a pure white plumage, and in all probability the adult of *Herodias Californica*. The snowy Heron (*Gazetta candidissima*) is a resident of the Gulf States, and is seldom seen further north than Virginia. This species has not an equal for beauty among the smaller herons. It has a bunch of snowy plumes on its back, and when the plumes are erect, they give the bird a magnificent appearance. The Seminole Indians of Florida often rob the snowy heron of its plumes, which they wear as an ornament and sell for a high price. The Peales Egret (*Dermigretta peali*) and Reddish Egret (*Dermigretta Rufa*) are peculiar to the Southern States, and are not so abundant as other species; they breed in company with other herons, but occasionally form small colonies of their own. The Yellow crowned Night Heron (*Nycticorax violaceus*) is a solitary species frequenting the bayous and lagoons of Florida. This species is rather common on the Indian River and its tributaries, and is strictly a Southern species. The Green Heron or Poke, (*Ardea virescens*) is perhaps the best known of its genus and is a common resident in every quarter. The millpond, canal, river, creek, marsh and brook are all the home of the Pokes, where they are often seen feeding during the day. The Green Heron breeds in single pairs or in small colonies, according to the number there may be in one locality. Where there are extensive marshes they are generally found in communities. The Least Bittern (*Ardetta exilis*) is the

smallest of all the herons, standing scarcely eight inches high and greatly resembles its big cousin, the Stake Driver, in plumage. When wounded it immediately skulks in the grass or rushes, and remains concealed and will not remove unless kicked over by the foot of the hunter. It is not a common species, but stragglers are found all over the United States. The herons are all gregarious and excepting the Bitterns build their nests in trees. Their eggs resemble each other in color, being nearly all a pale green. Their nests are composed of sticks laid carelessly on a horizontal limb, where it is often blown off by the wind, or their eggs rolled out of it to be broken on the ground below, where they are devoured by crows, or skunks.

NO MORE DESERTS.

JUST as our gazeteers have to be remodelled every year, so have our geographical charts to be changed. If Prussia for the last decade has been the horror of map-makers, now that railroads are stretching out their long feelers, how much more rapid are the alterations they have made in topography. Our school days are not so far distant but that we remember that mysterious locality pitched somewhere midway between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, called the Great American Desert. If Africa rejoiced in a Sahara, reasoning by analogy, map-makers gave us one.

Writers of twenty years ago applied this term to whole sections of country, somewhere about the hundredth degree of west longitude. That a barren waste does exist about this locality, no one doubts, but recent research has very much curtailed its area. Dr. Cyrus Thomas declares that the barren district runs through the centers of Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, just skirting the western portion of Indian Territory and Kansas. The question which most occupies our attention, is the one which scientists are now discussing in regard to the exact temperature of these barren regions, and the rain falls. Dr. Thomas seems to have paid the closest attention to these meteorological conditions, and has pretty nearly determined that west of Cheyenne, the average rainfall is not sufficient to produce vegetation. The soil, he states, is good, excepting were over-impregnated with alkali. As to rain-fall between 1867 and 1871, the average rain-fall was only 14.09 inches, less than half that of Iowa or Minnesota, while in Nebraska the average for the same period was 31.47. The *New York Times*, in treating of this most interesting subject, says:—

"The Great American Desert, independently of any mineral treasures it may possess, is not the useless wilderness represented to be, neither has it everywhere the richness that is found in Iowa and parts of Minnesota. Where it is less adapted for the plow it may be well suited for pastoral purposes, the spots that are the least useful being only to be found at intervals, and nearer to the foot of the Rocky Mountains."

What is wanted in this country is evidently tree planting. That all these arid plains, thousands of years ago, were covered with trees seems to be highly probable. From their laying flat, the forests, once on fire, were consumed to the very last tree. In Nebraska the people seem to be wide awake to the necessity of not only drawing the water from the clouds, but of keeping it there by tree culture. One farmer in Nebraska, two years ago, planted 120,000 trees, and the State, under certain conditions, following out Dr. F. B. Hough's admirable ideas, exempts from taxation the property of settlers who cultivate trees.

Is it too much to imagine that the time will come when all these arid wastes will be reclaimed, and bloom again like a garden? When fertilizing rains shall fall once more and make the desert an oasis? Data on such subjects, giving man's mastery over climate and even soil are perhaps wanting. That sections of country have been reclaimed is very evident. How many centuries of civilization it has taken, we have no means of determining. But if we argue the opposite way, starting from data of countries once green with foliage, dense with woods, abounding with streams, but to-day scorched and arid wastes, uninhabited by bird or beast, the examples would be plenty. We can destroy much more rapidly than we can create. Isolated efforts, then, of tree planting may in time be effective to reclaim this desert, but what we must again urge, is collective legislation, making it imperative on all settlers to plant trees in the neighborhood of the so-called American Desert.

CAN THE JELLY-FISH SUSTAIN LIFE?

IT would be an experiment worth trying to determine whether the *acalepha*, or Jelly-fish of the ocean could sustain life, when taken as food by castaway mariners. They certainly do not contain much solid substance, but that little must be nourishing, for many fish live exclusively on them. All the herring family, including Shad, Menhaden, and the smaller species live on nothing else. We have seen the Menhaden feeding on a species of Jelly-fish the size of a pigeon's egg, in Jamaica Bay. The pearly iridescent Jelly-fish were drifting with the tide, and the glistening Menhaden were darting in every direction after them, flashing in the sunlight, or suddenly disappearing as their sides or backs were seen. We shall not soon forget the sight.

The flesh of the Herring tribe is peculiarly rich, oily and nutritious, and must be entirely composed of the solid parts of the Jelly-fish, chemically changed by digestion. If these creatures can, therefore, sustain life, the fact ought to be generally known.

Another point to be determined is whether the Jelly-fish would not also supply the thirsty mariner with all the fresh water he might need, when in distress. We cannot affirm

it as a fact, but we believe that these fish contain little or no salt, and that their transparent and soft substance is chiefly composed of fresh water.

If they should prove to be a sufficient substitute for meat and drink, the ocean would be divested of part of its terrors, and we should no longer hear harrowing tales of the sufferings endured by the survivors of foundered vessels, leading to the extreme necessity of eating each other. The ocean is alive with numerous kinds of Jelly-fish, from the huge *quawl* or medusa, and the *Portuguese man-of-war*, to the minute atoms that cause the phosphorescence of its waters when stirred by the wind, or by the vessel ploughing through it. Some are in bead-like chains, as large as a pea; others are in the shape of an egg, while the largest are formed like a mushroom, with a fringe of long, thread-like appendages around the margin of their disk. These threads each contain a wonderfully contrived stinging apparatus, consisting of a microscopic harpoon, beautifully barbed or serrated, connected with a coil of thread, that brings the little weapon back to its sheath after it has been darted out at any object touching the sensitive tentacles. These *stinging quaws* are well known on our coasts, and they reach a very large size, more than a foot across the disk, and several inches in thickness. Of course these tentacles could be cut off when they are eaten, as the minute harpoons might cause an irritation of the stomach.

Those who traverse the seas know that hardly a day passes without meeting a long streak of Jelly-fish, drifting with the winds or currents, and a castaway could dip out all that he wanted by the aid of an old shirt tied up at the arms and neck, and towed through such a floating mass of them.

At times, millions of small Jelly-fish are cast up on the beach, and the bather, at such times, feels as if he were swimming in pea-soup. We have often been tempted, at such times, to try them as food, for the late Commodore J. B. Nicholson assured us that he had done so, and that they were harmless, and nourishing, though tasteless.

We cannot enumerate the larger species of *acalepha*, nor dilate on their marvellous methods and powers of reproduction. Many have devoted much attention to this subject, and Professor Agassiz has done more than all others in clearing up their history.

We claim no originality for the above proposed experiment, but we cannot find that the subject has ever been noticed before.

FOL DE ROL.

THERE is an amusing article in a late number of an English magazine, in regard to the chorus of songs, with a "down, derry down," and a "fal, la-la" and "a high nonnie, nonnie no," and a "hey eum trix," and other refrains of songs, where the erudite reviewer exercises, if not extreme philological lore, very certainly most ingenious processes of reasoning, worthy of a Max Muller. Cease then, ye roysterers, around the table, or ye night revellers, your profanation of "tooral looral," give it rather an intoning deep and solemn, for you are (says the reviewer) almost on the verge of a sacrilege, for know then, ye boisterous gallants, that "tooral rooral" is Celtic or Gaelic, that "tooral" is the Gaelic *andante* or slow movement and "rooral" the Celtic *presto* or quicker movement. Harp music probably in that early time had technical terms similar to those used to-day for the piano. All these refrains, so it seems, were used by the Druids to commemorate some portion of their worship. Let us take a rather ludicrous example of this. There is a song called the "Friar in the well," with the chorus "fal-la lanky down dilly." Now *lanky* and *langtre* are one and the same thing, the true reading should be "fal la-lan-ri-dun-dill," meaning "the circle of the day is full, let us go to the hill of rain." Rain it seems must have been held in high estimation by the Druids. Possibly there were umbrella makers among them, because there is another burst of songs, ending with a "hie dillo-dil," which is resolvable into, di, dill dum dile, or "welcome to the rain upon the hill," which the chorus commentator says was a thanksgiving for rain after a draught.

Now, no one doubts but that "ri-um, ti iddity tiddity," must have had a forefather, but man's ingenuity can take it so far beyond Druidical times, as to place it in the Sanscrit. The oldest chorus is the Greek one. "I-ho! I-ho!" which is distinctly traceable to the old parent races of the Hindoo. "Hey-lillie-ho-lallie" is almost as old, perhaps taken from the Saracen. A confused jumble of Il-Allah, and "sing fol-de-rol-de-dee" and "diddledum-di and diddle dum do," may be for ought we know, derived from church canticles, when choristers sang their do-re-mi-fa, &c., Of course we do not mean to laugh at such erudition, nor be classed with Sydney Smith's friend, who despised the equator, and made a joke about the pole, but occasionally the exact difference between what is far fetched and ingenious is somewhat difficult to determine.

Take one of our negro choruses, for instance, "I am going to leave you—good by, Eliza Jane." This may be rendered—"I'm gwine to leave yer—Lize Jane." Apply Grimm's rule to it, and you have the most curious and startling effects. An ingenious friend worked on it for a week, and at last having carried it through the most elaborate squeezing and twisting, got it to read from the Sanscrit. "The horse of the sea lapped the water," which fact we trust will render Hooley classic for the future. Perhaps some of our readers philologically inclined, can give us some other choruses—native ones, elaborately worked up. There are word hoaxes at times, quite as plausible as the best practical jokes. But to treat such matters seriously,

such impalpable things as words have immense powers of resistance. Something like diamonds, far tougher than the surrounding drift, they have never been ground to pieces. They have kept hard, brilliant and concise, and have come down to us from a period so far distant, as to be perhaps beyond the ken of man to determine their precise age of formation.

COOKING GAME.

HENRY WATTERSON, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, has been writing some very clever letters from abroad. Among the many good things he says, paraphrasing the well-known quotation of "painting the lily and gilding fine gold," in regard to cooking game he uses this terse apothegm: "Truffles do not improve woodcocks." Sentence fraught with wisdom, and worthy of a Brillat-Savarin! The Louisville editor does not relish on the whole the French *cuisine*, and takes Edmund Yates as an authority about our American cookery. Of Yates, he says: "I heard Edmund Yates remark last winter—and whatever you may think of Edmund's novels, if you have ever met him, you would allow that he has a belly of unqualified culture and genius. I heard him say last winter that the Brevoort House, meaning, of course, the kitchen, is the best hotel in the world."

In subtle gastronomic discriminations you can find no more able analytical powers than those possessed by literary men. That delicate shading between the *gourmand* and the epicure, they fully appreciate. If the immortal Thackeray was illustrious as a novelist, incomparably great was he in his table *diletantism*. Think of his saying, as he ate his first oyster at Fulton Market, in the presence of the late departed Dorton, who, on asking him how he liked them, replied, in a Johnsonian way: "Sir, I feel as if I had swallowed a baby."

What more just than Mr. Watterson's remarks on the bad taste of eating spoiled game, and we may properly quote Churchill, who says that "the sooner a bird or fish is eaten after it is taken the better."

A *salmis de becasse*, of course, is a thing not to be despised, only it is an ingenious method by which a spoiled woodcock may be so disguised by a sauce, that you have no comprehension of the real flavor of the most delicate of birds. Tastes are fashions. The gamey twang, or what is called in French the *phaesandee* flavor, only became *a la mode* when it was impossible to bring game rapidly to market, and the length of time used in transportation caused absolute decomposition. It then became necessary to invent methods of making food palatable, which otherwise would have been repulsive. Of course the season of the year has much to do with this question, but we are still in doubt whether a canvass-back duck in dead winter, is not better, when cooked a day after it is killed, than when kept frozen for a week.

News from Abroad.

TOM FRENCH, the famous English jockey, is no more! The name of a certain Greek rider, who rode his horse to victory, some 2,300 years ago, has come down to us. Perhaps the old Greek knew perfectly well how to nurse his mount, to follow instructions, and to get the "last ounce" out of his steed, foaled, may be, in

"Grassy Argos,"
"Famous for its steeds of fire."

How the Greek Jock died, however, never will be known. Was it of old age? or did he, on the home stretch, driving his chariot too fine, strike the brazen goal with his whirling wheels, and have his neck broken? Certainly the old heathen Greek could never have died the death that Tom French did. Perhaps they had no *post mortems* in the heroic age, as they have now in our more prosaic times. The cause of this man's death, Dr. Meade, the physician who attended him, states, arose "from that wasting and exposure and irregularity of diet, consequent to his profession." Superficially read, this may mean but little, but when leading English journals declare that French died a victim to the ill effects of severe training, necessary to enable him to ride at the present state of weights, the matter assumes a much graver appearance. There are two points to be looked at in discussing this subject: The question of the man and that of the horse. It may seem strange, but the FOREST AND STREAM, contrary to usual sporting precedents, is inclined to take into consideration the question of that insignificant creature, the man, first. There is something cruel in the idea of training down a man to a mere skeleton—"a ruckle of bones"—in order to fit him to ride up to feather weight. It means the destruction of the human being. Jockeys are sometimes sweated with their horses, in order to reduce them both in flesh. There need be no great outcry made about this up to a certain point, as when a "logey" or heavy rider must be reduced a few pounds; but when it comes to dwarf human beings, when jockeys are required at that period of life when the body fills up, to go on, sweating and reducing themselves until they die from this unnatural treatment, then, even in Christian England, such practices should be decried. Now, secondly, about the horses: An English journal says, speaking of the deterioration of the thorough-breds, and the methods advocated for their improvement, that the carrying of weights by racing horses ought to be approximated to the weights the horse, in ordinary life, is expected to carry.

Now, the question naturally arises, "What possible sense can there be in raising horses which can only attain speed when ridden by human mannikins?" In this era of ad-

vanced ideas, when we breed finer every day, running horses at tender ages, when they should not be worked at all, perhaps we may require not men, nor even boys, but monkeys, to land some swift, but fragile racer, to the winning post. Feather weights in England demand, sometimes, minimum loads for horses. We have an example of this in Kitchener, who, some twenty years ago, weighing 56 pounds, a boy, it is true, won the Chester Cup.

—If grouse have been scarce, and with a return of better judgment their lives have been pretty generally spared for another season, partridges have turned out somewhat better, so that sportsmen have received somewhat of a compensation. Just now, however, this gamey bird is in the stubble, and it may be some time before he leaves it. Pretty generally, however, partridges seem not to have been so plenty, and it is highly probable that the season will not be a good one. It is early for partridges just now in England, and many sportsmen never draw covers before the middle or close of December.

—Of cricket, many notable matches have just been played. The Gloucestershire and Sussex match was a remarkable one, in which the two leviathans, the Graces, figured. A Mr. Townsend made 163 runs. Of course, the side the Messrs. Graces were on won the match, which was with the Gloucestershire men. It is calculated that, had the score of the full match of the winners been carried out, they would have summed up 1,700 runs. The wonderful play of certain men at the bat, somewhat inclines one to think that the day may not be far distant when certain modification, even in the conservative game of cricket, may be necessary even in England. The remedy would be found in adding a fourth wicket, and making the stumps at least some four inches higher. What is certain is, that batting is now beating bowling in England.

—We are pleased to cite quite an increase, in fact an enormous one, in the grand total of those angling matches, which we have noted from time to time. Here is the Grand Angling Sweepstakes of Lincolnshire, 600 men, with a whole jungle of fishing-rods, and may be a thousand miles of line, and a ton of hooks, fishing in a canal. The winner caught 11 pounds 11½ ounces, beating an equally clever rival by exactly the weight of a minnow scale. Anglers generally, in England, are amazed at this startling result, when in prior years a gross weight of three pounds four ounces secured the prize.

—English amateur coaching is now almost at its conclusion, and may be said to have been moderately successful. Pleasure seekers at Brighton conclude the season by rattling up to London in a coach and four, driven by a baronet. There may be some particular satisfaction in an English tradesman, when he is conscious that a nobleman coachee handles the lines. One can gather from the notices of the coaching horses put at public sale, the price of these animals in England. A good hack fetched £60 to £70, and a cab or omnibus horse, £35 to £40.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Malchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Caracus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Optyx Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scolopax rusticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Curlew, <i>Numenius Arquat.</i>)
Esquimaux Curlew, <i>Numenius borealis.</i>)	Sandpipers, <i>Tringine.</i>)
Plover, <i>Charadrius.</i>)	Willetts,
Godwit, <i>Limosina.</i>)	Reed or Rice Birds, <i>Dolichonyx orizon.</i>
Rails, <i>Rallus Virginianus.</i>)	

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

One of the best localities within a fair distance of New York for ruffed grouse shooting is called the Cannape. It is a large extent of wild territory situated on the north-east corner of Ulster county, New York. Take Hudson River railroad for Kingston, which connects with the New Rondout railroad to Shokan, which is seventeen miles. The distance from Shokan to Watson Hollow is seven miles. Stop overnight at C. Rockwell's, who will every give information and send a guide or go himself. This country is quite unknown to the sportsmen, as we firmly believe. There has never been a breech-loader or a setter within its limits. The scenery is grand in the extreme, and the berries which the ruffed grouse feed on, are very abundant. This territory is also noted for its deep mountain gorge, at the head of which is a beautiful lake, the head waters of the Bushkill creek. It has two outlets, one emptying into the Esopus creek, and the other in a directly opposite quarter, into the Susquehanna.

—North Alabama is one of the finest hunting regions in the United States. The fields are filled with quail, the woods with wild turkeys and deer, and all the streams and ponds in winter abound with wild ducks and geese. The finest wild-geese shooting in America is to be had every winter in the Mussell Shoals in Tennessee River. The wild geese congregate there by the thousands, apparently to feed on the periwinkles that abound in the shallows, as well as on the long moss that covers most of the rocks in the river's bottom. The shoals are about five miles wide, and filled with small islands, called "tow-heads." Most of these tow-heads are covered with drift wood, in which the sportsmen

conceal themselves, and shoot the geese as they fly over, which happens every few minutes, as they are constantly being disturbed by one cause or another. Just before night-fall the geese leave the river for the fields and ponds, which affords the sportsman another good opportunity for rare sport. What is true of the wild geese, is more or less true of the wild ducks, with this in addition, that the latter are to be found every where, all the winter through, filling every point, "spring branch," or creek. Wild turkeys abound everywhere, and the red deer almost everywhere. The deer are hunted with hounds.

—Smyth County, Virginia, on the western slope of the Alleghanys, is one of the finest game districts easily accessible to the sportsman. Bear and deer are found there, and wild turkeys, grouse, quail, and woodcock are abundant. We hear of one bag of seventy-five quails secured in a single day by G. E. Penn, Esq. There is good hunting all about the neighborhood of Marion, the county seat, and accessible therefrom by good mountain roads. Marion is on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. There are three good hotels in the town. We shall refer to this district at greater length in subsequent numbers.

—The southern part of Wayne county, Indiana, is another good locality for small game, such as squirrels, rabbits, and quail. Here are several packs of dogs, and in winter great sport is enjoyed in "circling" foxes, and in hunting coons at night. As many as seventeen foxes were destroyed by the farmers last winter in the course of a single circle. The trespass laws are rigidly enforced in this county. Centreville is the nearest railroad station. Very good hotels in Centreville.

—The Leather Stocking Club, of Oswego county, New York, we have every reason to know, does honor to the distinguished name it bears. Its officers are: H. C. Tanner, President; M. L. Marshall, Vice-President; N. W. Nutting, Treasurer, and J. F. Miller, Secretary. There are several well-broken dogs in Oswego county, comprising fine breeds of setters, hounds, and pointers. There is fair shooting throughout that section, and the game, beside foxes, is confined to birds, of which duck, snipe, plover, woodcock, partridges and pigeons are the chief. Four railways from Oswego traverse this region.

—On the Montezuma Marshes, in Seneca county, and in the adjacent country, there is good woodcock, partridge, quail, snipe, and duck shooting; also coon hunting. These grounds are within three to five miles of the nearest railway station, and can be reached by way of Waterloo, on the New York Central Railroad.

—Messrs. G. A. Sickells, T. E. Smithson, John Dowel, and John Lannon, of Washington, returned last week from a three days' gunning expedition to the Patuxent River with 2,162 sora, besides a large number of reed birds and some blue wing and summer ducks.

—We give these bits of information in hope that such of our readers as may be able to avail themselves thereof, will be induced to render us an equivalent by sending some account of their experience and their impressions of the localities visited.

—The sora of America do not enjoy the same immunity from sportsmen's attacks as do the birds of Japan, as we learn from "Sir Rutherford Alcock's Residence in Japan." He writes:

"On the surface of the pond, are myriads of wildfowl so conscious of their immunity from gun and dog, under imperial decree, that they allow you to approach within a few yards—a most aggravating sight to a sportsman, but such is the law, and the birds evidently know it. No shot at bird or beast may be fired within tenri, or thirty miles, of the Tycoon's residence; and Yokohama, alas! is only seventeen miles distant. To the Japanese probably it is no privation; but to an Englishman, sick of pork and fowls all the year round, and eager for open air sport and exercise, it is very hard; but the Japanese officials seem to take all the more pleasure in vigorously insisting upon the inviolability of the laws. Their artists equally excel, from long and loving study, in depicting all kinds of wildfowl. Hawking seems the only sport in vogue even among the privileged and higher classes, and that in the imperial domain is strictly limited likewise to the Tycoon. No private individual, so I am told, may even keep a falcon, of which there are some very fine specimens. This is only one of the numerous petty restraints and restrictions arising from a totally different state of society and political organization—of a more or less irritating and vexatious character—to which foreigners must perforce submit who take up their residence in Japan.

—A number of gentlemen, members of the Brooklyn Gun Club, met at Dexter's, L. I., last week, to try, for the first time, shooting from five traps, five yards apart, use of both barrels, English rules, handicapped. The birds were better than the general average, and the shooting, considering the long distances, and the first trial of many of the members at five traps, was remarkably accurate. The following is the Handicap:

H. S., 27 yards, shot with Purdy, C. F.—1 1* 1 1 0 1 1* 1 0 1 1* 1 1—13.
W. S., 25 yards, shot with Pape, C. F.—1 1 1* 1 0 1* 0 0 0 1* 1 1* 0 0—9.

Dr. W., 27 yards, shot with Powell, C. F.—1 1* 0 0 1* 1* 0 0 1 0 1* 1 0 1—8.

Dr. A., 27 yards, shot with Scott, C. F.—1 1 1* 1 0 1 0 0 0 1* 1* 1 1 1—11.

Capt. A., 30 yards, shot with German, M. L.—0 0 0 1* 1 1 0 0 1* 1 1* 0 0 1—8.

(*) Denotes killing with second barrel.

—Mr. Harvey H. Brown of Cleveland, Ohio, an amateur pigeon shooter, and the winner of the Lorillard badge at Saratoga, in a letter to the *Herald*, after making some remarks as regards the conditions of the badge, &c., very properly says:—

"I have no present desire or intention to engage in trap

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

COAST FISH.		LAKES.	
Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel. (<i>Temnodon saltator</i> .)	Black Bass, (<i>Microporus nigricans</i> and <i>archigan</i> .) (two species.)	Spanish Mackerel, (<i>Cero maculatum</i> .)	Maskinonge, (<i>Esox estor</i> and <i>nobilior</i> .) (two species.)
Weakfish, Squetaug (Trout) <i>Otolithus</i> .)	Pickercil, (<i>Esox reticulatus</i> .)	Sheepshead, (<i>Sargus ovis</i> .)	Pike perch, <i>Lucioperca Americana</i> .)
BAYS AND ESTUARIES.			
Striped Bass, Rockfish. (<i>Labrax kn-eatus</i> .)	Land-locked Salmon, (<i>Salmo Gloveri</i> .)		

The Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania have placed one thousand black bass in the North Branch of the Susquehanna and the Lehigh river, and care has been taken to give them a fair chance for propagation. In the dam at Williamsport one hundred of the same kind of fish have been planted, and in a short time most of the waters of the State suitable for raising bass will be stocked with this excellent game fish. Two million and three-quarters of shad were hatched at Newport, on the Juniata during the month of July, and the process is still continued. The rearing of trout and salmon has been a decided success, and sealy plants of this kind will soon be introduced into all the waters of the State adapted for their growth. A fish way for shad will soon be located in the dam upon the Susquehanna river at Columbia, and others ordered by the Legislature will be constructed as soon as practicable.

The sport of catching weak fish and king fish in Jamaica Bay has been sadly impaired this season by the netters who sweep away at every tide thousands of fine fish.

The upper waters of Northern New Brunswick rivers are now so low as to be impracticable for birch canoes.

The following valuable information respecting the fish of the Western waters, including the great lakes and the Mississippi, has been given to us by an old veteran, and we doubt not will prove as new to most of our Eastern readers, as the latest sensation novel. He says:—

"The fish we call pike is the same fish that is called maskelonge. I saw one at Cleveland that would weigh about thirty pounds. They called it a maskelonge, and I could see no difference in it from our pike. The largest one I have seen taken weighed thirty-two pounds, and was caught in lake Conneaut. He was taken by Mr. Gormby; his head was sent to Philadelphia and exposed in a shop window for the natives to gaze at. The largest I have taken weighed twenty-eight pounds, and I have taken two of that weight, and quite a number that would weigh over twenty pounds. They abound in the Mississippi, and weigh from three pounds up to forty pounds, and are the same fish that we take in the Ohio. I saw the head of a pike nailed on a barrel at Lowell, on the Muskingum river, Ohio. The merchant at whose door I saw it told me he had weighed it himself and it weighed forty-three pounds. We have taken a great number of pike in the Muskingum that weighed from fifteen to twenty-six pounds.

White salmon weigh from twelve to eighteen pounds. These fish are the same that are called wall eyed pike on the great lakes, from lake Ontario to lake Superior. I have seen three or four of them in the latter lake when fishing for speckled trout. Lake Huron I am told has great numbers of them in it, and numbers of large salmon are brought to the Pittsburgh market from lake Huron, and are the same fish that is in the Ohio.

Prof. Agassiz in classifying the fish of the Western rivers, calls them the salmon of the Ohio, and I think he ought to have placed them at the head of the perch family, as they are neither pike or salmon. The black or jack salmon, as we call them, are in all the great lakes, also in the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and weigh from half a pound to three pounds. The lake people call them sand pike. They are spotted like a rattlesnake.

The bass in the Ohio, Mississippi, and lakes are the same fish. The small lakes in the West have the Oswego bass, but they are not considered as good a fish for the table as the black bass. Have never seen a bass exceed five pounds weight.

The buffalo is a different fish from the red horse. The fish that I have heard called red horse is a large red-finned sucker; the largest will weigh six pounds. The buffalo of the Mississippi river, is a large heavy-shouldered fish; with large scales of a bluish color, and sucker mouth, weighs from five to twelve pounds.

The bait we use for pike is chubs, or small suckers, eight or ten inches in length, but any small fish will do.

I have had good sport trout fishing in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The trout were from a pound to four ounces in weight. Some streams were covered with timber, others were on the open prairie, lined with black alder, and so dense as to exclude the sun's rays, and cut into the soil about six feet deep, and the angler had to hunt places here and there, and poke in his rod wherever he had space to make a jerk to hook the fish. There are no mosquitoes or gnats to trouble you on these streams. The fishing is pleasant, and it was my good fortune to find pleasant houses to stop at where there were no bugs, and the lady of the house knew how to cook the trout. I have had some fine fishing in the Mississippi. I have a son who resides at Dubuque, Iowa, and we pay them a visit each spring in April. Pike, black bass, and white salmon are quite plenty. We stay with them five or six weeks, and then go up the Mississippi river to the neighborhood of lake Pepin. The Chippewa river empties its clear water into the Mississippi river one mile below the foot of lake Pepin. All its branches are trout streams, and its water is much cooler than the Mississippi. It is a great lumber stream, and a great many rafts descend it to the Mississippi, and to the cities below. These rafts are strung along the shore for several miles, and the cool Chippewa water passes under them, and the white salmon collect in vast numbers under the rafts where they are sheltered from the sun, and enjoy the cool water of the Chippewa. The minnows pass up the river in vast numbers just along side of the rafts, and the fisherman has a scoop net with a handle nine feet in length, and he makes a drive at the minnows down the stream, and an expert will sometimes take a quart of minnows at one drive; enough to do a party for a day's fishing. You fish for salmon close along side the rafts, where they lie when they want to catch

shooting otherwise than as a source of amusement and recreation, and am always ready, my business permitting, to meet in friendly contest any gentleman who may wish to try conclusions with me, but not for the purpose of pecuniary gain.

There has been a great deal of shooting at Creedmoor during this last week, and the ranges have had occupants almost every day. No match of any importance has however taken place. Members of the First, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-second, Twenty-ninth, Seventh and Fifth Regiments, have all been practicing, and the average shooting for green hands, was quite creditable.

The Fifty-fifth Regiment, 250 strong, met at Creedmoor on Monday last; shooting was at 200 yards. The team of the Ninth Regiment did good shooting at 200 to 500 yards. The Twenty-second Regiment team did well. The Twenty-third Regiment team had new guns, but did fair shooting. The Seventy-ninth's team, averaged 13 at 500 yards; 16 at 200.

Rangekeeper Higgs, from the Wimbledon range, made 18 out of possible 20 at 500 yards, using the Remington sporting gun.

It is now a question of taking the best shots in order to select teams for the October contest. The men of the various regiments are commencing to take a decided interest in their shooting, and seem to seize very quickly the various points, which have to be studied, in order to secure success. Besides practice in the field, the use of targets for aiming drill which can be tried at home, will be found most useful. On Saturday last there was no regular match, though general firing was in order.

We must not be too sanguine of our skill as riflemen, and may have yet a good deal to learn. A Mr. Sanders of the Dublin Shooting Club, made this month the following remarkable score, winning the prize. Distance eight hundred, nine hundred, and one thousand yards, seven shots at each range, Mr. Sanders winning the cup with a total of eighty—at the three ranges as follows:—800 yards, 26; 900 yards, 26; 1,000 yards, 28; total, 80.

We give a short resume of the prizes to be shot for at the First Annual Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association, to be held at Creedmoor, on October 8th. It may be a week perhaps before the whole number of contests are decided.

JUDD PRIZE.—Weapon, military rifle; distance, 200 yards; five rounds; entrance fee, one dollar; eight prizes, value, \$205.

SPORTSMAN'S MATCH.—Weapon; any kind of rifle; distance, 200 yards; five rounds; position, standing; seven prizes, value, \$525; (among them a pair of splendid moose antlers, handsomely gilt, presented by FOREST AND STREAM.)

FIRST DIVISION MATCH.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment or battalion of the First Division of the National Guards, S. N. Y. Weapon, Remington rifle; distance 200 and 500 yards; five shots each distance; position, standing at 200 yards, any position at 500 yards; entrance fee, one dollar each man. Twelve prizes, value, \$455.

SECOND DIVISION MATCH.—Open to teams from regiments or battalions, Second Division National Guards, S. N. Y. Weapon, Remington rifle; distance, 200 and 500 yards; five shots each distance; position 200 yards standing, 500 yards any position; entrance fee, one dollar; nine prizes; value, \$380.

ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL MATCH.—Open to teams from all military organizations in the United States, including regular army, navy and marines. Weapon, any military rifle; distance, 500 yards; rounds, seven; position, any; entrance fee, one dollar; ten prizes; value, \$985.

ALL COMERS MATCH.—Any rifle; distance, 500 and 900 yards; seven shots at each distance; position, any; entrance fee, one dollar; ten prizes; value, \$180.

STATE PRIZE.—Open to teams of twelve, from any regiment or battalion of National Guards in the State; distance, 300 and 500 yards; weapon, Remington rifle; State medal; rounds, five; entrance fee, one dollar; thirty prizes; value, \$3,175.

GATLING MATCH.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment or battalion of the N. G., or the State. Weapon, Remington rifle; State medal; distance, 500 yards; rounds, seven; position, any; entrance fee, one dollar; ten prizes; value, \$2,235.

NEW JERSEY MATCH.—Open to teams of twelve of the National Guard of New Jersey; distance, 200 and 400 yards; five rounds each distance; standing at 200 yards, any way at 400 yards. Weapon, any rifle prescribed by the Governor of New Jersey; Four prizes; value, \$200.

RAILROAD MATCH.—Open to members of Rifle Association; open to all save winners of the Turf Field and Farm, amateur club badges; distance, 500 yards; Weapon, any military rifle; position any; rounds seven; nine prizes; value, \$343.

SHARPSHOOTERS' CHAMPIONSHIP.—Open to all; any rifle; range, 800 and 1,000 yards; seven shots at any distance; position, any; entrance fee, one dollar; nine prizes; value \$175.

PRESS MATCH.—Open to representatives of the press; distance, 400 and 500 yards; position, any; five rounds at each distance; five prizes; value, \$140.

Aggregate of prizes, \$8,298, 128 in number. The regulations governing the match will be in accordance with the rules laid down by the National Rifle Association.

LIONS IN ALGERIA.—The Tell, a province in Algeria, is ravaged by between 700 and 800 lions. Each costs in oxen, horses, mules, camels, sheep, and goats 3,600 francs per annum. Its average life being thirty-five years, the damage which it occasions in all is 126,000 francs. Gérard, the great lion hunter, put the figures higher, as he took the annual sum at 6,000 francs, and the total at 210,000 francs. The Arabs, with a view to driving away those dangerous beasts, have already destroyed a great many woods in Algeria, and every year new fires are lit with the same object. Those considerations have determined the sportsman just mentioned to have recourse to new instruments of hunting. As a means of destruction corresponding to his views, M. Constant Cléret has invented what he calls the *silocage*, and of which the following is a short description: The frame and bars are of iron. It is about ten feet long, two feet six inches wide, and the same in height. Mounted on three cast-iron wheels of small diameter, it can be moved even on difficult ground. The upper part opens with folding doors, like a wardrobe, and they close of themselves at the slightest shock given to springs of steel. Catches retain the lids as they fall, and imprison the animal as soon as he touches the bottom of the trap. The plan is to place this trap, properly baited, on the ground frequented by the wild animals, and then, when the game is caught, to wheel the manche away to some menagerie prepared for the purpose.

the minnows. It is about as pleasant a place to fish at as I ever visited, the rafts are so clean and such an extreme range of them to fish off from. The town called Reed's Landing on the opposite side of the river, in Minnesota, is a pleasant village of one street, and all the houses front the river.

The house that I stopped at is kept by Lorenzo Dow Bullard. The best fishing lies opposite to his house, and I used to leave his house at eight o'clock in the morning and fish until he sounded the gong for dinner, by which time I would have taken from twenty to fifty white salmon, weighing from two to six pounds each, or, in other words, as many as two persons could carry on a pole up to the hotel, where they were distributed among the citizens, so that none were lost or wasted, as I never catch more fish than can be used or given away.

I was up at Marquette last summer. The large brook trout are all caught out of the lake, within fifty miles of that place. We caught a few, but not worth talking about, in comparison to what they used to be.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLSTON.	
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
Sept. 25.....	1	19	10	40	9	58
Sept. 26.....	1	58	11	22	10	40
Sept. 27.....	2	40	noon		11	28
Sept. 28.....	3	38	0	14	noon	
Sept. 29.....	4	25	1	12	0	25
Sept. 30.....	5	32	2	18	1	32
Oct. 31.....	6	42	3	29	2	43

The New York Yacht Squadron will hold their autumn regatta on October 2d. It promises to be a great success as the number of prizes and purses offered for all classes is unusually large. The ocean races for the Commodore's gifts will be sailed one week later—October 9th. The regatta proper will be sailed over the usual regulation course, subject to the time allowances, and under the sailing regulations of the squadron. No entrance money will be required. All yachts must carry their private signals at the main peak. The start will be a flying one, and the time of each yacht will be taken as she crosses a line between a stakeboat, which will be anchored in the Narrows, near Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, and the judge's steamer. The signals for starting will be given from the Judge's boat as follows: For a preparatory signal, one gun and lowering the yacht club flag on the steamboat, and ten minutes later, for the start, one gun, and the flag will again be lowered. No yacht's time will be taken later than fifteen minutes after the second gun, unless instructions to the contrary are given by the judges on the morning of the regatta. The course will be from the starting-point, as above, to and around a stakeboat, at buoy 8½, on the Southwest Spit, keeping it on the port hand in turning, thence to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand in rounding, and return over the same course, keeping the Southwest Spit buoy on the starboard hand. Yachts must keep to the eastward of buoys Nos. 9, 11 and 13 on the west bank, going and returning, and will pass between the judge's boat and the stakeboat on arriving home.

The ocean course will be from an anchorage off Owl's Head, New York Harbor, to and around the Lightship on Five Flathorn, off Cape May, N. J., and return to Sandy Hook Lightship.

Three purses of the value of \$1,000, \$250 and \$250 respectively, also presented by the Commodore, to be sailed for over the same course upon the same day, and open to the following classes of vessels hailing from any port in the United States:

First—Pilot boats.

Second—Working schooners of not less than 25 nor over 300 tons, old measurement.

Third—Schooner smaacks.

In this race the first vessel arriving at the winning post will take the purse of \$1,000, the first vessel arriving of each of the other two classes to take a purse of \$250; no class, however, to win more than one prize.

All of the above races will be sailed under the rules and regulations of the New York Yacht Squadron.

The two racing yachts—Mr. Fleet's W. T. Lee, and Mr. Ira Smith's Brooklyn—both of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, have made a match for \$500 a side, to sail from Gowanus Creek ten miles to windward and return. A steamboat will accompany the yachts. This race will be sailed on the 29th September.

The sloop yacht Psyche, owned by Mr. Dickinson, went ashore on the west bar of Rockaway inlet, and has gone to pieces, being previously stripped of her valuable spar.

The match between the sloop yachts Meta, Mr. George A. Beling, and Vision, Mr. J. Alexandre, for a cup valued at \$1,000, has been set down for the second week in October. The race will be twenty miles to windward and return, from the point of Sandy Hook.

The schooner Tidal Wave and sloop Addie V., N. Y. Y. C., have gone out of commission. The owners are going to Europe.

Mr. David Kirby, of Rye, is building a sloop yacht for Mr. Daniel Edgar, of New Rochelle. She will be 70 feet on deck, 20 feet beam, and 5 feet 6 inches hold. Her frame is nearly up, but the boat will not be completed until next year.

It is more than probable that the celebrated schooner Madeleine, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. Jacob Voorhies, Jr., will enter for the club race on the 2d prox., as well as for the ocean race on the 9th of October.

The Harlem Yacht Club sent out invitations to their friends, to participate in a Rhode Island clam bake last

week, on their grounds at Port Jervis. Great good humor and feeling prevailed throughout, and part of the afternoon the ladies indulged in their favorite pastime. The event of the day was the club yacht race between the well-known yachts Quits, Josie J., Mary Campbell, Emma Sophia, and Mary Emma, from a stakeboat located off the club house, around a buoy near the shore at Riker's Island, and repeat, and was won after a hard struggle by the Emma Sophia, the Quits being second.

—The Halifax Royal Yacht Club race for the \$100 cup, to and around Sambro Island light, took place September 19th. Three yachts contested—the Whisper, Petrel, and Squirrel, and started at eight A. M. The distance sailed was about forty miles. The race was won by the Whisper, which came in fifteen minutes ahead of the Petrel, and forty-five minutes ahead of the Squirrel.

—Harlem Rowing Club vs. Nassau Club—single scull. This interesting single race between these two prominent clubs, took place on the Harlem river, September 20th. The course was from Morris Dock to the Powder Boat, three miles straight away. They started at half-past five. The tide was just at the flood. Both of the men took the water together, and rowed abeam for about 300 yards, when the Nassau scull (C. Myers) showed a slight lead. The Harlem scull (T. R. Keator) was keeping close to the shore, and at last ran aground, which gave his opponent the lead by ten lengths. Keator, having lost a few seconds, now put on all his extra steam, but could not overtake his antagonist, C. Myers, who eventually came in a winner by ten boats' length. Time: 22 minutes 30 seconds. T. R. Keator won the single scull prize at Saratoga, and if it had not been for his unaccountable mishap, it is probable the race would have been more closely contested.

—The Atlantic Boat Club of Hoboken, held their annual regatta on the 17th, on the Passaic river, above Newark, N. J. The junior and senior championship medals were contested for. For the junior championship there were three entries, viz: Althen C. Kiel, Dixon McQueen, and George Vail. The course was one mile and a half and return. The men pulled in seventeen foot boats, and Kiel, who had the advance from the start, came in an easy winner in 24:54.

There were four entries in the senior race over the same course in single scull shells, viz.: Andrew Dupicare, Robert L. Lefman, P. C. Ackerman, and John A. Ackerman. The race was not exciting, and Lefman won easily in 23:15. The prizes were two gold championship medals, which will remain the property of the winners.

—There is a talk of getting up a match between William Stevens, of Poughkeepsie, and John Biglin, for a purse of \$1,000, the race to take place at Poughkeepsie.

—The L'Hirondelle Club of Baltimore, have just received a new four-oared shell boat, which will be entered in the coming regatta.

—Yale College students held a meeting last week, at which great interest was manifested in boating matters. We expect great deeds from the students this fall.

—The Nassau Boat Club of this city has a crew in training for a four-oared shell race, to be rowed on the Potomac river, with the Aalnostan Boat Club, of Washington, October 2d.

—The Nassau Boat Club has challenged the Atlantas to a four-oared shell race, to take place on the Harlem river, about October 15.

—The Argonauta Rowing Association, of Bergen Point, N. J., and the Neptune Association, of Brighton, S. I., have decided to row their annual four-oared shell race, for the championship of the Kill-von-Kull, October 15th.

—The Maine Boating Association will hold their annual regatta on the Kennebec river, Bath, Me. There will be four races—four oars, for championship and colors of the State; double scull, and senior scull, all three miles, with a turn, and the junior shell race, two miles, one turn.

—The Ridgefield Rowing Association will hold their annual regatta on September 27th.

—The President of the Celtic Rowing Club of Buffalo, has kindly furnished the following information by request:

There are at present, in Buffalo, eight rowing clubs, viz: "Hibernias," "Buffalos," "Celtics," "2 2 2s," "Black Rocks," "Niagara Rivers," and "Scajaguadas." The Hibernias consist of 75 members, and have at present three four-oared shells. They were organized six years ago, under the name of the "Banshees," and reorganized in July of this year, under their present name, with the following officers: Lyons, President; Alex. Bennett, Vice-President; Jas. Noonan, Secretary; J. Donovan, Treasurer; T. O'Grady, Coxswain. The first crew of this club, (Banshees,) are considered one of the best in western New York, but have been unfortunate of late years. The "Buffalos" were organized about five years ago, and in members are somewhat stronger than the Hibernias. They have three four-oared shells, six single scull shells, and one eight-oared gunwale barge. This club defeated the Banshees this summer, and leave this P. M. to pull the Riversides of Rochester. The "2 2 2s" were organized five years ago, and count up fifty members; they have two four-oared shells and one single scull shell. The Live Oaks were organized the same time, and are about the same in members; they are the possessors of three four-oared shells. The Black Rocks were organized in July 1871, and are a very strong club; they have two four-oared shells. The Celtics were organized on the 19th of July, 1872, and consist of 65 members; they are the owners of two four-oared shells, and are about sending an order for a four-oared and a single scull shell. The Niagara Rivers were organized in June of this year, and the Scajaguadas in August; each possesses one four-oared shell. There are five or six yachts here, but little or no interest taken in them. As to regattas, there is poor prospect of having one here this Fall. The Black Rock Rowing Clubs speak of getting up one this month—but I am afraid it will be a failure. The Hibernias have decided to issue a challenge, (at their next meeting,) to any or all clubs in Buffalo or Toronto; if this proves true, there

will be rare sport here this Fall. There has been no change in the officers of the fleet or of any club with the exception of the Celtics, who elected the following named persons to fill the vacancies, viz: Thos. Cavanaugh, Treasurer; Jerry Neilan, Chas. Kennell, Thos. Casey, Directors.

—The entries to the National Amateur Regatta, which takes place at Philadelphia October 7th, are unusually large, and an immense number of the friends of the amateur rowers are expected to be present. The Philadelphians are doing all in their power to make this regatta a great success, and judging from the list of entries, we should say it is a foregone conclusion.

In the four-oared race are the Undines, and three other Philadelphia clubs. From New York, are the Argonautas, Mutuals, Beaverwycks, Nassaus, Harlems, and the Analostans. In the double scull race there are five or six entries. In the single scull race there are six from New York, two from Philadelphia, two from Albany, one from Union Springs, one from Grand Haven, Mich., one each from Baltimore, Rochester, and Washington. If these fifteen entries all come to the starting point, and race without a foul, it will remain on record as one of the greatest feats of the success of amateur oarsmen that the world has ever witnessed.

—The senior Yale College shell crew have been chosen, and are already in training for the fall regatta. The following compose the crew: Messrs. Green, Dunning, Waterman, Bristol, Henderson, and Monroe.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
ITHACA, September 20th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Athletic sports at Cornell University have been, until lately, without firm footing, and accordingly have struggled to keep alive during the opening years of the University. But at the present time everything, except base-ball, is progressing finely.

Last year the officers of the "Navy" succeeded in clearing the organization entirely from debt, leaving it to start the present season financially unembarrassed.

The clubs and individuals composing the "Navy" own the following boat property: Five six-oared shells, two six-oared lapstreaks, one eight-oared barge, one single lapstreak, three single shells; twelve (12) boats in all.

There are at present belonging to the different clubs, two silver goblets, to be rowed for annually by the various clubs. These cups are for six-oared shell crews.

The "Navy" directors design to enlarge the boat-house this year, and some new boats secure prizes for single sculls, and encourage competition in all manner of athletics. They will also have a gymnasium, organized and in running order in a short time, unless the university authorities anticipate them, by building for the purpose, which they (the authorities) have not been able to do up to the present time. Foot-ball is now in full blast, and a number of matches are ticketed for the next few weeks.

The committee of the B. B. Club were able to secure suitable grounds for playing upon near the close of last year, but too late for use at that time, so that soon, in all probability, our nines will have a chance to do themselves full justice in the ball field.

Our men, as a rule, have very little time to engage in athletic sports, but what time they have they make the most of, and we trust that the time may not be far distant when Cornell can show athletes accomplished, not only mentally, but physically. J.

[From our own Reporter.]

—High winds prevented the St. John International Regatta from taking place on the day advertised, although upwards of 20,000 people had assembled to witness the races. The next morning, September 18th, the weather was clear and crisp, and scarcely any wind was felt. The water was delightfully smooth, and scarcely a ripple disturbed its surface. At seven o'clock, between four and five thousand people were on the grounds, and every half hour trains, filled with eager, excited crowds, came up to the station at Riverside. The Alida, the judge's boat, came up a few minutes after seven. The McLarens, with their fine boat, were on the water, rowing about, shortly before the Alida hove in sight, and in a few minutes after, the Paris crew glided out from Johnson's, amid cheers from the spectators. They were followed by the Indiantown crew, and finally the Longshoremen, of Portland, bore down the river. The Paris crew took their places first, the McLarens next, then the Longshoremen, and the Indiantown oarsmen last.

The men in the competing boats were as follows:—

Paris crew—Robert Fulton, stroke; Samuel Hutton, aft midship; Elijah Ross, forward midship; George Price, bow; Carleton, St. John.

McLaren crew—Robert, James, George, and William McLaren, Carleton, St. John.

Longshore crew—J. Conwell, stroke; M. E. O'Brien, aft midship; M. O'Brien, forward, midship; T. Twig, bow; Portland, Me.

Indiantown crew—Ralph McCormack, Dimmock Davis, George Reynolds, George Day; Indiantown.

The boats being now in position, the start was made at twenty-one minutes past eight, by a gun fired by one of the starters. The Paris crew went off quite steadily, Price steering. The McLarens got away well, the Longshoremen, with admirable rapidity, rowed with a quick, light stroke, and the Indiantown crew were behind the others from the start. The McLarens, with a tremendous stroke of 45 to the minute, at the first mile and a half had secured a lead, and the Portland, Me., crew were close behind them; the Paris crew were third, and the Indiantown men still bringing up the rear. On turning the buoy, Hutton's oar just tipped it, and the Paris crew was ahead, followed closely by the McLarens and the Longshoremen. The row-

ing by these three leading crews has rarely been surpassed on any waters, by any oarsmen. The great Paris crew pulled with a brilliant, sprightly stroke, keeping its hot contestants closely in the rear. The most intense excitement prevailed among the enraptured spectators. Steadily the Portland crew gained, inch by inch, on the formidable four, and as steadily did the veterans keep ahead. The Longshoremen proved to be foemen worthy of their steel, and perhaps were the most difficult men to beat that ever engaged the champions. This fine crew presented a fine spectacle, as they passed the McLarens, their lithe oars gleaming like shafts of silver, as they struck the water, and sparkled in the sunlight. Every eye was riveted now on these two boats. The greatest excitement was felt, and anxiety was pictured upon every countenance, as the two boats came up, swinging to the goal almost neck and neck. Once the Longshoremen were lapped over the St. John boat, when within a few yards of the goal, but the latter made one of their dashing manœuvres, so familiar to these same worked-up spectators, and the race was won. Over the line went the boat, three-quarters of a length ahead of the men who had worked with such vigor and spirit, and proved themselves such formidable rivals. The McLarens made a good third, and the Indiantown men came in fourth. The time made was 39 minutes 34½ seconds and the course was six miles.

The single scull race followed after the Inrigger's four-oared race. This latter was won by the Logan crew, in the "Crown Prince;" colors, pink, and second money was taken by the Harned crew.

The event of the day was now called, and five excellent oarsmen took their stations. This was the famous single scull race. Brayley came up first, Fulton and Biglin next, Lovett followed, and Doyle rowed up soon after. The gun started the race at twenty-five minutes past eleven. Biglin had the outside, and Fulton the inside positions, the others were in the middle. All hit the water rapidly and with promptness. Bayley, who is only twenty-two years of age, to the surprise and admiration of every one, took the lead, and rowed with fine effect, eliciting wild cheers and applause from the multitude on the shore. Fulton rowed a long, sweeping stroke, and Biglin had a quick, effective stroke. Half way to the winning point, Fulton and Biglin swept past Brayley, and rowed hard, but without avail, to get away from him. Slowly, but with unerring precision, the two great oarsmen crept upon the plucky youth, and finally passed him, though on he kept, working with a will and "gamely," though two boat lengths behind. At this turn of affairs, the people, seeing Brayley's chances of recovering his lost position of no avail, centered their undivided attention upon the two more renowned oarsmen. Now Fulton was ahead, battling in his own peculiar way, and beating the water with his oars; then Biglin came to the front, taking the lead with apparent ease. All along the shore the crowds ran, shouting and cheering to their favorites, as each seemed to gain a temporary advantage. At length Biglin appeared to realize the danger of his position, and with a bold spurt made an effort to cross the line first. Fulton was, however, too much for America's great sculler. His extraordinary powers of endurance were not exhausted, or tired, as he was nerved up for the task, and with an almost superhuman effort, made one of his magnificent spurts, and crossed the line the winner, by about four feet. Brayley followed closely on the heels of Biglin, who came in second. Lovett was fourth, and Doyle brought up the rear, but very creditably. After the race, both Fulton and Biglin rowed up to the judge's boat, and received the announcement that Fulton had won the race in 27 minutes 42 seconds, by a quarter of a boat's length ahead. Biglin disagreed with the judges, and said that he had won. It was, however, submitted to the umpire, Hon. T. R. Jones, who ruled that the race was won by Fulton. No man seemed more surprised at the result than Fulton himself. The rowing of both oarsmen was most admirable, and praiseworthy. Brayley acquitted himself excellently, and is looked upon as the rising oarsman of St. John. His boat had much water in it at the termination of the race. Biglin's friends were very much incensed that their favorite should have lost, and the result of the coming contest in Halifax, between Brown and Biglin, excites much comment. Brown stock has gone up considerably since the race of today.

After the scull race, the pair-oared race was called; six boats competed. The McCormacks, in the "Brothers' Pride," were the winners. Time: 25:50.

The scrub race was next in order, and was won easily by the "Flying Light." The single scull race for New Brunswickers then took place, and was won handsomely by Brayley, in 28:17. Fulton had entered for this race, but did not run. The tub race was won by David O'Neill, in the tub "Tingilary man." This race provoked considerable laughter and amusement among the spectators.

The regatta closed at about half-past two o'clock. The gentlemen in charge did their utmost to have everything conducted on the fairest and most honorable principles, and were eminently successful in carrying out their intentions. Mr. D. G. Smith, the indefatigable secretary did by far the greater portion of the making up of the regatta, and was mainly instrumental in bringing it to a proper conclusion. His arrangements for the accommodation of the representatives of the press, on board the judge's boat, were most complete and satisfactory.

In the evening, bonfires blazed in every quarter of the city, torch-light processions and bands of music paraded the streets, and the oarsmen were feasted and lionized by the populace. Good order was in every instance maintained.

The Horse and the Course.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., September 18.—On the second day of the Trotting Fair the attendance of spectators was immense, and far exceeded the expectations of the association. The great event of the day was the contest for a plate prize, valued at \$2,000, offered to any horse beating the fastest time made in California, which was 2:17½, made by Goldsmith Maid. Governor Stanford's horse Occident was entered for the plate prize, which he won in the first heat, making the mile in 2:16½. The excitement on the announcement of the extraordinary time made was intense. Ever since Occident's defeat by Goldsmith Maid he has been in charge of a new trainer and driver. After Occident making the extraordinary time yesterday of 2:16½, Governor Stanford's friends here prevailed on him to make another trial. Occident was brought upon the track amid the wildest enthusiasm. On the second trial Occident made a bad break. He accomplished the second heat in 2:18½. O. D. Hickok, the driver of Lucy, and several other Eastern horsemen were present, and watched both heats. The time cannot be disputed.

BANGOR, Maine, September 18, 1873.—There was a very large attendance in all the departments of the State Fair. The trotting was witnessed by the largest audience thus far present. The race for 2:48 horses was won by Palmer Knox. The race for four year olds was won by Princess. The purse for 2:35 horses was won by Phil. Sheridan.

WAVERLEY, N. J., September 19.—The races at Waverley on the 19th were better attended and more spirited than on any other day of the season. The racing began at half past one o'clock, the first on the programme being for gentlemen's pairs, for \$150, owned in the State. There were six entries, but only three started. At the third trial they got an excellent start. Listener and mate won in 2:55½, 3:05½, 2:48½. The second race was for \$375, for horses that had never beaten 2:30. There were nine entries. The third heat was marked by sharp jockeyism. The driver of Susie Clay, J. H. Phillips, had won second money, and on the last quarter he deliberately pulled back out of the position, and struck Lady Shaw a sharp blow with his whip. She broke, and Waverley passed her, coming in ahead for third money. The best time of the race was made in this heat, Lady Emma crossing the line in 2:39. The day's races closed with a race for road pairs, owned in the State, for which there were six entries, and a four-year-old race for a purse of \$150, for which there were six entries. They were both spirited trots. The race of pairs, which was a half mile dash, was won by Listener and mate easily in 1:25½. In the four-year old race, the b. m. Trenton, owned by D. S. Quinton, was also an easy winner in 2:44, 2:52½, and 2:55.

FLEETWOOD PARK, September 18.—The second day's trot on Fleetwood course was largely attended. The first race was for horses that had never beaten 2:35. There were thirteen entries; eight came to the score. Mollie Smith won after a splendid struggle with Tommy; time, 2:35½. The race for horses that had never beaten 2:24 was the great event of the day. There were five entries. Crown Prince won by a head. Time, 2:25½.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Purse of \$1,200, for horses that had never beaten 2:31. Mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Fleety Goldust won in three straight heats. Time, 2:31, 2:34½, 2:31½. The last race was for a purse of \$2,500, for horses that had never beaten 2:21. Mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Judge Fullerton won in three straight heats. Time, 2:27½, 2:25, 2:25½.

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

The Bangor (Me.) *Whig* tells the following story, illustrating the sagacity of a horse owned in that State: "Captain Frank Lane, who lives on an island near Vinalhaven, has a span of horses. A few weeks since, during the absence of Mr. Lane, one of the horses backed into a well about twelve feet deep. His mate immediately started for the house of a neighbor, and by neighing and other ways endeavored to attract the attention of the inmates. Gaining their attention he ran back to the well, and evidently tried to induce them to follow him. After repeating this several times, the neighbors became satisfied that something unusual had taken place, followed the horse to the well, and after a little delay gathered a force and rescued his mate from his uncomfortable position. To their astonishment the horse had received no injuries worth mentioning. Upon his return, Mr. Lane had occasion to go down after passengers, and concluded to harness the horse which met with no accident, into a single wagon, and give the other horse an opportunity to recover from his bruises. No sooner had he started, than the horse's mate placed himself by his side, and kept his place down and back, and this was repeated several times when Mr. Lane concluded to again harness them both and let them in future work 'together in double harness.'"

A correspondent of the *Western Rural* gives this cure for ring-bone: "Pulverized cantharides, oil of spike, oil of origanum, oil of amber, oil cedar, Barbadoes tar, British oil, each two ounces; oil of wormwood, one ounce; spirits turpentine, four ounces; common potash, one-half ounce; nitric acid, six ounces; oil of vitriol, four ounces; lard, three pounds. Melt the lard and slowly add the acids; stir well and add the other ingredients, stirring until cold. Clip off the hair and apply by rubbing and heating into the parts affected. In about three days, or when the part is done running, wash off with suds made with white Castile soap and apply again. In old cases it may take three or four weeks, and in recent cases two or three applications have cured. The remedy has cured cases of long standing."

Is a game eye essential to a hunter?

—When Horace Greeley visited Yosemite he picked up in the trail a horse shoe, and hung it on a knot of an oak tree for whoever might choose to use it. No one took it, and in time the knot grew over the horse-shoe, and recently the portion of the tree containing it was brought to San Francisco as a memento of Mr. Greeley's economy.

—"Chan. Reticker," at the Greenland race course in Kentucky, has performed the feat of riding fifty miles in two and a half hours. Horses were changed on each mile. The total running time was 1 hour, 52 minutes, and 31½ seconds. The time lost in changing horses was 12 minutes and 48½ seconds. Ten different horses were used.

Military News.

THE United States army comprises an Engineer battalion of five companies, ten regiments of cavalry, five regiments of artillery, and twenty-five regiments of infantry. The cavalry numbers officers and men, 10,562, the artillery 4,080; the Engineer battalion, 532; the infantry, 16,000; these with 935 General and Staff officers, and 400 unattached officers and men, including 300 at the Military Academy, makes the aggregate of the army 32,554. General Sherman commands the army and ranks full general, which rank was created by Congress for General Grant and was continued in the instance of the present Commander. This rank, however, will be vacated with General Sherman, and was only created by Congress to these two officers for their great service to the country. The next in rank is Lieutenant General Sheridan, commanding Division of Missouri, headquarters Chicago, Ill., and the Major-Generals of the army comprise General Hancock, commanding Division of Atlantic, headquarters New York city, General Schofield, commanding Division of the Pacific, headquarters at San Francisco, Cal., and General McDowell, commanding Division of the South, headquarters Louisville, Ky. There are now six commanding Brigadier-Generals, the number having been decreased, one by the assassination of Brigadier-General Canby in the Modoc War. These comprise Brigadier-Generals Philip St. George Cooke, John Pope, Oliver Howard, Alfred H. Terry, Edward O. C. Ord and Christopher C. Auger. All of these officers, with the exception of General Howard, are in command of military departments of the above named divisions, General Howard is on the "peace" path against the Indians. The four military divisions of the army are divided into eleven departments as follows: The Military Division of the Missouri, comprising Department of Dakota, Brigadier-General Terry commanding, includes the State of Minnesota and the territories of Dakota and Montana, headquarters St. Paul's, Minn.; Department of Missouri, Brigadier-General Pope commanding, includes the States of Missouri, Kansas, and Illinois; territories of Colorado and New Mexico and Camp Supply, Indian territory, Department Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Department of the Platte, Brigadier-General Ord commanding, includes the State of Iowa and Nebraska, territories of Utah and Wyoming; Headquarters Omaha, Neb.; Department of Texas, Brigadier-General Auger commanding, includes State of Texas and the Indian territory, excepting Camp Supply; Department Headquarters, San Antonio, Texas. The Division of the Atlantic comprises, Departments of the East, and of the Lakes. The Department of the East, includes the New England States and the States of New York (except the Northern frontier, west of Ogdensburg), New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia, with Department Headquarters, like those of the Division in New York city, Major-General McDowell commanding. The Department of the Lakes, Brigadier-General P. St. George Cooke commanding, includes the States of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana and the Northern frontier, as far east as Ogdensburg, New York; Department Headquarters, Detroit, Mich. The Military Division of the Pacific comprises Departments of California and Arizona. The Department of California includes the State of Nevada, the post of Fort Hall, Idaho territory, and so much of California as lies north of a line from the northwest corner of Arizona territory to Point Conception, Cal., Department Headquarters, San Francisco, Cal., under command of Major-General Schofield. The Department of Arizona includes the territory of Arizona and so much of California as lies south of a line from the northwest corner of Arizona to Point Conception, Cal.; Department Headquarters Prescott, A. T., Lieutenant Colonel George Crooke, of the 23d Infantry, in command. The Military Division of the South was abolished with the death of General Thomas, but was afterwards re-established. It comprises the Departments of the South and Gulf. The Department of the South includes the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, (including the post in Mobile Bay,) Florida, (except the Gulf post from Pensacola harbor to Fort Jefferson and Key West inclusive,) Tennessee and Kentucky. Major-General McDowell is in command, headquarters at Louisville, Ky. The Department of the Gulf is in command of Colonel W. H. Emory, of the 19th Infantry, headquarters New Orleans, La., and includes the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi and the Gulf Ports as far eastward as and embracing Fort Jefferson and Key West, Fla., excluding the post in the Mobile Bay.

The pay and emoluments of army officers, in the active service, varies somewhat according to the arm of the service. Prior to five years service it is annually as follows:—General, \$13,500; Lieutenant-General, \$11,000; Major-General, \$7,500; Brigadier-General, \$5,500; Colonel, \$3,500; Lieutenant-Colonel, \$3,000; Major, \$2,500; Captain, mounted, \$2,000; Captain, not mounted, \$1,800; Regimental Adjutant, \$1,800; Regimental Quartermaster, \$1,800; First

Lieutenant, mounted, \$1,600; First Lieutenant, not mounted, \$1,500; Second Lieutenant, mounted, \$1,500; Second Lieutenant, not mounted, \$1,400; Chaplain, \$1,500. With the exception of the first four grades, after five years service, 10 per cent. is added to the monthly pay, 20 per cent. after fifteen year's service, 30 per cent. after fifteen year's, and 40 per cent. after twenty year's service. The pay of the retired list among the higher grades varies from \$2,000 to \$500 less, commencing with the Major General who receives \$5,625. Officers of lower grades on the retired list, receive from \$400 to \$200 less than the active list.

—In consequence of the yellow fever at Shreveport, La., Dry Tortugas, and other portions of the South, the government has forbidden officers North on leave, or otherwise absent, from stations affected by epidemic disease or from stations that cannot be reached without transit through infected localities, to return until they receive information to the effect that all danger is past. We trust all officers of the army on leave will have received this wise information in time. Still we learn two officers of the First Artillery previous to the issue of this order had started to return. Captain Langden returned last week to head-quarters, and Lieutenant Ingalls was telegraphically ordered to his station, Dry Tortugas by the Gulf Commander, before his leave had expired. It is almost sure death for any person coming from the North, to proceed to any portion of the South affected with this disease. There have been a few deaths among the officers and men stationed at the localities affected, but we trust as the epidemic is now somewhat subsiding, there will be no more deaths. The First Artillery, on the 13th inst. lost First Lieutenant, Jas. E. Bell, one of its most faithful officers, by this fell disease. This officer, since August, had been alone in command of that uninviting post Dry Tortugas, and when the yellow fever broke out in the garrison he worked like a true soldier in looking after his command, and sending those not affected with the malady, to a safe retreat. He alone, as the only commissioned officer at the post, stayed at his post, and looked after the sick, until relieved by a fellow officer. The relief, unfortunately, came too late to save this noble officer, for he died on the above date, the exposure and exhaustive care of the sick, having been too great for him. Lieutenant Commander A. N. Mitchell, in command of the *Pawnee*, also died of yellow fever, at Key West, Sept. 14.

—Major W. W. Burns, of the Subsistence Department, has been ordered from New York to San Francisco, Cal. having been relieved by Major M. R. Morgan.

—General Rufus Ingalls, Assistant-Quartermaster-General U. S. A., has left Vienna and its exposition confusions for the tumultuous excitements of the French capital. He is on a Government Military Commission and the powers that be, at Washington, exercised excellent judgment when they sent abroad so capable an officer to use his eyes and faculties for his country's good.

—The name of the Commissary-General of Subsistence, Brigadier-General Eaton, is peculiarly suggestive of his duties. Yet, we do not presume, this had anything to do with his appointment; in fact we feel assured so important a position was secured only by hard fighting, like most merited promotions.

—The Engineer Corps of the Army has one Chief of Engineers; Brigadier-General Humphreys, six Colonels, twelve Lieutenant-Colonels, twenty-four Majors, thirty Captains, twenty-six First Lieutenants and four Second Lieutenants. The Corps of Engineers is one of the most important branches of the service, and its officers are constantly showing their work. The names of Humphreys, Barnard, Cullen, Benham, Macomb, Tower, Wright, Newton, Gilmore, Abbot and others are as household words to the country, and the importance of their undertakings cannot be over-estimated.

—One hundred and fifty recruits have been ordered to the head-quarters Omaha, Neb., Fourth Infantry, in the Department of the Platte, and one hundred and twenty for the Fifth Cavalry, head-quarters Benicia Barracks, California.

—Extensive changes have been made in the location of the officers of the Subsistence Department.

—Companies A and I, Fourth Cavalry, have been changed from Fort D. A. Russell W. T., to Fort Fetterman W. T., company H., from Omaha Barracks, Neb., to Camp Douglas U. T. & Company K., from Omaha Barracks, to Fort Bridger. Companies B. C. I. T., Eighth Infantry have been changed from Omaha, Neb., to Fort D. A. Russell W. T., and Company H., from the same post to Fort Ned Steele W. T. Companies E. & F., Thirteenth Infantry, have changed from Fort Fetterman, to Fort Sanders W. T.

—The regimental prize for excellence in marksmanship for the year 1873, in the Second Cavalry has been awarded to private Irving Carpenter, he having made the best string at target practice during the year.

—The troops of the Yellowstone expedition are to be paid by Major Candee, U. S. Paymaster. He went to St. Paul, Minn., for the funds last week.

—Uncle Sam has negotiated with the "Crows" for 6,000,000 acres of land in Montana for \$100,000.

—Assistant Surgeon, A. A. Yeomans, stationed at Fort Garland C. T., Sept. 5, was sent under escort to the National Insane Asylum, Washington.

What is the difference between a bald head and a starving beagle?—One is found without hair; and the other is found without fare.

Can buffalo killing be good for bisoness?

Art and Drama.

THE appearance of Salvini in "Othello" has been the theatrical sensation of the preceding week, and, although his splendid abilities have not, we think, received the recognition from the press they justly deserve, still, he has made a splendid impression, and satisfied the true lovers of the drama in its best estate that intellectual performances still hold their sway over the hearts of the people. He will create a revolution in favor of "something better than sensation and scenery, and we already see indications that we believe will end in the revival of the production of legitimate drama. Our readers will remember that, up to the time of Ristori's appearance, Mrs. Lander and Mrs. Bowers were without engagements; but after the Italians gave "Elizabeth," the English version was called for, and the two ladies we have mentioned filled successful engagements for one or two years.

One of the interesting events connected with Salvini's appearance is, that we have had the pleasure, for the first time in New York, of witnessing a play laid in Italy by Shakspeare, illustrated by the Italian mind. A great deal of interesting writing might be produced to show how differently the warm-blooded Southerner translates the passions, compared with the colder northern natures, and certainly Salvini and his company have given us commentaries that will make a lasting impression on all who saw them. In the first scene Othello is a thorough gentleman, a man of great attention to etiquette, princely in his bearing, and of such heroic stuff, that we do not revolt at the fact that he won the heart of the gentle Desdemona. This phase is the artificial product of a nature, wild and of untamed stock, and it is a magnificent study to notice how the Moor, in Salvini's hands, after having had his coarser nature roused by suspicions against his wife, gradually becomes the thorough savage again; his civilization only adding to his innate cunning an inborn barbarism. Of the wonderful differences displayed by the Italian, over the traditionary manner of Garrick, Cooke, and the elder Booth, we will only mention the scene of the murder of Desdemona. Salvini's Moor dwells upon the contemplated sacrifice with the gloatings of a hungry tiger, toys with his victim, until the audience is filled to the verge of horror, and all this is done directly before the audience foot-lights, fifty feet away from the suspended draperies that hide the couch. At an unexpected moment the Moor makes his long contemplated spring, seizes his victim, and bears her roughly across the stage, just as a tiger drags the terrified kid to the jungles, and plunges her—to the great relief of the now painfully wrought-up audience—behind the curtains. In the dead silence which ensues, the faces of the audience blanched with imaginary murder, enacted, but for details, left to their own imaginations, and when the Moor, having accomplished his bloody work, in answer to the call of Iago's wife, with a face the impersonation of horror and remorse, peeps from behind these curtains, the dramatic climax is complete. Nothing could be more effective, more thoroughly cruel, yet most refined; making Shakspeare's stage directions, and the following of them by the great tragedians, of smothering Desdemona before the audience, by contrast a vulgar tenement-house murder.

As most of our active critics of the press have never seen any of these higher demonstrations of the power of the actor over the audience, they were, and are evidently bewildered; one went so far, we understand, as to denounce Shakspeare's tragedies, as not intended for the stage, only to be read in the closet. But tradition, regarding the power of delineating the human passions by these great masters, though they now seem exaggerated, are not, probably, up to the truth. We saw the elder Booth in "New Way to Pay Old Debts," so fearfully earnest in the last scene, that the entire stock company, including Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Hamblin, lost their presence of mind, and followed the fainting, dying form of Sir Giles off the stage, to see the end of the tragedy.

We have precedents of the effect of this intense style, in the remarkable anecdote relating, that Kit North, Byron, Kelly, and Keats went one night to Drury Lane, to witness the elder Keene, in "Richard the III." As the play progressed, Byron became so excited that he violently clutched the shoulders of those beside him, and finally, in the ecstasy of his emotion, fainted away, and was carried insensible from the house.

Because we have no stage where the mirror is held up to nature in its highest developments, it is a mistake to suppose that nature has ceased to exist; hence, it has but imperfect recognition before the foot-lights.

No changes have taken place in the theatres, this last week, except at the Grand Opera House, where the production of a new "crowning sensational and romantic spectacular drama," entitled the "Haunted House," was, for the first time, enacted on Tuesday night. This constant succession of sensational scenery plays, shows that the public never seem to tire of them. How would it do to have the scenery run in and out upside down, and the actors perform on their heads? The patent right demanded for the suggestion.

BROOKLYN.

The new Park Theatre is giving, with great success, the best English comedies. The Brooklyn Theatre is doing the legitimate in tragedy.

Mr. Wallack is to appear at the Park in a local play.

It is announced that Nilsson, with her troupe, will appear in Brooklyn, at the Central Congregational Church, on the 23d of October. One would think we were to have sacred concerts.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Rose Eytling appears in a new play at the Union Square Theatre, October 1st.

On a provincial concert given awhile since, three *encores* were accorded to three musicians, each responded to for different versions of "Home Sweet Home." On the occasion it was understood that Miss Kellogg, soprano, intended to sing that favorite air, but the audience *encored* a musical instrument solo, and the performer answered with "Home Sweet Home." Miss K. remonstrated. A very celebrated pianist followed, and to the *encore* which greeted him, he replied with "Home Sweet Home," with splendid variations. Miss K. became indignant at this second interference with the programme, gave the vocal version of the great English melody, and the audience, for the third time, treated the popular musician with enthusiastic applause, which was answered by a repetition.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

THE DANISH STORY TELLER. Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

One of the most remarkable men of the age is Hans Christian Anderson, the Danish story-teller. He strictly belongs to what may justly be called one of the line of men of genius, the founder of a school of literature for children, well known by his writings throughout Christendom, and by his presence not only in Denmark, his native country, but in the literary, artistic, and court circles of France, Germany, England, and Italy, where his *naïveté* and unaffected simplicity of affection have made him known and honored. He was born in Odense, Denmark, on the second of April, 1805, in the one room which his father and mother occupied, which served alike for house and shoemaker's shop. He left town at a very early age to seek his fortune, and in 1867 he was received in Odense as the guest of the citizens. The houses were all illuminated, a banquet was given in his honor, and he was presented with the freedom of the city. In the sixty-two years that lie between these dates, and in the six years since then, is the story of a life full of varied lights and shades. His father was a young man of poetic mind, always hungering after a richer life than that of making shoes; his mother a simple, superstitious, and affectionate woman. In their one room began his life and his earliest recollections furnished him with scenes which afterwards he wove into his stories. "Our little room, he says, "which was, almost filled with a shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib was the abode of my childhood; the walls were, however, covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof, where in the gutters between our house and the neighbor's there stood a great chest filled with soil, mother's sole garden, where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the 'Snow Queen' that garden still blossoms."

He grew into a tall ungainly lad, as shy as a girl, and yet so simple-hearted that he was ready to confide to the utmost in any one who smiled on him. At a charity school he learned just a little, but that little so carefully that long afterwards he suffered for the lack of such common knowledge even as how to spell. It was now, too, he began to associate more with others, and like his companions, to go through catechism, preparatory to confirmation. He tells a little story here of himself, which shows whence "The Red Shoes" came from. "An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and, therefore I drew them up over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me; for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed. I was aware of it; and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots, as with God. I prayed Him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again thought about my new boots."

When he set out for Copenhagen, he had a little sum of money and his confirmation suit, and unbounded confidence in every one. He had an innocent way of going right up to people and asking for what he wanted. The theatre was to him the most beautiful place in the world; and he was ready to do anything that would be in place there—dance, sing, or act. So he went to the manager, and asked for an engagement. The manager looked at him, and said, "Ho, you are too thin for the theatre." "Oh," replied Anderson, "only engage me, with one hundred six dollars salary, and I shall soon get fat." From this time, the poor boy lived, he scarcely knew how, but he was possessed of the rare quality of attracting people's attention by his ingenious drollness. He at least had the good fortune of attracting the attention of good Councillor Collin, who took him as his own son and began to educate him. He here collated his odd conceits, and his grotesque fancies took shape; the boy student became the man of power. His plays—for he wrote them now—appeared upon the stage, and were acted. He now commanded attention, and this simple childlike boy became eminent as a writer of children's stories which have since found a tongue in many languages. The old legends of his country are revived again, and he has given to the world the keen amusement of many an hour. Among his stories we may name—*The Improvisatore*; *The Two Baronesses*, *O. T.*; *Only a Fiddler*; *The Constant True Soldier*; *The Top and the Ball*; *Old Shul Eye*, and many others.

Hurd & Houghton have recently issued *The Story of my Life*, with portrait; a valuable and intensely interesting work, which we recommend to our many readers, as deserving a place in their libraries, and which should have a prominent place in every household.

The entire series of his works, are comprised in ten volumes, crown octavo size, two of which, *Wonder Stories*, are elegantly illustrated. The volumes are sold separately, the price for the series being \$18.75.

THE OXFORD METHODISTS. One vol., 8 vo., 416 pages. By Rev. L. Tyeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

All who have read *The Life and Times of John Wesley*, by the same author, will hail this work with pleasure. Those who have read the wonderful history of the great Methodist movement of the last century, will be glad to welcome this supplementary work, which so clearly and plainly throws much light upon one of the greatest events in the history of religion. Many old and pleasing memories of men eminent and great, who labored so hard in that grand work of reclaiming the English masses, the laboring men of what was termed the Georgian era, from a deeper slough of despond, than that Bunyan describes in his *Pilgrim's Progress*—the depths of a wretched materialism—these men are not forgotten. Their names shine with an undiminished lustre. These were among the great men of the times, and by their works of kindness are they known. We welcome this volume as one sure to do good. When we read of such men as James Hervey, one of the old Oxford Methodists in this work, when such old golden memories are again revived, we are sure a good work will go on and prosper even to the end.

OLDPORT DAYS. By Colonel Higginson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This collection of very lively and highly interesting historical and

other stories, ten in number, is like the call of old and remembered friends whom we are always glad to hail, and this collection of the old times and localities of Newport, has for all lovers of Colonel Higginson's writings and stories (and who does not love to read them), a double interest when presented in this new and very acceptable form, by Osgood & Co. To all who know Newport, it is pleasant, to follow the author again in his tour of observations about the old place. Here we have *Oldport Wharves*; *The Haunted Window*; *A Draftwood Fire*; *An Artist's Creation*; *In a Wherry*; *Madam Della's Expectations*; *Sunshine and Petrarch*; *A Shadow*; *Footpaths*, *Oldport in Winter*.

These sketches and stories will be new to a large portion of our readers, and the publishers are entitled to much credit for the beautiful and appropriate style in which the book is issued.

Mr. Higginson has long possessed the reputation of being one of our best writers, and we are much gratified in welcoming to public notice these stirring memories and scenes of New England. We would like to notice this work at length, but have to content ourselves with only a short extract.

"The hat is, here, what it is still in Southern Europe—the lineal successor of the sword as the mark of a gentleman. It is noticed that, in going from Oldport to New York or Boston, one is liable to be betrayed by an over-flourish of the hat, as is an Arkansas man by a display of the bowie-knife. Woman's faces are apt to take, from old age, a finer touch than those of men, and poverty does not interfere with this, where there is no actual exposure to the elements. From the windows of these old houses there often look forth delicate faded countenances, to which belongs an air of unmistakable refinement. Nowhere in America, I fancy, does one see such counterparts of the reduced gentlewoman of England—as described for instance, in "Cranford"—quiet maiden ladies of seventy, with, perhaps a tradition of beauty and bellehood, and still wearing, always, a bit of blue ribbon on their once golded curls—this head-dress being still carefully arranged, each day, by some hand-maiden of sixty, so long a house-mate as to seem a sister,—though some faint suggestion of wages and subordination may still be preserved. Among these ladies—as in "Cranford"—there is a dignified reticence in respect to money matters, and a courteous blindness to the small economies practiced by each other. It is not held good breeding when they meet in the shop of a morning, for one to seem to notice what another buys. These ancient ladies have coats-of-arms upon their walls, hereditary damasks among their scanty wardrobes, stores of domestic traditions in their brains, and a whole court-guide of high-sounding names at their fingers' ends. They can tell you of the supposed sister of an English Queen, who married an American officer and dwelt in Oldport; of the Scotch Lady Janet, who eloped with her tutor, and here lived in poverty, paying her washerwoman with costly lace from her trunks; of the Oldport dame who escaped from France at the opening of the revolution, was captured by pirates on her voyage to America, then retaken by a privateer and carried into Boston, where she took refuge in John Hancock's house. They can describe to you the Malbone Gardens, and as the night wanes and the embers fade, can give the tale of the Phantom of Rough Point. Gliding farther and farther into the past, they revert to the brilliant historic period of Oldport, the successive English and French occupations during our Revolution, and show you gallant inscriptions in honor of their grandmothers, written on the window panes by the diamonds rings of the foreign officers."

THE FAIR GOD. By Gen. Lew Wallace. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is not what may be strictly called a sensational novel, and the lovers of mere sensationalism, will perhaps be disappointed in not finding intense and passionate emotions, and these subjects treated in that high toned style, found in the description of all modern love stories. In this they will probably be disappointed, for the heroine is made to act and talk like a rational, reasonable girl. This work has much of an historical character, as it delineates in a pleasant, concise narrative many interesting events of the period called Aztec life; the Mexican conquest, by Cortez. No one who has recently written upon this subject, has or can produce a more readable work upon this interesting race, than the author of this book. This work will bear a careful re-reading with pleasure and profit.

CALIFORNIA. A book for travelers and settlers in California. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Bros.

We are very glad to see in a beautiful and fitting binding this finely illustrated work by Nordhoff. Although some portions of the same have heretofore graced the magazine, it is nevertheless new to many, even who have read it before. It deserves a prominent place upon the centre table of our New York and Boston friends.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, October. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This Magazine is at hand, and is an unusually interesting number. From the very beginning of this work the interest and value of the same has been an acknowledged fact: scattering its light and scientific information far and wide, with an undimmed lustre. We are always sure of something solid, and satisfactory when we open a new number of this work. The number for October is particularly interesting as containing a very interesting article upon the moon, by Proctor, with graphic illustrations, which taken with the text makes the wonderful phenomena of the moon and its surroundings like an open book. This article is of itself worth the price of the volume. Astronomy has for years been called a dry, prosaic study; let any one read carefully this article and he will rise from its perusal with the conviction, that there is a literature, as well as law, to the astronomical world. This article amply redeems astronomy from the charge of "dullness," for since the hour the "morning stars sang together with gladness," the golden legends of the heavenly bodies, in their wonderful orbits have been like to one grand epic of the omnipotent power of God as revealed in the wonders of the heavens. This number contains many other very interesting papers of much value, which we reluctantly pass at this time.

THEY MET BY CHANCE. By Olive Logan. New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

This is one of the most absorbing books of the day. It may truly be called the story of a heart. It is forcibly written, and will have a large sale, as it possesses all the elements of a first class novel. There is a spice of real fun, running through this work rarely found, and for originality, sterling sense, and character picturing, we have rarely seen its equal. The contents from which something of the character of the book may in a measure be judged, are as follows, viz:—"The Man from Osh-cosh;" "The Chicago Hog Merchant;" "The Horse Mad Quaker City Gent;" "The Two Society Belles;" "The California Widow;" "The Man She Netted;" "The Pious Sewing Woman;" "The Pacific Sport." 1 vol., 12 mo; Cloth \$1.50.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

As the Christmas and New Year's holidays draw near, the cursory notes of preparation among the publishers are heard and seen. The House of Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge, have in press, and will shortly publish quite a number of valuable and interesting works. Among them we notice *Bianca Cappello*: A tragedy in five acts, by Elizabeth C. Kinney. The fair authoress is well known to the reading public through her poems, and her newspaper communications, written during her many years' residence in Italy. Her drama was composed at Florence, the land of romance and story. It reveals a deep and sad story, in which the tragic element is intermingled with the love and hate of the beautiful and guilty Bianca.

THE GRAMMAR OF PAINTING AND ENGRAVING. Illustrated from the pencil of Charles Blanc, "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin." By Mrs. N. Daggett. With the original illustrations, in one volume, quarto.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even clamor for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

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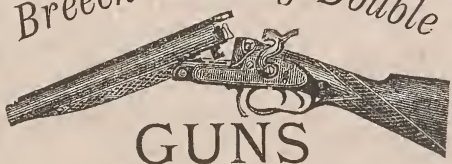
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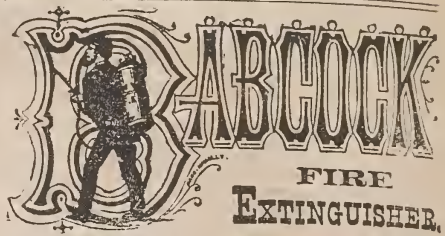
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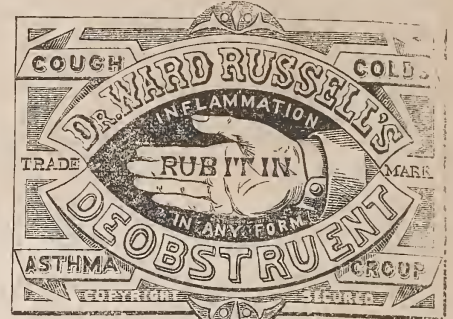
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1873.

Volume I, Number 8.
103 Fulton Street.

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COULD I lend the fascination
That this solitude enshrines,
In its rest and recreation,
In the typographic mines,
You would leave the pen and book
And would sally with your hook
To this bright, enchanting brook
Here to revel in these *lines*.

Could you study from creation
These grand books of nature's lore,
As she crowns with rare ovation
Hill and dell and meadland o'er,
You would daily find some treasure—
Daily find some hidden pleasure—
That in an exhaustless measure
Onward reaches evermore.

You would leave the lab'ratory,
Where such miracles are wrought;
And the bears of modern story,
That the bulls so well have fought—
You would with complacent wishes
Leave to speculative dishes
While you feasted on the fishes
That your lucky hand had caught.

There's a mighty charm in fishing,
Though your cheek should change to dun,
But much like the charm of wishing,
'Tis in catching lurks the fun.
One forgets the sumptuous dishes,
As one does the crowned wishes,
Hence, in fishing more than fishes
Is the fascination won.

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1873.

MARTHA EWING.

Down the Potomac.

NO. II.—THE MARYLANDER AND HIS CANOE.

LOWER Maryland has never recovered from the disasters of the late civil war. This is in some measure due to the people themselves, but in large part to the scarcity of labor. During the war the negroes in the counties bordering on the Potomac were swept into the army. When they did not leave their masters voluntarily, force was used. Recruiting parties were sent into the interior by order of Major General Benjamin F. Butler, and the negroes were marched in gangs to Piney Point or Point Lookout, from whence they were shipped to Fortress Monroe. The "old families" were thus left in sad plight. Ladies who had never combed their own hair, or tied their own shoes, found themselves confronted by a formidable array of household duties. There were fires to be made and food prepared ere hunger could be satisfied. The men of the household, who had never known more arduous toil than riding at a tournament, or chasing the fox 'cross country, were left with large farms on their hands—the plough standing in the furrow, the yards and barns full of valuable stock. It is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that everything was allowed to go to ruin and decay; that fields were left untilled, fences unrepaired, and buildings unpainted. The transition from ease and affluence to comparative poverty was so sudden that few have recovered from the shock. The wonder is, how so many manage to live at all on the wreck of their *ante bellum* grandeur. Few of the negroes ever returned to their former homes. They met their death in the crater before Petersburg, perished of disease, or live in vagabondage in distant States.

The staple crops of this section are tobacco and wheat. All vegetables thrive, and peaches, pears, apples, nectarines, grapes, melons, and plums come to full perfection. The Washington and Baltimore markets are readily reached by steamers, which penetrate every nook and inlet; and yet, with all these advantages, there is very little prosperity among the white population. People live—and they cannot well help it, with an abundance of game, fish, and oys-

ters at their disposal, but their dwellings grow more and more dilapidated every year, and their pockets emptier. It is hard to prescribe a remedy for this state of affairs. Skilled labor, thrift, and energy are potent in their way, but capital is needed as well to raise Lower Maryland from its slough of despond.

St. George's Island, mentioned in a former article, has a population of some forty families. The men are engaged in the fisheries and as pilots on the river. The island is some three miles in length, is nearly level, and is covered to a considerable extent by dense groves of pine. Fruit thrives here, but, save in one instance, no care is bestowed on its cultivation. The fishermen and pilots usually cultivate a little garden patch, however, and sometimes a field of corn. You will see pigs running at large, but rarely a cow, and never a horse. A canoe is to these islanders a horse and carriage combined. It takes the place of the *volante* of Havana and the gondola of Venice, and is more than either, for it is not only a conveyance, but a means of livelihood to its owner.

During the fall and winter months the oyster trade furnishes employment to all who are able to handle the tongs, sail a canoe, or man a pungy. The canoes must be licensed, under the laws of Maryland, and have their number painted on the bow. They set sail in the morning for the oyster beds, and, having obtained a load, run alongside a pungy (a class of schooners in use on the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay) and dispose of them. The price paid is ten to fifteen cents a bushel, and the tong-men are said to make from four to six dollars per day. Indeed, a colored man told me he saved \$200 out of his winter's earnings, and it is usual, I believe, to lay by enough to keep a family in provisions during the summer months. When the oyster season is over the canoes are hauled up and painted, the garden patch planted, and then the canoes are launched again, and gill-nets and fish lines are brought into use. These furnish a somewhat precarious living, but the fishing parties which come down the river pay handsomely for the services of a man and a canoe, and I have known the sheephead fishermen to average from four to six dollars per week. For small fish, they received last summer six cents per pound. Another source of profit is catching crabs for market, but the crabs were so small and scarce this year in the vicinity of Piney Point that they were left to the tender mercies of the amateur fishermen. Let me here point out a mistake some make in cooking this shell fish. They should not be boiled like potatoes, but placed in a pot without water, with salt and pepper thrown over them, their own moisture being all that is required. They are still better when baked or roasted on a hot stove or in an oven.

To say that fifty cents will go as far at these unfashionable resorts down the Potomac as a five dollar bill at the fashionable watering places, is hardly an exaggeration. One morning, wishing to go fishing, I engaged two boys to catch soft crabs for bait. They explored the shore for some distance with poor success, having found but three or four. However, I was bent on trying the fish that morning, and so took what they had, telling them to catch more, if possible, and bring them to the store, when I would pay for all. *En passant*, I didn't catch a fish that day. About dusk the boys put in an appearance at the store with soft crabs enough to complete a dozen, the result of a good half day's work. Asking their price for the bait, I was astonished when they replied, "Ten cents." That was too absurd; so I said I can't pay that, but if you will take twenty-five cents here it is. Hearing a part of the conversation only, Mr. Marshall, who was writing at his desk, turned and denounced the boys for asking the exorbitant price of twenty-five cents for a dozen bait crabs. The youngsters looked quite shamefaced for a moment, but stammered out that they had only asked ten cents. On another occasion I was beating up the St. George's in a canoe against a strong head wind, when my companion's hat blew overboard. As it was only a common straw—value, thirty cents—and we were a mile from home, and dinner nearly ready, we concluded to let it go. Soon after, however, we met a canoe, with a young fellow at the paddle,

bowling islandward and homeward with a fair wind. We hailed him, and told him if he would get the hat and bring it to the store we would give him ten cents. Without a moment's hesitation he started after it. By the time he had secured it he had a good mile and a half to sail against half a gale of wind. But he restored the truant head-gear to its owner, and seemed well satisfied with the promised reward. It is sad to think that these unsophisticated natures must become contaminated in course of time. Even a solitary bloated bondholder would entail irreparable evil upon these peaceful havens of respectable impecuniosity—the unfashionable summer resorts down the Potomac.

It is high time I gave a full, true, and particular description of the canoe peculiar to the Maryland and Virginia waters. Without the canoe, summer life on the Potomac would be unendurable. This indispensable craft is a dug-out, but bears about the same relation to a dug-out of the South that a clipper ship does to a mud scow. The dug-out is made from a single log, the canoe from two, three, four and upwards. The majority of those in use on the Maryland shore of the Potomac are made of two logs. No models or moulds are used in building them. The logs are squared and fastened together, and then shaped out by the eye. The canoe is made sharp at each end, but with finer lines at the stern than at the bow. When the outside is shaped the two halves are dug out separately, and afterward put together with hard wood trenails. The sides and bottom vary in thickness, in different canoes, from three to six inches. The keel, stem, and stern post are now put on, and the washboards and seats fitted. Whether intended for one sail or two, the foremast is always stepped in the extreme bow, and the mast-hole in the seat is made large enough to allow of considerable play fore and aft. When on the wind a wedge is put in before the mast to give it rake, but when before the wind the mast is raised and the wedge inserted behind it. The mast is just long enough to rest upon the seats inside the washboards when unshipped. A leg of mutton sail is used, rarely made to hoist, but attached to the mast by cord or canvas bands, and set with a sprit. When two sails are used the mainsail is rigged in precisely the same way, but is very much smaller than the foresail. If a jib is carried the bowsprit is made of a tough bit of oak, mortised to fit over the stem, and held in position by a peg or nail. No stay is used, the jib being attached to the bowsprit, and the halliards passing through an eye or small block strapped to the foremast. The jib sheets trim aft through holes in the knees that support the washboards. Some of the canoes have centre-boards, and others are without; some have rudders, and others are without. But whether a canoe has a rudder or not the great dependence is on the paddle—material, oak; regulation length, eight feet; in shape, a cross between an Indian paddle and an oar. The blade, gradually narrowing, extends fully two-thirds the length, and its extreme width does not exceed that of the oar in ordinary use. Any one who has sailed a canoe with both the rudder and paddle will find that this kind of craft can only be successfully navigated with the latter implement. The canoe without a jib, and the majority do not carry that sail, has a tendency to keep in the wind, which the rudder is often powerless to counteract. But with a paddle over the side you can give a few quick strokes, or a succession of slow ones, which will keep the stern to windward and prevent leeway. Then, in going about, with a rudder the chances are that you will miss stays, and before you know it the canoe will be under stern way. With a paddle you have only to loose your hold and let her come up in the wind, and then, shifting the paddle by an easy motion of the wrist to the other side of the stern post, a few sharp strokes will cause your sails to fill, and away you go. Still, it requires muscle to handle the paddle when beating to windward, with half a gale blowing, and with the wind fair or free, provided the water is smooth, the rudder answers every purpose. But in rough water—and it is sometimes very rough on the Potomac, so rough, in fact, as to compel good sized schooners to seek a harbor—the rudder is perfectly useless, as it is half the time in the air, while the paddle may always be

kept submerged. When live ballast is not to be had sand bags are used. They are laid upon the windward washboard, and, overhanging slightly at each end, they remain firm in position. The helmsman also throws his weight on the windward side, and thus ballasted the canoe will carry all sail when larger craft find it necessary to reef. But it sometimes blows too hard for the canoe, and then a shelter is sought, the sail furled, the mast unshipped, and the anchor thrown out. In the event of a sudden squall, when even a second's delay is dangerous, mast and sheet are tossed overboard, and the sheet, being made fast aft, holds them alongside until the fury of the storm is spent, when sail is set again. There is no way of reefing the canoe's sails, but when the foresail cannot be carried the mast is unshipped and the mainmast stepped in its place. After spending two months and a half in these canoes, having previously had much experience in yachting, in large craft and small, I can testify to their remarkable speed, strength and weatherly qualities. With reasonable care, protection from worms being most important, it is obvious they must last a lifetime, while no other craft is so well calculated to withstand the wear and tear of oystering. As for speed, I made the trip from Piney Point to Marshall's, a distance of fully two miles and a half, in fifteen minutes—that is to say, it was fifteen minutes from the time we cast off from Piney Point wharf until we passed the end of Marshall's wharf. It took one minute more to round up and land upon the wharf. The canoe was of the smallest class, and carried but a single sail. On this occasion I had one passenger, and he was kept busy bailing until we passed from the Potomac, through the Straits, into the St. George's river. On a straight course, and for shorter distances, even better time has been made. I write only of what I know, but may mention that a party of three claimed to have sailed in a canoe from Point Lookout to Marshall's, distance fifteen miles, in one hour and ten minutes. It was blowing a gale at the time, but it is incredible that a small canoe, with a single sail, could have been driven through the water at that rate of speed. Those who choose to believe the statement—I do not—can do so.

Staunch and safe as are the canoes when manned by experienced hands, there must necessarily be times of peril and hairbreadth escapes when one tempts the elements daily and nightly. Of these I had full share during my sojourn at Marshall's, for I almost lived in my little canoe, the "Bluebird," which, though the smallest of the fleet, was more than a match for the largest. She carried her canvas nobly, too, but a wetter craft in a gale or rough water it would be hard to find. She was so sharp forward that she would bury her bow under and take in water by the bucketful, and keep one man bailing constantly. Despite this well-known fact, I never wanted for passengers in the roughest of weather, even among the ladies. Braver women I never met—they put even the men to the blush. One dark night I started homeward from Piney Point with two passengers, husband and wife. The Potomac was unusually rough, the wind blowing half a gale, and I began to fear for the nerves of my passengers. Three canoes had started before us, the first having been gone at least ten minutes, and as the "Bluebird" shot out from the wharf, and, feeling the full force of the wind and sea, dipped her lee washboard under and scooped up the water with her bow, I had little hopes of overtaking them. The water was soon over our ankles, but it was not safe to change position to use the bailer, and so it was allowed to swash backward and forward. We were enveloped all the time in showers of spray, and my lady passenger, being in an exposed position, occasionally was struck by a sea, drenching her from head to foot. This she did not seem to mind in the least, and when near the mouth of the Straits I caught sight of a sail to leeward and exclaimed, "I believe we shall beat them after all," she burst forth with "Beat them, beat them; I don't care if I get wet through, and everything I have on is spoiled, if you will only beat them." Of course I did my best. The canoe to leeward was the "Pocomoke." She was soon disposed of, and on entering the St. George's the "George Washington" was overhauled and passed as if she had been anchored. When we reached the wharf the "Gibson," which left some time after the "Pocomoke" and "George Washington," but two or three minutes before the "Bluebird," had just arrived, so that in time we beat the fleet, and my lady passenger was wet to the skin, but happy.

Later in the season I made a more eventful trip. The R. family were to take the steamer one Friday night for Washington, and I had promised to take them over to Piney Point in the "Bluebird." The steamer was due at the Point at midnight, so that it was not necessary to leave Marshall's before ten o'clock, or even later; but at dark the weather became very threatening, and everybody predicted a severe storm. I therefore advised Mr. R. to send his wife and children in one of the larger boats, or by wagon, but said I should make the trip myself and would take a passenger or two, provided they had nerve and could swim. I had got up sail and was laying alongside the wharf awaiting the movements of the other canoes when Mr. R. came down and began putting his family on board. I did not like the responsibility thus thrust upon me, but was glad of such pleasant company. I called up a young man whom I knew to be an expert swimmer to accompany me, and then pushed off with Mrs. R. and two children. It was plain sailing enough down to the Straits, though the fitful gusts which now and then struck the sail gave warning of what was to come. From the lee side of the Straits it was possible to make Piney Point wharf with the sail trimmed flat; but as this course was near the shore, where the water was roughest;

and as I feared that "Bluebird" could not carry her canvas if close on the wind, I tacked and made the weather side of the Straits, and being there sheltered by St. George's Island trimmed my sail aft, and headed a long way above my point of destination. By this means we were enabled to make the trip without a wetting or serious danger, for when we lost the shelter of the island we were so far to windward that I could ease off sheet gradually, as the wind increased, and when we finally headed direct for the wharf, we had the wind at our stern. The waves were rolling high, and as the spray flew ten or twelve feet up the shore, it was impossible to land on the beach, as we had intended, so we made fast to the wharf, the cap of which was above our heads, it being low tide, and as there were no steps the passengers had to be lifted and pulled up bodily while the canoe was jumping about in the liveliest possible manner. However, the debarkation was accomplished, and there we stood anxiously upon the wharf with eyes piercing the gloom for a glimpse of the boats that started after us. Soon the sound of voices was heard, but it was not until some time that we discovered a boat, which proved to be the "Aurelia," a flat-bottomed, sharp-bowed craft, on the shore a short distance below. Before she could be pushed off her passengers, mostly ladies, were thoroughly drenched with the spray that broke over her. As her sail filled and she stood off shore she was lost to sight; and mind, too, for just then the "Pocomoke" hove in sight and came under the lee of the wharf. Now we began to feel anxious about the "Aurelia" and her precious freight. Minute after minute passed, and she did not appear, but as we were about to send the "Pocomoke" to the rescue, she bore in sight, and her demoralized passengers were soon though not without difficulty, landed upon the pier. It seems that while ashore her center-board was raised, and left up, and the fact was not discovered until the boat had drifted a long distance to leeward.

The wind had been steadily increasing all this time, and as we looked out over the troubled waters of the Potomac for the steamer's lights, the prospect for the trip home appeared anything but favorable. At half-past twelve the steamer having come and gone, and our friends departed in her, preparations were made for returning to Marshall's. The step which held the Aurelia's mast having worked loose she was declared unseaworthy and it was decided to leave her alongside the wharf. This left only the "Pocomoke," and "Bluebird" available. As skipper of the latter, I proposed to take one gentleman with me, provided he could swim. The only volunteer I had was a lady, who quite insisted on going, but whom I positively refused to expose to the dangers of such a trip in so small a craft. The proprietor of the Piney Point Hotel, and some of his guests, did all in their power to prevent any one of us from facing the storm. I have several times mentioned a half a gale of wind, but this was a full-fledged gale, with a night dark as pitch, and waves rolling as I had never seen them on the Potomac. However, the result of it all was that I started off first, alone, in the "Bluebird," carrying the "Pocomoke's" mainsail, in place of my own mast and sail, which were laid inboard. Two ladies and one gentleman were to come after in the "Pocomoke," with Jim Middleton, a trusty colored man, at the helm, and the remainder of the party—including several gentlemen, to their shame be it said—were packed into a two-seated wagon for an overland trip. So far as my personal experiences are concerned I never faced a wilder night. The "Bluebird" carried her canvas well enough, but the waves caught her up and tossed her about as though she were an egg shell, the rudder having no hold at times; and then the spray, not to mention the buckets full of brine which occasionally struck me full in the face, so blinded me that all I could do was to eling with one hand to the washboard, the other grasping the tiller, and let her go. So violent was the motion that had I not held on I should certainly have gone overboard, and I expected every moment the canoe would go bottom up. It was like being tossed in a blanket. Fortunately the wind held so that I could lay the course for the Straits, but I had to sail it from instinct, there being no land-mark, visible to guide me. When I did enter the Straits they were white with foaming breakers from shore to shore. Through there, with the wind dead-aft, the "Bluebird" flew with the speed of a race-horse, and once more in the placid waters of the St. George's I breathed freely. I was wet to the skin from head to foot, and the canoe was full of water to within three inches of the gunwale, but I had braved the severest storm of the season, learned what a canoe can do, and was happy. The "Pocomoke" arrived not long after me, her passengers dripping but better satisfied with themselves than were those who had shown the white feather and taken to the wagon. I mention these incidents to show that canoeing on the Potomac is not all fair weather sailing; and with regard to the frequent-use of the personal pronoun I may say that I prefer to write of what I know rather than of what I hear. Others may have had even more eventful canoe voyages, in which case I hope they will narrate them for the entertainment of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

A word or two as to the cost of canoes: A two-masted, centre-board canoe, fully equipped may be bought for from \$75 to \$125. The price, of course, depends upon age, condition, etc., as with other craft. St. Mary's County, Maryland, is said to own the fastest and handsomest canoes, but strange to say they are mostly built on the Virginia shore, a short distance above Norfolk. They may be bought from the yards there, the hulls alone, unpainted, for \$20 or \$30.

In conclusion let me commend the St. George's Hotel, Piney Point, St. Marys Co., Md., to sportsmen who may conclude to visit the lower Potomac. Terms are moderate,

and R. J. Marshall, the proprietor, is a whole-souled fellow. The steamer Georgianna, leaving Baltimore and Washington once a week, lands passengers at Marshall's wharf.

CHARLES A. PILSBURY.

SPORT ALONG THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

BRAINARD, MINN., September 23, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The great enterprise of the day in this far-away country, the Northern Pacific Railroad, its princely land grant, its miles and miles of garden-like prairie, its leagues and leagues of pine forest, its mines of gold, silver, and coal beyond the Missouri, its (even now) enormous carrying trade, its gold bearing lands, &c., &c., have been advertised far and wide, and now something should be said regarding it from a sportsman's point of view.

We have in quest of sport with the rifle and the rod roamed over a vast stretch of country, from the Thousand Islands to the gulf of St. Lawrence; have put our line in in nearly every lake and stream in the Adirondacks from the base of the Lonely Mt. Seward, to Lou Fuller's home-like place on ever-to-be-remembered Meacham lake; have still-hunted the deer, and followed the lordly moose amid the forests of the upper Ottawa and Covlonge; but we never have had better or more diversified sport, than here along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, during the last three years. Let us take the route from St. Paul in the morning; a few hours ride brings you to the Northern Pacific Railroad Junction; a few miles from here occurs the first lake. Island lake, two bodies of water, full of fish, bass, pike, perch, and pickerel, and where the lakes join at the south end, is a large field of wild rice, a splendid place to shoot ducks as they fly back and forth. Stopping at Withington station, a half mile walk takes us to Serpent lake, the lake of all others in the country, for the finest game-fish we have, the black bass. This lovely lake two years ago was almost unknown to the white man; its cold crystal waters had never known the touch of the keel of any craft save the bark canoe of the Chippewa; the writer and a friend put the first row-boat in the lake, and in one short happy afternoon caught one hundred and seventy-eight bass and two maskalonge, with which we made glad the hearts of our friends who were too busy "to go a-fishing."

These uneducated fish will bite ravenously at anything, a spoon, a red rag, a piece of pork, or perch, any bait in fact, but the way to take them and get the most fun out of it, is with light trout tackle, a long leader with two or three red ibis flies. Late in the afternoon, towards dark, a large white fly will bring them springing out of the water, reminding the angler of past days, when he threw his fly for speckled trout at Raequette Falls, or Meacham outlet, in the Adirondacks. These fish weigh from one to six pounds, and when a couple of four pounders get hooked the fisherman must have his wits about him if he does not wish to lose his flies and leader, or have his rod broken. To stand in the bow of a steady boat, well equipped with light strong tackle, have your paddler gently send the boat around the gravelly shores in and out of the deep bays, over the stony rifts, and hook a black bass every few moments is well worth a trip to this country to enjoy.

Crossing over the Serpent to Agate lake, a forty rod carry (stopping on the way to look at the sugar works of the Indians, and may be to air our knowledge of the Chippewa language with some of the smoked Americans, we are sure to meet), brings us to a small bowl-shaped pond, very deep and containing fish very similar in quality and kind to those in the Serpent lake. It derives its name from the quantity of agates and cornelians found among the pebbles on its shores. A half mile carry from here brings us to Rabbit lake, a large body of water, very fishy, the outlet ten miles long. A sluggish stream winding through rice fields, affording good duck shooting, brings us to the Mississippi river, fifteen miles from Brainard, the young and prosperous city of the Pines, the western headquarters of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. West from Brainard twelve miles, is lake Sullivan; named one joyous afternoon a year ago, in honor of Superintendent John H. Sullivan, formerly of the Hannibal and St. Joseph and other south western roads. Sullivan lake resembles Serpent lake in its general outlines, wooded shores and stony banks: and the fishing is equally good.

A delightful trip is to go to Aitken, twenty-eight miles east, launch your bark canoe on Mud river, following that crooked stream a mile, enter the Mississippi river, and come down stream a hundred miles to this point, getting fish, duck, grouse, and perhaps a shot at a deer or bear.

West from here to the Mississippi river, the country at this time is alive with game, pin-tail, pinnated and ruffed grouse, snipe, plover, rail, and ducks of all kinds in countless thousands. At Yargo and Moosehead, on the Red river, there are good hotel accommodations and game "till you can't rest."

Parties coming here should make Brainard their headquarters for fishing operations, catch bass and maskinonge till they are tired, take the steamer Pokegoma and ascend the Mississippi river four hundred miles into the wilderness, look the country over, and then "go west," with their breech loaders into the first hunting country of the State. Brainard is situated on a high level plateau of ground timbered heavily with pines for miles around, thus being sheltered from the cold winds of winter, and singularly exempt at all times from sickness of any kind. Invalids who have been here, particularly those suffering from lung disease, have been materially benefited, and if not too far gone, if they will come here, take care of themselves, "live cleanly and eschew sack," they will renew their "lease of

life." Hotel accommodations here are good; men who know the country can be engaged as guides, bark canoes can be hired or bought, and next season boats will be for hire on Serpent and Agate lakes; and the sportsman who wants fun at a moderate cost need look no further. So we say, and we "know whereof we speak"—having "been there."
HAYLAND.

EPH. MUGGINS' STEEPLE CHASE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I'm not in the fast hoss business now. It's plade. Fast hosses are good to look at, but they're bad to own. I had one once, and I don't want no more. I bought him to ride a steeple chase. I thought I had a soft thing. Nobody knowed I had a high-flyer, and so I tho't I'd lay low an' let out on em' on the day of the race, and sweep the field and make my pyle—but I didn't. When the day cum, I sauntered up to the field with the crowd on my hoss; he was the ornerest looking plug you ever see, but he could jest go like litenin' streaks. I crowded in with the other fellers, when a hoss chap spoke up, an' sez he:—

"Now keep out o' the way, young man, the race is goin' to begin."

"Well," says I, "I'm goin' to run my hoss, too."

"Have you entered?" sez he.

"I jest have that, hoss," sez I.

The crowd begun to gether round then, an' some on 'em was mity tickled; but, thinks I, 'let them laf that win.' So the feller looked in his book, an' when he found my name thare he grinned a grin an' sez:—

"All right boss; you kin travel."

So when the word "go!" wuz given, away we all went, hickety goose-paster.

I never rode a steeple chase afore, an' in fact, I never rode a hossback much any way. It allus a kinder galled my feelings, and doubled up my stomiek to ride in that kind o' way; but I wuz in the fast hoss business now, and wuz ridin' for stakes and not for plezher; so I dug in my heels and gripped hold of the main, and mashed my hat down on my head and switched my whip and hollered an' shet my eyes and pitched ahead regardless.

At first, two or three fellers got the start o' me, but I sailed by 'em pretty lively as we went over the first field. My old scrub was ahead anyways then, an' we begun to feel our otes. Across the field, as we come to a hi fens, I cracked my whip an' dug in my heels, an' we went at it an' cleared it in tip-top stile.

The crowd eheered like mad, an' I stratened up my stomiek as best I end, and off we went agin. Whew! how we did go. Thinks I, guess they don't laf so much now! Directly I cum to a ditch. Probly, if the ditch ed been maid for steeple chasin', they wouldnt a maid it so wide, but they engineered the thing rong, and when my hoss cum up to it, he sort o' backed up, and then he maid a dive and landed his fore feet across, but he couldn't fetch his hind feet, an' there he stood, like a spenshun bridge, with me on his baek.

It wasn't so eheerful as if it had been some other hoss, with some other man on his baek. What to do I didn't no. I looked round an' see the hull crowd comin' over the fense. I wanted to git off, but if I got off there I should drop in the ditch, so I turnea round and maid for the rear intending to drop to the ground on the north bank of the ditch.

Just then the racers all cum up, and when they see me clamberin' down the baek end of my hoss, and him bridgin' over the ditch in that way, they all bust out laffin as if they'd got fits. One feller rolled off his hoss and fell in the ditch, he was so tickled about it. I let him lay there. Another feller let go his grip an' went off jest afore he got to the ditch. I let him lay. One hoss went down in the ditch long side of the feller. I let him lay. The rest went over an' rushed on to glory an' to victory.

In the meen time, soon as my hoss felt his cargo lited, he gathered up his heels an' got over all rite. By hook an' crook I got over too, an' mounted, an' off I went agin. You bet I dug in to make up for lost time. I swung my whip, an' hollered, an' clung on with hands an' heels and begun to gain on 'em in good stile. There was a big old fense ahead, an' the first hoss that went for it fell baek discouraged. The next hoss smashed through, but broke the top rail. The next hoss tried twice before he got over, and when I cum up I maid for the spot where the top rail was off an' I cleared it as easy as a grasshopper would a punkin vine, and then I give a yell that maid the fellers ahead look round, an' they wan't so much ahead eether.

When they seed me a cumin' down on 'em, like an avalanche on a flock of sheep, they looked kinder supprized. I kept a gainin' on 'em, an' directly I tore by 'em yellin' an' shoutin' like a demon of fury on a streak o' chain litenin'.

Phew! how our hosses' hofs clattered over the ground. How we all shouted and screamed and lashed our nags and dug in our heels and tore over the ground! Every man an' every hoss had his blood up to bilin' pint. Every mussel an' every nerve was strung as tite as a bo string. I never felt so excited in my life. I felt shure I should win the pyle, when all to once I spied an obstacle of interest afore me in the shape of a hege fense. This hege fense was originally a desent sized consarn, but had growed to a most outrageous hite and widht, and I couldn't see no soft spot nowhere to git through. For once I wuz sorry I wuz ahead, but urgin' on my firey steed, I maid for the lowest spot an' went at it.

He jumped well, but he maid his calculation rong, for he landed plump in the middle of the hege, an' there he stuck, like a rat in a trap.

My gallant steed maid furious efforts to ecktrakate hisself, but he couldn't ecktrakate. It was too much hege for him, and so he rezined hisself to his fate and stood stock still. I dismounted in my usual graceful still, by the rear exit, an' got out of the brambles an' took an observation of the situation. The fellers behind me wuz comin' on like mad, an' every blessed one of 'em went clear over the hege as slick as grees.

I reckoned it wuz about three miles on to the grand stand, and so I kalkulated that if I could ecktrakate my hoss I mite cum in ahead yet. Besides that it would be a mercy to the animal to git him out of the hege, where the brambles wuz prickin' him to deth. So I got under his lea hind-quarters and give him a boost, thinking to cast him heels over hed into the field beyond; bul I mite as well tride to boost a meetin' house. The hoss scamed to dislike my medlin' with his legs in that way, so he give hisself a histe, and planted his hoofs in my stomick, kind of abruptly, and the next I know about things I wuz tryin' to unroll myself in the middle of the field, about five rods from the last scene of action. I feared I could not live always, for about five minutes. This wuz hoss gratitude. My angry passions roze. I let 'em rize. I stripped off the saddle and bridle and left \$500 worth of fast hoss-flesh where I hoped it would be *fast* forever. I wuz mad. I didn't go back to the grand stand, but I sloped for home. I wuz scratched and bruized and soar and bilin' mad.

I never tride no fast hoss steeple-chase bizness no more. I had enuff. Yours emphatically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE DECREASE OF EDIBLE FISHES ON THE JERSEY COAST.

PHILADELPHIA, September 19th, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

The first number of FOREST AND STREAM (No. 6), it has been my good fortune to see, and I must now tell you that its raey contents were perused with a feeling of decided interest. To my mind it fills an aching void, and cannot fail to prove a success.

Among many other interesting articles, my attention was speecially drawn to the communication of F. Mather on "Bass in Trout Waters," not because of any familiarity with, or special interest in the controversy, but from the fact that it led my thoughts from fresh to salt water, and from trout to sea fishes.

Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, as is well known, has been deputed by the Government to investigate the causes which have led to the marked decline in the number of edible coast fishes. Inklings only of the result of his investigations have been obtained, but sufficient to determine that among the destructive causes are the large and continued use of the seine, and other devices for the wholesale capture of fishes; interference with them during the spawning season, and the large increased number of persons who with hook and line are almost continually engaged in a warfare against them.

Other causes have been cited, and it needs little argument to convince even the most casual thinker on the subject, that all of them combined have had the effect of depleting to a large extent waters which like those of the Adirondaeks once teemed with food fishes. An illustration of the correctness of these views will be found in the growing scarcity of edible fishes in the waters adjacent to Atlantic cities, where the depleting causes referred to have largely prevailed for a number of years past, so that what were once the best fishing grounds on the Jersey coast, have become comparatively barren of finny inhabitants. Whether stringent general and State laws should be enacted for the protection of coast fishes is a question which admits of no debate.

Let me in addition to the destructive causes cited by Prof. Baird, refer to another formidable enemy—predatory fishes which so largely abound along the coast. Among them the bluefish of course stands prominent, but there is still another, and to this one I desire to direct attention. All the bays, inlets and thoroughfares along the coast, and in addition the waters of the ocean itself near the shore, swarm with sharks of large and small size. These Ishmaelites of the salt water are, as you know, insatiable. Their cruel maws are ever craving for, and their more cruel jaws continually employed in the destruction of edible fishes. The fact that sharks are rarely captured and less frequently seen in the water, is to most persons *prima facie* evidence that their number is insignificant. This is an error. My own experience and observation warrant me in making the assertion. For some twelve years, I have each summer spent a week in Delaware bay, fishing for sharks only, and with catches varying from thirty to forty, and ranging from five to eleven feet in length, each trip. One of these days, if acceptable, it will give me pleasure to give your readers an idea of what regular fishing of this character is.

What is truc of Delaware bay in regard to sharks, is applicable to the bays, inlets, and thoroughfares along the coast, only in a larger sense, and such being the fact, it is not difficult to understand how greatly these hungry monsters are annually assisting in lessening the supply of coast fishes. In connection with this, it deserves to be borne in mind, that while men and sharks are waging an incessant warfare against the edible fishes, very few sharks comparatively are taken.

Some of your readers will doubtless ask, what are you going to do about it? My reply is; go for the sharks. *Cui bono?* First for the protection of the good fishes; second

for sport, and lastly for profit. Sport! What sport can there be in capturing a shark? The same query might be proposed in regard to trout, bass, bluefish, weakfish, or any other. There is genuine sport in it, and of the most exciting kind. There is a fascination about it, which to be appreciated must be practically enjoyed. If it be sport to land a three pound trout, a twelve pound bluefish or a six pound bass, what must it be to hook, play and land a three foot shark weighing forty or fifty pounds? But I will tell you all about it one of these days. Profit! What profit can there be in catching sharks? As much as in any other kind of fishing. First, the liver yields a large quantity of oil, valuable for a good many purposes. I have known ten gallons of oil to be taken from a single liver, though this was an exceptionable case. From two to four gallons is the average. The carcass is valuable for manurial purposes, when composted with earth. I estimate the value of a ten foot shark, when used as above, at not less than three dollars, provided of course appliances were at hand for the utilization of the carcass, and the "trying" of the liver. Such appliances would speedily present themselves, if shark capture were made a business, or if those who indulged it for mere sport, would turn over their catches to the manufactories. But whether for sport or profit, a warfare, in my opinion, should be inaugurated against these "sea lawyers," who make it a point, as lawyers generally do, to swallow their clients. When the wants of men did not require so much fish food, the shark was indispensable for the purpose of keeping down the too rapid multiplication of smaller fishes. Those days have passed, so far at least as the waters of the Jersey coast, and those immediately adjacent are concerned, and the time has come when in self-defence a vigorous raid should be made upon these voracious monsters.

A. M. S.

THE DHOLE OF INDIA.

THE Dhole is of slighter make than the dingo, but like the latter, he possesses erect ears; pointed muzzle, and a sparkling fearless eye. His chest is deep, and belly much drawn up; the color is generally of a light brown, inclining to chestnut on the upper part of the body, fore part of the legs, tips of the ears, muzzle and upper part of the tail, which appendage is long, but not bushy, like that of the Australian animal; and were it not for the slenderness of the muzzle, and erect ears, he would bear a close resemblance to the African bloodhound. According to Colonel Sykes, the wild dog of the Deccan, (*Canis Dukkhuensis*, "kholsun" of the natives), is red on the upper part of the body, but paler underneath; its head is compressed and elongated, its nose very sharp and the eyes oblique, the pupils around the irides light brown; the expression that of a coarse, ill-natured Persian greyhound, without any resemblance to the wolf, the fox, or the jackal, and, in consequence, utterly distinct from the *Canis quao*, or *Sumatrensis* of Hardwicke; ears rather long, but erect, and slightly rounded at the top; the limbs remarkably large and muscular compared with the bulk of the animal, which is of an intermediate size between the wolf and the jackal. Its neck and body are elongated, between the nose and eyes the color is red; brown, and the brush, which is pendulous, and about nine inches long, is tipped with black. The length of the body from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail is about two feet nine inches, and the height at the shoulder about sixteen and a half inches. Another variety of the Dhole is the wild dog of Nepal. Although the Dholes or wild dogs of India, according to various authorities, differ in some minor respects, they all, both ancient and modern, appear to agree on one important point, that of excessive fierceness, which characterizes all varieties. Like the dingo they hunt in packs, and, thus associated, are very formidable, and, in fact, are the terror of the animals of the forest, not even excepting the elephant and tiger. They hunt in silence, and as their powers of scent are as exquisite as those of a sleuthound, there is little possibility of their missing the game they are in search for. When close upon and certain of their prey, they utter a sharp, shrill, clear cry which can be heard from a long distance, by others of their kind which understand the meaning of the sound, and hasten in vast numbers from all directions to join the already formidable pack. Their speed is tremendous, almost incredible, and their powers of endurance very great. Their pace, when in hot pursuit, is said to be nearly equal to that which a pack of ferocious greyhounds might be supposed capable of exerting; and as their wonderful staying powers permit them to continue this speed for an almost incredible time, it may be readily perceived that the chances of any animal they may chose to pursue are very meagre indeed; in fact, if they are strong in numbers, not even the swiftest and most powerful of the denizens of the forest and jungle can possibly evade them, and the size, ferocity, and power of the tiger stand him in no better need in saving his life than does the deer's swiftness of foot, when a pack of these canine demons chose to select either for their prey. Indeed the larger the game they are in pursuit of, the greater eagerness do they display, and the natives assert that both the elephant and the tiger manifest unmistakable signs of fear, and seem to have an instinctive dread of such terrible enemies. The Dholes do not run closely together, but spread themselves over a wide tract of ground, so that their prey has little chance of escape by doubling, or any similar expedient; but should their numbers not be great, this circumstance is favorable to the escape of large animals, so that when their game is a tiger most of them are destroyed; but on the contrary, should they be in force, although forty or fifty of the foremost may be crumpled up by the powerful paws of the prey, the quarry is, however, soon overpowered when the main body of the pack closes in. Richardson considers them eminently useful in India for keeping down the breed of tigers, "which but for them would be far more numerous and troublesome." Doubtless, however, the scarcity of the tigers in districts where Dholes are numerous is more fairly attributed to their continually worrying the great striped feline, and preventing it from obtaining any prey, as they are most destructive to the game which forms the principal food of the former.—*Land and Water.*

For Forest and Stream.

THE FALSE FEJEE.

ONCE I loved a Fejee maiden,
Kee-wah-nee-wah-ya-hoo-hay,
"The Ever-blooming Forest Flower"—
She translated it that way—
Though it might mean "Speckled Cow," or
"Striped Bug," or "Whiskey Sour,"
For aught that I can truly say.

She was young and not ungraceful,
And had rigid raven hair,
Which, with wonderful precision,
Fell across her forehead square;
And the angle of her vision
Gave a look of indecision
To her orb's uncertain glare.

Golden amber was the hue on
Kee-wah-nee and-so-forth's cheek,
Golden amber, haply varied
By a sanguinary streak
Of red earth that had been "carried
Over," as it were, or tarried
From the toilet of last week.

How we joined the chase together,
In the forest, in the dell;
How the grasshopper we followed,
With our spirit stirring yell;
How in banquetting we wallowed,
As the spoils of chase we followed,
It were bootless here to tell.

'Tis enough that I was happy
In that primitive retreat,
And when dark forebodings filled me,
And the camp was out of meat,
Even then the proud thought thrilled me,
"When her people shall have killed me,
She will find me good to eat."

Fool, to hug the idle fancy!
Ah, that anguish-laden day,
When a bark from o'er the ocean
Bore a stranger to our bay—
A stranger with Quixotic notion,
That the savage, at his motion,
Would abandon prey for pray.

He was young, and plump, and rosy;
I, alas, was dry and spare,
And Kee-wah-nee was all a woman,
Fickle as the summer air.
I was more or less than human,
With my dearly bought acumen,
Had I tarried longer there.

Good ship, bear me quickly onward!
South sea simoons, kindly blow!
Wafting from that tropic Aiden,
Balm for all my bitter woe:
For with barbecue 'tis laden,
And I know the faithless maiden
Now is lurching off my foe!

J. J. ROCHE.

ELK HUNTING IN NEBRASKA.

TO the sportsman, as well as to the enthusiast in the beauties of nature—and what true sportsman is not the latter as well—the country west of the Missouri river presents attractions of the most inviting description. The broad plains of Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming and Colorado, the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and the rugged Sierras of California offer the former every inducement in the shape of "fur, fin, and feather," while to the lover of natural scenery they unfold a panorama unequalled for grandeur and varied beauty by anything in the world. The locality to which I desire to call your attention presents, however, little to attract those who cross the Plains simply as sight-seers. But to the votaries of rifle and shot-gun it is a very paradise. Fifty miles to the southward flows the Republican river, the banks of which are still the feeding ground of countless numbers of buffaloes and the hunting ground of the brave Pawnee, the treacherous Sioux, and many other smaller tribes of Indians. Fifty miles to the northward lies the Loup Fork, once the undisputed home of the Pawnee, and now a sort of debatable ground between their Reservation and that of their deadly enemies, the Sioux. On the banks of this river browses the mighty Elk, (*Cervus canadensis*). A little further to the west among the sand hills feed the watchful antelope. Beaver and otter are in every stream. The open prairie furnishes chickens (*Cupidonia cupido*), sharp tailed grouse (*Pedioecetes phasianellus*), and upland plover (*Acticurus bartmani*), while the river bottoms teem with quail (*ortyx virginianus*), and occasionally we find a drove of wild turkeys (*Meleagris gallipavo*), deer, both black tail (*C. columbianus*) and Virginia, (*C. virginianus*) abound both in the rivers and along the creeks. In short, whether you carry your rifle or shot-gun, or both, you will find work enough to do. Starting at a point on the Central Pacific Railroad, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, a party of three, we pulled out on the afternoon of the last day of August, on a march toward the Loup. A bad Indian country is that along the Loup Fork, for upon its banks lies the trail which the Sioux follow on their horse-stealing expeditions to the Pawnee village. We were not without apprehensions that we might encounter some small band who would try to run off our horses; but we wanted game more than we feared the Indians, and therefore we decided to take the risk.

Jack Robinson, our teamster, an excellent and amusing fellow, sat in the wagon containing our provisions and bedding, behind his rattling team of sorrels, that trotted along at a pace that promised well for a speedy arrival at the hunt-

ing ground. Lute—my guide, philosopher, and friend, ah, how shall I describe you? what fitting words can I find to convey an idea of your genial spirit, your kind heart and generous disposition? We are old friends, Lute and I; together we have hunted buffalo on the Republican, and antelope on the sand hills; have shot wild turkeys on the Beaver, and been chased by a rascally band of Minne-coujas, between that stream and the Republican, and now we are going to hunt elk on the Loup.

He has said to me: "I can promise to give you, at least, a shot at the elk, but don't know whether you'll kill or not. They're pretty good game. Not many men around here can say that they've killed an elk. My spirits fall at this, for I have dreamed of elk for weeks and fear a miss.

We traveled about twenty miles the first day and camped on a small creek where we found wood and water. A little fried bacon, some biscuits hastily cooked, and a cup of coffee constituted our first meal in camp, and after smoking a quiet pipe we lie down by the fire. Lute's last observation is, "We'll have game to-morrow night, boys." My heart gives a throb, and I secretly pray that I may be the one to kill it.

We started with the sun the next morning and had a long day's march. Lute and myself hunted through the ravines, while the wagon kept on the divide. We saw no game except three deer, which jumped up about seventy-five yards from Lute. Shooting from his horse he touched one of them in the hind leg, but not seriously, as we watched it for a long distance and though it fell behind the others it kept up a gait we knew would carry it away from our ponies, fast though they were.

We had traveled all day, and were hot and tired when we came to a creek where there was good camping ground. The sun was only about two hours above the western horizon, and we decided to camp as soon as a place could be found where we could get the horses down to the water. In looking for such a place Lute rode toward the top of a little ridge to get a wider view. Suddenly I saw him bend down over the neck of his horse and wheeling round gallop toward us. "There they are, boys," he cried, "elk, about twenty of them." In a moment we were all excitement, and were hastily following his hurried directions. The horses were unhitched and unsaddled, and picketed out. Fire arms and knives were examined, and we descended into the bed of the creek, whence the elk had just emerged about half a mile further up. But who can describe the labor of our advance on that band of elk? Not I, indeed I can only say that the bed of the creek was full of water and very miry, that the sides were nearly perpendicular, and were almost everywhere covered with a thick growth of nettles, briars, and creeping plants; where bare they were wet and very slippery; that the sun was blazing down as only a Nebraska sun can blaze, and that we ran ahead when we could, and fell ahead when we could not run. Fortunately there was no wind; I say fortunately, for the elk's sense of smell is so acute, that it is more to be feared by the hunter than its powers of vision.

At last we were within three hundred yards of the place where the game was supposed to be, and it behooved us to move cautiously. Lute carefully ascended the bank and looked about him. For a long time he gave no sign, but at length I saw him lower his head and creep rapidly toward us. "They are moving," he whispered, "feeding along toward the bluffs; we must hurry." As fast as possible we hastened up the creek, and soon, after another look by our leader, turned up a ravine. The utmost caution was now necessary. We crawled along, not on our hands and knees, but flat on our faces for some distance. Lute first, myself next and Jack last. Presently we turned and commenced to ascend the side of the ravine, and as we neared the ridge Lute stopped and motioned me up beside him. "They're just over the ridge, crawl up and take the first shot." I feebly resisted, but he reiterated the order, and I complied. On reaching the top I cautiously raised my head, and there within a hundred yards of me I saw the ears of an old cow elk. The sight was almost too much for me, and I sank back a moment. Then steadying my nerves by a violent effort, I raised my old Sharpe. Carefully with finger on trigger, I full-cocked it, and sighted where Lute had told me to, about eight inches behind the fore shoulder and low down. For a moment I could not hold well on her, for the flies troubled her and she kept moving, but at last she stood still and I pulled. The smoke hid her from me, and I sprang forward just as Lute ran by me, to get a shot at the herd as they fled. In a moment I was at his side, and we stopped just about where my cow had stood when I fired. The elk were running briskly off about half a mile away; none of them seemed to be wounded, and I could see nothing of the one at which I had fired. At that moment I felt particularly small. Suddenly Lute shouted, "There she is," and following the direction of his glance, I saw a movement in the short prairie grass. We rushed to the spot, and there lay the cow, kicking in her death agony. My ball had passed through her heart, and she had run about fifty yards before falling. That was for me the supreme moment. As I stood over her, all the trouble and annoyance of the trip; all the worries and cares of every day life were forgotten, and I was absorbed in the proud contemplation of the graceful creature lying before me.

Lute was cordial in his congratulations. "I knew that you hit her," he said, "for I crawled up behind you and saw that you held steady as a rock."

After bleeding and butchering our game we started for camp. It was now almost dark, for it had taken us quite two hours to reach the place where we then were. Strik-

ing off over the prairie we arrived at our camp in about fifteen minutes, and after a delightful supper spent an hour or two talking over the incidents of the day, and listening to Lute's stories of hunts and Indian fights.

'Twere a pleasant task to narrate to you a score of his tales. To tell you of battles with the Sioux on the Missouri, and with the Arrapahoes in Kansas; of how Frank, Lute's brother, killed Tall Bull on the Loup, and how, on another occasion, with one white man and seven Pawnees he fought for five hours against one hundred and fifty Sioux under old Turkey Leg, and finally drove them off. But lack of space forbids, and I must hasten to the end of my tale.

Early next morning we were afoot, and before night the flesh of the elk, neatly stripped from the bones, was in process of being jerked. For five days we hunted with most satisfactory results. Elk were found and killed on several occasions. Finally, forced to it by "the terror by night," viz., mosquitoes, we turned our faces homeward. On the last day but one of our return march we camped early and rode out to take a last look for game. As we descended the slope of a high bluff Lute's eye, which was constantly roving along the horizon, caught sight of some moving objects just appearing over the top of another bluff a few hundred yards off. Crouching low in our saddles we galloped down into the ravine, and, leaving our horses, ascended the next ridge, whence the elk could be seen feeding slowly toward us. We had only to wait until they came within shot. Very deliberately they advanced. The leaders, two fine bulls, stopping every now and then to look, smell, or listen, and then boldly stepping forward, as if to encourage the more timid females and young. Had we waited I am confident that they would have come up within ten yards of us. It would have been little else than murder, however, to have shot them so near, and I was glad to see Lute look round at us and signal us to be ready, while they were still more than a hundred yards distant. The three rifles cracked almost simultaneously, but to our chagrin only one animal fell. It was Lute's bull. Jack and I had fired too hastily, and had missed. As the herd swept round the hill, in full flight, we fired again, but with no better result. A third shot from Jack as they were ascending the bluffs brought down a large bull, and as they were about to disappear I raised my two hundred and fifty yard sight and carefully fired at a large cow which ran a little behind the other. As I lowered my rifle I saw her stagger, and then, turning off to one side, move down a ravine on three legs. Running back to the horses I sprang into the saddle and urged forward my pony with whip and spur. I was soon within sight of the cow, which, although on three legs, ran very fast, and I had ridden nearly two miles before I got close enough to shoot from the saddle with any certainty of killing. At last, however, I fired while on a run and brought her down, but it took another shot to finish her. It was an exciting chase, and I did not realize until I passed over the ground on my return what a mad gallop it had been. I had ridden through sloughs so miry that on reaching them again I was fain to pick out a better crossing; had descended on a full run the sides of cañons so steep that I now preferred leading my horse up to riding him, and had given the little animal such a breather as would have thoroughly exhausted an American horse.

We had now plenty of work on hand. The heads and skins were prepared for mounting, the meat jerked, and with a wagon heavily loaded we started for the railroad.

Thus ended my hunt of 1873. Successful and eminently satisfactory in all respects, I can only hope for as pleasant a one next year.

ORNIS.

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FLIGHT.

THERE would be no earthly joy in a grasshopper's life did he not trust in Providence. Last fall the weary mothers came over the mountains and began laying their eggs in the grass. But it rained and hailed, and thousands of birds went out to gather them up. Then great fires swept over the plains, and when cold weather came the grasshopper could hardly find a place to cast his horoscope. There is not a woman in Colorado who would have been willing to trust her offspring to the mercy of a Rocky Mountain winter. But the grasshopper was full of faith, and when the final hour came she folded her fragile wings and sank into the dust of the wilderness. The winds blew and the storm howled, and it did seem as though all grasshopper life would perish from the earth. But after a while, when spring came and the grass peeped up from the earth, myriads of little specks began hopping about, and many doubted if they were really grasshopper babies. They looked like little grains of black tea, and nothing could be more helpless and insignificant. A child could kill a million of them. Wagons and horses and remorseless boots trampled them into the earth. Still they grew and increased and multiplied, and in a few weeks strong men trembled, for their crops were disappearing before the silent mowers. There was no relief, and for once man and his inventions had found their master. A long sweeping train left the depot with the speed of a racehorse, but an army of these little insects mounted the rails, and the power that tunnels mountains and defies the ocean storms became as helpless as a babe. For a time it was thought that the crops would be entirely ruined, and to tell the truth many were. The weak little fly of earth formed his second wings—with his first ones he could not move any distance—and away he went towards the clouds. Billions and sextillions of them filled the air; in fact the entire space between the earth and the sun seemed literally alive with them, and from the shady side of a house one could see miles of them upon miles among the clouds, with the sun flitting down through their transparent wings. They were no longer despised insects robes they were free at last, joyously winging their way to other climes.—*Grealey (Col.) Tribune.*

GROUSE HUNTING IN GRASS.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, September 18, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

IT has been only a short time since we (of the Winkle Club) were first delighted by the clear, handsome, healthily look of the FOREST AND STREAM, and it has filled to our perfect satisfaction a long felt want, *i. e.*, a paper devoted to "the true, beautiful and good," in field sports, and entirely free from the "professional" taint which so wofully infects the horsey journals of the day.

As the season for shooting Grouse (*vulgo*, prairie chickens) over dogs, is rapidly drawing to a close, some of your Eastern readers may be interested in knowing what we have for sport in Kansas; so with your permission, I will give the result of two day's shooting of our club, named in honor of that devoted and illustrious sportsman, Nathaniel Winkle, Esq. Fortunately we have as a leading member, Major E. of the L. L. & G. R. R., a prince of good fellows, who has at his command a car fitted up with berths, and all that is necessary for the comfort of man and dog, by day or night, which is often kindly placed at the disposal of the club. As you may imagine, nothing can exceed the comfort of this style of going shooting; at least so eight of us thought as we rattled away from the station here on the night of August 20th, armed and provisioned as the law directs. In fact, as an English friend who was one of the party said, "it was awful jolly," the only drawback being the thought that we had but three good dogs, the rest being young and out for the first time.

With the good company and our anticipations for the morrow, it was impossible to sleep, so smoke and song and story kept us up till after 12 o'clock, when to give our nerves a little chance, we turned in. At three the sleepy ones were routed out with the cry, "time to get up, nearly there," and in a few minutes we stopped and were switched on a siding at Colony Station, sixty-eight miles south of Lawrence, in the midst of a splendid expanse of prairie, with here and there a small stream, along which an occasional farm affords the birds a stubble field as a rallying point. The Major had telegraphed ahead and we found wagons and breakfast in readiness; the latter was soon dispatched, and just as the first faint blush of morning tinted the sky, we were off.

Ah! the beauty of that morning! the soft, fresh breeze, the miles and miles of beautiful waving grass, covering the rolling swells of the prairie, with here and there a faint blue line of smoke curling up from the chimneys of the scattered farm houses. Every breath of air pure and sweet, and the heart full of thankfulness for so beautiful a world. But soon our first stubble is reached, and quickly both men and dogs are out, and hardly have they entered the field, before the old dogs are drawing and standing. Away go the birds, the old cocks leading with a whirr and a rush that startles the novice and quickens the blood of the oldest veteran. As the stubble is quite bare of cover, it takes only a few shots to send all the birds out to the grass, and pairing off, we follow them up and the day's work begins. Every moment the sharp report and the floating feathers tell of the death of some brave old cock, or tender youngster, whose life leaves him in the air. How bravely sometimes the old fellows will wheel and swing across, and when we miss we can not help shouting "well done, good bird."

By nine o'clock we begin to feel a little tired, and the hot sun is telling on all of us; so we quit and rattling back to the Station, a rush is made for the car and the claret punches suffer. Wiping out the guns, resting and dinner take up the time till four o'clock, when we are again ready for the fray and shoot till dark.

All the many incidents and accidents, things wise and otherwise, I can only leave to the imagination; suffice it to say, thus did the Winkles on the morning and evening of the first day, likewise the second, when the bag was counted; and notwithstanding the greenness of the young dogs, we had 326 birds, which as we were in the field only about nine hours each day, was not bad. On the 5th September, four of us went in the same way to the same ground, and bagged 138.

Just after writing the above I read your "stave" on "Grouse Shooting" in No. 5, and beg leave to notice one or two points. In the first place *all* of your friends "out West" don't say "chickens" when they mean Grouse, and if constant prodding will do any good, the number of those who do, will diminish every season.

You speak of the birds "getting up quickly," "flying in a straight line over the tops of the scrub oaks," &c., and also that there is no use for a dog. Well, that may be the way in what you call "scrub oak prairie," but as our Teutonic friend says, "we don't got no" scrub oak prairie here, and I am glad of it, because in our prairie grass an old cock will nine times in ten give you a twenty-five or thirty yards rise and go off as if he had been kicked. Now I don't mean to say that they are hard to kill, in comparison with several other varieties of game, but if anybody, in September or October, "drives out an empty wagon at daylight" without a dog, and don't come back till he fills it, I advise him to learn to whistle, "Do they miss me at home" just for recreation.

As to charges, I find in a No. 12 Powell that 3½ drs. powder and 1½ oz. shot, No. 7, will do the work nicely.

Our quail shooting begins October 1st legally, but practically not till November 1st, as many of the birds are not full grown and strong till then. In quail shooting, Kansas can in my opinion "lead all the rest." I have shot them in Virginia, Maryland, and Missouri, and have never seen as good shooting as we have, and if you are not too much bored by this I may write you what the Winkles do on quail. Very truly yours, H.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

BULBS AND THEIR USES.

THE HYACINTH.

"Who splashed with red the sumach hedge—
The sassafras with purple stain;
Gave ivy leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again.

"Discolored every hazel copse,
And stricken all the pasture lands,
Flung veils across the mountain tops,
And bound their feet with yellow bands.

"Is this September come so soon?
Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
While yet it seems but summer's noon
We're floating down the autumn tide."

—Atlantic Monthly.

FIFTY years ago, but little attention was paid to the culture of the bulb family, compared to what there is at the present day. Scarcely any one thought much of planting in the fall of the year, the beautiful Hyacinth, and if they could obtain a tolerable good bloom of this flower in the spring, with much care, they were amply satisfied with their efforts.* Now, the case is entirely changed, and a steadily increasing interest in the culture of this flower has been one of the studies, as well as amusements, of the amateur gardener and true lover of flowers. Our lady friend was right, when she exclaimed, "Are not these beautiful?" They were so, most emphatically, and the production of twenty Hyacinths, in full bloom, of the different colors and most choice varieties, as far back as the year 1837, was an achievement in floriculture not often witnessed, when you consider the little practical knowledge then possessed, compared with the present high state of cultivation and knowledge of "how to plant and cultivate the Hyacinth of to-day." These bulbs were planted in the October of 1837, on a mellow, Indian summer day, when the warm rays of the declining sun made genial and beautiful all the landscape around. Our lady friend was one of those few persons, in those days, who made good use of her eyes and ears, and had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, as revealed in the adornment and decoration of this "flower-mosaic'd earth." Success, if deemed within the possible, did not deter her from undertaking what necessarily involved care and watchfulness, and was to her a new field of labor; but she entered with a good will to her work of planting bulbs, and she says, in a letter to us: "My fall planting of the Hyacinth resulted in a perfect success. I shall try the old, never-die-out Dutch tulips next fall, and will give you an account of my failure, or success, for I am one of the few that believe it to be honorable, as well as pleasant, for ladies to know how to grow plants and flowers." From this period she was a most skillful and successful flower culturist, and has given to the world many interesting facts, as the result of her persevering efforts to *cultivate well a few flowers*.

Every one at all acquainted with the Pestalozian system of education, taught many years ago, will recollect the sentence written over the school-room door of Mr. Venable's academy: "What man has done, man may do." So, at the request of our lady friends, we place before them this article upon the "Fall Planting of Bulbs." Not that we do not well know that, to many of them, we are only telling an old story over again, yet, unlike the writing upon the rocks,† we say a few words to them, and hope to cheer and encourage them to persevere in their search after the knowledge of the hidden beautiful.

Beautiful indeed, on a bright and balmy morning of spring, is a walk in our garden, among the flowers, the birds, and not least our newly blooming Hyacinths, tulips, and their numberless companions. Glorious spring has unsealed their petals; their opening leaves utter to our ears no audible sound; we hear not their silent voice, as they rise in speechless worship of the Maker of the Universe. But we behold in them a silent epic of beauty, all glowing in their peculiar and diversified loveliness.

But, to the practical portion of our bulb plants, we will append a few suggestions, gathered from a long and patient study, as well as practical experience, of the treatment necessary to ensure a good bloom of the Hyacinth and other bulbs. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth well doing. The preparation of the ground plot, the particular place in the garden or on the lawn, is the first consideration our lady gardeners should notice. Having secured this—always making their selections in such locations as shall give them full sunlight—for the Hyacinth loves not the shade, and will droop its head and yield only a weak, sickly, green abortion, unless cared for and carefully treated) you will study the character of the natural size of the plant, you now propose to cultivate. "How did this splendid old purple bulb, which I now hold in my hand, grow in its nursery in Holland? Of what was its earth-bed composed?" This is the first question you are to answer in your practical attempt to make a bed for your bulbs. Having thus decided that an abundance of sun and air are *indispensable* requisites to success; also, your bed should not

*We well recollect the triumphant exclamation of a lady thirty years ago, upon her having succeeded well in raising good blooms from bulbs of the Hyacinth, planted in the fall. "My friends told me my bulbs would all freeze to death during the winter. Have they done so? No indeed. Are not these beautiful?"

†"Writing upon the rocks," a reference to that public desecration of all good taste that defaces, with wretched quack notices and advertisements of worthless nostrums, all along our river banks; which enters all our parks and public places of resort, and may even be found at our church doors. It is time this nuisance was suppressed. Will not the FOREST AND STREAM "give these violators of lost good sense and good taste a lash from the old whip?"

be in too dry a location. The family of bulbs, all of them, require a certain amount of moisture, and must have it. The soil generally is not of a quality or condition to receive these bulbs without preparation; therefore, we must make an artificial soil for them. This can easily be done with care, a good, well-drained bed being the chief requisite to success. This bed should contain twenty-five to thirty inches of a good prepared soil, and, as before remarked, be *well drained*; without good bottom drainage it is impossible to raise good flowers.

The manner in which we generally make our beds for bulbs, and we think it a very good way indeed, is as follows, viz.: We dig our pit, as we term it, of the size and shape we fancy for our bulbs. First we remove one spitting of the black loam, or top soil, placing the same in a handy position near by; then we next remove from the first all the yellow loam, stones, sand, and gravels of any kind, until we have made our pit the full depth we require. This being done, the nature of the soil revealed by this process determines, in a manner, your future treatment. If you strike at the bottom of the pit, an uncongenial, stiff, cold, clay, you require a very good drainage. Some gardeners recommend in this case going from six to eight inches deeper, and filling up with stones, &c., for drainage. (I think their reasoning good.) By so doing you are easily relieved of all superfluous water. We have, with good effect, made a sort of pavement, leaving crevices for the passage of water between, and in some very wet locations can recommend the same as one of the best kinds of drainage for the Hyacinth, tulip, and other bulbs.

The soil for this bed should be composed of equal parts of loam, or leaf mould (leaf mould from the woods) clean sand, and old, well rotted cow manure, no matter how old, if well soaked and pulverized; or the soil, in lieu of this, may be taken from an old, spent, disused hot-bed. This latter is, by some skillful culturists, preferred to cow manure, as it is made ready to their hands. One word as to sand: This should be a clear, free grit, and a little coarse; sea sand will do, but the saltiness should be washed out, or soaked and dried well before using, as salt is sometimes too strong for this use. Bulbs generally are very impatient of salt.

You will now replace again in your pit the soil or black loam first removed from the same, and fill up to within six or seven inches of the surface; now place your prepared soil upon the same and fill up, say four inches above the original surface of the ground, and nicely round up the same.

Now you can plant your bulbs, as your taste may suggest in belt lines around your plot, according to the ribbon or belt style, being careful to study the harmonious effect of color in the arrangement of the same. You can, if you prefer, set three plants of the Hyacinth in groups—a red, blue, and white. The effect is quite pleasing, and you can make this still more effective, by planting three whites, three blues, and three reds in just the same relationship to each other as the single bulb arrangement. Various forms will quite naturally suggest themselves to any lady of good taste. In the same bed with Hyacinths may be planted low tulips, to fill up the spaces, but, to our own mind, we admire the stately Hyacinth in all its pride and beauty. We do not consider it in accordance with good taste to mix in these plots different varieties of bulbs.

In planting your bulbs you can, with safety, place them out in open beds and grounds as late as the last of October, or, in fact, to a later date in the fall, with good success.

I once planted out some twenty-five bulbs of Hyacinths and two dozen large tulips on the 20th of November, when I had to break the crust off the ground with a bar. They were in as fine condition and bloom the next season as those set in the month of October.

When planting the Hyacinth in October, we advise planting the bulbs about four inches below the surface of the ground, and we have found our account in using a *trans-planting* trowel, making a clean hole and placing firmly the bulb, and then filling up the hole with sand. In the spring the bulbs came up straight, and we have found few decayed or rotten bulbs with this process than by any other.

A bulb bed, made according to the above direction, will last, without disturbing or removing the bulbs, for several years and give good flowers, particularly the tulip; but we prefer to remove the bulbs after flowering, as we have an idea that we get better flowers from re-planting. The hardy varieties should always be taken up on the first slight frost. These may be re-planted in the spring and will give a good strong flower.

One of our best bulb culturists, Mr. Rand, says: "Grow the foliage weak," and our own experience has been, our best flowers to replant are those whose leaves have perfected themselves in the most thorough manner. Select for your fall planting those bulbs only that show the most vigorous ripened leaves, and the bulbs should be set in October—any time during the month. About the first of December, if not before, your bulb bed should be covered to the depth of three or four inches with coarse straw litter from the stable, to prevent freezing.

The Hyacinth, tulip, and many other bulbs grow in the winter months, and if you would behold a fine exhibition of one of the great laws of nature take a Hyacinth bulb and cut the same open in the middle in mid-winter, and examine it with a powerful microscope, and you will see the perfect flower, imbedded deep down in the bulb. With a very fine glass you may even see the colors of the bulb. If the weather in the spring is not too cold, the covering should be removed from the bulb, and after its removal, if you fear a cold, frosty night, it would be well to cover

your bed with an old coverlid or bit of sail cloth. The bed may now be dressed, or fertilized, with the usual dressings, and the flowers will soon make their appearance.

But few, if any insects trouble these bulbs in the spring, and if so, they quit possession after one application of a weak solution of warm soap and water.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

ORNAMENTAL AND FOREST TREES FOR FARMS.

THERE is much said in the agricultural papers of the day concerning the planting of ornamental and shade trees at the West. Various States have set apart "arbor days," when every man and boy shall feel it his duty to transplant one or more trees, and some States are so wise as to offer a reward to the person who shall set out the largest number of forest trees on that day. Now there is as great a scarcity of shade trees upon many farms at the East as at the West, and the purpose of this article is to call attention to the fact, and persuade youthful farmers to supply the deficiency, and to transplant the maple, oak, elm, and other trees this season, which will afford a grateful shade for years to come.

I heartily commend those farmers who plant new orchards of apples, pears, cherries, plums, and peaches. The fruit is delicious, highly appreciated at home and abroad, and will bring in plenty of "material aid" in the shape of greenbacks. But fruit trees are not desirable about the house, and can never take the place of forest trees for adornment, timber or fuel; nor are they as desirable for a "cool, umbrageous shade."

Cattle seek grateful shelter from the noon-day sun, and it is as essential for their comfort to obtain it as it is for man's—as needful for their health. But do not plant the trees too close to your dwelling-houses and barns; give the air a free circulation about such buildings. Oaks, maples, and elms should not droop their branches over the roof-tops, but be planted at least thirty or forty feet distant.

In selecting trees to plant around the home farm, it is always well to choose those which are useful as well as ornamental. The sugar maples are quite as handsome as oaks and elms, while from thirty or forty good-sized trees, several pounds of delicious syrup can be obtained. I know a man who planted in his yard ten sugar maples, some twenty or thirty years ago, and now obtains about three gallons of maple syrup every spring. Thus we can combine utility and beauty. The American weeping elm is as perfect a tree as grows, and the oak is always majestic, while the white and black ash and silver maple are also much admired.

While I am on this subject, let me beg your readers to plant trees outside of lawns and front yards, as well as within the fences, and have the pleasure of providing a shady highway and sidewalk for every passer-by. There is nothing which adds more beauty to a street than rows of forest trees. Evergreens are most desirable for windbreaks, screens, and ornamental purposes upon a lawn, but are not so well adapted to the front door yards. They are excellent shields from the north wind, however, and in single trees or in clusters, are especially beautiful on large lawns.

Almost all farmers can go into the forests and obtain as many trees as they require, merely for the cost of digging and transplanting them. If they choose maples, elms, oaks or ash, they will be surer of success if they select those that are from eight to ten feet high; their top branches should be shortened, and many of them cut entirely away, leaving the stems nearly bare, but taking care to lift a large ball of earth and all the little rootlets possible.

In planting them prepare a hole larger than the base of the tree, and deeper than the roots; pour one or two pails of water into the hole, and set the tree in firmly and straight. Stamp down the soil around the roots closely, and then turn the uplifted sods, bottom upwards around the base of the tree.

To transplant chestnut, hickory, and white oak, select small trees, not over five or six feet high, and leave the poles nearly bare of branches or leaves; also cut the main stem in for half a foot. This severe pruning has the effect of producing more root growth, and saves the life of many trees.

When new trees are planted, it is well to mulch them about the roots and stems with coarse stable litter or hay; and if planted where cattle will be liable to rub against them, a strong stake will afford much protection.—*Country Gentleman.*

ESTIMATES OF TIMBER.—A tract of 2,400 acres of pine land located in Lapeer county, was sold by parties in the Saginaw Valley, two years ago, for \$72,000, estimated to contain 40,000,000 feet of logs. The purchasers erected a mill on the tract and commenced cutting. After making very careful estimates they found it would yield 80,000,000 feet, and have sold the undivided one-half of the tract for \$72,000, the price paid originally for the whole. A Saginaw City also sold about two years ago, a tract of 640 acres, located on the line of the J. L. and S. R. R. R., for \$2,800, which was said to contain 3,000,000 feet of logs. The purchasers looked over the tract carefully and found that it would produce 5,500,000 feet, and one year after sold it for \$9,000. The present owners claim it will yield 8,000,000 feet, and its actual value they fix at \$20,000.—*Lumberman's Gazette.*

OLD ENGLISH VINEYARDS.—Old charters, the bygone names of half-forgotten vineyards belonging to monastic houses, prove that the cultivation of the grape, even up to the Roman wall at the banks of Tweed, was once by far more frequent than it now is. England was probably the most northerly of the countries in which vines were growing at the time of the great millenary jubilee, and that they flourished at all, is proof how resolute were the monks to drink what the difficulties of land transport debarred to those who lived to remote from the coast. London and Bristol, Boston and Norwich, could pick and choose between the amber Rhish and the crimson nectar from Garonne, but a long stretch of dry land was a serious impediment to the carriage of so bulky an article of commerce.—*All the Year Round.*

—Why are sheep the most unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, and are often black-legs, and are universally fleeced.

Natural History.

THE PAPER NAUTILUS, OR ARGONAUT.

WRITERS upon Natural History, from the earliest times, including Cuvier, represented the Argonaut as having the power of propelling itself upon the surface of a smooth sea, by means of its tentacles, which it used for oars, and certain expanded membranes for sails; and the legend ran that the ancients learned navigation from this mollusk. So the poet says:—

"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

Modern writers, however, declare this to be a fable. Now this is not a matter to be decided by theories, but by evidence. The early writers, Pliny, Aristotle, Allian, and others, who lived near the Mediterranean, where the animal is common, certainly had a better opportunity of studying its habits than closet naturalists in England and the United States, who never saw the creature alive.

Having myself seen the Argonaut sailing on the surface in a calm, in the Indian ocean, and that so near to the ship that there could be no doubt of the fact, I was induced to ask an old ship master who had sailed these tropical seas all his life, if he had ever seen it, at the same time showing him the shell of the creature. "Fifty times," was his reply. But there is better evidence than this.

Some forty years ago, Madame Power, in Messina, where the Nautilus is numerous, made a series of observations upon the habits of these animals, which she kept in cages sunk in the sea. Her object was to determine whether the shell was secreted by the animal, or whether it was a parasite occupying the shell of another species, as believed by some naturalists. In 1839, Madame Porrer sent to Professor Owen, of London, the results of her observations, and the Professor gave it as his opinion before the Zoological Society, that Madame Power had established the fact that the Argonaut was the maker of the shell.

Madame Power states also, as the result of her observations, that the Argonaut uses two of its arms as masts, on which it spreads out membranes which act as sails. These sails, she says, are so large that when turned backwards, and pressed against the shell they can entirely cover and protect it. Thus, she concludes that the true office of the sails is keeping themselves applied to the shell at all times in reserve for the moment when the animal, coming to the surface of the water, raises them as sails. She also says that the Argonaut uses the long funnel or proboscis as a helm to steer its course, and projects it from the stern or wide part of the shell for that purpose.

Now, as we find the statements of the early writers confirmed by the authority of Baron Cuvier, and this accurate and systematic observer Madame Power, as well as by voyagers, who profess to have witnessed these sailor-like habits on the ocean, it seems time that they are to be believed, rather than the theorists, however numerous, who, because they have not seen these things, deny their existence.

S. C. CLARKE.

DO SNAKES SWALLOW THEIR YOUNG?

MUSEUM, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, September 19th.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Affirmative evidence on this question is rapidly accumulating. Twenty-two additional cases have been brought to my notice since the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, making in all one hundred and sixteen. M. Palisot de Beauvois, an eminent French naturalist, saw seven young rattlesnakes, each as thick as a goose quill, run down the parent's throat: he hid behind a tree and soon saw them reappear; he advanced, when they a second time disappeared, and the parent escaped with the precious burden among the underbrush. This statement, published in 1802, seems to have been overlooked by those who have written on the subject. It is very desirable to ascertain whether the male snake ever protects the young in this way, also to determine whether the ordinary black snake ever swallows its young. I am inclined to believe that all the supposed cases relate to the mountain blacksnake, (*Coluber alleghaniensis*), which has a prominent ridge along the middle of each scale, while the ordinary blacksnake, (*Bascanion constrictor*) has scales round and smooth.

G. BROWN GOODE.

THE LAPLANDER.—The proverbial low stature attributed to the Laplander is a mistake. Some of them may be found under-sized, and frightfully ugly, but a Laplander only four feet high is a rarity. Quite to the contrary, the nomadic Laplander is most frequently found six feet tall. I have met Laplanders over six feet tall, who would pass anywhere for magnificent specimens of humanity. Generally their eyes are of coal black, piercing in character, their hair is not always black, as I have often seen flaxen haired individuals among them. Their complexion is invariably dark, and they have prominent cheek bones, small nose, rather flat, and the forehead is more broad than high. The men are mostly thin and spare, the women, however, incline to corpulence. Formerly brandy was the bane of the Laplander, but the Swedish Government have curtailed its use among them. They are tremendous tobacco smokers, and with a pipe in their mouths, will drink strong coffee from morning to night.

A. DULK, (AUSLAND).

—The *Moniteur de l'Algerie* states that, in 1871, the coral fishery employed 131 boats. In 1872, there were 80 more boats. Improved methods of fishing have, however, given equally good results, when compared with those of former years; in fact, there has been an increase in quantity of coral put on the market. New beds of coral have been found near Sardinia, which have drawn many of the Algerian fishermen to the Northern Mediterranean.

WHISKEY vs. CROTLINE.—In the *Germantown Telegraph* there is an interesting letter from a Mr. N. R. Morley, of Cimarron, New Mexico, in regard to rattlesnakes, and the methods of curing persons bitten by them. Some one, we think, very foolishly has started the temperance question, in this connection, to which the New Mexico gentleman replies most comprehensively:

"My own experience has been with whiskey as a remedy, and, while I do not dispute the efficacy of other stimulants, at the same time I did not advocate them. I have known persons to die from snake bites, but they were invariably cases where the wound was given near some of the larger veins, and where whiskey could not be obtained in reasonable time.

Animals bitten about the head are apt to die in a very short time; but bitten in a fleshy part not so, and in many cases get well without remedy. I think the effect of this poison is in some way to change the nature of the blood, probably by coagulation or thickening, while the effect of whiskey is just the reverse. Be that as it may, any amount of controversy will scarcely prevent people in rattlesnake countries from using whiskey as an antidote."

Perhaps the most comprehensive paper ever written on this subject of rattlesnakes, as to their anatomy, where the poison was secreted, the construction of the fangs, how the venom was ejected, was the production of a Philadelphia physician, published some fifteen years ago by the Smithsonian Institute. The advice we have to give is to use whiskey invariably, and in good strong doses, and to apply a ligature.

A DUEL BETWEEN HUMMING BIRDS.—A gentleman of Kingston, in this State, recently witnessed a novel battle in a garden of that place. Two green-backed humming birds were the combatants, and the fray lasted seventeen minutes. The tiny antagonists would dart on each other most viciously; would soar twenty feet or more in the air, and then return to the flowers in the beds for a moment, where the warfare raged most bitterly. Occasionally the larger would pin the smaller to the ground, when the latter would strike vigorously at the throat of its foe. Finally the larger bird apparently became very much enraged and made an energetic spurt. The other fell to the ground, its wings fluttered, the body quivered, one quick gasp, and the ruby-throated little one was dead. The victor flew to a dead twig on a neighboring shrub, smoothed its ruffled plumage as a dove would, and twisted its neck from side to side, then for a moment hovering over the lifeless body of its enemy, as if to be certain life was extinct, it flew swiftly away.

FELINE AGILITY.—Burt G. Wilder sends to the *American Naturalist* the following statement of the distance leaped by a cat, which he received from the Sanford Brothers, of Ithaca, N. Y., whom he styles accurate observers of the animals. They write: "When our cat was about a year old, he was seen on several days to take position upon a show case four feet high, and to watch a canary bird in a cage hanging from the ceiling, eight feet from the case; the ceiling was eleven feet from the floor, and the cage an ordinary cylindrical one. One day, as we were observing him thus engaged, he suddenly sprang at the cage and caught his claws upon it; his weight swung the cage up against the ceiling, spilling all the vessels and terrifying the canary. After swinging to and fro several times, the cat dropped to the floor uninjured. We measured the distance from the top of the case to the cage and found it to be ten feet; so that the cat made an ascent of six feet in eight, or upon an incline of nearly thirty-five degrees."

—The London *Times* sharply controverts the assertion made by Dr. Edward Smith to the British Association that fish is rather a relish than food, and contains little more nutriment than water. As opposed to this statement, the investigations of M. Payen are cited, who proves that the flesh of fish on the average does not contain more water than fresh beef, and has as much solid substance as the latter. For instance the flesh of salmon contains 75.70 per cent. of water, and 24.296 per cent. solid substances, while beef (muscle) contains 75.88 per cent. water, and 24.12 per cent. solid substances. The flesh of herring contains still less water than that of salmon, and even the fish are as rich in nitrogenous substances as the best wheaten flour, weight for weight.

INTEMPERATE BEES.—Much care is needed on the part of those who handle lavender, against being stung by bees which remain attached to the flowers. The temperance, industry, and providence of these insects are proverbial; yet their behavior in lavender-fields, especially towards the end of the season, when the flowers are fully developed, cannot be too severely reprobated. So careless are they of the good reputation they have earned, that they refuse to leave their luscious feast even when it is laid on the trimming bench; and hundreds are thrown into the still, notwithstanding the efforts to dislodge them, in a state of helpless intoxication.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Animals donated to Central Park during the month of September:—

One Marmoset—Mrs. V. E. Wetmore, Fordham, N. Y.
Ten painted Turtles—Richard E. Kunze, M.D., 606 Third avenue.
Two Horned Toads—E. P. De Mott, 29 W. 29th st.
Two Canada Geese, One Chinese Goose—Steinway & Son, 52d st. and 4th avenue.
One Pea Fowl—George Bing, Rochester, N. Y.
One small Alligator—Mrs. Hazard, 120 W. 45th st.
Two Green Herons—Master Ed. W. Davis, 236 E. 81st st.
One Blue and Yellow Macaw—David H. Florck, 244 W. 11th street.
One Vervet Monkey—C. E. Hunter, 400 Bowery.
One Mexican Squirrel—Master D. C. Wylie, 110 E. 39th st.
No animals have been purchased.

S. H. WALES, President.

—A will of the late Mrs. Ben. Holladay, of White Plains, dated in 1871, has just been presented for probate in the Surrogate's office, by S. L. M. Barlow. Surrogate Coffin has received notice that there is another will, and that there will be a contest. Mrs. Holladay's estate is immense. She owned 12,000 acres of land near White Plains. Twenty buffaloes, several antelopes, numerous wolves, elks, deer, and other zoological curiosities are among her personal effects.

The Kennel.

THE RETRIEVER.—There are two species—the water and the land retriever. The water retriever is, or ought to be, a cross between the smaller kind of Newfoundland dog—sometimes called the Labrador dog—and the setter. This dog is especially useful to the sportsman when shooting wild fowl, through creeks, bayons, &c., and saves him an infinite deal of trouble, and is by no means in the way. Many sportsmen imagine that this dog will scare wild fowl, but his actions teach us just the contrary, as his careful training, natural instinct, and color act as a decoy rather than otherwise. A good water retriever is, however, seldom to be met with, and should be taught when quite young. Nothing answers this purpose better than shooting divers or any young duck, then sending the retriever in the water, and, after he has got his bird, call him to you, take the bird gently out of his mouth, caress and pat him. In three or four lessons, if the water be not too cold, you will find there will be no necessity of even telling him to fetch, as instinct and his natural fondness for the water will be all that is necessary to make a thorough retriever of him. The great drawback, however, is that he must be kept in almost constant practice, and should be carefully broken from rats, which abound on the banks of rivers and lakes. The writer some time ago owned a famous retriever, and was shooting blaek duck on a lake in Ulster County. It was impossible to approach this sheet of water nearer than twelve yards, as the lake was surrounded by a waving morass. I had been shooting from early dawn with little success, when a large flock of blaek duck, headed by a drake, came up on the wind, and killing five out of the flock, they struck the water about thirty yards from the shore. The retriever, the instant he saw the ducks fall, jumped in, scrambled through the morass, and swam up to the birds, taking hold of the drake, and was bringing the bird ashore, when he found it was impossible for him to get through the morass with this heavy bird. The dog evidently became frightened, and began splashing and pawing to gain a foot-hold. The writer now became uneasy lest he should lose his dog, but the faithful brute never let go the drake. Running back some distance to a fence, he procured four poles, and pitching one as far as possible, by good fortune landed it just on the edge of the water; then laid another down lengthwise, and another and another, until he made a kind of plank road for the dog, who brought eventually the ducks one by one over this wooden causeway.

THE LAND RETRIEVER.—The best cross for this purpose is a setter, with a springer or cocker spaniel. If your setter has never been taught to retrieve, a more valuable dog than the land retriever it is hardly possible to possess, especially when shooting woodcock and English snipe in the fall of the year. A gentleman wrote to us asking: "How am I to teach my puppy to retrieve?" We answered him: "Have patience." The most successful manner to teach a young dog, especially when teething, is to lay hold of a handkerchief or towel, or a bunch of feathers tied to a cord, and drag it towards him. A slight resistance aggravates him, and makes him fond of possession, which he should be allowed to have for a few seconds; this makes him proud and pleased. He must be warned by a gentle pull at the cord that he is not master yet of it, and this renews his desire, which ultimately becomes confirmed. After a few lessons given with patience, you may take the retriever out in the field, but not after game, as he requires the same lessons in the field as he does in the house. When the retriever will bring anything to you in the shape of a bird, rabbit, &c., you can then allow him to go at large, keeping him always at the heel of the shooter, and only allow him to retrieve at the words "Seek, seek," if the birds are wounded, or "Fetch it," if dead. The retriever should always be made to bring the game to the foot, or even to the hand of the shooter, and not lay it down at a distance, as he sometimes lays it down on the wrong side of a fence. Never teach a land retriever to fetch stones or sticks; if he does, he will inevitably become hard-mouthed and irretrievably ruined.

Now that we are on the subject of retrieving, we might bring to notice the head of the race of retrievers; we refer to the large and handsome animal, the Newfoundland. The pure breed of this animal is very scarce, and is not of that gigantic size which it is generally supposed to be, but, when crossed with the mastiff, becomes a most formidable and ferocious animal when aroused. The stories of the faithfulness and attachment to mankind of this truly sagacious dog are known to every man, woman and child throughout the civilized world; but we will relate one anecdote that lately occurred to a gentleman at Newport, R. I. Being fond of reading, this gentleman took his accustomed book and sun umbrella to the sea shore. On one occasion he was so deeply buried in his book that he overstayed his time, and being called to his senses by a glance at his watch, hastily pocketed his book and made for home with his best speed. Just as he had arrived at the house he found that he had left his sun umbrella on the beach where he had been sitting, and as it was mounted very handsomely and a present from his son who is in China, he valued it extremely, and would have sent his dog for it had not the animal chosen to accompany a friend in a short walk. However, the dog soon arrived; his master explained his loss to the animal and begged him to find the lost umbrella. Just as he completed his instructions to the dog, dinner was announced, and he was obliged to take his seat at the table. Soon afterwards, a great uproar was heard in the hall; sounds of

pushing, and scuffling, and angry voices; presently the servants gave way, and in rushed the Newfoundland dog, bearing in his mouth the missing umbrella. He would not permit any hand but his master's to take it from his mouth, and it was his resistance to the attempts of the servants to take the umbrella from him that had led to the skirmish.

The Marquis de l'Aigle, at Francport, near Compiègne, had a large kennel of fox hounds, and in consequence of madness having showed itself among the hounds, he gave orders to destroy the whole pack. A veterinary surgeon was called in and administered strychnine to ninety. The pecuniary loss the marquis suffered was nearly 20,000 francs.

FIDO IN PARIS.—All over Europe the love of dogs among all sexes is remarkable, although they are made to work in Switzerland and some parts of Germany. Here in Paris it is quite common to see a mother dragging her almost infant child by the hand, weary and fretful, and carrying a dog in her arms, which she will occasionally stop to kiss, or dispose of so as to make it more comfortable. This trait is peculiar to no one class, but all seem to have a strong affection for the dog. To see a lady at her door or window without a lap dog is almost a novelty, whilst many of them carry in their arms or lead them by a ribbon in the streets. The corners are posted with hand-bills of hospitals for dogs, where the best medical attendance can be had, and dog medicines and dog soaps are placarded in all directions. On the boulevards, at night, the dealers in dogs are constantly perambulating with two or three pups in their arms, and ladies will stop and bargain for them on the public thoroughfare. They teach them all manner of tricks, and they are valued according to the education they have received and the intelligence they display. When they travel they take a nurse with them to attend to the wants and comforts of the dog, and these nurses can be seen in the public squares airing and exercising the dogs and leading them by ribbons. Some idea of the extent of this dog mania may be judged from the fact that the dog tax paid into the City Treasury last year was 420,000 francs, or nearly \$100,000. The men also have their dogs, but not to such a great extent as females. They are most beautiful little animals, as white as snow, and are kept scrupulously clean, more care being evidently bestowed on them in this respect than many of the children receive from their mothers.

TOWNSVILLE, Granville Co., N. C.

The challenge of Messrs. Suit, Marshall & Cross to the huntsmen of the United States, to run their fox-hounds against any pack in this country or England, has been noted by me. I will wager any amount, not exceeding \$100,000, that my fox-hounds are better hunters, and superior in speed, power, and endurance to theirs, and I am ready to run them any time between now and the first of January, 1874, at any place within one hundred miles of Washington City. Should a match be made I will deposit the money, or its equivalent, with the Merchants' and Planters' Bank, Richmond, Va.

R. G. SNEED.

—AN EPITAPH.—"Henry M****, born Dec. 16, 1805; died ——. He was a great turkey hunter, and a tolerably good fiddler. He desired the above to be placed on this slab. Peace be to his ashes."

The Magazines.

METHOD OF FEEDING AND AERATING THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—By means of pipes the salt water is drawn by pumps from the sea into reservoirs beneath the corridors, and thence raised to the several tanks, as may be required. To effect these important supplies, steam-power is employed; the engine being placed in the apartment not ordinarily shown to visitors. Steam-power is also employed to force fresh air into the tanks sufficient for maintaining the vital quality of the water. We therefore in walking along the front of the tank, observe streams of air-bubbles rising through the water, and disappearing on the surface. As the ocean needs no artificial aeration, one, at first sight, is at a loss to understand why the salt water should be so treated. The explanation involves a recollection of many natural phenomena. The ocean is wholesomely agitated by the winds; the wild tumultuous waves are so many incorporators of fresh air; so are showers of rain; and so likewise are the various currents which conflict and flow in different directions; the very storms which sometimes occasion the most appalling disasters, being wisely ordained to prevent stagnation and secure a store of air for the multifarious fishes which inhabit the deep. Certain tanks are filled with fresh water, suitable for fishes from lakes and rivers, and the aeration for them is similarly conducted. Much skill is shown in regulating the admission of light from above, according to the natural requirements of the animals. Care is also taken to add such constituents as may be demanded for food or shell-building, as for example, shells of oysters, crawfish, and lobsters. The sea being in most part charged with the seeds and germs of marine plants, a crop of them is certain to spring up. The growth of such plants in aquaria is managed by an adjustment of the light, for while a brilliant glare of sunshine would be destructive of certain forms of marine vegetation, too little light would be injuriously prolific, and impair the healthy existence of the animals. We mention all this, to show what a variety of considerations, some of them of a costly nature, have to be kept in view in maintaining a properly constituted public aquarium.—*Chambers' Journal.*

DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHTS.—Does a sportsman's full bag or basket ever feel heavy? For the sensation of the strap over the shoulder is, doubtless, very different from what it would have been if, instead of beautiful trout, one has a twelve pound cannon shot in the basket. Indeed, this notion of weight, though absolute and positive, as marked by the scales of material philosophers, has got a variable force and signification, when sentiment lends vigor to the muscles. For what sportsman, helping to carry home a fine buck, or what loving husband, taking a sick wife up stairs in his arms, or what young fellow, on whose back fortune had, for the moment, buckled a laughing lass of a hundred and forty pounds, to be carried over a slough, would feel the weight the same as if the burden were a bag of grain or a sack of salt?—*The Laurences.*

A MODERN TURKISH STORY.—Once, in Samarkand, there was a tailor, who stole ten yards of cloth from a customer, and in default of returning it, was condemned by the Jnagi to lose his right hand. Just as, in the saddest mood, he was placing his bared wrist on the executioner's block, there passed by a charitable person, who obtained his pardon. The tailor returned joyfully to his shop, swearing to sin no more. Next morning, as he sat at his work surrounded by some friends, the benefactor passed. "Ah," said he, "how does that right hand of yours get along? all right I hope? By the Prophet, you ought to be obliged to me." The tailor muttered a few words of thanks, but thought to himself how disagreeable it was on the part of the philanthropist to mention the facts bearing on his particular case, especially before so many witnesses. The next day the same thing occurred, and the day afterwards. At last it became such an annoyance that at last the unfortunate tailor, one day in desperation, baring his arm, with his other hand presented a knife to the philanthropic man, exclaiming, "Here, now for God's sake cut off my hand, for once, and have done with it. I would prefer that a thousand times, rather than to have you always talking of how you saved it." Moral: When you have performed a good action, cease talking about it.—*Translated from Tour du Monde.*

HOW CLUBS ARE STARTED IN ENGLAND.—A new club, as often as not, is originally evolved from the moral consciousness of a gentleman about town who has nothing to do—say a half-pay officer—half-pay officers without private fortunes are capable of anything. He finds a solicitor who knows somebody who has a site, or, it may be, a ready house built. An architect is probably required, and he is sure to turn up punctually. A wine merchant is certain not to be far off; and an upholsterer, you may sure is faithfully to the fore. All these people use their connection to get a nucleus of members; you may be sure that they all get something more than their professional emoluments, and the club commences its career with a cheerful debt; Entrance fees and subscriptions of course come in, but these are found insufficient for the purpose. Then there is a whip round; then a hundred or two of rather mixed members are taken in without entrance fee, then there is another whip; then more touting for additional members, and so the game goes on. Sometimes a club tides over its troubles and becomes safely established, but the majority of new speculations of the kind go to the wall after a year or two. There are a set of men going about—of sufficient ostensible position to bear description in a list of names—who belong, I really believe, to every new club that starts.—*All the Year Round.*

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

- OARSMAN.**—Nine boat clubs on the Harlem river, foot of 133d street.
- GLOAN.**—1. Whitehall county. 2. Clinton county. 3. Number ten bore.
- INFRA DIG.**—The best thing to harden the soles of your pointer's feet is to steep them occasionally in rock salt and water.
- GERMAN, Philadelphia.**—Have known a Brant to be killed at fully seventy yards with a muzzle loader.
- RAT.**—Sewing machine oil, very good for barrel, but we use the best watchmaker's oil for gun-locks, and never any thing else.
- R. A.**—We could recommend Hart, of Northport, L. I. He is a good trainer, and handles the dogs himself.
- AMAN, American Jockey Club.**—Fordham rides 8 st. 10 lbs., (122 lbs.) When he follows the hounds he will weigh up to 140 pounds.
- L. S.**—Taxidermists use tow for stuffing; bran would make your small specimen look puffy and unnatural.
- GOVERNOR, Morristown, N. J.**—Perhaps the difficulty with your gun is that it is too short in the stock for you. E. H. Madison, of Brooklyn, will lengthen it for you.
- QUART.**—Your shooting is good, but would not pass muster with the Association, because the minimum pull on the trigger must be six pounds.
- MRS. H.**—The cat-bird can be made quite a pet. We have known them to be tame, and to show a wonderful degree of sagacity. Audubon declares it to be a sweet singer.
- GEORGE, Brooklyn.**—The St. Louis United Eleven' lost only two matches during their extensive trip North. We think as cricketers they promise to be a very strong eleven. Ten of them are Englishmen.
- S. H.**—A male and female mink would be worth \$50. They may be caught in a box trap. They become quite tame. They are positively bred for profit in the United States and Canada.
- LAMBERT.**—Relations between length of wing and rapidity of flight in birds have been studied. Birds remarkable for rapid or long-sustained flight have large wings. There is a difference between sustained flight and rapidity of flight. Would like to hear more from you.
- G. A. M., Rochester.**—Commence teaching your dog in a room just as soon as he shows any sense or instinct. Regular work in the field may commence as early as seven months. Be patient, but let him know you are his master.
- LANTOR, Madison, Wisconsin.**—The London gunmaker you name we do not know. His guns do not come to this market. From the price, we do not think they would suit you. Second hands may be good; they are often quite serviceable. They are browned and burnished to so as to look like new guns.
- QUANDARY.**—Books vary as to the distance the sounds you want to know about travel. A musket on a still day may be heard three miles quite distinctly, but the human voice with the wind blowing may be heard as far. On the contrary, with a wind adverse and blowing only moderately, a musket cannot be heard above 800 yards. Atmospheric conditions govern.
- L. F., Flemington, N. J.**—Your favor has been overlooked. Hope you will excuse. At Porter's Lake, Pike county, Pennsylvania, there is some deer shooting, and fair bass and pickerel fishing—about the same as you describe in your letter. Tolerably well wooded. You should go earlier than July for trout, which are abundant in some parts of the Bushkill. Blaek squirrels abundant only in Michigan; grey squirrels in northern Pennsylvania. See previous numbers of this paper for localities, as well as for numerous hunting districts, within "a day's journey" of your town. No law restricting squirrel hunting. Culexifuge and ordinary preparations of little protection against flies and mosquitoes. Use tar and sweet oil—one part to four. There is nothing better cleaner.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,

Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, October 3.—Single Scull Race, Dendee Lake, Paterson, New Jersey.... Dexter Park Club, Chicago, Illinois.... Deerfoot Park, Parkville, L. I.... New York Yacht Squadron's fall Regatta.... Southern Pueblo Fair, Colorado.

SATURDAY, October 4.—New York Yacht Squadron's races.... Fall games Athletic Club, foot of 130th street, Harlem... Boat Clubs, foot of 134th street, Harlem.... Jerome Park races.

MONDAY, October 6.—Missouri Fair, St. Louis, Missouri.... Oregon Fair, Salem.... New York Yacht Squadron's match.

TUESDAY, October 7.—Eastern Duchess Association, Armenia, New York.... Pittsburg Driving Park, Penn.... St. Louis Fair Association, Missouri.... National Amateur Regatta, Philadelphia.... Watertown River Association, Watertown, New York.... New York Yacht Squadron's match.... North Carolina Central Fair, Henderson, N. C.... North Carolina Western Fair, Salisbury, N. C.... Eastern Tennessee Fair, Knoxville, Tenn.... Virginia and North Carolina Fair, Norfolk, Va.

WEDNESDAY, October 8.—Brooklyn Yacht Club regatta.... Yates County Fair, Dundee Union, N. Y.... Eastern Duchess Association, Armenia, N. Y.... Pittsburg Driving Park.... Jerome Park races.... Watertown River Association, Watertown, N. Y.

THURSDAY, October 9.—New York Yacht Squadron's races.... Chillicothe Horse Fair, Ohio.... Pittsburg Driving Park, Penn.... St. Louis State Fair, Missouri.... Watertown River Association, Watertown, New York.... Eastern Duchess Association, Armenia, N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

WE can make no more becoming use of our columns than to express through them our keenest appreciation of the encouragement and assurances of success which we daily receive by every mail, and especially of the valuable contributions that have been furnished for publication by many eminent sportsmen and naturalists, and by other gentlemen of high culture and position, who aver that they have never before written for papers that might be classified with sporting journals. This voluntary and earnest support is the best guaranty that the FOREST AND STREAM must presently attain that high standard of excellence and character which it aspires to, and which the respectability and critical judgment of the country demand. This paper is not simply an emanation from the office at which it is published, but it is in reality a compendium of information and thought contributed by the three score of intelligent writers whose services and sympathy it has already enlisted. There need be no apprehension, therefore, of its ultimate ability to secure recognition among the leading literary journals, and a permanent foothold in educated and respectable circles.

Whether it is to be a pecuniary success, is another and serious question. From the circumstances of the case, it must be apparent to all its readers that the class of people among whom it must necessarily circulate is comparatively

limited. Our mail subscribers, with few exceptions, are men of wealth and high social standing. What the character of its support from the news stands is, can only be inferred; but we feel that it is not from the masses.

Now, it is within the ability of the manager of this paper to "run" it indefinitely as a *pastime* upon his own private resources; but this is not generally the motive among journalists, and we submit to our numerous friends, that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that to depend upon mere approval as a reward of constant and wearing effort is not altogether encouraging. Good words make indifferent butter for parsnips. So those say who ought to know; and while we are grateful, as we have already said, for words of encouragement, we feel that we are not presumptuous in asking our friends for something more substantial. If each present subscriber will merely jog his neighbor's elbow, our circulation will double in a week; and if gentlemen who are in the habit of comfortably reading the *Club's* paper free of expense at their sumptuous dinners at the refectory, will think it worth while to remit the price of a subscription, we assure them that the bound volume at the end of the year will more than repay the investment as a work of reference.

We are aware that these remarks involve a tacit admission of weakness; yet this weakness is only relative, for our success thus far exceeds the most sanguine expectations and the ordinary experience of journalists. Our expenses are necessarily large at the outset, and our receipts are naturally curtailed by the existing monetary troubles. Nevertheless, we "mean business," and as an earnest of our intention and effort to make the FOREST AND STREAM worthy of the patronage it seeks, we herewith announce with pleasure that we have this week added Prof. Elliott Coues, M. D., of the Smithsonian Institute, to our corps of paid associates, with a proprietary interest in the concern, and that the effect of this valuable acquisition will soon be felt; and if we cannot make an acceptable paper with our present force, we will solicit still more distinguished and valuable aid.

We cannot too strongly express our thanks to the newspaper press throughout the country for their kind and disinterested notices of this journal, and feel happy to have merited such general and unqualified approval.

METAPHYSICS OF DEER HUNTING.

WHEN the financial panic was at its height last week, we visited a wealthy friend whose up-town mansion is palatial, his income from safe and judicious investments always ample and assured, and his bank account invariably showing a balance to his credit of many thousands—a gentleman who dabbles little in speculative risks; and whom cares of State and fluctuations of the market of late do not perplex; one of those rare exceptions among men, content with sufficient and not ambitious for more. Surely, his was a case not, within the range of human probability, to be affected by any financial crash or monetary crisis. And yet, so intricate and searching are the ramifications of disorder in times like these, when even the most provident and conservative find themselves suddenly cramped for means, that he was unable to command a dollar from ordinary or extraordinary resources. Said he: "I have a balance in bank of \$20,000, but all the cash I can raise is a paltry two hundred dollars. It is just enough to take me to the Adirondacks. I am getting my guns and traps together, and to-morrow I start for Paul Smith's, to bury myself in the woods and seek oblivion until the storm is over!" Happy the man who can thus drive dull care away at will, and turn aside the impending wave of trouble! The bank to which he has confided his trusts may break in his absence and swallow all his surplus; the business, hitherto lucrative, in which he is a silent partner, may suspend and cut off his monthly income; dividend paying stocks may depreciate until they are quoted at half their value; bonds and mortgages may cease to be negotiable; still, like the ostrich with his head in the bush he may roam the forest in blissful ignorance of his misfortunes, and follow his quest for game with a blithesome heart and bounding step! Who would not be an ardent sportsman? Such a man as this never allows business to interfere with his shooting. We wish the same were true of the herd of speculators who squeeze values, upset the market, and set the mercantile world at their wits end. Would that some good genius would inspire them to go off for "a day's shooting," and *stay*—until the panic subsides!

Ah! there is some soothing influence in this going apart to commune with nature in her solitudes, that makes us forget the struggles of life and our worldly troubles. It banishes all inordinate desires, simplifies our tastes, and makes us contented with mere food, raiment and shelter, which, after all, constitute the sole necessities of life. This free existence among the woods, with heaven's canopy over us, the crisp and fallen leaves beneath our feet, and the pure untainted air to breathe: it gives us elasticity of step and expands the lungs; it enlarges the generous impulses of man; it dignifies his own self respect; it makes him noble! In this quiet unconcerned existence, he finds himself moving in a new world populous with strange creatures, with whom in time he learns to hold familiar converse. The little denizens of the stumps and hollow logs become accustomed to his presence at last. When the first sound of his coming footfall was heard, they all hid away. The first warning twig that snapped admonished them to be wary and lie perdu. All was silent as the grave, except when a rustling leaf dropped down, or a walnut slipped from its opening shell aloft. But presently the head of a little gopher popped from under a dry leaf, then his body crept stealthily out, and

in a minute with a sharp squeak to show the coast was clear, he rustled away. Then a woodpecker peered cautiously from behind the trunk of a tree, and commenced to hammer, and from a neighboring limb a red squirrel sprung his sharp, shrill rattle. A garter snake glided noiselessly from under a stump and slid into a bog hole, from which an autumn frog already intoned his solemn staccato bass.

As we have said, one learns to comprehend the language of these little creatures, and understanding them thoroughly, wonders how any man can be so unkind and thoughtless as to blow out their little lives with powder and shot. Even the deer begin to understand him at last, and if he is harmless and uses no gun, will repose such confidence in his honor that they will actually bring the rising generation of agile fawns to drink from the very spring that supplies his camp. Then when both have become better acquainted by closer contact, the sportsman will learn to look into their lustrous eyes as lovingly as did Don Juan into Donna Julia's; and all his conscience will rise up against him in reproof for his cruel slaughter in bygone years. His resentment will follow the hunter who dares to lay violent hands upon these innocent creatures whom he has learned to regard as his companions.

If his larder becomes empty, he will have to select another locality where the deer are wild. It is only when they are *running*, that he can make up his mind to shoot. If bucks and does would only walk gently up to the magnanimous hunter when they see him stalking in the distance, they would never get shot. Even the tiger seldom springs upon a creature that is not in motion. This is nature. We are a creation of pursuers and pursued, but not insatiable for that reason, by any means. If one will not run, there can be no pursuit. It is only human beings like the Neros, Herods, and Caligulas that butcher in cold blood. These are the metaphysics of deer hunting. He who has studied the subject thoroughly, will find his thoughts yielding a responsive assent to their truthfulness.

Now is the time for enjoying the full fruition of the delights which a ramble in the forests affords. Whether it be in the eager pursuit of the chase, or in the simpler study of the gorgeous tints of autumn, in breathing the sharp, invigorating frosty air, or in seeking merely a temporary relaxation from business cares, the glorious month of October yields an appreciable reward which no other month affords.

THE PRIZES AT CREEDMOOR.

IN examining the very handsome prize list offered by the National Rifle Association, on the occasion of the coming contest in October at Creedmoor, we are pleased to notice, in one most important way, quite a divergence from the English precedent.

In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM we published an account of the various prizes—one hundred and twenty-five in all—of an aggregate value of \$8,298. The prizes consist of silver plate, cups, badges, medals of gold and silver and bronze, rifles, a Gatlin gun, life membership, &c., and to these are supplemented three money prizes of \$30, of \$25, and of \$20, making \$75 cash in all; an insignificant amount, when compared with the total value of the other prizes.

It is by exactly reducing the money prizes to a minimum that we think that the Rifle Association have shown their good judgment. It is their particular aim, and one in which the Rifle Association will doubtless be sustained by the American public, to give these national rifle matches the least possible appearance of a gambling contest. If men are not satisfied with that honorable distinction which a medal confers, and will only exercise their skill when sharpened by the amount of money they can make, then the true character of such contests, the proper rivalry which should exist, will be most materially damaged. The money question once introduced, must inevitably lower it in tone.

Neither the State, the military organizations, nor the press, which all now unite in welcoming this effort to make rifle shooting a national pastime, would countenance what, if carried to any extreme, would undoubtedly rather give Creedmoor the appearance of a race-course than of a rifle-range. It is most desirable that Creedmoor should never enter into the category of "a sporting place in the worst sense." If at Wimbledon contests have a certain amount of pounds, shillings and pence attached to them, it is no reason why in this country we should blindly follow a bad example. But that this is the universal practice in England is by no means the case; witness the Lord Elcho prize, and the cup given this month in Ireland to riflemen. There may be nothing objectionable in the fact of men making a handicap for some trifling sum among themselves. Should it, however, become an established custom for the Rifle Association to offer certain amounts of money, no matter how large or small they may be, as the leading prizes for American rifle shooting, we believe that this money taint would materially injure Creedmoor.

We learn that Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., Naturalist of the Northern Boundary Survey, has been very successful during the summer's operations in the field, having collected several thousand specimens, dry and alcoholic, in various departments of natural history. Some of the specimens are of great interest, representing rare and little known species, while others, it is believed, will prove entirely new to science. His observations, likewise, appear to have been minute and extended. Dr. Coues is at present at Long Coteau River, just north of the line, 270 miles west of Pembina. He will probably return in October.

PRUSSIAN HORSES.

QUESTIONS of cavalry remounts, considered entirely aside from their military bearing, are interesting, inasmuch as they show us any particular system adopted by a government or people in propagating useful breeds of horses. Though railroads, in a strategical point of view, may be supposed to have somewhat diminished the want for horses used for hauling stores for armies, nevertheless, in the late Prussian and French war, an enormous number of heavy draught horses were employed. Prussia's supremacy in the military art makes these questions of her cavalry remount quite worthy of examination. With a population proper of 21,971,000 inhabitants, she has at present about 2,313,817 horses. Of this quite large number, 381,000 are horses under three years old, and she has no less than 8,817 horses used alone for breeding. The Government has thirteen depots, which cost about \$300,000 to maintain, and horses of three and four years old are purchased by commissions of officers and veterinary surgeons, and sent to these depots. At the various depots they are generally kept for a year, and the horses cost, when laid down, about \$100. Before the horse reaches his regiment he is supposed to be worth \$65 or more. With respect to sex of horses, the sales of mares is by no means encouraged by the commission, so that the proportion of male animals is the greater in actual service. The price of horses during the last twenty-five years has more than doubled; in 1845 a good horse could have been bought for \$65 or \$70.

In 1870, a careful comparison was instituted between the value of the Prussian army remounts and the French horses, and the superior excellence of the German horse, for general work, was quite evident. Prussian horses which went through the fatigues of the campaign, returned in better condition than when they started, and the period of greatest utility proved to be between seven and fourteen years of age. The system of raising horses in Prussia seems, then, to develop the powers of the animal later, which may be due to lighter feeding, or a disinclination to force the horse when too young. The best, staunchest, and most lasting animal was a particular race—a cross between a singularly sturdy animal of Eastern Prussia and the true Arab. As to weight of load carried by the Prussian cavalry horse, it is about the same as in the English service; but there can be no doubt but that the endurance of the Prussian horse considerably exceeds, at present, that of the English steed.

BADEN-BADEN GONE TO THE DOGS.

IF the last breath of the suicide, if the wail of children left starving, if all the curses, deep and loud, which have been showered by fathers, mothers, husbands and wives, on Baden-Baden had been effective, long before today this Paradise of gambling would have been consumed like Belshazzar's palace.

But no *denouement*, taken from melodramatic sources, has burnt up the Kursaal, nor have the tables of *rouge* and *noir* sunk into the bowels of the earth. There has come on Baden a wasting away—a kind or moral dry rot. Gambling abolished, Baden is fast dwindling away into insignificance. From 70,000 people, allured by the magic wand of the croupier, drawn in by the *roulette* wheel, now but a sparse 15,000 have visited it. Flown away to more congenial climes, Dukes Benazet and Dupressoir still rope in (we know of no better word) pigeons at Monaco. Possibly next steamer will bring us notice of a feeble shooting match there, under the patronage of a sporting Duke or so, or of some circus-like steeple-chase.

The intrigue, the shame, the scandal, the flaunting vice, the immorality of sometimes almost two continents, will no longer be concentrated there. The Americans are essentially a moral people at home, but when abroad—well, the best thing we can do will be to say as little as we can on this subject.

Doubtless many of our fast men will miss the feverish charm Baden had, and sneer at the furtive attempts made at Saratoga in the same line of business. Who knows but that in a few years we may not, in our progressive age, make Saratoga just such a hell as Baden was. We are fearfully imitative, sometimes too much so for our own good.

All we can wish of Baden is, that in time it may settle down, under its august Duke, to be a quiet, wholesome village, as gay as most German brunnen generally are, only "*alea jacta sunt*," seems in this case to partake rather more of a prophesy, for here by the pitching of dice and by the turn of a card, has all the glory of Baden departed.

THE WASTE OF TIMBER.

A PARAGRAPH floating around states that the Indians upon the Leech Lake Reservation, in Minnesota, have become so enraged at the destruction of timber on their lands that they have taken the war path, and are burning the lumbermen's hay by way of reprisal.

Here is a lesson for the Hon. Joel T. Headley and those very few other gentlemen who deny that cutting away our forests will diminish our water supply, or work out climatic and organic changes that must prove detrimental. Even the untutored savage can appreciate the value of our forests to the extent that he not only implores that the "woodman spare that tree," but absolutely insists upon it in a way that is neither gentle nor kind. He realizes that the denudation of the earth is extermination to the red man, and that with the deep damnation of the taking off of its timber, food, fuel, shelter, navigable waters, and means of transportation all vanish.

Geology tells us that the mosses and ferns were the first vegetable products that grew upon the surface of the earth, and that, the pines and then the deciduous forest trees succeeded; and after them came animal life. By inversion, it is easy to determine that animal life must perish after the trees are destroyed.

It is the duty of man, by what he owes to his fellows, if not by the universal law of self-preservation, to prevent so sweeping a calamity. And man, when impelled to that sterner mood which horrible conviction brings, will not stop to "argify" the question with the Hon. J. T. Headley, *et al*, but, taking the ounce of prevention in his hands, make the advocates and defenders of timber-cutting "cut stick" in a fashion which will throw all the devices of the Minnesota redskins far in the shade.

PENETRATION OF RIFLE BALLS.

IN the sixth number of FOREST AND STREAM, in an article entitled "Killing a grizzly bear," we mentioned the fact that a number of balls from a sporting Remington rifle had not penetrated, and some of our readers manifested a surprise at the fact. Since writing the article we have seen the balls and have had the matter explained to us by a naturalist who was present at the killing of the bear, and by whose skill the remains of bruin now neatly dressed, will shortly be made presentable at the Smithsonian Museum. He has explained to us, that the ball happened to strike in a peculiar muscle, some four inches in thickness, which he informed us was of the density and elasticity of india-rubber, and assured us that according to his belief, for he is a thorough sportsman, that no balls from any rifle would have penetrated it. On examining the balls in question, we found them very little off shape, and presenting exactly the form which would occur when any projectile fired at a high velocity would meet with resistance from a dense and elastic substance. The gentleman also mentioned that where these balls struck might be considered as chance shots, as the grizzly could be, though not easily killed by a single ball, frequently touched in a vital spot by a ball from a Remington rifle.

In a prior number, when we treated the subject of explosive projectiles and penetration, we stated the many difficulties which surrounded this most interesting subject. In a late number of the *London Field*, we find an admirable article on this subject of penetration, from an able correspondent. Shooting Indian game, the writer says, "I have no hesitation in saying that in rifles I have seen (and many of them are by first-class English gunmakers) the penetration is insufficient. I am well aware that if I use a solid bullet with the Express rifle it will go through anything, and equally so that such penetration is not only undesirable but positively objectionable, as the probability of bagging an animal with such a bullet unless hit in a vital part is very remote indeed." In a case like this the shock on the animal might be immense, but no vital part may be touched, and though the animal is certain to perish, yet he may die miles away from the spot where the shot was received. This same authority when explaining the fact, which all buffalo hunters so well know, that no matter what may be the penetration of a ball through wood, when shooting at an animal, the penetration of the ball is comparatively slight in proportion, replies to it in this way. He is writing about hollow bullets:

"It has been asked why it is that a bullet will penetrate planks and bones, and yet breaks up before going very far into flesh. To explain what I believe is the reason of this difference, I must refer to an old experiment of firing a bullet with a large charge of powder into a tub of water, in which case it has been found that the bullet will not go through the bottom of the tub, whilst the same bullet with a smaller charge goes right through. The explanation is that the particles of water will not part quickly enough to allow the ball with the high velocity to go through them; whilst on the other hand, the ball with less velocity pushes as it were the particles aside, and goes through the bottom of the tub. Now in the case of an animal, the higher the velocity with which the bullet is traveling when it strikes the fleshy part, the quicker it expands, consequently the less it will penetrate; and if the velocity is very great and the walls of the bullet thin, it may fly to pieces when scarcely inside the skin. In case of a bone the velocity in which the ball is traveling is sufficient to break the bone, because the particles cannot move out of the way quickly enough. I believe that this will be found to be a correct solution of the different behavior of bullets when hitting flesh or intestines on the one hand, and bone on the other."

The English system of balls for rifle shooting when used for animals employs a solid and a hollow ball. The great difficulty seems to be to get at one and the same time a low trajectory with crushing power of projectile. This they are endeavoring to accomplish by means of lighter bullets, and of hardened compositions.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Jean Jacques Marie Cyprien Coste, born in Castries, France, in 1807, and who died in Paris last month. To Coste is due the distinguished merit of having elevated oology or embryogeny, from the condition of a vague and inaccurate study to that of a precise and absolute science. The art of pisciculture, so flourishing to-day in the United States, is indebted to Coste for not only its birth, but its development. Coste had not only the theory, which is inseparable with the man of science, but he was fortunate enough to combine with it the power of practical details which made his observations useful to man. Coste it was who first erected the basins in the College de France, the fish nursery of the world, and who stocked the lake and river of the Bois de Boulogne. From what was at first apparently but an experiment, Coste had the immense satisfaction of seeing his

efforts crowned with success, and soon his methods of pisciculture were repeated in many countries. Coste has added unknown wealth to the world. His fame will rest in his works on Comparative Embryogeny.

SCIENCE SLIPSHOD.

THE other day, Mr. Henry Lee, one of the most pleasant contributors to *Land and Water*, wrote the following plain announcement:—"One of the funniest little 'cusses' ever turned out of Nature's workshop, in the shape of a seal, made a bow to the public in the Brighton Aquarium a few days ago."

Now, that most excellent, staid, and trustworthy periodical called *Nature* seems to take serious exceptions to this rather playful way of alluding to the seal; and evidently regards it a flagrant case of *lese majesté*. It brusquely stands up in defence of the infant *Phoca vitulina*, and insists (funny though the seal may be) that he should not be made to "to do duty as the but for a pun and a slang quotation."

Well, why not in this case "cuss?" Are we to be restricted from all that is comical and amusing in Nature? Are we to look gravely at a monkey when he apes the man, and ponder gloomily over the wise look of a jackass? Must human nature restrain all its bubbling over, and freeze its running words into solid ice? Shall we write that Jones, our faithful correspondent, killed five brace of *Picus principallis*, and would have had an odd bird if it had not been for a rascally *Pandion Halietus*, who gobbled it up? What a sacrilegious verse that must be which we are forced to give in all its coarseness—

"Possum up a gum tree!"—

and how much finer and impressive it would have been if rendered, "The *Didelphys Virginiana* betook him to the *Liquidamber*."

The word "cuss," used by Mr. Lee, is an Americanism *pur sang*, and in duty bound we must take up the cudgels for it. Webster may ignore it, even Roget may lock it out of his Thesaurus; Grant White may cut it, but it is a sound and lively word. Bret Harte found it, and put this word "cuss" in such a charming setting in his "Luck of Roaring Camp" that "the darned little cuss" had in itself, when descriptive of the poor child of Cherokee Sal, a most wonderful charm. Perhaps Mr. Henry Lee had just been reading Mr. Harte's charming story, and for one in a million of English readers, must have been able to appreciate it. Applied to this little seal—fatherless, motherless, thrust into the Brighton Aquarium, where lives the horrid Octopus, there was a close resemblance of circumstances between him and the poor Luck who was "the darned little cuss" of the story.

But all jesting aside, there can be no possible harm in using the most familiar terms, if they are adaptable to the descriptiveness of animals. We cannot always employ the stiffer phraseology of learned books in treating of the habits or manners of natural objects. That a scientific nomenclature is of paramount necessity no one will deny. Before, however, we transport people into the higher, loftier range of knowledge, we must make science adapted to the grovelings. It may be pleasant to know that Agassiz has found gasterpoids, shindoderus, euryale, ophiuranus, heliasters, and holostomata in quantity, though not one reader in a thousand may know what they mean.

We assert that just such writers as Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Henry Lee have done more to popularize the study of natural history, and engender a taste for it among both young and old, than the works produced by perhaps much more staid and philosophic compilers. Both Buffon and Cuvier wrote in this popular vein, and Mr. Darwin's style abounds with examples of this familiar language. The temple of knowledge nowadays may be scaled not alone by those clad in sombre tunics, each fold classically draped, but even by those in their shirt sleeves. If it is rather a period of scientific "free and easy" the world will be all the better for it by and by.

ONLY A TOOTH.—We have before us an alligator's tooth, coming from Okefenokee Swamp, in Florida, which a friend who is a naturalist has presented so us. There it lies, a fearful fang-curved cimeter, sharp as a needle, and fully three inches long. Shall we write sweet verses about it, commencing:

"O crocodilus, dreaded lizard!"

or shall we speculate on the number of creatures this self-same crooked tooth has munched? The question with us is, "What shall we do with it?" We can make a whistle out of it to call our dog with, or even a charm to hang to our *breloque*. But stop! there is a fitness about all things. We know of a friend who has a little child, whose pearly teeth are just emerging from its gums. What better purpose can we put our 'gator's fang to than to clean, file and polish it, until it shines like ivory, and then give it to the child's mother? The little one can use it as a coral to bite on, and between the sweet innocence of the child and the brutal instincts of the hideous reptile the most striking contrasts will be made. If the Florida State authorities were not bankrupt, perhaps the method employed by the English Government at Malabar might thin out these creatures. The English offer a reward for crocodiles at so much a yard, two shillings being the price of such a measure of alligator. We are fearful, no matter how plethoric the Florida coffers might be, that in a very short time the general Floridian would become immensely rich, and the individual resources of every citizen of that State be beyond the reach of a panic.

News from Abroad.

PLUCKY is your Englishman. He may be a growler, terribly self opinionated, even a trifle of a bully, yet he has a grand reserve of good nature. He may enjoy very little of the peculiar American adaptiveness, but good, true, staunch and reliable is he. If he does brag and bluster, he almost invariably proves that words are not mere sounds, and quickly becomes master of the situation. Your Englishman now hunts the prairie with our own savages, or tracks the jungles with the Indians. Self reliant, and cool, to good judgment he adds the force of solid thews and muscles. If by sheer head work he makes the laws, by his strong arm he enforces them. He joins in all the sports of the world, and the aboriginal man of every clime, proclaims him as their victor.

The fact of the eagerness, the readiness with which Englishmen take to all athletic sports, struck us forcibly, when reading an article in our transatlantic contemporary. This is the story; A party of Englishmen are at Osaka in Japan, and witness a native wrestling match. Commodore Wilkes first gave us some idea of the immense size, weight, and strength of these native wrestlers. The ordinary Japanese are generally undersized; rarely taller than five feet seven inches; though they are squarely built, they are light weights. How long it has taken the Japanese to breed this special species of wrestlers, is not known, but there can be no doubt but the present race of huge creatures who compete in the Japanese P. R., is the result of selection. Sometimes these wrestlers weigh 300 pounds, and have more the appearance of animals than of men. Our Englishmen, on a holiday, saw two or three contests, when one of them, excited by the scene, even itching for a chance to show his prowess, modestly suggested that he would like to try a throw or so. The Japanese received the strangers' challenge with delight. The burly representative of an Oriental race, with his bronzed skin, is pitted against lithe, agile pale, Anglo Saxon. The one is as a mountain, the other as the wild ash which grows on its side. They interlock, they twist, they breathe together. It is the struggle of a boa and a viper. At last over goes the Japanese, and the knack, endurance, and spirit of the Englishman, (in this case it was a Scotchman) wins the day. One no less pleasant feature of the contest, was the good feeling, and evident sympathy the Japanese had for the new comer. Their desire for fair play, in this particular instance, would be worthy of imitation in more civilized communities. Take ten thousand Americans, and find for us a single one, who would have the moral courage to engage in such a contest, or the physical strength necessary to accomplish it?

—Preparatory to the grand outburst of fox-hunting, when from late October until March, covers will be drawn, and the best riders in the world, mounted on the noblest of horses, will scour the country, just now huntsmen and whippers-in are working the hounds on cub-foxes. With infinite skill and patience the dogs are trained. The head huntsman, an artist in his way now, selects, gleans and culls his peck. Their education has received its finishing touch. Dogs may have shown great speed, may have outrun the pack, but it may be a true case of "ambition overleaping itself." Stern are the decrees of fate, custom and the chase. Fox hounds must run evenly; it would never do to have two or three dogs in at the death of the fox and all the rest of the pack trailing after the leaders. There must be a certain uniformity about the pack, and they must all work smoothly together. Learned are our English brethren in dog-ology. They appreciate the noble animal, and pay for him a round price at times. Witness the sale of a pack of otter hounds, (their owner was killed by a rock falling on him in the midst of his sport,) twenty-four otter hounds bringing the goodly sum, of £475.

—The bad weather—constant rainfall—has so far interfered materially with partridge shooting. It seems too that the birds are not entirely free from the same accidents which rendered grouse shooting impossible. Hope is sometimes an admirable stimulant for a sportsman to have in quantity, so our English friends, in despair of grouse, not very certain about even partridges—are falling back on the idea that black-cock later will give them an opportunity of using up their accumulated stock of cartridges. The scarcity of all kinds of game is apparent from the price it brings in the London markets. Young grouse are fetching 12s. per brace, and are scarce, and partridges are worth six shillings. While examining the food supply of England, at this season of the year, game usually taking off the edge of John Bulls appetite, some facts in regard to more solid beef and mutton will doubtless be of interest. In 1872 the total supply of meat was 1,211,209 tons, or about 84 pounds of meat per head. The home supply was 1,006,231 tons, and was made up by the slaughter of 1,750,000 cattle, 10,640,000 sheep, and 4,846,000 pigs, worth the handsome amount of £73,573,015, of foreign imported meat 142,574 tons were used. What capacious stomachs, and splendid digestion English men women and children must have.

VENICE, ITALY, Sept. 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Sir: In your first issue of FOREST AND STREAM, (whose richly flowing current has borne full eastward, as above) "Carrier Pigeons" formed a topic, recalling the scene, where, —on the piazza of St. Mark, Venice—those little grey-robed messengers may still be found, fearlessly coming and going amongst the people. A time honored institution are they, tended and revered, embodying the tradition, that in those days when Venice was the seat and centre of the commer-

cial world—her history bearing (as it has been said) "all the thrill and interest of a romance"—in the thirteenth century, Admiral Dandolo, while besieging Candia, received important intelligence from the Island by means of these birds, which he afterwards despatched to Venice with the news of his eventual success. Nesting now in the richly decorated niches of the gorgeous Byzantine cathedral of S. Marks—which all radiant in its gilding and mosaic, presents its imposing facade on the piazza, surmounted by the noble horses in gilt bronze, brought from the Hippodrome at Constantinople,—the descendants of this old lineage multiply, and conscious, as it would seem, of this their Magna Charta, fly down in flocks, startling the new comer as the air becomes suddenly darkened around him, and they drop, impeding his footsteps, while in their gracefully nodding movements as they walk, they peck about the grains of corn which it is their prescriptive right and title to receive, distributed by the Forestieri, into whose hands the little street urchins press the food for a small coin in return.

I have the honor to be yours very truly,
E. H. P.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

COAST FISH. Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Spanish Mackerel, Weakfish, Squetaug (Trout) thus.)
LAKES. Black Bass, (Miopterus nig and archid.) (two species.) Pickerel, (Esox reticulatus.) Pike perch, (Lucioperca Americana.)
BAYS AND ESTUARIES. Striped Bass, Rockfish. (Labrax lineatus.)

A friend, who has just returned from the Jacquet river, New Brunswick, speaks of the stage of water as having been extremely low all through the season. Once, after the river was raised a little by a heavy rain, he struck a number of fine salmon, the largest of which weighed twenty-five pounds. One singular incident occurred while he was in camp near the principal pool. It was twilight, and his canoe had been anchored for the night near the shore, when he was suddenly startled by a commotion and a thrashing close at hand, and on investigating the cause, he discovered that a large salmon had leaped from the water into the canoe, and was making desperate efforts to get back again into its native element. Once it so nearly succeeded, that its body poised upon the gunwale, but fortunately for the angler, it flapped back again into the canoe, and so was captured. It weighed ten pounds.

Here is the latest news from the Umbagog region. Our informant, who left about September 20th, reports the streams very low, and the trout hard to find. Twenty anglers at the Middle Dam averaged, between them, only three or four fish per day, the largest weighing seven pounds. One weighing three and a-half pounds was taken in Sturtevant's pond by a gentleman from Boston.

Walter Brackett, Esq., the celebrated artist, of Boston, was at Upton with his wife.

The fishing in Jamaica Bay has been very good the past week or so, large quantities of bass, weakfish, and kingfish having been taken, as well as a few sheepshead—these latter by experts. The outside fishing is good for bluefish. A great number have been taken, chiefly with bait, running from ten to sixteen pounds.

On September 22d, one gentleman took sixty-seven, some of which weighed sixteen pounds.

Off Far Rockaway, Mr. J. H. Batty took five bluefish that weighed seventeen pounds each by scale test, and fares of 100 to 150 fish per boat are not unusual. Those who can avail themselves of this magnificent last run of the season, ought to do so. Go to Bath, Canarsie, Penny Bridge, Brooklyn or Jersey City, and hire your yachts.

The largest run of fish occurs in October, as a rule, and the fishing will undoubtedly continue good until the first frost, which will cut the season short. Bluefish always disappear with the first cold snap.

All through Long Island Sound great sport has been enjoyed for three weeks past, at the estuaries and mouths of rivers, in catching the small bluefish or "snappers" with a rod and float. These fish seldom exceed a quarter of a pound in weight, but are so gamey that even veteran anglers hugely enjoy the sport of catching them. They run in "schools" or "shoals," and bite voraciously.

Although the season for fishing is almost at an end, it may be well to print a few additional notes of localities for future reference, for we find, from constant inquiries addressed to this office, that there is a dearth of information among anglers, which we had supposed did not exist. Where, in the name of patience, we ask, have these eager inquirers been in the habit of wetting their lines, outside of the circumscribed limits of their own immediate neighborhood?

In Jefferson county, New York, which, in fact, lies upon the outskirts of the Adirondack region, there are the usual varieties of maskalonge, black bass, pike, pickerel, and salmon trout, and the fishing grounds are most easily reached from Theresa and other points on the Utica and Black River Railroad. Notable among these is the Indian river and adjoining lakes. Comfortable accommodation is afforded for small parties at the summer houses on the lakes. Trolling is almost the only mode of fishing in vogue, and W. D. Chapman, of Theresa, the patentee and manufacturer of various kinds of spinning tackle, does a large business in supplying the fish with "spoon victuals." Angling has been fair the past season, and the fares have been divided between some four score of practitioners. Among

the remarkable weights taken are one maskalonge weighing forty pounds, a black bass of four pounds, a pike of eighteen pounds, and a salmon-trout of twenty-five pounds.

In Stanley's Creek, Smyth county, Virginia, there is good trout fishing easily accessible from Marion, which is a station on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. Black bass are also found, though not abundant, and have been taken weighing six pounds, although the average is perhaps two pounds. By-the-way, we find a uniformity in the size of bass, wherever taken, that is not observed in many other species of fresh water fish. The trout in this section average a half pound apiece, and seldom attain a weight of two pounds. The number is said to have increased of late. Attention has recently been directed to fish culture in this section, and a breeding pond has been established near Marion, at which place there is also an angling club, of which Dr. H. Stevens is president, Jacob Wagner, vice-president, and Dr. E. Haller, secretary.

Within a radius of one hundred miles from East Saginaw, Michigan, there is splendid trout and grayling fishing, the fish in certain localities ranging from one-half to four pounds in weight. Four pounds is an unusual weight for grayling. The largest we ever saw was a little above three pounds. The grayling is a comparatively new addition to the angler's list of game fish, and is thus described in "Hall's Fishing Tourist," the only work on angling that gives a description of the grayling of America:

"It varies in size from eight to fourteen inches in length and much resembles the sisco. The back is of a dark, gray color, and its sides are covered with fine, whitish, silvery scales, running in well defined lateral lines, and dotted with shining, diminutive black spots a half inch or so apart—especially about the shoulders. It has a very large, square dorsal fin. Its second dorsal is adipose. At three years old it weighs a half pound, and adds a quarter of a pound per annum to its weight, until it attains a weight of three or four pounds. It is in season from May to October. It thrives best in rivers flowing with gentle current, whose beds are composed wholly or in part of sandy gravel or loam. It feeds on minnows, but takes the fly or artificial grasshopper with avidity. In Michigan, it is caught in the Muskegon river, which is as far south as they are caught in any stream that empties into Lake Michigan; in the Manistee, and all the streams to the northward as far up as Mackinaw; in Jordan river, a stream connecting two lakes and emptying into Traverse Bay; in the Au Sable and Au Gros rivers, on the eastern shore of the State; and in the river Hersey, a tributary of the Muskegon. The latter is the most accessible of any of the streams—eleven hours from Detroit, by the Flint and Marquette Railroad, with a good hotel a quarter of a mile from the depot, kept by A. D. Wood, who is himself a thorough sportsman, and well posted. One mile from the hotel fishing begins, and extends along a mile and a half of cleared bank, which gives the angler a fair cast. It is a beautiful stream of clear, spring water, about twenty rods wide. There are no other fish in it but suckers. The Au Sable is the next most accessible stream, and is reached from Bay City by the Mackinaw Railroad.

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

The best time for fishing is said to be just after the spring freshets, but we notice that June is the month preferred by Michigan anglers. September fishing is also fine. The flesh of the grayling is of a rich, cream color, and most delicious in flavor, whether it be fried, boiled or baked.

We have the following welcome letter from a friend, who speaks highly of the fishing in northern Alabama:

CORTLANDT, ALA., September 20th.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

As for fish, we have some of the finest that swim. Our game fish are the trout, so-called—in reality a congener of the northern bass, and almost identically the same fish—the land-locked salmon, the pike, and the speckled perch—a fine fish, often weighing several pounds. Our "trout" often weigh from ten to fifteen pounds, though the average is under ten pounds. These fish are usually taken with the minnow for bait, though in Swan and Beaver Lakes, near Decatur, they are taken successfully with the fly, and by "bobbing." Swan and Beaver Lakes are the places most visited by anglers from a distance, being as good as any, and are only one-mile from Decatur, where strangers can always find good hotel accommodations. Besides, these lakes are free to all, there being no restrictions to bar any from fishing in them. Next to these the Mussell Shoals afford the best fishing. Indeed, to the enthusiastic angler, I do not know if the Shoals do not afford the best sport. The Shoals are fished not only with hook and line, but also with what in common parlance is called a "jig," a three-pronged harpoon, fastened to a long wooden handle. Armed with this weapon, and one end of his canoe filled with blazing pine faggots, the sportsman quietly paddles his way at night through the shallows and shoaly places, until he catches sight of some finny denizen of the water, which he soon transfixes with a dexterous cast of his "jig." If a large and strong fish, there follows a long struggle to land him, and oftentimes the canoe is emptied of all its occupants into the river before victory rewards the fisherman's skill. As Cuffee is nearly always an indispensable assistant in these midnight ventures, no little amusement is afforded on such occasions. The glare of the torch-light, the gleam of African ivory every now and then, when some lucky stroke of good fortune has safely landed a ten pounder in the bottom of the canoe, or the loud guffaws amid the splash and rush of water when "all hands" have been emptied into the stream in a tussle with some larger fish than usual, lend to the occasion enough of incident and grotesque variety to give a zest often denied the angler who has only the reel and his rod to aid him in his sport.

D. B. H.

We frequently receive letters from the Western States, asserting that fly-fishing for black bass is not practiced in that section, trolling being the only mode of taking them. One correspondent, an expert angler, states that he never heard of the fly being used, and did not know that the bass would take a fly. It seems singular to us that gentlemen living in the very midst of the best black bass regions of

the country should be so generally ignorant of this most satisfactory and attractive method of capturing this splendid fish. We would advise them to make the experiment at once, before the season closes, and thereby experience one of the most exhilarating delights of the angle. Use a large gaudy fly. A mixture of scarlet and white is usually the most killing. By-the-way, we remember well the first black bass we ever saw caught. It was in Big Lake, a few miles from St. Anthony, in Minnesota. The fisherman had a huge watling, fresh cut, a heavy line, and half a frog for bait. He waded out through the lily-pads until he could throw clear of them, and then brought down his frog with a splash that made the spray fly. Nevertheless he hooked a large fish almost immediately, and then, with a jerk, threw him over his head up on the bank high and dry, with such force that he was effectually stunned and stiffened forever.

—Here is a suggestion from a correspondent, which is worthy of consideration. We are not aware that any effort has been made in this country or Canada to stock rivers with the sea trout:—

Much attention has been paid of late to the enterprise of stocking our rivers and lakes with new species of fish, and of restocking them with those which have become exhausted, but I do not remember that the sea trout (*salmo canadensis*) has been included in the number. I see no reason, however, why all our rivers, from Eastport to New York, should not be supplied with this delicious fish, at least all those which are suitable for salmon. The same conditions are required—pure, rapid, well serated water. Like the true salmon, the *salmo canadensis* lives in the ocean, seeking the head waters of rivers in the summer for spawning grounds. On its way up, like the salmon, it rests in the pools, and there takes the fly. Besides this, it frequents the river mouths in June in great schools, affording the finest sport to the fly fisher. In game qualities it is equal to the brook trout, which it surpasses in size, and, as I think, in flavor. The average size of the sea trout is about the same as that of the black bass, that is, from one to two pounds, and specimens of both species sometimes reach the weight of six pounds; but as food the trout is infinitely superior. In fact, it comes next in rank to the salmon as a table fish.

S. C. CLARKE.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Malchis</i> .)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer</i> .)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis</i> .)	Red Deer, <i>Caracus Virginianus</i> .)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey,)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .)	Quail, <i>Oxya Virginiana</i> .)
Woodcock, <i>Scelopax rusticola</i> .)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido</i> .)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus</i> .)	Curlew, <i>Numenius Arquata</i> .)
Esquimaux Curlew, <i>Numenius borealis</i> .)	Sandpipers, <i>Tringinae</i> .)
Plover, <i>Charadrius</i> .)	Willetts,
Godwit, <i>Limosinae</i> .)	Reed or Rice Birds, <i>Dolichonyx orizivon</i> .
Rails, <i>Rallus Virginianus</i> .)	

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—The glorious month of October, with its equable temperature, its bracing air, and its absence from annoying insects and noxious reptiles; with its gorgeous autumnal hues, its dreamy atmospheric effects, and the maturing of all things organic to their fullest perfection, belongs especially to the sportsman. It is his heritage. It has been dedicated, appropriated, devoted and set apart to the children of Nimrod; and everything that is beautiful and enchanting in nature invites them to go up and possess the land. The weather is not too cold for camping out; the crisp air has dried and spread out over the earth its covering of leaves, which makes a luxurious couch for even such tenderlings as the "Babes in the Woods." The thin smoke from the camp fires rolls upward in spires of intense blue; the forests are open and captivating to the eye by their subdued, though brilliant garniture; the sun is golden, though not intense; and the very birds and animals one meets seem magnetized by some potent agency to tarry in these realms of *dolce far niente* until the blustering winds compel them to scurry away to the South, or bestow themselves to closer cover in their native woods. In this wonderful month all the furred and feathered tribes are in full condition for the bag and table, and clad in the most splendid attire, inviting admiration by their beauty, and tantalizing the palate by their rich juices and luscious flavors. A casual glance at the game list, which we print at the head of this column, will indicate how lavishly nature has provided for man, where man's civilization has not utterly destroyed and rejected these gifts.

October is, all things considered, the best month for "calling" wild turkeys, although some sportsmen prefer the spring. Now, as all the devices which man employs to allure and ensnare the victims he pursues are but imitations of what nature has given her creatures for specific purposes, it becomes us to inquire and understand the character of these peculiarities and learn why they are bestowed; and by our investigations to determine the periods when game is in season. For instance, the call of the turkey may be either the warning note of the mother to her collective brood, as in the autumn, or the invitation and response of the wooing, as in the spring. At the latter season, all birds are full grown, and the yearlings are in their prime. In October the flocks have not yet scattered; the young turkeys, though large and strong of wing, are not fully grown, and the family circle remains unbroken. In both cases, it is apparent, the birds are noble and legitimate game. A turkey-call is easily imitated by using the hollow bone of the leg or wing of the same, or even by the hollow of the two hands placed together; but these devices can only be learned by careful attention and practice. The early morning is the best time of day for calling, as indeed it is for all manner of hunting.

There are various modes of capturing the wild turkey, which we shall allude to from time to time, giving by-and-by much attention to the turkey hunting of Florida, which is in perfection during the winter months. Will not some of our friends out West send some account of wild turkey hunting for the delectation and information of such of our Eastern friends as have never seen the sheen of a 24-pound gobbler's glittering bronze?

Around Winchester, Va., accessible from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, turkeys are abundant; so also in Laclede county, Missouri, ten miles from railroad; and in northern Michigan, which, by the way, is a section which our Eastern sportsmen seem to know nothing about; and yet it is a primitive wilderness which even the lumbermen have not thoroughly traversed.

—Wild fowl of various kinds, especially woodcock and blue-winged teal, are in our market in considerable quantities. October woodcock are in their prime—this year's birds full grown and fat, the cover somewhat thinned of leaves, and the heat of the sun not overpowering as in July and August.

—John Penwarden and a companion, while hunting grouse near Bear Swamp, in Wayne county, Pa., north of Milford, were attacked by a large panther which came out of the swamp. They wounded it, and were obliged to flee for their lives. The animal followed them a long distance. This is the first panther that has been known to infest the woods of that section for many years.

—They have had amusement on the Tobique river, New Brunswick, hunting a Rocky Mountain elk, which escaped from Barnum's menagerie a few days ago. It was several hours before he was discovered, and then it required a force of twenty men to return him to his old quarters. The brute weighed 1,100 pounds. In securing him a Dr. Driscow received severe injuries.

—A large moose, sporting an immense pair of antlers, was run into last week, near Methot's Mills, by a Grand Trunk Railway train, and so severely injured that he was shortly afterwards captured. The day previous three moose were seen in the neighborhood.

—The "Colorado Sportman's Club" has been inaugurated at Denver for the sole purpose of importing quail into the Territory for breeding purposes, a most laudable movement. The following gentlemen are its present officers: C. Gove, President; James Thompson, Secretary; Hyatt Hussey, Treasurer.

—The range of the quail on this continent is greater than that of any other game bird.

—For exploits in the field and valuable local information, we can refer our readers with much satisfaction to our voluminous correspondence, printed elsewhere.

—In Connecticut the National Guard are taking up rifle shooting in good earnest, and have ranges at Meriden and West Haven. It will not be long when ranges will be established in the proximity of every large city in the Union.

TORONTO, September 19th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I beg leave to inform you that the city of Toronto can boast of three distinct shooting clubs. The first is "The Toronto Gun Club," exclusively for the shooting with breech-loading guns, the officers of which are:—James Ross, M. D., President; Dr. J. W. Elliott, Vice President; Alexander McGregor, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer.

The second club is the "Junior Gun Club," the officers of which are:—W. H. Coen, President; John James, Vice President; J. W. Deacon, Secretary and Treasurer.

The third is a split or a branch from the Toronto Gun Club, being formed by some dissatisfied members of the first-named club. The following are the officers:—Dr. J. W. Elliott, President; B. Moore, Esq., Vice President; Alfred W. Smith, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer. It will be called the "Carleton Gun Club."

The annual match of the Toronto Gun Club comes off on Wednesday, October 1st, the result of which I will try and send to you. T. G. C.

—Preparations for the coming contest on October 8th are evident at Creedmoor. A new target—1,000 yards distance—has been erected, the storehouse has been moved some 600 yards, so that there is no necessity now for passers to get in the line of fire. The want of water is being looked after, and a well is now being dug. When all the plans of the pains-taking committee are effected there will be fully twenty targets, and in some cases sunken pits for markers will be substituted for raised butts. Raised butts are always more or less objectionable, as, no matter what precautions are taken, lead will spatter at times, and accidents will occur. Quite lately a marker lost some teeth by a fragment of lead from a bullet describing some eccentric course and striking him. One objection to raised butts by riflemen is, that in certain conditions of the atmosphere, and when the sun is at a particular elevation, the targets become as if covered with a shade. Some preparations are also being made for the entertainment of visitors at the Range. We cannot recommend too much caution on the part of members, teams, or detachments. Danger signals should be carefully watched, and marksmen should be particularly warned *never to fire until the last shot is marked*. The violation of this simple rule may result in the death of the marker. Without being desirous of being over suggestive, it might be wise if the committee would have some movable signs made, to be stuck up in any part of the field where men are practising, with the single instruction last mentioned inscribed on them in large letters. An ounce of caution is worth a pound of cure. The entries for the various matches to commence on Wednesday, October 8th, are quite numerous, and we believe the competition for the Judd and Sportsman's prizes will be quite an interesting one. Every one entering for any of the matches must be provided with a ticket, which will be exchanged for a registered ticket on the ground. If practicable, the exact time when the several matches will take place will be published by the FOREST AND STREAM. The third regular

match for the "Turf, Field and Farm" Badge took place on Saturday, the 27th ult. The badge had been won twice by Captain Bodine, and once by Captain Wingate. There were forty-seven entries, and Mr. J. T. B. Collins, with a score of sixteen, carried off the badge. The shooting was not up to the general average. We give some of the leading scores. Distance, 200 yards; five shots; any kind of rifle; trigger to draw not under six pounds:—

Name.	Arm.	Total Score.
J. T. B. Collins.....	Remington Sporting.....	16
A. Anderson.....	Winchester.....	16
Captain Wingate.....	Ballard Sporting.....	15
N. Engel.....	Remington Military.....	15
E. H. Madison.....	Remington Sporting.....	15
George W. Wright.....	Ballard.....	15
General Meserole.....	Maynard.....	15
A. S. Fowle.....	Sharpe.....	15
Thomas Lloyd.....	Ballard Sporting.....	14
Lieutenant Colonel Gildersleeve.....	Remington Sporting.....	14
Leon Backer.....	Remington Military.....	14
Colonel Carr.....	Remington Sporting.....	14
L. C. Bruce.....	Ballard Sporting.....	13
Richard Hickman.....	Springfield.....	13
General Thomas S. Dakin.....	Remington Military.....	13
J. E. McEwen.....	Ballard Sporting.....	13
George Crouch.....	Ballard Sporting.....	13
W. H. Clarke.....	Remington Sporting.....	13
J. P. M. Richards.....	Sharpe Sporting.....	13
S. J. Kelly, Jr.....	Maynard Sporting.....	13
Henry Fulton.....	Maynard Sporting.....	13
Alexander Pyle.....	Remington Sporting.....	13
A. Alford.....	Remington Sporting.....	13
W. G. Yale.....	Sharpe Sporting.....	12
J. M. Allen.....	Remington Military.....	12
J. S. Price.....	Remington Military.....	11
D. Cameron.....	Remington Sporting.....	11
Alexander Robertson.....	Remington Sporting.....	10
William Robertson.....	Remington Sporting.....	10
T. D. Mather.....	Remington Military.....	10
F. S. Gardiner.....	Remington Military.....	10
J. B. Fish.....	Allen Sporting.....	10

—On Monday last, September 29th, a squad of men attached to the Ninth Regiment tried their skill, shooting at 200 and 500 yards, and made very fair shooting. Some trials were made at 1,000 yards, and quite good scores were made.

—The first annual shooting match of the Denver Schutzenverein came off last Sunday, September 28th, winding up in the evening with a *bal champetre*. Between fifty and sixty prizes were awarded. Mr. Borchardt is the Schutzen master and Mr. Jochamus the secretary of the Association.

CLEARING CHOKED GUN NIPPLES.—The following plan for clearing a choked-up gun nipple is familiar to duck hunters on the Chesapeake, where we have frequently seen it used with success. We copy it from *Land and Water*, where it seems to be novel to English readers. In fact, there is something so paradoxical about it that it may be new to some of our readers:—

"In these days of breech-loading, perhaps very few people possess nipples to get choked up, but those who do, and especially those who may go after large game in foreign countries, may find the following plan for cleaning one useful. After pouring as much powder as possible down the cavity, and finding after trial that the gun still refuses to go off, cut a little stick or twig—a match will do if you have one—and, paring it to the right size with your knife, fit it into the nipple, forcing it down on the top of the fresh powder as far as it will go. Cut it off level with the top, put on the cap, and see if it will not make the gun go off. I never found it fail. The first time I had it done to my own gun was when I was in despair at losing two magnificent chances at elephant, close shots, at both of which my gun had missed fire. My idea was that my companion was finally locking up the nipple for good and all, but I let him do as he liked, as there was no other remedy nearer than a nipple wrench in camp, then about fifteen miles off. I was agreeably surprised when the gun did go off, and have repeated the operation, when necessary, with the same success ever since.

Athletic Pastimes.

CRICKET.—The match between the St. George's of New York and the Merion club of Philadelphia, we regret to say, did not come off. The St. George's were fully prepared; the difficulty was that the Philadelphians could not through some unforeseen accident bring together their eleven. If the match had been played it would have been undoubtedly a well contested one. A match between the St. George's and the Germantowns of Philadelphia is on the tapis.

—The ninth game of base ball of the championship series between the Bostons and Mutuals took place at Boston, Mass., on September 27th. Bostons scoring fifteen to the Mutuals four.

—To day the Mutuals play the Athletics, and on Saturday the Mutuals will play the Philadelphians, the games to be played on the Union grounds.

—The fall games of the Athletic club take place on Saturday, October 4th. The grounds are at the foot of 130th street, Harlem. Pleasant and exciting contests will doubtless give zest to amateur athletic pastimes in the country.

—The Princeton college nine defeated the Irvingtons on September 27th.

—The Prospect Park Club of Brooklyn, keep vigorously working away every Saturday, at their pleasant ground, in Prospect Park. To-morrow, Friday, there will be a histrionic contest between the actors of the various Brooklyn theatres.

—A local paper states that "five members of the Waterbury (Conn.) base-ball club of nine have died of consumption."

—In Galloway large crags are met with having ancient writings on them. One on the farm of Knockleby has cut deep on the upper side, "Lift me up and I'll tell you more." A number of people gathered to this crag, and succeeded in lifting it up in hopes of being well repaid; but, instead of finding any gold, they found written on it, "Lay me down as I was before."

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARL'ST'N.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Oct. 2.....	7 55	4 42	3 55
Oct. 3.....	9 00	5 45	5 00
Oct. 4.....	9 56	6 42	5 56
Oct. 5.....	10 47	7 31	6 47
Oct. 6.....	11 30	8 11	7 30
Oct. 7.....	ev. 13	8 59	8 13
Oct. 8.....	1 00	9 45	9 00

—The race between the well known yachts William T. Lee and the Brooklyn, both of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, came off on September 29th. The course was from twenty-fourth street south Brooklyn, to and around buoy 8½ south west spit, and return, about twenty-two miles. The match was sailed under the rules and regulations of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. The Brooklyn received a time allowance of 17½ seconds. Both yachts got off well together, and had a large number of hands on board. On reaching the Narrows the wind increased, dashing the spray, and often burying the yachts, under their heavy spread of canvas. The Lee was first to reach the south-west spit. Both yachts were now sailing before the wind for home, the Lee ahead, which she maintained, and came home the winner, beating the Brooklyn, by 6 minutes 18½ seconds.

—The Cat boat race came off at Newport, R. I., on September 29th. The course was from a stakeboat at Fort Wallcott to and around the Lightship and return. The wind blew fresh from the southeast, but the little boats got under weigh and started. The race was almost too exacting, as several of the boats came to grief, however the majority behaved splendidly. The E. O. Matthews won the first class prize. The George and Anna the second class. The Dauntless (called after the celebrated yacht) the third class.

—At the meeting of the Brooklyn Yacht Club last week, it was arranged to have a sailing excursion and clam bake on October 8th. Members were notified of an increase of dues from \$10 to \$20.

—Mr. J. F. Lombard, owner of the yacht Enchantress, has challenged Mr. Stockwell, owner of the yacht Dreadnaught, to race across the Atlantic for a wager.

—Mr. J. F. Lombard claims the Cape May Challenge Cup, and in writing to the Secretary of the N. Y. Y. C., says: "I intend to sail over the Cape May Challenge Cup course on Tuesday, the 14th of October next, starting from the Sandy Hook Lightship at 11 M., and to claim the Challenge Cup, unless I am beaten."

—The New Jersey Yacht Club will hold their fall regatta on Thursday, October 9th. The prize will be the Commodore's pennant, and the yachts are to be divided into three classes. First class—Alpha, Julie, Exertion, Twinkle, Emma, Jane Rover, and Jennie. Second class—Pastime, Flora Temple, Jessie, Dexter, Ripple, Dido, and Volant. Third class—Dilks, Sophia, Neptune, Julia, Dreadnaught, Arcola, and Tempest. As so many yachts have entered, it is probable that the races will be very exciting and interesting.

—The yacht Germania, Columbia Yacht Club, had an exciting race last week with the yacht John F. Gage. The course was from the Columbia's club house to and around Fort Lafayette and return. The Germania was very prettily beaten.

—The Kingston regatta took place on September 26th, at Kingston, Ontario, Dominion of Canada. The start was from St. Lawrence wharf. The Ira took the lead, followed by the Coral; Lady Stanley was slow in getting off, but soon gained the lead and maintained it throughout the race. The Ira took the prize, however, owing to time allowance. For the second race eight boats started. The Sunbury, of Belleville, won easily.

ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB.—This club has of late shown decided signs of "business," most gratifying to all interested in aquatic sports. During the recent visit of the Earl of Dufferin, Governor General of Canada, it took the lead in extending courtesies to his Excellency, the yacht club reception having been the finest entertainment given. In the way of yachting it has done much to awaken a love of the sport among the inhabitants of Halifax, and all summer long the boats of the squadron might be seen traversing Bedford Basin, or stretching down the harbor. It has held three regattas this year—one on the 21st of June, when the challenge cup for first and second class yachts were sailed for, the Petrel, sloop, carrying off the former, and the Kate, sloop, the latter; one on the 1st of August, when the prize consisted of the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup, a magnificent piece of plate of the value of \$500, carried off, on this occasion, by the sloop Petrel; and one on the 19th September, when the three crack yachts of the squadron competed for the "Sambro Cup," value, \$100.

This last match, the finest, longest and best contested on record in the club, was originated for the purpose of trying the merits of yachts and crews in a long distance race. Up to this time the course has always been a harbor one of about twelve nautical miles in a straight line, and it was not thought that the yachts could successfully undertake a race to sea.

—Here is a piece of good advice from the *Telegram*:—"A word to land-lubbers who sail boats. Rarely an accident happens when a boat is well managed. Of late, a class of boats have been built which require great care in handling them—small sloops with one sail of immense proportions. Amateur boat sailors who sail small boats should observe a few simple rules. Never make your sheets fast, as you can hold them easily by taking a half turn round the cleets.

When the wind is "puffy" be very watchful, and "luff" in season, and never "jibe" when it is blowing fresh. If you want to come about, bring your boat's head to the wind. Don't carry sail too long, reef in season. Never carry intoxicating liquors in your boats. With a fresh northwest wind blowing, a man who undertakes to sail a modern built sail boat needs all his faculties clear and unimpaired."

—The fall regatta of the Harlem River Rowing Club took place on September 25th. Mr. James Watson, the referee, started the first race at 3:35 P. M. It was a single-scutt shell race for the championship of the club—distance two miles. The course was from the powder ship to High Bridge. The entries were W. S. Devoe and T. R. Keator. As Devoe did not put in an appearance, the race was a row over for Keator. Time, 15 minutes and 30 seconds.

The second race was pair-oared shells, distance one mile. The entries were R. B. Dodson and F. S. Osborn, white colors; J. W. Arthur and Ed. B. Pinckney, scarlet colors. The race was from McComb's Dam bridge down to the powder ship. The tide was running ebb, and the wind was blowing up and across the river, which roughened the water considerably. Owing to the wild steering of the Whites, the Reds continued to increase their lead, and came in the winners by five lengths. Time, 6 min. 45 sec.

The third race excited a deal of interest. It was a single-scutt shell race (handicap) for a medal presented by Mr. A. C. Saportas. Distance one mile. The race this time was up the river, from the powder ship to McComb's Dam bridge. The entries were: H. M. Knapp, white; A. G. Scranton, natural; W. S. Devoe, scarlet; J. W. Arthur, purple; R. D. Dodson, magenta; Ed. B. Pinckney, blue; C. W. Turner, natural. Of these Scranton and Devoe did not start. Dodson was allowed five seconds start and Turner ten seconds. Dodson was next to the New York shore, with Knapp, Arthur, Pinckney, and Turner outside of him in the order named. At the half mile, and within three lengths of the bridge, Dodson still led, when Knapp put on a brilliant spurt, which was loudly applauded by the spectators, passing Dodson and came in the winner. Time, 7 min. 32½ sec.

The last race was for four-oared shells, distance two miles. The following is a list of the crews:—H. M. Knapp, bow; A. G. Scranton, F. S. Osborn, T. R. Keator, stroke. Head colors, scarlet. Ed. B. Pinckney, bow; J. W. Arthur, J. Symington, Jr., I. C. Halsted, stroke. Head colors, white. Owing to the bad steering of the whites, although we cannot complain of their thorough gameness, the scarlets won the race easily by six or seven lengths. Time, 12 min. 42½ sec.

—By invitation of President Lewis of the Columbia Boat Club, whose headquarters are foot of Court street, Brooklyn, we attended the second annual regatta of the club, which consisted of a six-oared gig race between the light and heavy weights of the club. The time made by the (blue) light weights, from break-water to Bay Ridge dock, distance three miles, seventeen minutes and twenty-eight seconds; the (white) or heavy weights seventeen minutes and forty-five seconds; the blues winning by eleven seconds. The utmost good cheer made the occasion very pleasant. On the return trip of the steamer they received at Bay Ridge a party of ladies and gentlemen, whose company added a new life to the occasion. On arriving at the pier both crews came on board and the winning crew was gracefully presented with a handsome blue silk flag, with gold monogram C. B. C. in the center, in a few appropriate words by a sister of one of the winners. The flag was courteously received by Mr. J. D. Purse, stroke oar of the Columbia. After a few pleasant remarks by Mr. James Foster, all repaired to the Columbia's boat house, where a repast was partaken of by the united crews of the Alcyone, Nereid, Columbia, and invited guests. The FOREST AND STREAM returns thanks for pleasant courtesies.

—The Ridgefield Rowing Club of New Jersey, held their second annual regatta on September 27th, on the Hackensack River at Little Ferry. The course was from the bridge at Little Ferry down the river, to a stake boat and return. Distance two miles. The United States revenue cutter Dana was occupied by the judges and a few invited guests. The first race was between George L. Wilson and George Law, in single scull shells, for the Champion's Badge of the Club and President's Cup, and was won by Wilson. Time—17 minutes. The second race, with four-oared gigs, for a silk flag, open to all amateur clubs, was contested by the Atlantic Club of Hoboken and the Ridgefield, and was won by the former. Time—15 minutes 15 seconds. The third race was between single scull boats open to members of visiting clubs for a handsome gold badge. The race was won by C. Myer of the Nassau Club. Time—15 minutes 26 seconds. The last race was between junior members of the Ridgefield Club, single scull shells. The first prize was a handsome gold badge, and the second, a silver shield and sculls with the inscription, "Ridgefield R. C. Regatta, September 27, 1873." Law won in 15 minutes and 32 seconds.

—The Nereid Boat Club of Brooklyn held an eight-oared barge race on September 27th, a large number of the friends of the club attending. The course was from the boat house, foot of Court street, to a stake boat, one mile straight away and return. The Galateas obtained the lead at the start and maintained it throughout the race, beating the Nereids by over fifteen lengths.

—The Princeton University Boat Club entries for the four oared race—A. Burt, W. M. Smith, J. M. Taylor, David Paton.

—James Ten Eyck has challenged William Scharff to row at Peekskill on the Hudson, for \$500 a side. W. Scharff has accepted the challenge, and an early date will be selected for the race.

—The Logan four-oared crew of St. John, N. B. have challenged the Ross Foley crew of Halifax to row at either place for \$200 or \$400 a side.

—The following are the entries for the National Amateur Regatta, to be rowed at Philadelphia on October 7:—

FOUR-OARED RACE FOR CHALLENGE PLATE AND FOUR GOLD PRESENTATION MEDALS.

Nassau Boat Club, New York City—Frank G. Brown, John Walker, A. W. Montgomery, Oliver T. Johnson, Charles Myers, Lindsey Watson, Friendship Boat Club, New York City—William H. Hughes, Thomas Allen, Michael Robinson, W. T. Hurley, J. McCahill.

Analostan Boat Club, Washington, D. C.—H. M. Gurley, A. L. Prescott, Thomas H. Upperman, Charles A. Brown, Richard H. Morgan, M. Bailey, Richard J. Clarke.

Billy Scarff Rowing Club, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania—James Mulrey, C. A. Barr, Frank Cubbert, Charles Ludwig, W. R. Hackert.

Crescent Boat Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—C. E. Steel, H. E. Witmer, A. Spering, William C. Rehn, T. B. Harper, William Barnhurst, W. A. Steel.

Quaker City Barge Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—J. D. McBeath, J. Fowler, F. Eyre, S. Gormley, J. E. Reyburn, S. Stinson, J. D. Ferguson.

Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—James B. Mingus, Harry B. Moore, Frank B. Evans, Harry McMillan, W. W. Maris, Alonzo Parsons, Robert W. Skinner, Charles Howard.

Argonauta Rowing Association, Bergen Point, New Jersey—Ed Smith, Walter Man, B. Stephenson, F. C. Eldred, E. R. Craft, E. T. Bramhall, M. A. Phillips.

Princeton University Boat Club.—This Club omitted to send the names of the crew with the entry. They will be published as soon as received.

PAIR-OARED AND DOUBLE-SCULL RACE FOR CHALLENGE CUP AND TWO GOLD PRESENTATION MEDALS.

Vestry Boat Club, Philadelphia—J. Bonsall Taylor, William H. Addicks.

Crescent Boat Club, Philadelphia—Clarence E. Steel, H. F. Wilmer, W. G. Thomas, John Lavens.

Friendship Boat Club, New York City—W. H. Hughes, W. T. Hurley, Thomas Allen, J. L. McCahill.

New York Athletic Club, New York City—P. A. Curtis, C. H. Cone. Columbia Boat Club, Allegheny City, Pennsylvania—Robert Brown, Edward Means.

Argonauta Rowing Association, Bergen Point, New Jersey—Two crews—Walter Man, B. Stephenson, E. R. Craft, Fred C. Eldred, Ed Smith.

SINGLE-SCULL RACE FOR THE "WILKES" CHALLENGE CUP AND GOLD PRESENTATION MEDAL.

Riverside Rowing Club, Rochester, New York—Theron E. Parsons.

Atalanta Boat Club, New York City—three entries—Dr. Russel Withers, Edward Blake, Henry B. LeRoy.

Friendship Boat Club, New York City—W. H. Hughes, J. L. McCahill.

Nassau Boat Club, New York City—Charles Myers.

Billy Scarff Rowing Club, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania—James Mulrey.

Analostan Boat Club, Washington, D. C.—Richard J. Clarke.

Pennsylvania Boat Club, Philadelphia—John Lavens, Jr.

Bachelors' Barge Club, Philadelphia—Frank S. Pleasanton.

Undine Boat Club, Baltimore, Maryland—J. H. C. Watts.

Union Springs Amateur Boat Club, Union Springs, New York—Charles H. Courtney.

Argonauta Rowing Association, Bergen Point, New Jersey—Walter Man, Ed Smith.

—The Brown and Biglin scull race came off in Halifax harbor September 24th. The course was five miles. The first mile was made in 6¼ minutes, both being close to one another. The homestretch was made in grand style, Brown passing the judges' boat several lengths ahead. Everybody feels satisfied that it was a fair race, to which opinion Biglin and his friends subscribe.

—Mr. Thomas Brassey, M. P. for Hastings, has just passed the examination of the Local Marine Board of the Port of London, and obtained his certificate of proficiency as a master in the mercantile marine.

The Horse and the Course.

The races at Prospect Fair Ground Association terminated September 27th, with a good day's sport. The attendance was very large, and the weather charming. The first race was for a purse of \$1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:45. There were fourteen entries; eleven of them came to the post. Hopeful won the three last heats and race, having lost the first two heats purposely, for his driver, Jarvis, deliberately pulled the horse, which was apparent to all, as when Charles Green was substituted, the grey gelding made six and seven seconds better time. This disgraceful proceeding was visited by the judges with the strongest disapprobation, and the horse's owner, L. C. Chase, was ruled off the course forever, and consequently off all the courses belonging to the National Association. The last race was for a purse of \$3,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:20; best three in five, in harness; mile heats. J. J. Bowen's black g. Camors won the three last heats and race. Time, 2:23½, 2:22½, 2:24½.

—The Nashville Blood Horse Association began their fall meeting on September 29th. The first race was for the Young America stakes for two-year olds; mile dash. Vaulress won in 1:54½. The second race was for the hotel stakes for three-year olds; mile heats. Madeira won two heats. Time, 1:51½, 1:53½. The third race was a mile and a quarter dash. The race was won by Stamford. Time, 2:20½.

—The American Jockey Club begin their fall meeting on Saturday next, on their beautifully appointed grounds at Jerome Park, near Fordham. The following is the list of gentlemen who own large stables and have many entries: A. Belmont, M. H. Sanford, W. R. Babcock, A. B. Lewis & Co., The Valley Brook Stable, Frank Morris, Dr. Weldon, D. McDaniel & Co., Messrs. Hunter and Travers, D. D. Withers, H. P. McGrath, M. A. Littell, D. J. Bannatyne, Joe Donahoe, P. Lorrillard. The first race is a dash of three-quarters of a mile. The second race will be the great event of the day—the Jerome stakes. The famous three-year olds, Count D'Orsay, Katie Pease, Tom

Bowling, and Springbok will meet again. Distance two miles. The third race is the Nursery stakes, a dash of a mile for two-year olds. The fourth race is the Manhattan Handicap for all ages, a mile and a quarter. The fifth race is a selling race for a purse of \$500—a dash of a mile and three-quarters. On the same day a match between Mr. L. Lorrillard's four-year old filly Girl of the Period, and Mr. Peet's four-year old filly Ophelia; half-mile heats. In the Nursery stakes, Mr. Belmont has wagered that Steel Eyes will beat Mr. Morris' filly Regardless, one or other to be placed.

POINT BREEZE PARK, PHILADELPHIA, September 25th.—The first race was for a purse of \$500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. There were three entries, all of whom came to the post. W. H. Dobb's Snowball won the three last heats. Time, 2:33½, 2:34, 2:35.

The second race was for a purse of \$2,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Goldsmith Maid and Judge Fullerton entered. After an exciting race between these well-known horses, Goldsmith Maid won. Time, 2:22, 2:22½, 2:23½.

—The Prospect Park races were attended on September 25th by a large number of people. The track was in excellent condition. Five horses started for the first race, which was for a purse of \$1,250. Morrel won in 2:28½. The driver of Morrel was enthusiastically cheered for his splendid driving. The second trot was for 2:29 horses, and for a purse of \$1,750. Five horses started. Bruno won the race in three straight heats. Time, 2:28, 2:25, 2:26.

—The owner of Judge Fullerton has issued a challenge to the world, stating that he will trot his horse against any horse, mare or gelding in the world, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, over Fleetwood Park Course, for ten thousand dollars a side, half forfeit. Race to be trotted between the 10th and 20th days of October.

—Chas Reticker, who has just accomplished the feat of riding fifty miles in two and a half hours, offers to ride fifty miles in a shorter time than any two men—one to ride twenty-five miles and the other the same distance. He proposes also to accomplish one hundred miles in a shorter time than any three men—one to ride thirty-three miles, the second thirty-three, and the third thirty-four miles—all parties to use horses which have no record; the matches to be ridden over the Greenland Racing Course, near Louisville.

—A veterinary surgeon of Philadelphia says that tight reining is a common cause of the disease known as "roaring" in the horse, by mechanically obstructing free perspiration, especially affecting horses driven in pairs or in double harness. In the heavy draught or team horse, he says, the practice is cruel, and the surgeon has been trying for years to induce drivers and owners of horses to discontinue the use of the check rein.

ENDURANCE OF HORSES.—Some curious and interesting experiments were made some years ago at Alfort, the French veterinary school, to ascertain the endurance of horses. It appears that a horse will live on water alone twenty-five days; seventeen days without eating and drinking; only five days if fed and unwatered; ten days if fed and insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days drank one hundred and four pounds of water in three minutes. A horse taken immediately after feeding, and kept in active motion, completely digested his feed in three hours. When kept perfectly quiet in his stable, digestion had just commenced in three hours.

The Police Commissioners of Jersey City have recently purchased horses for the mounted service. The one which Officer Glenn of the Third Precinct rides is ravenously fond of tobacco, which he chews like an old veteran. When shown a paper of tobacco, he manifests as much anxiety to obtain it as a hungry horse does to obtain his feed of oats. Unlike an ordinary tobacco chewer, he does not expectorate promiscuously, and when he has extracted the strength of the weed he quietly swallows the quid.

—The will of the Rev. Abijah P. Cummings, editor of the New York *Observer*, was before Surrogate Coffin in White Plains. There was a stir in the court-room when the inventory of his estate was read. The reverend gentleman had speculated in worthless stocks. Among them were 100 shares in the United States Leather Manufacturing Company, 320 shares Valley Coal Company of Wilkesbarre, 500 shares Mamakating Mining Company, 300 shares Broadtop Coal and Iron Company, 100 shares Knickerbocker Anthracite Coal Company, 76 American Eyelet Company, 500 New York Mohanea Mining and Discovery Company, 300 shares Atlantic and Great Western Petroleum Company, and other worthless paper. There was a deposit of \$27,000 in the Union Trust Company.

—Mr. J. M. Bailey, the *Danbury News* man, advises his sporting friends to read the *FOREST AND STREAM*. "Then," he says, when they array themselves against the blood-thirsty pumpkin seed and the ferocious robin, the agricultural community will not have to adjourn to their wells."

—Last Monday the Athletics secured a victory over their city rivals, the Philadelphia White Stockings, by a score of 7 to 6, after seven previous unsuccessful attempts.

—In the contest between the Nassau and Concord Baseball Clubs, at Prospect Park, on Saturday, the former won by a score of 18 to 7.

—Up to September 30th the number of legal games played in the championship arena, the Brooklyn *Eagle* says, was 134, of which the

Athletics	won 21 and lost 18.
Atlantics	won 12 and lost 29.
Baltimore	won 23 and lost 15.
Boston	won 28 and lost 11.
Mutual	won 17 and lost 23.
Philadelphia	won 30 and lost 12.
Washington	won 3 and lost 26.

There are no less than five first-class matches on for to-day, October 2d.

Military News.

SINCE January, 1872, the United States Army has lost two major-generals, namely, Major-General Halleck, who died January 9th, 1872, and Major-General George G. Meade, who died November 6th, 1872.

—Brig-General Silas Casey, U. S. A., retired, the author of "Casey's Tactics," for so many years in use in the army, is a hale old resident of Brooklyn, New York. The author of the present tactics of the army, General Emory Upton, Lieutenant Colonel of the First Artillery, is Commandant of the Cadets at the Military Academy, and instructor of artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics at that post. It is he who first teaches the new military idea how to shoot, and who drives into the noddles of the young plebes that "right forward, fours right" does not mean "right forward, fours left," &c.

—Brevet Brigadier-General H. L. Abbot and Brevet Col. Thomas L. Casey, of the U. S. Engineers, are in France, looking after the interests of their own peculiar service, and noting how much better we do some things at home, and how much inferior we are in others. At one time we imagined France and other nations could teach us considerable, but a few years of war in our own country developed more of the sciences and arts of war than perhaps ever before heard of. France, now that she has lost so much of a bombastic confidence in her own strength, will profit largely by the lesson. The talent is not dead, and the people have the will. Germany is to-day undoubtedly the strongest and most progressive warlike nation of the world.

—Second Lieutenant M. Frank Gallagher, of the Second Infantry, who in May last, brutally shot and killed a discharged soldier, at Spartanburg, S. C., and who afterwards was tried on the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman," has suffered the mild punishment of being cashiered the service, which sentence has been approved by the War Department. This, probably, is about all the army could do in the matter, and the civil authorities will now be compelled to take up the case, and see that the murderer is properly punished. It is perhaps well here to state, *en passant*, that the treatment of the enlisted men of the army is not always such as to secure the necessary respect desired. Officers are too frequently overbearing and tyrannical towards their men, who often obey only through fear, instead of performing their duty with the pride of a soldier. A man, because he enlists, is not necessarily a slave, nor does the Government expect him to perform menial labor or any other duty but what is naturally expected of a soldier. Therefore, when an officer compels a man through fear of punishment to execute a task which in any way demeans the uniform he wears as a United States soldier, this man soon loses all respect for the army and its government, and at the first chance deserts. The army contains, it is true, many hard characters among its enlisted men, but officers will find that an appeal to a man's self-respect goes a great way in the majority of instances; and in the end will secure far better discipline than the tyrannical process so much in vogue in both services.

—Many of the engineer corps stationed at Willet's Point, N. Y., earn considerable money for their services as markers at the National Association Range at Creedmoor, L. I. A certain number of reliable men are daily granted passes, and those who stroll to the range a few miles distant generally make it pay. The Association price of markers per day, is two dollars. Recently, however, the men have charged three dollars per day to all outside organizations requiring their services, and there is scarcely a day but that a dozen markers are employed, and very frequently more than this number. In ordinary marking for parties practicing for a few hours, the men get two dollars. The duties of a marker are very simple and by no means laborious and with ordinary care no wise dangerous. Now and then, however, one is slightly exposed by the splutter of lead on the targets; which is sometimes the fault of the firing party, and then again the sheer carelessness of the markers themselves in not giving sufficient time for the danger signal (red flag) to attract attention at the firing point before leaving their post. Some of these markers are veterans, and in times past have become so used to the buzzing of bullets they have become careless and don't seem to mind them, "worth a cent." There is nothing, you know, like being used to these matters. We understand it is the intention of the Rifle Association to employ regular troops altogether on the occasion of its regular prize meeting, commencing October 8th, for markers, scores, &c. They will require about fifty men for three or four days, and propose to pay two dollars a day for their services.

—Major Gen. McDowell was at the reception given to Wilkie Collins at the Lotos Club rooms, New York city, September 27th.

—Brevet Major Maubken, the dashing adjutant of the Eighth Cavalry, so long stationed in New York city, is now wasting his chances for his country's good at the post of New Mexico.

—Many years since, or in the good old times when the chapeaux, the stocks, ruffles, knee breeches, &c., were worn as portions of the full dress of our officers, a small party of officers attached to a harbor post in New York, started in full uniform in a Government yawl across the East river to attend an evening reception to which they had been invited in the metropolis. The officer in command of this post, and who was one of the party invited, was a soldier of the old school, one having the most peculiar notions of the dignity of his position and the nicety of his dress.

Just as the boat reached midway of the stream, a sailing vessel under full headway was discovered bearing for the boat, and the chances were that they would surely be run down. The commanding officer in the stern of the yawl sung out for the men to "give way with a will," which they did, but only just in time to pass under the bows of the vessel. In passing, however, the commandant, thinking the boat was lost, eagerly reached up and caught the bowsprit chain of the vessel, and as he did so, the yawl passed from under him, and left him dangling on the bow of the vessel, his elegant knee breeches submerged in the briny waters. His position as he hung—high but not dry—was extremely ludicrous, and after being rescued rather put a damper on the anticipated enjoyments of the reception, as well as for years being the joke of his fellow officers.

—Captain Richard Comba, Seventh Infantry, recently sentenced to be cashiered for neglect of duty etc., by recommendation of the Court and the reviewing officers, General Terry, on account of previous good character, had his sentence commuted by the President to suspension from rank and command for the period of six months and the forfeiture of all pay during that period with the exception of \$50 per month. Fortunately in this case previous good character saves an officer from utter disgrace.

—Major David Faggert, Paymaster, U. S. A. resigned September 11th.

—Camp Haulpai, Arizona Territory, has been discontinued.

—Companies H. and K. First Cavalry have left Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, for Camp Harney, Oregon; Company B Fifteenth Infantry, Fort Craig, New Mexico, for Tabrosa, New Mexico; Company B, Twenty-third Infantry, Camp Date Creek for Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory, and Company K. Twenty-fourth Infantry, Fort Duncan, for Ringgold, Barracks, Texas.

—Captain J. J. Van Horn of the Eighth Infantry has been granted a five months' leave, to take effect on the return of the Yellowstone expedition.

—Colonel W. H. Wood, of the Eleventh Infantry, commanding at Fort Richardson, Texas, reports that on the morning of the 13th inst., three citizens were attacked by Indians, at Little Salt Creek, a branch of Kechi Creek, and two of them, Mr. Howell H. Walker, aged fifty years, and his son Henry, aged thirteen years, were killed. The other, Mr. Mortimer Shreeves, made his escape and reached Fort Richardson at five P. M., having been compelled to travel some twenty miles in a circuitous route to avoid the Indians, although the distance in a direct line is about nine miles. Captain Thomas Little, of the Tenth Cavalry, with all the available officers and men of his company (L), was at once ordered out in pursuit, with instructions to investigate this affair, and ascertain the names of the persons killed, and send their bodies to the fort, as it was understood they were residents of Jacksboro, and should the trail of the Indians be found, make a vigorous and determined effort to overtake and punish them, sparing neither men nor horses to accomplish that object. The bodies of Walker and his son were found horribly mutilated. The Indians took away the old man's gun, cartridges, and shoes and the boy's hat. Captain Little found the trail at daybreak on the 14th, and started at once in pursuit. Mr. Shreeves says he counted twenty-seven Indians as they were approaching to make the attack.

—A correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, writing of the Lake George region, says:—

"The mountains about this portion of the lake are infested by rattlesnakes, whose dens are the crevices in the rocks where they can remain during the winter below the reach of frost. During the summer they are out and around on the hills, but upon the approach of cold nights they return to their habitations, and are to be found about this season of the year near their homes. Frequently they are seen swimming across the water, and a good old gentleman, a deacon, I am told, on Lake Champlain, saw a number thus swimming, and getting into a boat, rowed out and killed no less than twenty-nine, the largest number ever killed by any one in this locality at one time. I know the story does not sound fishy, but rather snaky; still I had it from a man who was personally acquainted with the deacon, I forget his name, and have since seen the statement in print in one of the locals. Just beyond Sabbath Day Point lives a man named Davis, a celebrated rattlesnake catcher, whose reputation has reached every place for miles around, and who is rightly esteemed the second of the natural curiosities about the Lake. Davis is one of the old settlers, and knows every den and the number of snakes inhabiting it in the vicinity. He catches the snakes by putting a notched stick over them just below their heads, which renders them powerless, and then he extracts their fangs. He catches the snakes whenever anybody wants them, but generally has a quantity on hand in a box at his house. He furnishes them, dead or alive, as may be desired, for the small sum of a dollar apiece. Those who want to try their hand at bringing up these pets, and mothers who want rattles for their children, had better invest. Davis sometimes goes out to catch snakes in his bare feet, and has been bitten several times, but he counteracts the effects of the poison by eating what is known as 'rattlesnake weed,' and applying it externally. This is a sure cure, and while perhaps less to the liking of some than the 'whiskey cure,' is nevertheless more certain; its effect is very similar to that of tobacco upon the system, and the leaves have by no means a pleasant taste. There are some people, however, in our worthy metropolis who are so saturated with alcohol all the time that they could with impunity expose themselves to the fangs of the rattlesnake, and should they be bitten the only result probably would be the death of the snake.

—In what tone does a ghost speak? In a tombs-tone.

Art and Drama.

ON Monday night the Grand Opera opened at the Academy of Music with "La Traviata;" Mme. Nilsson as "Violetta." This lady is indebted as much to her personal popularity as to her professional abilities for her hold upon the hearts of the fashionable and music-loving world of this city. We mention this fact to strengthen our previously made assertions, that the Grand Opera is still, as an institution, an exotic, and no effort in any direction can be left untried which will force up the subscriptions to meet the enormous outlay attending these performances. The occasion was somewhat damped by the fact that it served as a background for the announced appearance on the Wednesday following of Signor Campanini, who comes before us with all the "marvelous freshness," so much praised by the London press, and which press has very little influence in musical matters over our public.

The regular season of the Union Square Theatre opened on Wednesday night, with a company commendably strong, with a promise from the management that its boards will present plays carried through by excellent performers, instead of sensations and scenery. Now that Wallack's has gone the way of all the earth as the nestling place of legitimate comedies, the public must look, as a rule, to the Union Square for the best attractions of the social drama, and we have no doubt that it will eventually be recognized as the place where families will be most likely to find highly cultivated and pleasant recreation for a leisure evening. The opening night presented a new play, entitled the "Cross of Geneva;" rather an unpromising beginning for the five comedies which are to follow. But managers are obliged to surprise their audiences as well as please them, and no doubt the "Cross of Geneva" will answer the first desire. The hour we go to press precludes the possibility of any critical notice. We congratulate our playgoers on the reappearance of Miss Etyng, who, we understand, after some four years of retirement, resumes her professional career with a determination to pursue it with enthusiasm, and devote her energies to the achievement of the highest possible position in her power.

The new Park Theatre, located on Twenty-second street and Broadway, building under the direction of Messrs. Stuart and Boucicault, is rapidly approaching completion, all the artists having been engaged. But for some difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory title to some portion of the ground on which the theatre stands, it would have been opened at the beginning of the present theatrical season. To the old residents of our metropolis, the revival of the name of the Park Theatre will be gratefully welcome. No positive announcement is made of the character of the performances. With so many theatres all under way we think there will eventually be a "corner," and two or three will be swept away in the "crash."

Salvini is beginning to be understood better and better after each performance. He is personally a man of the finest presence of any actor that has ever appeared on our stage. Tall, grandly developed, with a fair complexion, a dark, penetrating eye, expressive features, and a mobility of movement of the muscles of the face that was not surpassed probably by the elder Kean.

The Faust Club, of Brooklyn, composed mainly of actors, journalists, and artists, on Saturday presented to their city a bronze bust of John Howard Payne, author of the popular song of "Home sweet Home." Mr. Payne was born in New York city on the 9th of June, 1791, but his father for a while was established as a physician at East Hampton, which fact identified him with Long Island, a fact that has been so handsomely acknowledged by the members of the Faust Club. Over thirty thousand persons were present to witness the ceremony of unveiling. The bust, as a work of art, is excellent, and the likeness is pronounced quite perfect by intimate friends of the deceased poet.

Mme. Nilsson on last Sunday attended St. Thomas', Fifth avenue. Her presence was greeted by a choir of forty performers. After the services for the morning were over she visited the choir, where she was welcomed by Dr. Morgan rector. Verily, the Opera and the Church shook hands on the pleasant occasion.

Mr. Brougham has, for the present, left the stage, and is announced as a lecturer. His subject is "Darwinianism." He proposes to illustrate the text of his argument of the gradual development of the lowest order of shell fish into our sweethearts and wives by drawings on a blackboard, Mr. Brougham being most expert with his pencil. We have no doubt but that Mr. Brougham's clerical manner and singularly severe expression will have a very edifying effect on his audience. If the ushers are not watchful some people will "larf out in meeting."

At a reception on Saturday night, given to Wilkie Collins by the Lotos Club, Mr. Bradlaugh was present as an invited guest. After the usual ceremonies, the usher for the evening called on Mr. Bradlaugh for a few remarks. Mr. Bradlaugh made "a few remarks" in his peculiar and most radical vein, which were received with the wildest enthusiasm by the members of the club. In conclusion, he said, by way of parenthesis, that there was not a fashionable club in London which would permit him (on account of his political principles) to cross its threshold, and that "at home," for the same reason, there was an almost impassable social gulf between himself and the honored guest of the evening. Our institutions are very leveling, leaving every man to stand on his merits—with some glaring exceptions.

Nilsson, Carlotta Patti, and Sims Reeves are making a

stand against the "Diapason," obtained in Great Britain. Sims Reeves says he has waged war against the unreasonable pitch for years. In Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Naples, and Florence the pitch is considerably lower than the British, and all alike. Mme. Nilsson is reported to have declared she will not sing in London again until a change is made. Verdi's music, or rather the prejudicial effect of it upon the high notes of the voice, is developing more and more. These counterfeit notes are neither easy or agreeable, in fact they are unnatural. The Italians must get back to a more natural style. These fireworks and transition scenes in the human throat are as pernicious as they are on the sensation stage.

There is a new musical instrument invented by one Frederick Kustner, who gives it the significant name of Pyrophone. The tones are produced by a gas jet, and partake of the quality of the voice and an æolian harp. If this is so it will be a sweet novelty.

Mrs. Charlotte Winterburn has become conductor of a new choral society of graduates taken from the Normal School.

Mr. Simpson, the Scotch ballad singer, has given his well-known name to a quartette formed of rich, fresh, well-trained voices, destined to sing glees and madrigals without accompaniments.

Miss Ward, an American actress, who has elicited some interest in literary circles in London by her dramatic effects, is shortly to appear at Manchester, England, as Lady Macbeth.

One of the pleasing events of the week was the reception of Wilkie Collins at the Lotos Club. The novelist occupies Dickens' rooms at the Westminster. In this matter, at least, he resembles Dickens.

Miss Violetta Colville, an American debutante at Milan, has received the honor of a paid engagement in that city. Generally the pay is the other way, large sums being proffered and accepted for the opportunity to display vocal prowess in opera. Rival and professional jealousies prevented her acceptance of the offer. It is possible she may make her debut in New York next spring.

Mr. Lester Wallack played last week in Brooklyn (new Park Theatre) before a large audience, in his own play of "Central Park," with much of his former ease and sprightliness.

There is a quartette formed in Brooklyn for the performance of English operettas and operas that can be given without chorus. This club is of ability, will be popular in the country, and will serve to educate the people. In this connection, we would state that there has also been organized in this city a company of four of our best dramatic singers for parts of Italian operas in costume, and without chorus. The performance promises to be exceedingly effective.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT VS. CROCODILES.—The *Field* has an interesting article in regard to crocodiles. Some years ago the Indian Government offered a reward of one rupee (2s.) per foot for every crocodile not less than five feet long which should be killed in Malabar. This reward did not seem to have been sufficient to stimulate the natives to go in for crocodile catching on a large scale; consequently but few were captured. About nine months ago the restrictions as to size were rescinded, and a general *battue* of crocodiles commenced. Some idea of the number killed may be formed when considerably more than 30,000 rupees, or £3,000, was paid during a period of six months. Between the crocodile of Egypt and that of India there seems to be but very little difference. There seems to be no end of ingenuity in the English officials offering a reward for killing a noxious feature by the foot.

—The monster ship which England has christened the Shah, out of compliment to the potentate, has just been launched at Portsmouth, and is regarded as one of the completest ships in the navy. She is built of wood, and is the fifth of the new wooden vessels which have been introduced into the navy. There is nothing remarkable about her construction, but considerable interest has been excited about ships of this class from the mere fact that they are wooden, and that in the present day it should be found desirable to recommence wooden ship-building.

—A remarkable and important geological discovery has been made south of Golden, Colorado. It is a deposit of gray clay filled with trunks and limbs of trees resembling cedar, but transformed into bright, hard coal. Over it is a capping of conglomerate, and over that coarse sand rock. The coal deposit is tilted at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Apparently co-extensive with the conglomerate are found rude flints, tools and arrow-heads, indicating that ages back what is known as Colorado Territory was inhabited by a people who manufactured stone implements.

—There is a guano island in Lake Minnetongo, Minnesota, newly discovered and containing eleven acres, a portion of which is covered with a deposit identical with that found on the guano islands of the Pacific, though not as thick. It has been occupied by a squatter for a number of years, and he has only just become aware of the value of his possession by being offered a large sum for it as soon as a title can be perfected, which can be done under the homestead and pre-emption laws. As this island has been omitted from the United States' surveys, it will be necessary for him to secure a special patent.

—Among the incidents of the late gale on the coast of Nova Scotia, it is related that a schooner at Cow Bay, coal laden, with a deckload of cattle and sheep, was driven away up into the woods, and the captain knew nothing of the disaster, till next morning he heard the cattle bawling and the sheep bleating among the trees.

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New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER. By Robert F. Spier, M. D. New York. Edward O. Jenkins, 20 North William street. Illustrated with twenty engravings.

In the preface to the second edition of this truly interesting work the author very modestly disclaims any particular merit in the same. We think him altogether too modest. From the long and successful experience of an active, studious profession he has given to the public many valuable discoveries, observations, and suggestions—things "new and old," the sterling information thus given, especially relating to pulmonary diseases, being invaluable. The necessity of persons of a pulmonary habit needing a change of climate more than active medical treatment is clearly shown. Who should go to the South for the winter, how they should prepare themselves for this journey, and how they should live while there, their diet, &c., are just the subjects treated upon in this work. In a pleasant, crisp, and satisfactory manner the doctor tells you just what you should, and should not, do. Besides much knowledge of a purely medical character, derived from the severe application and close study of a medical man who loved his profession, may be found many cogent and strong arguments in favor of a morality that all our young men and young women would find it perfectly safe to follow. The following home truths, coming as they do from our bachelor friend, the doctor, should have due weight (as we presume they will) with the many readers of "Going South;"—

"An indirect cause of pulmonary disease among young men is the need of a cheerful, *confiding* companion, for 'It is not good for man to be alone.' Just so long as man and woman are mutually necessary to each other there can be no real happiness for single men or women. A single man ill or unhappy, is forced to go to associates or friends for sympathy, while the married man has a sweet tempered wife to care for him, and has no need of the 'deceitful friends who cast aside the veil they used to wear.'

"Let every young man marry early, for therein consists the only happiness—the sure road to success in life; and in all his efforts to secure the glory, titles, or riches of his ambition he will receive the hearty approbation of his wife, which is far better than the deceitful applause of the world."

"What chiefly deters young men from entering into married life early is the preposterous nonsense of love of dress, and the fear of marrying a wife doting on extravagant display, and ignorant of all those little domestic arts that make families happy."

The doctor is justly severe upon that most pernicious fashionable habit so much practiced by young ladies of the present day. He says "for the consumptive to visit public places of amusement and ball rooms, and breathe such an irritating atmosphere, as for hours they do, is simply to peril life."

"What inconsistency for girls with weak lungs to be found on the dancing-floor, frantically whirling around, and strained to the breasts of men they may have only been just introduced to, and know nothing of. Why is it that pure, modest young girls show so much squeamishness towards a man they have known from childhood, holding his hand at arm's length, but behave outrageously foolish on the floor of a ball-room, where they are ready to be clasped in the arms of a man they knew nothing of, and till that hour a perfect stranger; and yet, with her head reclining on his shoulder, his arm around her waist, she shrinks not from his embrace?"

We would like to quote from this live book many of its sterling facts upon the many causes that make the consumptive's road to the grave so sure and swift. This is one of the reformatory books of the times, and although written for the especial perusal of a few friends, we are sure it will be read by many, and we trust it will be the means of opening the eyes of many of our young ladies to that fatal practice of keeping late hours, eating late suppers, and dancing all night in ill-ventilated rooms. A third edition of this work, enlarged and improved, is now in press.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOX HUNTING. By C. A. Stephens. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. A new volume of the "Camping Out Series." Illustrated. 16mo.

BOOKS TO APPEAR IN OCTOBER FROM THE PRESS OF JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

THE STORY OF GOETHE'S LIFE. By George Henry Lewis. With portrait. 16mo. Condensed from the larger "Life and Letters," published some years since.

PICTURESQUE NORMANDY. By Henry Blackburn. Illustrated. Red edges. This work is by an author who knows how to handle his pen, and his sketches are of the most superior and attractive character.

DOING HIS BEST. By Q. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. This is a sequel to "Jack Hazard" and "A Chance for Himself." To say Trowbridge wrote it is sufficient to warrant its acceptance by all our young readers.

ON THE AMAZONS. By C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. A new volume of the "Camping Out Series." It is a sequel to that highly interesting book known as the "Trotting Book."

Quite a large number of very valuable and interesting works will be issued in October by this house, which, we can assure our readers, will not fail to instruct and amuse.

NOVEMBER.

ARTISTS AND ARABS. By Henry Blackburn, author of "Picturesque Normandy." Illustrated. 18mo. Red edges. This will be found a fitting companion to "Picturesque Normandy."

HISTORIC FIELDS AND MANSIONS OF MIDDLESEX. By S. A. Drake. Illustrated with heliotypes and wood cuts. 8vo. This work is one of the finest class books of the day, and to every student of history will not only add materially to his stock of historical lore, but afford information upon many material facts connected with the old historical events and legends concerning the early history of Massachusetts.

THE TOURMALINE; its relations as a gem; its wonderful physical properties, &c. By C. A. Hamlin, M. D. With four illustrations in colors. 12mo. Price \$2. From what we know of Dr. Hamlin we can promise in this book a rare and wonderful history of a gem but little known to the public.

THE EGYPTIAN SKETCH BOOK. By Charles G. Leland. Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

THE SHAKESPEARE TREASURY. Charles W. Stearns, M. D., New York. G. P. Putnam & Sons.

THE LAWRENCE'S. A TWENTY YEARS' HISTORY. By Charlotte Trumbull. American News Co., New York.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE PLANTATION—ATLANTA, GA. This is an exceedingly neat magazine, of some 75 pages, containing no end of useful matter. Its make-up is in the highest degree creditable, and the general excellence of the contents assures us of the growing prosperity of the South.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even *clamor* for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

HUMORS OF SPORTING LIFE



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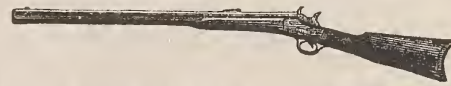
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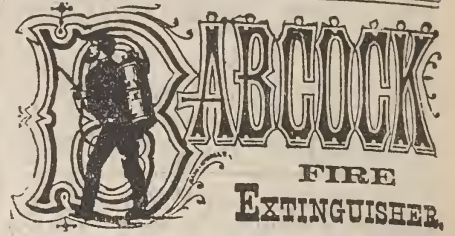
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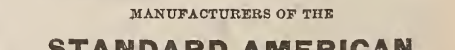
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1873.

{ Volume 1, Number 10.
103 Fulton Street.

PICTURED AUTUMN LEAVES.

Gay autumn leaves! we have seen you blending
Your irised pennons in shadowy vale,
And gather new glory upward wending,
In the savage north-wind's trail,
From the mountain's base
To its crested space,
Where the burning hues prevail!

O, green and yellow and crimson and gold,
Out of the loom of the Infinite rolled,
In wild luxuriance, fold upon fold!
We are lost in half tearful wonder
That the wintry wind, which is blatant and bold,
Your blushes should deepen, your life unfold,
Till, chilled to the heart by a love that is cold,
You shrivel and die in russet mould,
And are buried the deep snows under!

Fair autumn leaves! Can we wake rejoicing
To loveliness doomed of its birth to pale?
Can we echo the melody of your voicing,
Not moved by its latent wail,
That sighs for aye
Through the bright array
Grim Death must countervail?

Yet, crimson and gold and yellow and green,
Hush your low murmurs! for I have seen
A power that is subtle and strong and keen
To bear you across Time's river,
Where ashen garments never demean
The radiant form of autumn's queen,
But on through the ages of anreate sheen,
Bating no jot of her royal mien,
She gorgeously glows forever.

Glad autumn leaves! this benison lingers
(Lifting you over life's wintry wave)
In the heaven born touch of the artist's fingers,
Whose passionate soul can save,
By the wondrous skill
Of a master's will,
Fair forms from a waiting grave.

So, green and yellow and crimson and gold!
Your emerald, topaz and ruby unfold,
Dreading no robber king withered and old
Shall bid you your grace surrender.
Nay—flames that the wind and the sunshine hold,
Till they joyously spread over wood and wold
(In diaphanous haze of a wealth untold),
Blaze on in your beauty, by naught controlled,
For art's seal is set on your splendor!

—October Galaxy.]

MARY B. DODGE.

CBEEDMOOR PRIZE CONTEST.

MATCH OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

HISTORY OF THE RANGE—SCORE OF THE MATCHES—NAMES OF THE VICTORS—ANALYSIS.

THERE has just been completed at Creedmoor the first annual Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association, twelve competitions having taken place, the full and correct statements of which will be found at the conclusion of this article. Though Creedmoor may be now well known to our National Guard and riflemen in the city and vicinity, still a thorough description of the same, its plan of organization, and the object to be obtained by having such a range for rifle practice in our midst, with full details of methods of shooting, &c., may be of interest to many outside of the city, and may help to develop more thoroughly a taste for rifle shooting in the United States.

The initial movement for the organization of a National Rifle Association dates from November 24th, 1871, when a Board of Directors were elected with the following officers: President, A. E. Burnside; Vice-President, Col. Wm. C. Church; Secretary, Capt. G. W. Wingate; Corresponding Secretary, F. M. Peck; Treasurer, J. B. Woodward. This same organization held office until July 22d, 1872, when General Burnside having resigned, Colonel Church was elected president, with General Alex. Shaler as vice-president. Now the real labors of the Association commenced,

such as the choice of a proper sight for a range and the details necessary to get members of the National Guard to take an interest in what to them was a novel enterprise. It was soon evident that the high price of land within any available distance of New York, would render any purchase impossible without State assistance. A bill was introduced into the Legislature, which was passed in May 1872, which provided that whenever the Association should raise \$5,000 the State would contribute \$25,000 for the purpose of purchasing and fitting up such a range, the State also agreeing to provide division and State prizes for skillful marksmanship. To this amount was added \$5,000 from the Supervisors of New York and Brooklyn, with \$5,000 more from the Supervisors of New York.

The work of selecting the grounds of a sufficient extent for a range, which should be at once reasonable as to price of land, safe and convenient of access, was a difficult task. Finally a most wise purchase was made of a tract of seventy acres, situated on the Central Railroad of Long Island. This land was bought of Mr. J. Creed for \$26,250, and named Creedmoor. These grounds are admirably adapted for the purpose for which they have been selected. As level as a billiard table, they afford room for twenty separate ranges, each of which can be used from one hundred to a thousand yards and without the use of elevated firing-stands, found necessary upon most European ranges. There was only one slight objection to the range, and that was that it would become necessary to build an embankment of twenty feet high and five hundred and seventy feet long, to place back of the butts, which would require some 27,000 cubic yards of earth. The Association very wisely sent Messrs. Rockafellar, Wingate, and Church to Wimbledon and Hythe, who made a thorough inspection of the rifle practice as carried on there, and who selected all the latest improvements.

THE MATCH.

The first annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, which took place on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, marks an important era. It may be considered as the dividing line in the progress of the National Rifle Association, and the success that was attained renders the future prospects of the Association no longer doubtful.

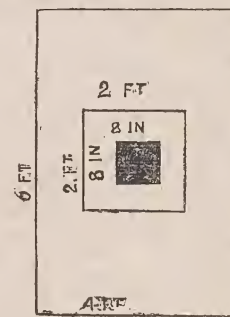
The practice of marksmanship is one that appeals strongly to our young men. It is free from all those demoralizing influences which are associated with many other manly sports, and it requires, above all things, a clear eye and a steady hand and consequently a life free from dissipation. To members of the National Guard it affords a gratifying change from the everlasting "fours right" and the "manual of arms," which make their drills so tedious, and by affording a chance for a display of individual skill, puts each man upon his metal.

At first the Association experienced no little difficulty in inducing the National Guard to interest themselves in the subject of rifle practice. A few of the leading officers, prominent among whom were the Adjutant General of the State, and Major Generals Shaler and Woodward, have done all in their power to induce them to take hold of the matter, but many of the other officers have displayed an astonishing apathy.

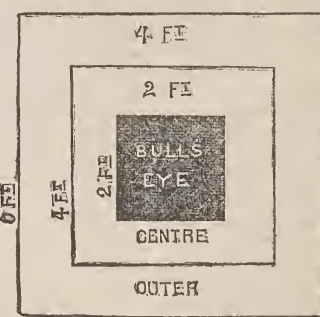
The liberal action of the Association in throwing open their range for the gratuitous use of the National Guard during the past summer resulted in most of the regiments going there for a day's practice, and after a single visit it soon became popular. "Teams" were formed from almost every regiment, and the practicing has been incessant, so that during September alone the range was used by nearly 4,000 men. Emulation has been excited, and all are striving to excel.

The shooting in the different matches of the last week will do much to strengthen the popularity of the range, and it shows the vast improvement that has resulted from the better practice of the men, and thus puts all upon their metal for the next contest. It is also very important as bringing the Regulars and the National Guards in close contact, in which certainly the latter have not suffered.

Creedmoor, on the Central Railroad of Long Island, is eleven miles from Hunter's Point, and a short distance from Jamaica and Flushing. It is reached in one hour from James Slip, and three quarters of an hour from Thirty-fourth street. On alighting from the cars a walk of 200 yards up a broad avenue brings you to the southern extremity of the range. From this point it extends eleven hundred yards, a perfectly level field, interspersed here and there with large trees, and altogether containing seventy acres. Across the northern boundary an embankment twenty-five feet high has been erected, at the base of which twenty targets are placed, each being thirty feet from centre to centre. They are all available for simultaneous use up to 500 yards, and the majority of them up to 1000 yards. The targets themselves are composed of heavy slabs of cast-iron, two feet wide by six high, which are bolted together to form the required size; two slabs making the target used up to 300 yards, three that used up to 600 yards, and six that used over that distance. Each target has a square black bull's eye painted upon it surrounded by a line indicating the "centre," the remainder of the target constituting the "outer," the size being as follows:



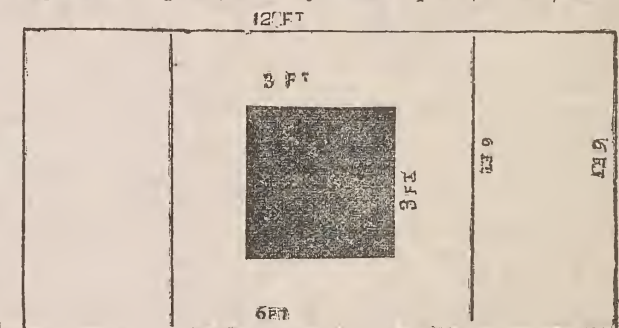
Third Class.



Second Class.

Third class used up to 300 yards, (in off-hand firing); target 6 feet by 2; bull's eye, eight inches square; centre 2 feet.

Second class used from 300 to 600 yards, any position; target 6 feet square; bull's eye 2 feet square; centre, 4 feet.



First Class.

First class used over 600 yards; any position; target 6 feet high, by 12 wide; bull's eye, 4 feet square; centre, 6 feet.

In all cases shots striking the bull's eye count four; centres three, outers two. Scores are counted the same all ranges, so that when we read that a marksman made, in five shots, 19 out of a possible 20, he must have made four bull's eyes, or sixteen, and one centre, three more, which would score 19. For instance, General Hawley, in the Press match, made 36 in a possible 40 in ten shots, which was made up as follows: of six bull's eyes and four centres, 24 and 12.

The marking is upon two systems. In the "Hill" or side butt, the marker is placed in a shot-proof hut and marks from a slit cut in the side; in the "Scoble" or sunken butt, he is placed in a trench dug in front of the target, and marks through a trap in the roof.

The latter plan is found by far the best, and the Association are converting all their targets into that mode as fast as possible. It admits of a supervision being kept over the markers, lessens the danger of accident, and removes the annoyance of the target being overshadowed, the latter being a serious draw-back which, in the morning and evening prevented a number of targets from being used during the match.

Each marker is provided with three discs, each 18 inches in diameter fastened upon a pole about eight feet long. One side of the disc is pointed, and the other has attached to it at right angles a sash brush charged with paint. When a shot strikes the target it makes a large star upon the point with which it is coated. The noise of the shot calls the attention of the marker (who is watching the target through a thick plate glass window). He at once opens his trap and placing the proper disc over the shot mark, obliterates it with the brush, at the same time the color of the disc signals to the firer the value and exact position of his shot, a white disc signifying a "bulls," a red one, a "centre," and a black one, an "outer."

The targets are divided into sets of five, each under the control of a Superintendent, a commanding officer having control of a similar number of firing points, both target and firing point being distinguished by a large number conspicuously displayed. If one of the latter officers has reasonable cause to believe that during firing a hit had not been signalled at all, he "calls the target" upon the telegraph, by tapping its number. At once the danger flags were displayed at that and the three targets adjoining upon each side, (the firing at which at once stopped) and the Superintendent came and examined the target. If he found it hit he signalled it, if not (as in nineteen times out of twenty was the case) he simply waived his hands and returned to his cover.

The management of the firing was under the control of the range officer, Captain George W. Wingate. Under his orders at the butts were twenty markers, (regulars from Willet's Point engineers), and four superintendents, and at the firing points twenty score keepers, (men employed and paid by the Association), and four superintendents (volunteers from the National Guard). He was expected to answer all questions, decide all disputes, and generally "to run the machine," and emphatically had his hands full.

The headquarters department was under the direction of General John B. Woodward and a staff of clerks, and was managed with great efficiency. Each man upon entering for any match received a ticket having upon it his name and number.

This he took to the proper firing point at the hour named, and presented it to the register keeper, who placed it in a tin frame with those belonging to the rest of the squad assigned him. When all was ready a cannon was fired. At this the markers retired to their butts and withdrew their danger flags. At a second gun the firing commenced, the members of the squads being called by twos (unless using muzzle loaders, when they fired individually), who fired their shots alternately, until their score was completed.

In some of the matches only military rifles were allowed; in others any rifle within the rules of the Association—i. e. not weighing over ten pounds, nor with a trigger under three pounds pull, nor with telescopic sights. In the latter class of matches almost every kind of rifle was used, from the elaborately sighted muzzle-loading Metford, used by the Canadians, to the Remington military rifle of the National Guardsmen, including the Remington, Sharpe, Ballard, Allen, and other well known sporting rifles. Up to 500 yards, however, it was astonishing to see how closely the military weapon kept up to the others.

Thus in the final match (200 yards off-hand) with a military rifle, the winners' scores were: W. Robertson, 16; J. T. B. Collins, 16; G. A. Strube, 16; Campbell Vail, Richards, Gildersleeve, and Price each 15; while in the Sportsmen's match, at the same distance, with sporting rifles, the score was no greater, Schneelock, Robertson, Collins, Waterbury, and Anderson making 16, and Meserole and Backer 15. At 500 yards the highest scores made with a military rifle, even out of a possible 28, Carmichael, 24; Strube, 23; Cocks, Hitchcock, Lockwood, Boehr, and Murphy, each 21; while the highest with a sporting rifle, at 500 yards, out of a possible 28, Richards and Yale, 26; Omand and Campbell, 25; Adam and Sanford, 23; Tolley and Anderson, 22, and Ready, 21.

At the longer ranges the qualities of the finer rifles of course gave them greater advantages. This match also demonstrated the great improvement that had been made in breech-loading rifles. The score at 800 and 1,000 yards showed but little difference between the breech-loading Rigby and Metford rifles, and the breech-loading Remington, Sharpe, and Maynard.

Wednesday the wind was high and "flawed," and the off-hand shooting in consequence below the average. Toward the afternoon the wind moderated somewhat, and the shooting improved in proportion. Thursday there was less wind, especially toward the afternoon, and the firing became very good, particularly in the All-comers match.

The scene on Thursday was very inspiring. The long line of National Guardsmen in their bright uniforms, with the crowd of spectators, the white targets showing brightly against the green embankment, the beautiful weather, and the strains of the regular band from Willet's Point, made the scene quite picturesque.

SCORE OF THE MATCHES.

COMPETITION I—OPENING MATCH—JUDD PRIZE.

Offered under resolution of Board of Directors, N. R. A., to commemorate the services rendered by Hon. David W. Judd in securing the passage of the law by which the Association were enabled to secure their range. Open to all members of the Association. Weapon, any military rifle; distance, 200 yards; position, standing; five rounds; entrance fee, \$1.00; number of entries, 96.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Name, Total, Rifle. Lists winners for Silver Cup, Silver Medal, Life Membership N. R. A., and Bronze Medal.

The score here is quite good for military rifles. It must be remembered that a gale of wind was blowing, which renders the best of shooting uncertain.

COMPETITION II—SPORTSMEN'S MATCH.

Open to all comers; weapon, any rifle; distance, 200 yards; five rounds; position standing; number of entries, 129; entrance fee, \$1.00.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Name, Total, Rifle. Lists winners for Metford Rifle, Moose Antlers, Silver Medal, Life Membership N. R. A., and Bronze Medal.

This score is not quite as high an average as might have been expected, but as the wind was blowing hard, and from all points of the compass, this probably accounted for the low score. Mr. A. Robertson, with 16, won the moose antlers presented by the FOREST AND STREAM.

COMPETITION III—FIRST DIVISION MATCH.

Open to "teams" of twelve from each Regiment or Battalion in the First Division of the National Guard, S. N. Y. All competitors to appear in uniform (full dress or fatigue), and to be certified by their Regimental Commander to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the Regiment they represent, and to have been such on August 1, 1873, as required for the State Prize. Weapon, Remington Rifle, State model; distance 200 and 500 yards; five shots each distance; position, standing, at 200 yards; any position at 500 yards; entrance fee, \$1.00 each man; number of teams entering, eight.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Name, At 200 yds., At 500 yds., Total. Lists winners for State Division Prize, Silver Medal, Silver Cup, and Bronze Medal.

COMPETITION IV—SECOND DIVISION MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from each regiment or battalion of the Second Division of the National Guard, N. Y. S., upon the same condition as prescribed for the preceding match. Weapon, Remington Rifle, State model; distance, 200 and 500 yards; five shots each distance; position, 200 yards, standing; 500 yards, any position; entrance fee \$1.00 each man; number of entries, five.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, At 200 yds., At 500 yds., Grand Total. Lists winners for State Division Prize, Woodward Prize, Silver Cup, and Bronze Medal.

COMPETITION V—ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from all regularly organized military organizations in the United States, including the Regular Army, Navy and Marine Corps. All competitors to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the regiment they represent, and to have been

such on August 1, 1873, and to appear in uniform, (full dress or fatigue.) Weapon, any military rifle; distance, 500 yards; rounds, seven; entrance fee, \$1, each competitor; number of entries, nine, from the Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-third, Seventy-ninth, N. Y. N. G., and U. S. Engineers, Regulars.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, Total, Rifle. Lists winners for Silver Trophy, Silver Cup, Silver Medal, Life Membership N. R. A., and Bronze Medal.

*The silver trophy, presented by the "Army and Navy Journal," to be won three times before becoming the property of the winning regiment.

†Average of the Twenty-second Regiment team, 2 33-84; which is very good.

‡Private Carmichael's score 24, in a possible 28.

COMPETITION VI—ALL-COMERS' MATCH.

Open to all comers; any rifle; distance, 500 and 600 yards; seven shots each distance; position, any; entrance fee, \$1.00; number of entries, seventy-five.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, At 500 yds., At 600 yds., Total, Rifle. Lists winners for Wesson Combination Rifle, Silver Medal, Life Membership N. R. A., and Bronze Medal.

*R. Omand's average of 34, total 49, in a possible 56, is remarkably good.

†J. P. M. Richard's was also good, though he lost because his shooting at 600 yards was less than that at 500; he also made 49.

COMPETITION VII—STATE PRIZE.

Open only to teams of twelve from each regiment or battalion of the National Guard of the State of New York, each being certified to by their Regimental Commander to be a regularly enlisted member in good standing of the regiment he represents, and to have been such on August 1, 1873. They shall appear in uniform (full dress or fatigue.) Distance, 200 and 500 yards; position, standing, at 200 yards; any at 500; weapon, Remington Rifle, State model; rounds, five; entrance fee, \$1.00 each man; fifteen teams entered.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, 200 yds., 500 yds., Total. Lists winners for Silver trophy, Rathbone Medal, Gold and silver mounted rifle, and Silver cup.

*The average of the 22d regiment, 24—making 280—is very good.

†The score of Captain Clark, of the 79th—making thirty individually, an average of three centres—is remarkably good.

COMPETITION VIII—THE GATLING MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from each regiment or battalion of the National Guard of the State of New York. All competitors to appear in uniform, and to be certified to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the regiment they represent, as required for the State Prize. Weapon, Remington Rifle, State model, distance, 500 yards; rounds, seven; position, any; entrance fee, \$1.00; entries, seven.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, Total. Lists winners for Gatling gun, Silver cup, Life Membership N. R. A., and Bronze Medal.

*The 79th, making 199, an average of 2 31-84, is quite good.

†Captain Ross' score of 24, in a possible score of 28, was excellent.

COMPETITION IX—NEW JERSEY MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from each regiment of the National Guard of the State of New Jersey, each being certified to have been on August 1, 1873, a regularly enlisted member in good standing of the regiment he represents, and to appear in uniform, (full dress or fatigue.) Distance, 200 and 400 yards; five rounds each distance; position, standing at 200, any at 400 yards, weapon, such rifle as shall be prescribed by the Governor of New Jersey; entrance fee, \$1.00; number of entries, two; the First and Fourth Regiments.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, At 200 yds., At 500 yds., Total. Lists winners for Silver trophy, Gold Badge, Silver Medal, and Bronze Medal.

COMPETITION X—RAILROAD MATCH.

Offered by Herman C. Poppenhusen, Esq., on behalf of the Central Railroad of Long Island. Open to members of the National Rifle Association and competitors in the foregoing matches, but excluding all winners therein, and all winners of the Turf, Field and Farm and Amateur Club Badges. Distance, 500 yards; weapon, any military rifle; position, any; rounds, seven; one hundred and seven entries.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, At 500 yds., Total, Rifle. Lists winners for Silver trophy, Cash, Silver Medal, and Railroad ticket for 1,000 miles.

*Sergeant Magner's score—24 in a possible 28—is very fine shooting. In fact, all up to twenty-one may be considered as very much above the average.

COMPETITION XI—SHARPSHOOTERS' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Open to all comers; any rifle within the rules of the Association; range, 800 and 1,000 yards; seven shots each distance; position, any; entrance fee, \$1.00.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, At 800 yds., At 1,000 yds., Total, Rifle. Lists winners for Gold Badge, Pipe, Silver Medal, Life Mem. N. R. A., and Ten Dollars.

COMPETITION XII—PRESS MATCH.

Open to representatives from any regular newspaper or periodical, each to be required to be a bona fide employee thereof. Weapon, any rifle; distance, 400 and 500 yards; position, any; rounds, five each distance; entrance fee, none.

There had been considerable interest taken in this match, and representatives from the following papers, had entered: FOREST AND STREAM, Army and Navy Journal, Turf, Field and Farm, Harper's Weekly, Daily News, Evening Mail, Commercial Advertiser, Brooklyn Daily Times, N. Y. Sun, N. Y. Tribune, Herald, British Whig, Kingston, Ontario; Irish American, Newark Helvetia. There were only twelve contestants.

Table with 4 columns: Prize, Winner, At 400 yds., At 500 yds., Total. Lists winners for Ice Pitcher, Silver Medal, and Engraving.

REMARKS.

It is quite worthy of mention, showing the care that had been taken by the officers of the Association, that not a single accident occurred, and there was scarcely any of that confusion incidental to a first match. If words of praise are by no means out of place in regard to the conduct of the officers, who had many new points raised for their decision, incidental to the opening match, the conduct of the men is also to be applauded. We did not notice a single case of intoxication, nor the least indication of gambling. Some parties were on the grounds early intent on starting "pools," but such requests were promptly denied and squelched on the spot.

Perhaps it would be better next year at the grand national contest to make the time in September. Then the days are longer, and the shooting may be continued for fully nine hours. But very possibly the managers were right in making the match come off at as late a time as possible, in order to give the men the fullest opportunity for practice. It would be wise too to separate in the future all the military contests from those of a more general character, as likely to avoid confusion. Another suggestion we would make, since we want our matches to be as thorough as possible, is that all the meteorological conditions of the day be determined accurately, such as barometrical and theometrical measurements, direction of wind, and the miles in an hour the wind is blowing. From data of this character greater accuracy in shooting must follow.

SHARPSHOOTERS' MATCH.

The sharpshooters' match is one only to be attempted by experts, as at distances over 600 yards, the utmost nicety and skill is required, which can only be obtained by long practice. Members of the Association have practiced but little at long range shooting, and though all the shooting done in this match by our own men was very good, doubtless next year, when they have devoted more time to it, they will show improvement. Mr. Adam's score, 48, an average of 3 1-7, (25 at 800 yards, and 23 at 1,000,) in a possible 56, for such a long range is very good shooting. Mr. Adam, of the Canada volunteers, has already shown his skill in England and Scotland, and is one among the many good Canadian marksmen. We cannot but congratulate Mr. Adam in his victory, and the modesty with which he carried off his well-earned prize. In fact all the Canadians, (there were three winners out of the nine contestants for the sharpshooters' match,) acquitted themselves with credit. Mr. Ormand's score of 26, at 800 yards, five bull's eyes and three centres, is magnificent shooting, better even than his shooting in 1871 at Wimbledon for the Rolapore challenge cup, though he only made 13 at 1,000 yards. In these long ranges, the additional 200 yards makes a vast difference. Mr. A. J. Roux, of the Twenty-second Regiment N. G., N. Y., score 41, (21 at 800, and 20 at 1,000 yards.) is also deserving of most honorable mention, winning as he did the second prize. Mr. Adam shot with a Rigby. Both the Rigby and Metford are muzzle-loading rifles, excellent guns, are loaded with great accuracy, and are furnished with the most carefully adjusted double sights. The least disturbances of the wind are corrected by means of sliding sights. On the whole, the shooting at long range was excellent, and exceeded our expectations. Possibly the beauty of the day, the absence of sun-glare, and there being scarcely a breath of wind, added materially to score-making. We are more than pleased that a brother rifleman from Canada carried off the prize. It will cause a proper amount of emulation, and incite our own men to practice. In this match a very magnificent pipe, presented by Mr. Kaldenberg, came in among the prizes, though not printed in the catalogue of prizes. Mr. Adam was offered his choice of a medal or pipe, and selected the medal. Mr. Roux, having the choice then as second prize of the pipe or silver medal, took the pipe. Mr. Ormand then received the third prize, the medal.

QUESTIONS OF ARMS.

The great use of rifle range is that it must demonstrate whether an arm is good or not. Skill may have a great deal to do with the merit of a high score, but as the weapons used come into the hands of not only experts, but of second and third class shots the use of Creedmoor or any other range must determine the average excellence of any gun. The Remington rifle has been fully tested and has been found to be excellent, not only as a military but as a sporting rifle. In many of the matches, as may be seen on examining the scores, the Remington has held its own with the most delicately adjusted arms. Rifles like the Rigby and Metford have most carefully adjusted sights, were allowances all made for effects of wind blowing across the line of fire, &c. The use of all such adjustments are perfectly in order, and should be encouraged in every way. If a rifle as was remarked by Punch in speaking of the complicated arrangements of the Wimbledon expert, "had a steam engine at one end and a windmill at another," so much the better, if in a range of a thousand yards, the marksman can improve his score a single figure. There is not then the least doubt that when the Remington rifles have adjusted to them these finer sights, that they will not only shoot quiet as well, but possibly out-shoot either the Rigby or Metford. In comparing it as a military arm with the arms used by either the English, French or German, we must declare that it is to be superior as to accuracy. Its penetration was also remarkable, shown by a shot passing through three feet of solid packed dirt, perforating a thick block of wood, and then falling spent with its shape still almost perfect. Subsequent general matches yet to come may bring in prominence some other rifle, when the FOREST AND STREAM will be the first to assert its

claims, but for the present, for all work, we are inclined to think that with a steady hand, and clear sight, whether the marksman be a soldier or a sportsman, the Remington has clearly proved itself the best arm of to-day. The Sharp rifle, especially in the press match, showed its excellence, and is a weapon of great merit. In judging of all rifle contests, our readers not familiar with the subject, should always bear in mind that a windy day always effects the shooting. In concluding our remarks on the first American rifle contest, we believe that the time will come when Creedmoor will be far too small for the concourse of people who will assemble from all parts of the Union, to witness this National pastime.

THE GAME OF COLORADO.

The game of Colorado consists of buffalo, elk, black and white tailed deer, mountain sheep, antelope, cinnamon, black and grizzly bear, wild turkey, sage hen, blue or mountain grouse, willow or pin tail grouse, ptarmigan or mountain quail, ducks of all kinds, except canvas back, geese and brant, swan, curlew, of several varieties; and in the spring and fall snipe and plover for a few days, as they migrate north and south. We have also a few California and State quail imported for breeding purposes.

The following fur-bearing animals are numerous:—beaver, otter, mink, martin, weasel; red, gray, black, and silver-grey fox, beside many varieties that are supposed to be a cross of the different distinct species; also, a very small animal of the fox kind, known here as the swift, the large grey and white timber wolf, white and grey coyote and black prairie wolf, panther or California lion, lynx, wolvereen, catamount and wildcat, badger, skunk, ground hog or woodchuck, and other minor species.

The finer fur-bearing animals, such as beaver, otter, mink, martin, etc., are all taken in pole, hole, and steel traps. The wolf, fox, and kindred animals are often poisoned with strychnine, but traps of many descriptions are sometimes employed, and many animals are shot.

Thousands of acres of forest are yearly destroyed by accidental fires, and thousands more are stripped for lumber and wood, but the forests being all in the mountain regions, where the land is of little or no use for other purposes, is allowed to grow up to timber again, so that no estimate of any correctness can be made of its increase or diminution. However, there is no scarcity except in the immediate vicinity of settlements.

Success in either hunting or trapping depends more here than elsewhere upon the experience of the person engaged in it, and his knowledge of the country, for the reason that game is not generally distributed throughout the territory, but certain species are confined to certain localities. No stranger need expect much success unless accompanied by an experienced guide.

Remarkable bags are often made, but create little remark here, as they are mostly made by professional hunters, who prefer the profit to the notoriety that would direct other's attention to their hunting grounds. It is nothing uncommon for two hunters to load a large freight wagon with deer, antelope, or buffalo in a day or two after reaching the hunting grounds. Grouse and such game may be killed at the rate of from one to four or five dozen a day to the gun, provided the hunter has the time and the patience to hunt up their locality.

The larger animals are very extensively hunted during the season for both local and foreign markets. It is estimated that not less than two hundred thousand buffalo were slaughtered for their hides alone last year, and so long as the price of skins make it a profitable business, and the buffalo remain, this waste and destruction will go on.

Were the game laws of the territory enforced all would be well; but except to keep game out of the market during the close season, there is no attempt made in that direction.

The good hunting grounds are so numerous and so widely scattered for the different varieties of game that no very correct idea can be given in such an article except in a general way. Ducks, geese, etc., may be found very close about Denver. Willow grouse are widely distributed, and may be found in most any direction from town by travelling from ten to twenty miles. They are much more difficult to capture, and are a far better bird than the prairie chicken of the States, and are not found in the mountains at all, while the blue or mountain grouse are only found in the mountains, and are the finest eating bird of the grouse kind, but offer poor sport to any except "pot shooters," they being excessively tame. Ptarmigan are only found very close to the snowy range, and are very good for the table, but might as well be killed with a club as shot. Buffalo are sometimes found within thirty miles of town, but usually a ride of from fifty to two hundred miles east, either via the Union Pacific or the Kansas Pacific Railroad, will be necessary for any great success. Antelope are often found within ten miles of this place, but are more plenty as you leave civilization behind in either direction. White tail deer are not plenty. They are only occasionally killed along the water courses and in the low hill country some thirty to fifty miles to the east, and seventy from here. Black tail deer confine themselves to the mountainous regions, except when severe storms prevail; they then come to the foot-hills, where they may be killed in quantities. They afford fine sport, whether in mountain or valley, are very numerous, and are often hunted within twenty miles of town. Bear are distributed throughout the entire mountain country. Mountain sheep are very seldom killed, except on the high mountains, and from twenty-five miles dis-

tant to as far as the Rocky mountains extend. Elk are found most numerous in the Middle and North Forks from seventy to one hundred miles distant, and on the Laramie Plains, and farther west along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad for three or four hundred miles from Cheyenne, especially in the vicinity of Fort Steel, and as far north as the Wind River mountains and Montana Territory.

Very few dogs of any breed are owned here. Some pointers and setters of doubtful blood, and occasionally a grey or stag hound, are kept for running down wounded game; but no fox hounds are in the country, nor could they be used to any advantage on account of the prickly pear, which would cripple them in an hour's run.

Hotel accommodations outside of the principal towns are very limited, and in order to make a success of hunting or fishing it is necessary to take with you transportation, subsistence, and bedding.

In conclusion, if you or any of your friends desire sport, and can stand the fatigue that we all have to endure to find it, come on, and any one familiar with the country will not withhold all information desired, including your obedient servant,

H. A. C.

DENVER, Colorado, October, 1873.

CANVAS-BACK DUCKS IN WISCONSIN.

JANESVILLE, Wisconsin, September 22d, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

FOREST AND STREAM is just the paper we have long needed, as an organ for the sportsman and angler. I am happy to see the vacancy so well filled by your interesting publication, which cannot help but be a success.

Our shooting hereabouts is principally confined to ducks, and we claim to have the best ducking grounds in the Northwest, and the only grounds where the famous canvas-back is found in any great number. This ground is at Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, a body of water about nine miles long, from two to four miles wide, quite shallow and filled with wild celery. The shores are indented by numerous bogs and sloughs, and lined with a heavy growth of wild rice, and here in the spring and fall are found nearly every variety of water fowl by the million. It has been disputed by Eastern sportsmen that our canvas-backs are the same as are found in the Chesapeake; but that they are the same is true beyond a doubt, and can be proven to the entire satisfaction of all who will come and see. Teal and mallard shooting begin about September first and last until about October. Then comes the canvas-back. Black head, red head, and other northern varieties of ducks, which remain until the lake is closed by ice, and are slaughtered by thousands. Sportsmen in search of ducking grounds would do well to visit Koshkonong, any time from October 10th to November 15th. The best route is via C. and N. W. Railway, Wisconsin Division, from Chicago to Fort Atkinson, 111 miles; thence by team three miles south to Mr. H. L. Beemer's, where good accommodations will be found, and necessary information given. Mr. Beemer lives nearest the best shooting grounds on the lake, and all who stop with him will be well taken care of. The fishing is also very fine, and black bass are taken in great numbers. General Phil. Sheridan took in one day last season all his boat could carry, averaging two pounds apiece. Yours truly, VALENTINE.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

OLD charms not only effected cures but dealt with every possible relation of life. Thus: "Eat hare if you want to look handsome for nine days after." "Put a hen's heart on your wife's left side while she is asleep, and she'll tell all her secrets." "Swallow a mole's heart, fresh and palpitating, and you'll at once be expert in divination." "Quartan agues yield not to ordinary medicine; so take of the dust in which a hawk has been rolling, tie it up in a bit of white cloth with a red thread, and wear it; or else knock out the right eye of a live lizard, and wear it wrapped in a bit of goat-skin." These are from Pliny, who also teaches that all medicinal herbs should be gathered, pick-pocket fashion, with the right hand poked through the arm-hole of the tunic; you ought to be clad in a white robe, with naked clean-washed feet, and to have just offered an oblation of bread and wine. Worms out of a goat's brain are good for epilepsy; so is a rivet from a wrecked ship, if you insert in it the bone cut out of a living stag's heart, and then make it into a brooch. If you see a shooting star, count quickly, for you'll be free from inflammation as many years as you can count numbers while the star remains in view. To cure cataract in the eye, catch a fox, cut out his tongue, let him go, dry his tongue, and tie it up in a red rag, and hang round the man's neck. When something has got into your eye, rub it with five fingers of the same side as the eye affected, saying thrice, "Tetunc resonco bregam gresso," and spit thrice. If you would escape stomach-ache, take care that you always put on your left shoe first, and wear on gold-leaf the letters L* M* M R I A, written three times. For toothache, say "Argidam margidam stur-gidam" thrice over, and spit in a frog's mouth, solemnly desiring him to take toothache. If any one has swallowed a bone, gently touch the mouth with ring-finger and thumb, and say nine times "I kiss the Gorgon's mouth." This is sovereign; the great Galen himself testifies to the value of charms in such a case. These are from Marcellus Empiricus (the Quack, as he well deserves to be called), who flourished about 380 A. D. But this, from Albertus Magnus, is the most wonderful of all: Gather in August the herb heliotropion, wrap it in a bay-leaf with a wolf's tooth, and it will, if placed under the pillow, show a man who has been robbed where are his goods and who has taken them; also, if placed in a church, it will keep fixed to their places the women present who have broken their marriage vow. "This last is most tried and most true."—*All the Year Round.*

THE OLD DRESS COAT.

A PARODY ON GEN. ALBERT PIKE'S "OLD CANOE."

Where cobwebs are thick and ceiling low,
And the dusty floor looks dark below,
Where trunks and boxes in lonely pride
Are gloomily ranged 'round the rough wall side;
Where pictures hang that are old and dim,
Where old hats lay devoid of brim;
Where the past over all in dust is wrote,
Hangs on a nail the old dress-coat.

The well-worn tails are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm hath stopped,
And down from the shoulders, one by one,
Hang the threadbare arms whose work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spiders stretch their silver screen,
And their struggling victims wearily tote
Across the breast of the old dress-coat.

The glossy cloth that a luster gave
Rots slowly away to its hidden grave;
The green mildew creeps o'er its decay,
Hiding the moldering past away
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower,
While fading colors, once remote,
Throw their somber hues o'er the old dress-coat.

The heaving breasts are dead and still,
But the light winds play with the flaps at will;
And lazily swinging its shabby tail
It floats its length from a rusty nail,
Like a pendulum moving the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noon-tide chime,
And the arms together kindly float,
As if to greet o'er the old dress-coat.

Oh, many a time in the olden day
I've brushed its folds and dust away,
And decked myself for the evening ball,
Where the dance was wild, and love ruled all;
And laughed as I whirled in the giddy dance,
At the girls' sly look and admiring glance,
And felt youth's music's sweetest note,
As I sauntered along in my fine dress-coat.

But now, as I turn from its moldering pride,
And look in the broken glass at its side,
The face that I see is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the form that gave it such graceful swings
Hath bowed 'neath the weight of sterner things;
But I love to think of the happy hours
I danced in my coat 'mid music and flowers,
Ere the steps of time in its rude march snote,
And crushed the pride of my old dress-coat.

—Anonymous.

* Among the Birds and Beasts.

YOU are attracted to the place by the outside show. In the bulk windows you see innumerable cages, inhabited by canaries, who hop about within their narrow homes with incessant motion. If you approach nearer to the window, and if your ear is fine and you can separate the noises of Chatham street—muffle, as it were, the rumble of the street car, the din and rattle of the carts and wagons, you will distinguish no end of twitter coming from the establishment in question. Sometimes this chorus, if a streak of sunshine slides into the store, rises in volume of chirps until it sounds like a band of tiny piccolos—then again it ceases, and there comes a clatter, a din of squeaks, saw-edge-sharpening sounds; the parrots taking hand in the bird orchestra. Lured by the sounds—melodious, discordant, or otherwise—and having some business with the proprietor, we enter the bird-store. The twitter is, if anything, a trifle too intense, and as if enraged at our presence, all the parrots commence wrangling, disputing, and objurgating in the most approved primary-meeting manner, until the tympanums of our ears fairly ache.

Mr. Charles Reiche, the Noah of all this ark of birds, welcomes us, and, "wanting to know, you know," we ask no end of questions, to all of which the good natured Noah replies. If Jamrach is the grand wild animal purveyor of England, Mr. Reiche occupies the same position in America.

We watch a couple of assistants packing up most a gross of canary birds, each in a separate cage, going off by express. The cages are all piled one above the other, and a long stick run through the wicker work to hold them together. So tame are the birds that they scarcely flutter. The cages are deftly cleaned, an extra quantity of seed put in the feed cups, their water is replenished, a couple of thick pieces of paper are wrapped around the city of cages, and off they go on their journey. It is mid-day, and they will be in Boston or Cincinnati some time to-morrow, as "fresh as birds," of course, and ready to send forth their sweet carol in, we trust, some gentle lady's drawing-room. If we only could travel this way, and to the same destination!

The canary bird trade, Mr. Reiche informs us, is a constantly increasing one. Twenty-six years ago 1,000 birds in a year was a large quantity of birds to dispose of to-day Mr. Reiche imports and sells 80,000 canaries, and can hardly keep up with the demand. They all come from the Hartz mountains, and are bred by the mining population, who increase their means by rearing this pretty bird. Every German steamer brings about 2,500 birds, and there is an attendant who crosses and cares for these feathered passengers. The loss seems quite trifling, not being more than eight per cent. Mr. Reiche sends canaries to San Francisco, Valparaiso, Lima, and to the whole of South America. Crowded together in a large cage were those

pretty birds, the Rice Bunting. Nothing can be primmer than the appearance of this bird, with its prettily tinted plumage and its white ears. They seem to be fond of each other's society, as they cluster close together on the perches, which rise one above another, huddling together, and looking like so many little ladies, with white caps on, all seated in the boxes of a theatre.

Parrots were in quantity. There was the chattering, social green parrot (*Chrysotis festivus*), a festive "cuss," undoubtedly, and the gray one (*Psittacus erythacus*), rather more demure, scratching his head, and many beautifully colored parrots, all radiant in the most delicately tinted plumage. A pretty bird was the African widow bird, a tiny creature, covered with fine dark feathers, and having a gloriously long tail, dead black, about ten times as long as his body, hanging pendulous from him. Here were English thrushes and bull-finches, with a true Whitechapel look, awaiting purchasers, and gaudy pheasants, the Golden, shining like a bit of jeweler's work, the more quiet Silver, and the demure English pheasant. Here, too, were strange nondescript ducks and a pair of black swans, and last, but not least, a magnificent specimen of the crowned pigeon, (*Guara coronata*). This bird, the most glorious of the pigeon tribe, is of a delectable blue, is as large almost as a peacock, and has his head surmounted by an aigrette of the finest feathers. He comes from Java, New Guinea, and the Moluccas, and is a royal bird.

How long we might have remained in Mr. Reiche's aviary we do not know, but we were startled by looking through a glass window, when we saw in an amusing way, the living contest of the Laocoon repeated, only in this case it was a row between one of Mr. Reiche's men and an alligator. His Uglyship, all mouth and squirming tail, was refusing (and with a great show of reason and good sense on his part) to be placed in a wooden, coffin-like looking box. Though his destination was Europe, and his passage had been taken, he was vigorously protesting against expatriation, and asserting the right of a true born American. How he squirmed and wriggled, and he had to be pinned down to the ground with a wooden fork, before the stout German could induce him to enter his travelling apartment, and at last, when inveigled in as far as head and body went, how he lashed his tail outside, and hissed, snapped, and spluttered.

"We are always sending alligators abroad, to amateurs and zoological societies. Neat creatures for certain kinds of aquariums. Mostly come from Florida, and are easily obtained. I shall ship about a dozen assorted sizes abroad this month. They will reach their destination in good order." Just as Mr. Reiche had concluded, we were startled by feeling something or somebody inserting what we took to be an arm into our pocket. It was not the monkeys, who were chattering in their cages opposite. Who could it be? Turning around we faced a little elephant, who, with his proboscis, was examining our coat tail pocket. He was a chubby little elephant, about three years old, and was as tame as a dog. At the word of command he hoisted up his trunk, rolled up his lip, and showed his nascent tusks, about an inch beyond the gum. "What is he worth," we asked. "Five thousand dollars, and cheap at that. In a year or two, as he grows, he will add a couple of thousand dollars to his price. Look at my kangaroo—a nice little fellow. He is worth \$75. If he was a great kangaroo \$1,000 would not be out of the way. There is a pen of peccaries, quite tame and gentle, and over there you will see a pair of Japanese hogs."

"How is the lion market?" we asked.

"Quite brisk, though it is at the end of the season. We have four on hand. Prices of animals do not vary much, though it is in the spring, for exhibition purposes, that the real demand sets in. A good African lion, with a full mane, would bring \$5,000. A lioness is not quite so desirable; you may quote her at \$2,500. Tigers—royal Bengals—are always wanted. I have two very fine specimens; cheap at \$5,000."

"How do you procure your stock?" we asked.

"A good many animals are bred abroad in European zoological societies. We buy from them, or exchange with them, and can mostly find what we want in London. But I have a regular set of men employed in Africa to find animals for me. Now here is a letter from a party I have out there, in Cassela, somewhere on the White Nile. They are after hippopotami and ostriches. I could sell all the hippopotami I could get. It is among the most valuable of rare animals. There was a good specimen here some nine years ago, and he was rented out for \$25,000 a year. If my party goes further south they may get for me a giraffe or so. A fair camel-leopard would be worth \$5,000. The head of the party reports to me that Mr. Charles Reiche, on the 15th of June last, was the possessor of quite a coop of ostriches—some fourteen, I believe. Birds of small size are not very expensive. My agent tells me he has bought some for about a dollar—about the price of a chicken in Washington market. The head of the party is a German, and he says they will want a caravan of a hundred camels to bring them out of the desert, with the animals they have caught or purchased. The prices I ask may seem to you high, but you must bear in mind the risk we run. You can't rate the figures on a rhinoceros the same as you would for a horse. It's pretty much of a lottery. Some years ago I must have spent \$25,000 on a single expedition. The head of the party used to draw on me from the middle of Ethiopia £1,000 drafts. I believe he did get quite a number of fine animals together, only he went into the show business himself, on his own account with my animals. The last I heard of him was that he had my caravan in

Australia, and beyond the reach of the law. Then it may be a risky business at times, for this reason. Though you may corner the animal market, yet you may glut it with certain beasts. Some two years ago all the zoological gardens which sell wild beasts, and the African hunters, got long on zebras and gnus, and you couldn't give them away. They were not worth more than donkeys. The market has recovered, however, and zebras are now in fair demand. I have besides that party in Africa another one constantly in South America. They stay about the neighborhood of Para, and pick up pumas, jaguars, tapirs, monkeys, and boas for me. The snake line of business is always good. They are mostly in demand for side show entertainments. A good big snake fetches \$500. I begged and begged for a big one as thick around as my thigh, a fellow who would breakfast on a goat, which I saw abroad this year, and offered \$750 for him, but was refused. Monkeys are always wanted; supply equal to the demand. A show starts out with a dozen of monkeys, happy family, and that kind of thing, and are always losing some of them. The price for monkeys varies. These little fellows," and Mr. Reiche pointed to a cage full, "are worth \$10. There is a \$25 one, and I have got as much as \$750 for one. The showman called him a gorilla—which he was not. But you know these stage people often take names they have no right to. Here are two nice leopards; don't go too near them; they are not to be trusted. Fifteen hundred dollars each is the value fixed on them." Just then something shot past us across the floor, scampered over a bale of hay, and bolted into a corner. Whatever it was it went like a flash. Was it a wildcat? We looked for an elevation to scramble on, to be out of harm's way. Presently up ran two men and made for the corner, and captured the animal after no end of scuffling and fur flying. "You need not be afraid," said Mr. Reiche, quite encouragingly, "it is only an English hare. He will break loose every chance he gets. Now we have him in the cage again; pray notice his eyes; they are just like those of a human being. I imported a dozen for the Central Park last year, and they are doing pretty well. This one goes out to the Park to-morrow. Call here next week and I will show you some elk, and bears, and some whooping cranes, from Nebraska."

"You seem to have a very universal kind of business," we remarked.

"Quite so. It is wonderful how the taste has set in. Of course the bulk of the wild animals goes into the show business. Mr. Barnum has spent millions of dollars in buying animals, and, by the way, he is a man to do business with. Just as likely as not he may come in here to-morrow and spend \$50,000 with me in animals, and think no more about it than an ordinary person would when giving a \$10 bill for a black and tan terrier. But it is not only the show people who buy. There are various zoological societies starting up in various sections of the United States who are commencing to purchase animals. Then many private gentlemen are not only bird fanciers, but want game birds and animals to stock their grounds with. I get orders now from all parts of the Union. The business commenced with a pair of canary birds, and has been developing ever since."

"How would you like to try and get one of those Russian mastodons they say are now ranging about in the Ural mountains?" we inquired.

"Have no faith in them. Don't believe that any creature of that kind exists. If it had, Jamrach, or the firm of C. Reiche & Brother, of New York, and Alfeld, Hanover, would have had them for sale."

Though inclined ourselves to be somewhat speculative, we are forced to declare that Mr. Reiche's argument against the existence of the Siberian mastodon had its weight.

"We have"—continued Mr. Reiche, patting the baby elephant, who in return was affectionately inserting his proboscis between the proprietor's shirt collar and his neck—"we have some very funny correspondents at times. We have letters from all parts of the United States about animals, and offers to sell them to us. A man sees a bear in the woods, and writes us to ask what we will give for him. Now the bear is in the wilds, ranging around, and the man wants to sell him in that way, before he is even trapped. We do business on the principle of not selling your bear skin before your bear is caught."

"That is a sound maxim," we replied. "But, Mr. Reiche, don't your animals escape sometimes?"

"Of course they do, and give us trouble, but we are used to that kind of thing, and use the utmost precaution with the really dangerous animals."

"For instance," we asked, "if those two leopards were to break bonds and range around the City Hall and Printing House Square, it would make quite a sensation, would it not?"

"Something of that kind happened to Jamrach," replied Mr. Reiche. "A tiger broke loose, promenaded London, and gobbled up a little boy. Jamrach went for that tiger with a crowbar, and after quite a lively fight made the tiger drop the boy, and eventually drove the animal back into his den. The child was not hurt."

"What was the sequel?" we inquired.

"Oh, the lawyers got hold of the matter, and Jamrach had to pay some £300 damages, which shows that Jamrach could fight a tiger, but not a lawyer."

—The most appalling case of deafness, outside of an asylum, was that of an old lady who lives just across the street from a navy-yard. The other day they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS ON AIR AND SOIL, AND THEIR CLIMATIC AND HYGIENIC IMPORTANCE.

TO ascertain by actual scientific observation and measurement the influence of forests on the air and soil, and their climatic and hygienic importance, the Bavarian Government instituted at different elevations and in various parts of the kingdom seven forestial and meteorological stations, at each of which, three daily observations are made at two different points, one situated in the middle of a large forest, and the other in the middle of a large field. The results of these observations according to Dr. Ebermayer's report (published by C. Krebs in Aschaffenburg, 1873), proves conclusively the marked influence of forests on the temperature of the soil. In the spring and summer months (March till August), the difference in the temperature of the soil of the forest and of the open field averages 7.24 °F, in the months of September, October and February this difference falls to 2.75 °F, and during winter months to 0. The observations further show, that although the absolute moisture of forest air in the course of a year appears to be hardly greater than that of the open field, it is different as to the relative moisture, for, as the temperature of the air in forests is on the whole lower than that in the open field, the forest air must, with the same absolute moisture, have a greater relative moisture and be nearer its point of saturation; a determinate lowering of temperature will therefore produce in forests a separation of water more readily and in greater quantity, than in the open field.

This difference of relative moisture is much more marked in high land than in low land, corresponding to the increasing values of the difference of temperature between forest and open air as we rise above the sea level; the reason is that the difference of temperature is greater in summer. This relative moisture of forest air in summer, exceeds that of the air in the open field by a greater amount than in the other seasons of the year. The forest thus makes the climate moister, and more so in summer, in the time of vegetation, than in other seasons. The difference of relative moisture between forest air and field air, was in spring, 5.70° in summer, 6.18°, in autumn, 5.22° and in winter, 5.24°.

The greater relative moisture in forest air affects the amount of evaporation. Observations were made of the quantities of water evaporated from free water surface in forests and in the open fields, and it appears that on an annual average, the evaporation is about 2.7 times smaller in forests than in open fields. On comparing seasons, it is nearly four times greater in summer than in winter, but even in winter there was two and one-half times less water evaporated in the former than in the latter. The difference in the amount of evaporation in the warmest and driest months (July and August) between forests and open air was on an average, 290.28 cubic inches of water for one square foot of water surface.

The relative proportion of evaporation, however, does not essentially alter in the several months, as we find that in forests on an average two to three times less water is evaporated than in the open air. This great difference in the amount of evaporation probably arises in great part (besides the difference of temperature, saturation etc.) by the much weaker movement of the wind in forests. Of greater practical interest than the evaporation from a free water surface, is that from the ground. As in many parts of Bavaria and Germany generally, the farmers and citizens of villages have an old privilege to gather from the forests dry leaves for littering and manuring purposes, not only forest and open field were compared with each other, but also the influence of such litter covering was examined. The forest alone deprived of its litter covering, diminishes the evaporation of ground water, as compared with that of the open field, about 62°; with litter covering the evaporation was further diminished about 22°. In reference to the question "What influence have forests on the quantity of rain in a country, and do they favor the formation of rain or not?" Ebermayer's observations lead him to affirm that in plains of the same general character, the influence of forests on the quantity of rain is very small, and that it has also no marked influence on the percentage of distribution of rain. With elevations above the sea level, the importance of the forests as regards influence on the rain quantity increases. On mountains it has a higher value than on plains. In the summer season the action of the forest on the rain quantity is much greater in the winter. If we compare the rain fall on one square foot of surface with the quantity of water evaporated from an equal free water surface in the forests and in the open field, it appears that everywhere the annual rain fall is greater than the evaporation. The higher the place is, the greater is the excess of rain and snow water over the quantity evaporated. In the interior of a forest the evaporation is so small, that a much larger quantity of water enters into the soil, than is dissipated by evaporation. In the open field most water penetrates the ground in the winter, next during spring and autumn, and least in summer. In summer the quantity of water which passed through the ground was at one foot depth, three and one-half times, at two feet depth, four and one-half times, at four feet depth, seven and one-half times less than in winter.

The forest-covered ground behaves towards water quite differently. In forest ground without litter covering, the quantity of water at one foot depth is greater in winter;

then follows spring; and in autumn and in summer it is nearly equal. In litter covered forest ground the quantity penetrating the ground in all the four seasons was nearly equal. If we compare the forest ground with the open field, the quantity penetrating the former is, in winter less than that penetrating the latter. In spring the forest ground at four feet deep gave per three square feet surface about 133.42 cubic inches more water than the unwooded ground. In summer litter covered forest ground gave at six feet depth 1245.71 cubic inches more water per three square feet, than the ground in the open field, while in forest ground without litter, at one foot depth twice as much water passed through as in the open field. In autumn, lastly, the penetrating quantities of water in the forest and in the open field were nearly equal.

The action of the forest and of litter covering on the water contents of the ground and of the humidity of a region is thus most marked in the warmest season, and in hot countries. The forest produces an equable distribution of the ground moisture in the several seasons of the year.

In a hygienic point of view, it has been shown that in fever and malaria, contagion is generally carried and communicated by currents of air, but that forests often act as a protection against them. It was observed that in many localities in India which formerly were free of contagious diseases, these appeared after cutting down of the surrounding forests.

CHAS. PLAGGL.

TREE-PLANTING.

A PROVERB of Northwest India declares that three things make a man to be truly a man—to have a son born to him, to dig a well, and to plant a tree. It is impossible for the untraveled Englishman to realize the misery of a treeless country. Europe has no natural deficiency of trees; hence, bridge-building took the place of the old Aryan tree-planting, as an act of piety to God, and of duty to the future, in the counsels of the early Christian teachers of the European nations. Both in East and West, trees were no doubt the first temples, and the planting of groves was the primitive form of church-building. Abraham we are told, planted a grove in Beersheba, to commemorate his solemn covenant; but among his descendants it became in time the mark of a pious ruler to "cut down the groves," as the seats of pagan worship; the mark of a careless ruler to leave them untouched; and the mark of an impious ruler to plant and dedicate new groves. It is not hard to find reasons why the grove naturally became the first temple. Men were no doubt impressed by the hoary age of trees compared with the short life of man. A tree was often the center around which each succeeding generation deposited its traditions—a visible bond uniting the departed with the living, and the living with the unborn. The cool, grateful shade of trees was a natural type of the graciousness the worshippers sought for from the power they worshipped—especially in Eastern lands, where shadow is so precious and so exceptional. The yearly new birth and death of their foliage was a national symbol of human life. The darkness and density of the grove, we must add, hid the obscenities and cruelties which belonged to the darker developments of heathen worship.

Tree-planting has retained in Germany longer than elsewhere something of its occult character, binding together religion, nation, and family. In the Vosges, the old German farmers were not allowed to marry until they had done something for the future good of the tribe by planting a stated number of walnut-trees.

The asking of a distinguished guest to plant a tree, is a pleasant way of commemorating a visit. We do not know that it is much used here. In 1852 the oratorian poet, F. W. Faber, was visited at St. Mary's, Sydenham, by Prince Massimo and Cardinal Wiseman, each of whom left behind him the record of his visit in a tree of his own planting. According to the German fancy, no tree planted as a memorial will grow and flourish unless it has a motto given it at the time of its planting.

In different parts of our country we may come across trees—in Sherwood, indeed, across entire woods—planted to commemorate national events. But our English tree-plantings have long been mainly the work of individuals, and not of communities. A tree planted in Lord Rollo's garden at Duncrub, to commemorate the Union of England and Scotland in 1707, a fir, eighty feet high, and eighteen feet in girth, was blown down in the gale of March, 1866. The greatest day of commemorative tree-planting ever known in England was probably the first anniversary of the Restoration, May 29th, 1661. The letters from different towns in the *Mercurius Publicus* and the *King's Intelligence* of that year, contain accounts of such plantings. Many of these, however, were, like the Trees of Liberty, planted only to last as long as the festival. In one letter from Halesworth, in Suffolk, the "own correspondent" of the period writes: "The number of trees that were planted in the town was so great that it perfectly resembled an artificial forest. The whole town lay under so absolute a disguise that the inhabitants knew not their own houses."—(*Mercurius Publicus*, June 6, No. 23.) The wholesale commemorative planting in the Sherwood district marks victories gained by our famous admirals. Lord Newark planted twenty-five acres, partly forest-tree and partly fir, and called it Howe's Grove, in honor of Earl Howe's great victory. A plantation of fifteen acres, adjoining Thoresby Park, is called after Earl St. Vincent; and twelve acres on the north boundary of Budby Forest, celebrate Lord Duncan. In other parts of the Sherwood district great plantations bear the names of Nelson, St. Vincent, Howe, and Spencer—the last in honor of the nobleman who then presided at the admiralty, and to whose judicious arrangement of the fleet the English successes were in part attributed.—*Chambers' Journal*.

LOUIS XVI. A CRACK SPORTSMAN.—From the "Journal de Louis XVI," lately published by M. Nicolardot, it appears that the unfortunate monarch was passionately fond of hunting. Louis XVI., the meekest of mortals, was one of the crack Nimrods. In his diary he records having brought down 189,251 pieces, and 1,274 deer. When large game was in abeyance, he would shoot martlets, squirrels, or small game of any kind. Even swallows were not spared; he averaged seventy a day. An entry of the diary on the 28th July 1784, states, "killed 200 swallows."

Natural History.

"BIRDS WALKING UNDER WATER."

A LATE paragraph in this paper under the above heading, concludes by requesting further observations on the movements of birds under water. The writer assumes that it would be "physically impossible" for a bird to swim horizontally under water, "unless it could in some way assimilate its specific gravity to that of the water around it."

While it is perhaps not surprising that the ability of certain birds to progress under water in all directions should not be generally known, owing to limited and infrequent opportunities of observation, their possession of this power is nevertheless established, and readily explained without recourse to the above-mentioned theory. It is well known to naturalists that cormorants, loons, grebes, and some allied species habitually pursue their prey under water, sometimes at a depth of several fathoms. As their food consists in large part of fish, they must be able to move rapidly in any direction in order to secure it. I have only witnessed the act myself under the most favorable circumstances of observation, in the case of loons; but the mode of progression is essentially similar, if not the same, in other instances. From the stern of a steamer anchored in the quiet, transparent water of the harbor of San Pedro, Southern California, I once watched the movements of some loons which were playing about the vessel without showing any of the wildness these birds usually exhibit. They frequently swam and dived within a few feet of me, and in several instances I could readily trace their course for some distance under water. It was an interesting sight, and a novel one, to see such wary birds disporting heedlessly just below, gliding through the water with the ease and speed of a fish, bespangled and glittering like fishes, too, with the bubbles of air that clung to their sleek, glossy plumage. They appeared to swim in every direction with equal facility, using both wings and legs. But it was not, in reality, so much swimming as flying; the birds actually flew through the water, moving the half-spread wings much as in ordinary aerial flight. They appeared to shape their course with strokes of the broad, webbed feet which projected, rudderlike, far behind, and to propel themselves largely by using the wings like fins; but as both members were in continual motion the amount of impulse derived from each source could not well be estimated. The birds sometimes reached a depth at which they were lost to view, reappearing nearly where they went down; and again, they accomplished the long distances they are well known to swim under water in a horizontal direction, in both cases remaining submerged for the same surprising length of time. It is not in the least probable that they were prepared to swim in this or that particular direction by a change in their specific gravity; it will be evident that no such alteration would be required.

As we all know, a bird dives by pushing itself down with the feet or wings, or both, exactly as it swims on the surface by pushing itself forward; in the former case overcoming, by muscular exertion, its tendency to float, as well as the simple resistance of the water to its progress. Now, to swim horizontally under water the bird need only incline the axis of the body obliquely downward at a certain slight angle, and then push straight forward. For in this position the bird opposes its broad flat back to the obliquely downward action of the water, which offers the required resistance to counteract the tendency to rise, as long as the bird continues to propel itself onward. It could not remain under water motionless; were its course arrested it would immediately begin to rise obliquely backward. The adjustment of the body at an angle which balances the upward tendency with a resistance from above, is of course, instinctively effected, and the direction is altered at will by a change in the inclination of the body. Progress under water is the resultant of three forces—muscular energy, directed forward, specific gravity of the water acting vertically upward, and an induced resistance of the water pressing obliquely downward and backward. A certain rate of speed is required to bring this last force into action, much as "headway" is needed to make a vessel mind the helm; if the motion slacken short of such rate the bird would "make leeway"—that is, drift upward. The principles involved are essentially the same as those upon which a vessel sails up to the wind—the bird trims its boat-shaped body to the water, just as the sails of a vessel are trimmed to the wind.

There is, however, no question that some birds possess the power of altering their specific gravity decidedly—perhaps to the extent of making themselves a little heavier than the same bulk of water. Some of their performances cannot, probably, be otherwise explained. When a grebe, for instance, as is frequently witnessed, sinks back into the water without perceptible move of its flippers, and with scarcely a ripple, until only the head remains visible, the bird has not dived in the ordinary sense of that term. It has neither pulled nor pushed itself under, but just let itself down—sunk; and it is not evident how this could be effected without some increase in specific gravity. On one occasion I happened to see how a great change may be effected. It is simply a matter of a long breath. It is well known that birds breathe air not only into their lungs, but also thence into a system of inter-communicating cells in various parts of the body, the amount thus inhaled and exhaled being, in some cases at least, sufficient to effect the change in question. Holding a wounded grebe in my hands I saw and felt it swell with a long, labored inspiration that seemed to

permeate the whole body, and especially the breast and belly, where a visible ripple passed slowly along puffing out the skin and raising the plumage. It was curious to see this wave advancing slowly to the point of complete distension, and then as gradually recede in the opposite direction until the collapse was total. I should judge that about an eighth of the mean bulk of the body was alternately increased and diminished by this inflation and shrinkage—a difference, perhaps, sufficient for the required change in specific gravity. It is certainly enough to account for the different depths at which a grebe is observed to swim on the surface, sometimes resting almost out of water, and again sinking until the back becomes, as the writer aptly says, "barely awash."

But the amount of air a bird may take under water cannot be presented to determine its subsequent course. When a loon starts after a fish he cannot foreknow the direction of pursuit and take a stock of air accordingly. If his course depend upon assimilation of his specific gravity by this means, he would be foiled in pursuit as often as the fish went the wrong way for him. If, for instance, he let out air enough to sink himself he could not rise or go horizontally without effort, and consequently diminished speed; for obviously he has no way of lightening himself with additional air. Besides, it appears improbable that an animal in which the respiration and circulation are so active as they are in birds, could remain for so long a time submerged without a considerable supply of air. I think that the collapsed grebe above instanced could not, in that state, have performed one of its ordinary reaches under water.

While I believe that the progress in any direction of birds under water is adequately explained upon the mechanical principles above given, I am far from denying that some slight change in specific gravity may occur, and be effected moreover, independently of respiration by a change in the set of the plumage. By the action of certain cutaneous muscles, a bird's feathers may be collectively raised on end or laid flat, at will; and provided the elevation of the plumage be insufficient to admit water in the interstices, the bird's superficial area would be increased, to the displacement of more water, and consequent lessening of specific gravity; and conversely. The loons I observed looked remarkably compact and trim under water, and probably all birds dive with the plumage very "close hauled."

As for birds actually *walking* under water on the bottom, as they do on land, observations are wanting to show that it ever occurs. Loons and grebes, indeed, can scarcely walk at all anywhere, without trailing on the belly, and this mode of progression under water would be particularly slow, laborious, and disadvantageous. I have no idea that it is ever accomplished. The very remarkable case of the birds of the family *Cinclidae*, or dippers, (near allies of the thrushes) often instanced in point, of birds walking on the bottom of streams, is sufficiently disproven by the observations of Macgillivray, who, in his History of British Birds, explains their movements with his usual fidelity and power of graphic description. They progress with the wings like the birds we have been considering. They are not web-footed and cannot swim, but dip down under the water and *fly* through it, till the bottom is reached. There they go bobbing along, with the head and body diagonally inclined forward and downward, moving the wings incessantly in the effort to keep down. The moment they relax exertion they are borne upward, and sometimes swept several feet down the brawling mountain streams they inhabit.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A.

—Bernard A. Hoopes, Esq., President of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club, and one of the members of the new Philadelphia Zoological Society, has sent us the following description of a new species of white hawk, with some beautifully colored plates of both male and female, specimens of which are now in the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia:

BUTEO BOREALIS, variety KRIDERII. Pl. 5. Entire head and nape pure white with the exception of a few feathers on each side of the forehead at the base of the upper mandible, which are tipped with dark brown. Cheeks white, with several lines of feathers, narrowly tipped with dark brown, extending down the sides of the neck and a short distance under the wings. Back brown, largely spotted with white, which is the prevailing color of the base of the feathers, some of them are edged with yellowish brown; many of the feathers on the upper part of the back are arrow shaped, or pointed, faintly edged with white. Tail white, with an ochreous tint, darker toward the ends of the two middle feathers, banded with eleven irregular transverse bars of brown, the feathers rounded, or slightly pointed and tipped with white. Throat, breast, and entire under parts pure white, inside of wings the same, first five quills edged with bluish ash. Toes, dark lead color, large. Claws black and strong.

The female does not differ much from the male in the general appearance of the plumage, is considerably larger, as usual with the birds of prey. The back is rather lighter brown, the white spots larger. Tail darker, more of an umber tint on the middle feathers, which are edged with white. The forehead is white, but the feathers of the head and neck are tipped with small lanceolate spots of brown. Under parts entirely white, with fewer spots on the flanks than the male, the tarsi and feet more robust, and of a similar color. *Dimensions:* Male, total length 20½ inches; tail 9 inches. Female, total length 22½ inches; tail 9½ inches.

The above description is made from two specimens, male and female, collected in Winnebago county, Iowa, by Mr. John Krider, of Philadelphia, in September, 1872, and carefully prepared by that gentleman. He mentioned having seen several others, and described them as having the habits and manner of flight common to the buzzard family, and

from their being noticed in the autumn, were possibly migrating from more northern breeding grounds. During a previous visit to the same locality, in 1871, he saw a specimen evidently similar to these, but was unable to secure it. Being informed by residents of the country that the appearance of a "white hawk" there was not an unusual occurrence, he felt confident of ultimately procuring one, and has not been disappointed. Being convinced that it is undescribed, I have named it in honor of the veteran naturalist to whom we are indebted for the discovery.

THE GROWTH OF FISHES.

I SAW, a day or two before I started for the woods, a newspaper article, in which it was stated that "some years ago Prof. Agassiz suggested to George S. Page, of New York, President of the Oquossoc Angling Association, a method of determining approximately the age of the famous Rangely trout, which grows to the weight of seven, eight, and even ten pounds. The mode adopted was to take a small platinum wire, pointed at one end and flattened at the other, and marked at the flat end with the weight and the year. Then insert this wire in the dorsal fin, selecting a mark according with weight and time, and return to the water." It seems that in 1870 fifty trout were caught and marked in this manner and returned to the water. This year, among a lot caught by the artist Moran and some friends, was one marked 1870—weight, half a pound. It weighed nearly 2½ pounds, showing an increase of nearly 1½ pounds in three years, or a little over half a pound a year. Now this may be a very fair test for that particular lake, but the annual growth of fishes depends so much on circumstances that it is impossible to establish a general rule from any local test. The increase of all fishes changes materially, both with abundance of feed and extent of range. A difference arising from kind and abundance of food would be expected, but it is not so easy to see why extent of range should have so marked an effect on size. Yet, you put a trout in a well or small spring, and give it all the food it will eat, and its annual increase is hardly perceptible. But give it wide range and a full supply of food, and it increases rapidly. One might think that its cramped condition in a well by confining its exercise, destroyed its appetite, and so prevented its eating a sufficient quantity to hasten its growth. But we find that fish vary in size according to the size of the sheet of water they are in. This is true of catfish, every one knows, and of pickerel. In this State or New England, take two ponds, only a quarter of a mile apart, and wholly disconnected—the one ten rods in diameter, and the other a half mile, and the pickerel in the latter, though in the same kind of water, and living on the same kind of food, will average nearly double in size those found in the former. I should like some explanation of this well known fact. No man goes to a small pond for large pickerel.

The rapid increase in growth is still more marked, and often something marvelous, when the same fish is transferred to different waters in which is different food; I remember, twenty-eight years ago, when I was at Lake Schroon, on my first trip to the Adirondacks, a party of men brought in a large quantity of pickerel, some of them weighing ten twelve, and one fourteen pounds. The fish had been put in the lake four years before, and an act of Legislature obtained forbidding any fishing in it for four years. The four years having expired the fishing commenced, and the above was the result. Now supposing the largest taken was one of the original number put into the lake; he had increased nearly three pounds a year, or three times his size. This is wonderful. A still more remarkable instance has just occurred here in Long Lake and in the Raquette River. Four years ago, the last time I floated down this wild, beautiful river, no pickerel had ever been seen in it. Now it is absolutely swarming with them. They crowd it so that I verily believe a good fisherman might half fill his boat on a good day. The change has come about in this way. Five years ago some men put thirteen pickerel in Long Lake, much to the disgust of the colonists there, who feared they would destroy the trout, as they doubtless will. That very winter four of the number were caught through the ice, leaving only nine to stock the lake and river. This year, or four years from the time they began breeding, the lake is found to be full of them, and the Raquette River also for 130 or 140 miles, clear to Potsdam. The original nine fish averaged about a pound in weight. This summer they take them weighing from two to twelve pounds. The other day a son of my old Indian friend, Mitchell Sabbatis, a boy only nine years old, took one weighing seventeen pounds, or fully as long as himself. The fish towed him half across the lake, and how the little fellow managed to capture him is surprising. None but a young Indian could have done it; but he would have stuck to him till he was dragged overboard, and, I have no doubt, even after. Now, granting this to have been one of the original nine, he had increased about four times his size every year for four years. Others may have heard of such rapid growth before, but I never have. In four years those nine pickerel have stocked to repletion Long Lake, fourteen miles long, and Raquette River for over 100 miles, and Trapper Lake and several small ponds, till millions apparently swarm in them. At first sight, the increase in numbers may seem quite as marvelous as the increase in size, but on reflection it is not. It is doubtless owing to the fact that for some cause the spawn escaped the destruction that usually overtake it. The pickerel, one of the most voracious of fishes, eats its own young in immense numbers, but the abundance of better food in these waters, especially such delicate morsels as young trout, would prevent this, and hence a greater proportion reach maturity. Now I do not know how many thousand eggs are in pickerel weighing a pound, but there are more than one thousand. Supposing a fraction of these, say one hundred, reaches maturity, that would give from the nine pickerel nine hundred saved. The same ratio in four years, would show the sum total of ninety millions—a number large enough to stock many a hundred miles of water. If the ratio saved was larger the number would be proportionably increased. But with the increase of the size of the fish, the number of spawn would be doubled and tripled, so that the result would be still more astonishing. The fact is that the number of fishes that usually reach maturity in proportion to the eggs laid is infinitesimally small.—*New York Tribune.*

THE MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

THERE is no phase of life, however simple or complex, but furnishes food for profound study. There is no study connected with existence, but affords lessons of absorbing interest, and embodies suggestions of a most valuable character. Human life is a mist incessantly evolving perplexing issues, while animal life as contradistinguished from that of rational beings, is not only constantly inviting science to solve its problematic points, but eliciting the tests of experimental philosophy, to compass the strange workings of its hidden nature.

In the last number of the *Eclectic* there appears interspersed among varieties from *Chambers' Journal* some singular disclosures, touching the muscular power of insects. It seems that one Felix Plateau, a young Belgian naturalist, a son of the distinguished physician, has been recently engaged in some delicate experiments with the view of testing the muscular development of insects, as has been done on previous occasions, with the man and the horse. It may not be generally known that the strength of the last two has been determined through the agency of a machine, technically called a dynamometer, the tension of a spring is counterpoised by an effort exercised for a very short time. Strange as it may sound it is alleged that man has a power of traction equal to five-sixths of his weight, while the horse can only claim the half, or two-thirds of his weight. And yet it is demonstrated that both of these tractive powers are insignificant in comparison with the strength of insects, many of which can draw forty times that amount. The ingenious method of experiment adopted by M. Plateau, as authentically announced, is worthy of the subtle conception that entertained the idea of ferreting out the latent capabilities of insects, and the success that crowned his patient and persistent labors. It is said that he literally harnessed the insect, by a horizontal thread which he passed over a light, moveable pulley, to which he attached a balance, loaded with a few grains of sand. To prevent the insect from turning aside, he forced it to walk between two bars of glass on a board covered with muslin, in order to effect a rough surface. Stimulating it forward, he gradually poured fresh sand into the balance, until it refused to advance further. The sand and the insect were then weighed, and the experiment repeated several times in order to ascertain the greatest effort each could possibly make. The tabular results showed the greatest degree of strength in the lightest and smallest insects, or in more scientific language, that the relative force is in inverse ratio to the weight. The strongest insect proved to be those more familiar, peradventure, to the naturalist, described as living mainly on lilies and roses, and known to scientists as *Crioceris* and *Trichies*. These tiny beings drew a weight forty times in excess of their own, and one, which would be regarded in the arena as the giant of the entomological group, drew sixty-seven times its own weight. A small beetle, it is related, has achieved the same feat. But the most remarkable fact the writer relates is of a horn-beetle, which actually held between its mandibles, alternately raising and lowering its head and breast, a rod of thirty centimeters length, weighing four hundred grammes, its own weight being but two grammes.

Thus it will seen that insects are superior to the larger animals in the strength of their muscles, and that the law determining their relative muscular development is equally applicable to experiments in flying and pushing as well as in drawing. To conclude, we may add to their powers of traction their skill and ingenuity in devising means for overcoming obstacles, and illustrate the same by an incident narrated by the reviewer. A small wasp was once attempting to raise a caterpillar, which it had just destroyed. The caterpillar was five or six times heavier than its conqueror. Six consecutive times, weary and despondent at its failure to consummate its end, it abandoned its prey. At last an idea seemed to flash upon its mind. It returned, placed itself across the caterpillar, as if on horseback, with its own middle feet it embraced its victim's body, raised it against its breast, and contrived to walk on the fore feet which were at liberty. Thus it soon crossed a walk of six feet wide and laid its prey against a wall.

UNIFICATION OF MANKIND. All the various races of the world are now drawing near and assimilating of their own accord. Fashion has been the forerunner in this extraordinary and significant movement. It is sufficient to make us pause, when we reflect that the tailor has done more toward the unification of mankind than Alexander, and the latter has woven a bond of union among them which is of adamant in comparison to that which the Cæsars forged. The pantalons and dress-coat may be seen as frequently in Constantinople now, as in Paris or London. Even the *fee* is slowly receding before the inevitable stove-pipe hat. It is not unusual now to have the Bedouin ride down upon you in jack-boots and slouched hat. Even the Kirgheez of the Steppes are not indifferent to black frock-coats.

Nor is it in the matter of clothes alone that the world is being unified. There is a demand among civilized nations for a universal coinage. It is felt that there is no necessity for the many brokers, who with much profit to themselves furnish the money of one country for that of another. As gold and silver is the universal medium of exchange, why shall not all nations coin their money in denominations of equal value? In like manner there is a want felt of a universal postal law, under which letters can be sent everywhere for equal charges. And upon the top of all we have a scheme for a sort of Olympian Bench which shall hereafter decide all questions of international law that may arise among nations.—*Overland, Monthly for October.*

ANIMALS FAR UP NORTH.—The Hall expedition in reaching the extreme northern latitude of 82°, the highest ever attained on land, during the month of May sent out hunting parties. Twenty-eight musk cattle were killed, also hares and birds. This, we think is the furthest north, on our continent, that animals have been seen and killed.

—The buckwheat season approaches when the head of the family eats fourteen cakes at a sitting, to the unbounded satisfaction of himself, and to the unmitigated disgust of the oldest boy, who cripples his digestive apparatus for life in a vain attempt to do the same.

—The mean man who is honestly entitled to what monument is due the champion, is he of Slawson, who instead of smoothing the dying pillow of his father, took it from the bed that he might use the case for chesnuts.

The Kennel.

—The beagle is a small dog, and is used for hunting rabbits, and the amusement of our junior friends. There are several breeds, which are distinguishable from each other by their size and general aspect. The rough beagle is supposed to be produced by crossing the original stock with the rough terrier, and possesses the squeaking bark of the terrier, rather than the long musical intonation of the beagle. The nose of this variety is furnished with the stiff whisker-hairs which are found on the muzzle of the rough terrier, and the fur is nearly as stiff as the terrier's. The dwarf or rabbit beagle, as it is sometimes called, is the smallest of the breed, delicate in form and aspect, but of good nose and swift of foot. So small are these little creatures, that a whole pack of them have been conveyed to and from the field in baskets slung over the back of a horse, and on one occasion three gentlemen placed thirteen of these little dogs in their shooting jackets, walked to the woods, hunted all day with them, killing eight rabbits, and then returning to their pockets, thus saving the dogs the fatiguing walk to the woods and back again. These little dogs are chiefly employed by the rabbit shooter, and are not sufficiently swift of foot to hunt the larger rabbit or hare.

No amusement would afford our college students in the country a more health-giving recreation, or a pleasanter afternoon sport than a little *drag hunt* in this lovely autumnal weather. Take, for instance, the best and longest winded runner in the college or school, trailing after him a rabbit skin well saturated with turpentine or aniseed, put the beagle on the scent, and let the boys follow. If the scent be good, and the course lie tolerably straight, the endurance of the boys will be tested, and the miniature hounds often come to a check at a small pool, &c., when the little beauties will start off again in an instant, uttering their flute-like bark, and any one of average strength and speed can easily be in at the finish. Try it, and see if is not good fun. You ask where are we to get the dogs? A male and female will cost about twenty-five dollars, and in one year's time you will have all the dogs necessary, and be able to supply other friends and schools as they require them. The cost of keeping them is very small, any farmer's son would be glad to take care of them for a trifle, say twenty-five cents a week per head. We should be only too glad to give any college or school any information about where to procure or how to train these cunning little miniature hounds.

—“On the Chesapeake,” says *Appleton's Journal*, “you must have a good dog, or you will lose half your game. The Chesapeake water dog is a magnificent animal. It is difficult to trace his origin. He is smooth-haired, which is a great point, as the Newfoundland suffers terribly from the freezing of his shaggy coat; his color is either black, with white breast and gray nose, or tawny yellow, the latter preferred. Generally he is fierce, and the best of watch-dogs, deep-mouthed and powerful. He is very sagacious, and loves the water and the sport. I have seen one—a mere puppy—sit for hours in the summer watching the fish hawks as they pursued their craft. Whenever the hawk would make his plunge Leo would rush through the “jumping water” and swim for the spot. He never brought out a hawk that I know of, but never seemed to be discouraged at his failures. One used to be famous for his thieving propensities. He would sneak off and seize every duck he could lay his teeth on and deposit it on his master's pile. Another would never touch a whiffer or southerly unless ordered by his master to do so, but would swim a half-mile through floating ice to secure a canvas-back or red-head.”

A DISGUSTED POINTER.—A gentleman requested the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, and was informed that the dog would behave well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed them he would run home and leave them. The dog was sent, and the following day fixed for trial, but unfortunately his new master was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched by the leaden showers that fell around it, till at last the pointer became careless and often missed his game; but as if seemingly willing to give his master one more chance, he made a dead stand by some scrub oaks, with his nose pointed downward, the fore foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this masterly position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to his tail, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward a few paces he at last stood still near a bunch of grass, the tail expressing the anxiety of mind by moving regularly backward and forward, when out sprang an old cock grouse. Bang! bang! went both barrels, but alas! the proud bird returned to the woods unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and instead of crouching at the feet of his master till he re-loaded, he turned boldly round, laced his tail close between his legs, gave one howl long and loud, and off he set, and did not stop until he arrived at the home of his owner.

The following are from the *Danbury News*:—

—No actor has yet been able to counterfeit that expression of joy which a man shows when discovering a ten-cent stamp in his paper of tobacco.

—Dumb bells at jewelry stores for the exercise of those who contemplate the new style of sleeve studs, wouldn't be a bad idea.

—If the price of peaches was a mountain, there would be snow on the top of it.

Athletic Pastimes.

—The Prospect Park Cricket Club played the Manhattan return match on October 11th, at Hoboken. There was a full attendance of members and friends of the lovers of cricket. Several of the Park eleven were absent and the substitutes played a better game than their first eleven, although the bowling was not first-class, and were somewhat careless in the field. The following is the score:—

PROSPECT PARK.		MANHATTAN.	
Woodhouse, b. Ronaldson.....	8	McDougal, ct. and b. Longmire.....	20
McCauley, Ronaldson.....	6	Tucker, i. c. w. b. Longmire.....	6
Dexter, ct. McDougal, b. Ronaldson.....	12	Bosford, b. Dexter.....	26
Peters, b. Greig.....	2	Ronaldson, b. Dexter.....	10
Longmire, ct. Tucker, b. Greig.....	8	Greig, ct. Longmire, b. Dexter.....	9
North, b. Greig.....	17	Marsh, ct. North, b. Chadwick.....	40
Griffiths, ct. and b. Greig.....	1	Beattie, st. Longmire, b. Chadwick.....	8
Robinson, ct. Greig b. Ronaldson.....	0	Tyler, not out.....	4
McKay, ct. McDougal, b. Greig.....	9	Oakley, b. Chadwick.....	0
D. Kieller, ct. McDougal, b. Rudy.....	8	Mears, b. Chadwick.....	0
Chadwick, not out.....	7	Rutly b. Chadwick.....	0
Byes, 9; leg byes, 2, wides, 3.....	14	Byes, 6; leg byes, 4; wides, 7.....	17
Total.....	92	Total.....	141
Fall of wickets.....	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10		
Prospect.....	15 22 25 42 42 49 51 77 92-77		
Manhattan.....	20 33 50 63 114 132 141 141 141-141		
Umpires.—Messrs. Smith and Talbot.		Time of game.—4:10.	

The Athletic base ball club played the Philadelphia in Philadelphia on October 11th, in presence of a large assemblage of those interested in the game. The score was Philadelphia, 13; Athletic, 9.

—In Boston on October 11th, a game of base ball was played between the Bostons and Baltimores, resulting in a victory for the Bostons by a score of 13 to 6.

—The Washington and Boston base ball clubs played in Boston last week. The score was, Bostons, 25; Washingtons, 6.

—The Mutual and Atlantic base ball clubs played on the Union grounds, October 13th. The Mutuals won very easily, the score standing 18 to 7, in their favor.

—The Washington and Atlantic Clubs played a match on the Union grounds. Washingtons, 17; Atlantic, 3.

The Mutual and Baltimore clubs played the eighth game of the championship series on the Union grounds, Williamsburg on October 11th. The Mutuals scored 7, and the Baltimore 0.

—The Knickerbocker Base Ball Club will play a cricket match with the Manhattan Club at Hoboken on the 16th inst., eighteen vs. eleven, and on the 20th the St. George club play their eleven against a picked eleven of the Manhattan, Staten Island, Jersey City, and Prospect Park clubs, for the benefit of Brewster and Smith, the professionals. The players on the part of the St. George will include Messrs. Bance, Bowman, Harcombe, Jones, Moreau, Lemmon, Sleigh, Souther, Cashman, Talbot, and Smith. The others will include Kersley, McDougal, Jackson, Grey, Woodhouse, Longmire, Dexter, Outerbridge, Brewster, Luske, and Marsh.

“ALL HANDS BELOW.”—A good story is told of a parrot who had always lived on board of a ship, but who escaped at one of the southern ports and took refuge in a church. Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in his earnest fashion, saying there was no virtue in them—that every one of them would go to an endless perdition unless they repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding place:—

“All hands below!”

To say that “all hands” were startled would be a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice and unknown source had much more effect upon them than the parson's voice ever had. He waited a moment, and then, a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

“All hands below!” again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit and looked anxiously around, enquiring if anybody had spoken.

“All hands below!” was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment afterward they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to get there first, and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling:

“All hands below!”

There was one old woman present who was lame, and could not get out as fast as the rest, and in a short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out the parrot flew down, and alighting on her shoulder, yelled in her ear:—

“All hands below!”

“No, no, Mister Devil!” shrieked the old woman, “you don't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way.”—*Christian Union*.

HAY FEVER AND ASTHMA.—In a late number of the *Lancet* some peculiar observations are recorded of this unpleasant ailment, and of its affinity to the milder forms of asthma. Bronchial inflammation is in most cases the cause of an attack, but at the same time, as the following remarks prove, there are some individuals whose temperament is so highly sensitive as to be affected even by the smell of animals:—“In some rare instances the attack may, according to Dr. Salter, be induced by the smell of certain animals, as dogs, cats, hares, and even sheep and horses. Among the remarkable examples he gives is one of a circus proprietor, who was always affected with asthma in the presence of horses, until having made his fortune he retired, and found that, with the relinquishment of his business, he had happily taken leave of his troublesome complaint, which, however, always returned if he visited the stables. Another instance was that an American gentleman, who was always affected by the presence of dogs or cats, and could even detect that they had passed through a room by the state of his breathing on entering it. A third case was that of a country clergyman, who was rendered asthmatic by the neighborhood of a hare or hareskin. This peculiarity converted him into a remarkably keen gamekeeper, for if he met any of his

parishioners who had been poaching and had their booty about them, he could always in this way detect them.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KNOCK A MAN DOWN IN VIENNA.—A blow is punished out of all proportion to our English ideas of the offence. If, unfortunately, a foreigner should have a difficulty with an Austrian, and straightway assault and batter him, the best course is to agree quickly with the adversary while on the way with him to the Polizei-Amt. “The hurt that honor feels” can in most cases be salved by a judicious application of money. The Viennese are much too lazy to be implacable, and it takes a great deal to rouse them into actual ferocity, even when they get up a revolution. The chiefs of the Peters Platz will always be found willing to assist in a friendly arbitration, but they must naturally be treated with politeness, for Austrian commissaries of police, apart from the code they have to administer are as a rule well educated, patient, courteous, and by no means harsh interpreters of the law. A simple blow may be condoned by five to twenty florins, according to its impact; a black eye has cost the dispenser of it a hundred, and in the case of a person kicked down two flights of stairs, the kicked held out for five hundred as the ransom of the kicker from captivity, but was eventually induced by arbitration to take three hundred. By this sort of arrangement everybody is satisfied; the commissary is saved much trouble, the alien violator of the German majesty of the law is rescued from the disagreeable consequences of “that rash humor which his mother gave him,” the foreign minister is spared any vulgar interruption of their diplomatic repose, and most of all Pepe, if he has no garden wall to repair, can at least take Pepi in a new bonnet on Sunday to Neuwalldegg, or invest in a few tickets in the last lottery loan.—*All The Year Round*.

—Gunning is becoming a fashionable sport with the ladies of the French nobility. The young Dianas go to the forest with their beaux dressed in jack-boots, with zouave velvet pantaloons buttoning at the knee, blouse in velvet, tightened to the waist with a leather belt; falling shirt collar, and brigand hat. The game like Captain Scott's famous coon, comes down of its own accord.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

NALL.—The owner of the Champion Shooter's Badge, is Ira Paine.

WOODWARD.—You can get a good second-hand English breech-loaders, case and all, for \$125.

FISHER, Elizabeth, N. J.—Your buck's head can be neatly set up on a black-walnut stand for fifteen dollars.

J. K.—Best dog for duck shooting, water spaniel, cross between small Newfoundland and the spaniel.

TAPS.—One hundred brace of grouse have been killed by a single gun in Scotland.

SUBSCRIBER.—Pierce county, Wisconsin is good ground for chicken's (pinnated grouse.) Between the Mississippi river and the Big Woods, a stretch of twenty miles or so, it is chiefly farms and scrub oak prairie.

HARRY DARTER, N. Y.—If you wish to trap for profit go to Northern New Brunswick, or that district of Canada back of Ottawa, or to Colorado. You can estimate the expenses readily, we should think.

X. U. X.—It is not so common as is supposed to send a ball through a buck. It has undoubtedly been accomplished, and your friend's statement should not be doubted.

BREECH-LOADER, Philadelphia.—Bred from the old English hound. The present race of pointers is probably 300 years old at least. Some particular strain of hound may have had a wonderful nose for birds.

F. E.—A dog something like the Esquimaux dog is found wild in Northern Oregon; specimens have been brought to San Francisco by captains of vessels, and sold at large prices.

T. F. C. T.—It is by no means “*infra dig*” for a sportsman to dispose of his poultry after a trapping expedition. Otters, good 'c' a' k and brown, are worth \$18. Martins \$6. Gunther would always give you the market price for them.

H.—A muzzle-loader can be made lighter than any other gun of equal bore and length of barrel, but then the absolute difference is so slight that it is not taken any account of in the many other advantages the breech-loaders possess.

BREECH-LOADER.—The English Pointer is descended from the old Spanish race. The Spanish dog from the hound, one of which hounds is supposed to have shown a disposition to point, and this faculty being encouraged and “bred to,” in time the present pointer has been produced.

C.—Brave public opinion, and do not cut your terrier's ears. Fashion is everything. We have outlived the time when horses were not supposed to be “pretty” unless their tails were docked. There is a decided movement in England towards not trying to beautify animal nature.

PELL.—Distinguishing trait of cats, between wild and tame, is in the tail. The domestic cat has it elongated, ending in a taper, while that of the wild cat is shorter and more bushy. We would give every encouragement to a cat-show, and our columns are at your disposal. Arctic fox never exceeds eight pounds in weight.

X. I. X.—Catching trout by torchlight or by setting a stump ablaze by the water-side is a mode of fishing much in vogue with the Indians of California. All kinds of fish, from the lordly salmon to the groveling eel, are lured by the light of a lantern, torch, or bonfire.

G. S. S., Hartford.—It is quite difficult to tell exactly where wild turkeys may be found at this season, as they are inclined to roam considerably, but as they usually return to the same roosting place at night, the hunter may readily take them by discovering the trees on which they rest, and wait near, kill the birds as they come in, which usually occurs just before sun down.

G. S. H.—It is absolutely impossible to determine the sexes of pigeons by their plumage. The only way is to watch their actions, the cock strutting a little more pompously than his mate, but even old fanciers are often deceived. There is a slight difference in their cooing, which an expert can detect but cannot explain.

W. I. S., Amherst, Nova Scotia.—In reply to your question whether snaring moose is lawful in Nova Scotia, we answer that John Christmas, the celebrated Indian hunter of Slubenacadie, maintains that it is not, while a certain school master who saw a sapling bent in a curious fashion one day last month, and going to investigate it, found himself suddenly hoisted by one leg into the air, believes that it is.

ANALIS J.—The bird you refer to is the Darter (*Plotus anhinga*). We have seen them killed on the Savannah river, and they are frequently met with in Florida. They are remarkable for the noiseless way in which they plunge into the water, making no more splash than would an eel on entering into its natural element.



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DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUICATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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To Correspondents.

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Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.
CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, October 17th.—Catskill Association, N. Y....Driving Park, Freeport, Ill....Little Rock Fair, Arkansas.

SATURDAY, October 18th.—Boat Clubs foot of 133d street, Harlem....Yale College Boat Club, Fall Regatta....Jerome Park Races Fordham, N. Y....Leland Medal New York Rowing Club, Harlem.

TUESDAY, October 21st.—Lexington Trotting Horse Association, Lexington, Ky....Cotton States Fair, Augusta, Ga....East Meridian Fair, Miss.

WEDNESDAY, October 22d.—Yacht Match; Janette vs Eclipse....Lexington Horse Association, Ky....East Meridian Fair, Miss....Cotton States Fair, Augusta Ga....Mountain Park Fair, Brookville, Pa....Vespers vs Palisades Boat Clubs, Yonkers, N. Y.

THURSDAY, October 23d.—Lexington Horse Association, Lexington, Ky....East Meridian Fair, Miss....Cotton States Fair, Augusta, Ga....Mountain Park Fair, Brookville, Pa.

OCEAN YACHTING.

PREVIOUS to the ocean regattas of the New York Yacht Squadron, the journals of the country were filled with unpleasant allusions to the yachtsmen as fair weather sailors and dandies. Now we have always maintained that there is a certain proper discretion to be used even in the most daring enterprises, as in this case, of the contest between the Meta and Vision. We hold that the Vision was perfectly justified, and showed discreet and good judgment under the circumstances in not sailing over the course, with eminent danger staring her in the face. The owner and sailing master are always, or ought to be, the best judges whether to continue on the course or return. As it was, fortunately enough there was no material accident; but most of the Meta's friends were sadly alarmed, and many were the anxious inquiries at the different telegraph stations for news of the Meta. Yacht sailing over a course of some 300 miles out at sea, as in the late ocean regatta (two of the same yachts will most probably sail over the course for a cup to-morrow) is no child's or man's play. It must be observed that cruising and racing are totally different, as when a gentleman takes his friends on a cruise he has his ordinary sails set, and takes his time and matters leisurely; but where honor, pride and purse are at stake, he crowds on all sail to the utmost limit and runs every risk. Most of the owners of yachts have been accustomed to sail boats from their youth upwards, but it must be borne in mind that for several months in the year the yachts are laid up, and the owners are otherwise employed. Not so with the sailor who is ever on the water, summer and winter, rough or smooth, making this roving life his profession. It therefore requires considerable time in the

summer before the yacht owners can bring their minds to sailing on a lee shore, with a gale of wind blowing in their teeth—a thing never accomplished unless by mail boats or on a matter of life or death. Hence it behooves all men to acknowledge at once the splendid exhibition of skill, manliness, gallantry and general seamanship which we have just witnessed on the part of the yachtsmen, and to make the *amende honorable* forthwith.

FIRST ANNUAL PRIZE MATCH AT CREEDMOOR.

IN honorable rivalry there were assembled on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday last, at Creedmoor, the Regulars, members of the National Guard, sportsmen and sharpshooters, contending for the prizes of the first National Rifle Match ever held in the United States. From this most fortunate inauguration of the rifle movement, which took place last week, we can hope for the fullest success of the Creedmoor range. Next year it will undoubtedly call forth marksmen from England, and the best Wimbledon teams will be pitted against our own men. Our people are quick to learn, and there is no doubt but that they will soon gain not only zest for this admirable sport, but will be among the most skillful riflemen.

The creation of the range at Creedmoor, in such a short space of time, and the excellent manner in which the matches were conducted deserve the greatest praise. In our columns will be found a full and complete account of the history of Creedmoor and of the match, together with the scores, list of prizes, name of winners, analysis, &c., to which we refer our readers.

DESTRUCTION OF BUFFALO.

OUR Denver (Colorado) correspondent alludes with much feeling to the wanton waste of animal life and food in the Far West, especially of the buffalo, which are slaughtered for their skins by the hundred thousand, and left to rot in their tracks. A skin is worth only \$1.25, while the carcass of an average weight of 1,000 pounds, and worth at five cents a pound, fifty dollars, is cast aside to gorge the coyotes and buzzards. These facts are by no means new. They have been published and reprinted dozens of times. But it may be a matter of news even to the inhabitants of Colorado themselves to be informed that there is a territorial game law, approved February 9th, 1872, which if enforced would promptly meet the necessities of the case, and prevent forever this wholesale waste and destruction. We quote:

"SEC. 6th. Hereafter when any buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, or any other fourfooted game, shall be killed by anyone, such person or persons shall not leave any edible portion of such game so killed to waste, but shall take care of and preserve or bring into market each and all parts of such game that are edible."

The penalty for violation of this section is twenty-five dollars for each offense. It is apparent therefore that for the paltry gain of one dollar and a half these vandals are willing to forego the market advantage of fifty dollars additional, and to risk the payment of twenty-five dollars fine. We don't perceive by what business rules of speculation the ultimate profit accrues.

Now it may be urged in extenuation of the hunters that it would not pay to carry the meat to market; and in behalf of the Territorial officials that it would be impossible to enforce this law in a country of such vast extent, and so sparsely populated as Colorado. In isolated cases it would be, but as a rule the locality of the buffalo ranges, the person of every party organized to hunt, and the time of their going forth, are as well known as any other plain facts within human observation; and we maintain that it is entirely owing to the laxity and leniency of the constituted authorities that prosecutions are not pressed. Tens of thousands of buffalo cannot be slaughtered in a single battue without somebody becoming cognizant of the fact. It would not be difficult to employ detectives to attach themselves, in some cases, to the larger hunting parties, and in others to follow and observe the violators of the law. Proof, then, would not be wanting to convict the guilty, and future parties would be deterred from like offences by the fear of espionage upon their organization and practices. The hunters themselves would be brought in time to see the present advantages that they now deliberately and foolishly throw away, and the prospective loss that must ensue from their reckless destruction of valuable life.

As to the facilities for carrying meat to markets, well, it is much less trouble to transport the carcasses of dead buffalo than to herd, fatten, and drive live cattle, through long months of risk and exposure, to the nearest market. It well repays those parties who send occasional carcasses of buffalo to the markets of the eastern States for consumption, and where profit can be made to accrue, appliances are never wanting to "pan it out." When the Indians "make meat," that is, dry their buffalo beef for their winter supplies, they find no difficulty to transport it; and now certainly, with the facilities of a great arterial railway running through some of the buffalo ranges, and approximating others, it need not be pleaded that the hunters cannot bring the carcasses to market with profit. Old bull-beef might be left to the wolves and carrion eaters, and the territorial law should be so modified as not to apply to the tough and indigestible viands; but even of the most ancient patriarch the tongue is always available, and perhaps some portion also of the hump-rib and tenderloin. Were all the meat now wasted to be utilized it would add very abundantly to our food supply, and, as in the case of horse flesh in France, would be eaten in great quantities by those

classes who cannot afford to buy domestic beef. And how much superior it would be to the horseflesh of France! We believe that a company could be organized with comparatively small capital and make it profitable to gather, pack, dry, or otherwise secure the meat "thrown cold" by the pelt-hunters. By these means a very considerable amount of the meat would be saved, and the objects of the game laws be accomplished by the ratio just so much.

HUMBOLDT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST

THE author of Cosmos, whose inner life is only now being understood, must have been the possessor of wonderful conversational powers. His life was evidently a dual one. If illustrious as an acute, deep thinker, his mind ever on the stretch to unravel nature and her secrets, he was at the same time one of the most brilliant of talkers, and delighted to throw aside his absorbing studies, and to mingle with the most polished society of the French and German capitals.

Mr. Hayward, known to the many readers of Faust, as Goethe's best translator, mentions an anecdote of Humboldt as a frequenter of a *salon*, which though not exactly complimentary to human nature, has no end of point and cleverness about it. Gerard, the famous French painter, celebrated for the galaxy of talent which graced his drawing-room, among whom were Madame de Stael, Tallyrand, Rossini, Cuvier, and De Vegny, was telling a story about a certain artist in Florence who had been called upon to paint a picture of Hymen. The person who gave the order was on the eve of marriage to a beautiful woman, and his conception of what the allegorical Hymen should be, was quite rapturous. It had to be painted before his marriage day. The artist worked with a will and produced a wonderful picture. It did not satisfy, however, the expectations of the young man; it did not have fire nor beauty enough. It must be remodeled. The artist, a patient man, promised to rework it, but mentally determined not to touch what he thought was his masterpiece. Some months elapsed before the enamored man came for his picture. On seeing it he seemed disappointed. "Your Hymen I do not think you have improved; if anything, it has an expression of over-beaming joy which is by no means natural." "Sir," replied the painter, laughing, "it is not my picture which has changed, but your feelings. Some months ago you were in love, now you are married." This may be taken as quite a pretty example of true French *badinage*, and accordingly a murmur of applause was heard in the *salon*. "And do you know what happened afterwards?" asked some one. Every eye was turned on the new speaker. "The painter, content with the price he had received, promised to represent Hymen so as to please both lovers and husbands, and after some months opened his rooms for the exhibition of a masterpiece. The public came, but only a few were admitted at a time. The picture was placed in a long gallery, and quite at the end. The effect of the colors was so contrived as to render the portrait of Hymen appear charming to those who saw it from a distance, but seen close, it was no longer the same, and nothing that had charmed was discovered in it." This ingenious and improvised continuation was duly applauded, not the less when the narrator stood confessed as one of the royalties of science, Alexander Von Humboldt.

SCIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

IT is amazing to notice the vast strides California is making in education. Not only is her public school system admirable of its kind, but the efforts she is making to found and establish higher seats of learning, is beyond all praise. Her University of California, now installed at Berkeley, gives excellent promise of future usefulness, and in the composition of the Faculty we notice many names quite distinguished in chemistry, astronomy, and natural science. California is even producing books, which show the drift of an intellectual activity. Possessing, as she does, animals, birds, fishes, and plants which are but little known to us on this side of the continent, with the same wonderful comprehensiveness she has displayed in working up her material resources, she is developing all her scientific treasures. The "marine mammals of the north western coast of North America," is a book California proposes presenting to us shortly, which will give us an insight into a subject which has never yet been thoroughly treated. It is not alone by her schools and books that this wonderful material, social, and literary progress is manifested, but San Francisco is absolutely surpassing us here in New York, in giving her citizens the opportunity to study nature in a practical way. In San Francisco they have an aquarium; and not only is it a very large one, but it is admirably stocked. We copy the following from the *Weekly Alta*:—

"The aquarium building at Woodward's Gardens is situated between the sea pond and the entrance from the gardens to the amphitheatre. The upper story is used as a picture gallery. The arrangement for the tanks beneath is very simple. They are sixteen in number, raised on each side so that one side of each tank is on a level with a man's shoulder. A person passing through this lower apartment sees on each side of him, as it were, sections of the sea containing marine life. The side of the tank toward him is glass, the water is open to the sunlight above, and no light can reach the passage way, except by first passing through the water in the tanks and the glass fronts. The tanks are made of Frear stone. The water for the marine fish is brought from the deep sea, near the Farallones, where it is found clear as crystal. It is kept constantly in motion, and aerated by the falling of a stream. This work has

been under the special charge of Mr. Charles Schuman, who has labored hard for a long time to make it a success. He has met with many difficulties, far greater than would be supposed by any one not familiar with the work to be done and the delicate nature of its management."

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

HINTS TO WOODSMEN.

THE sportsman can, if need be, forego nearly every appliance of civilization, and by learning the ways of the savages, live and enjoy life as the savages do. The bark of the birch or hemlock will make him a shanty and furnish him with clean plates and cups, which need no washing after use; cedar roots will supply twine and rope; he can bake his fish and bread in the ashes and broil his meat on a stick, and provided he only has sufficiently warm clothing, a trusty gun, a hatchet, matches, and compass, he has the measure of his necessities full. Waiving luxurious comforts, it is always desirable to travel as lightly as possible and as little encumbered, especially if the tramp be long and continuous and not broken by occasional temporary camps. Nevertheless, experience teaches that the trouble of carrying an extra pair of walking-boots, or at least a pair of moccasins or easy shoes, is well repaid. The least inconvenient dress is a woollen overshirt with pockets, worn as a blouse and fastened around the waist with a sash or belt. The toe of a stocking fitted into the shirt makes a good pocket, if you have none already. A heavy Hudson's Bay or Canadian overcoat, with hood, serves as coat, blanket, pillow, and cap combined. Always carry plenty of twine and large needles. If a piece of your clothing is torn out, patch it with anything available. The legs of a boot make the best possible seat for a pair of trowsers, and can be as easily fitted as woollen stuff. If your felt hat is too loose, put a stick under the band and give it a half turn. If you want a candle-stick make a loop of birch bark and slip the ends into the slit, and then insert your tallow dip. If you wish a torch, take sheets of birch bark and slip them in the slit. A pine knot is better than either where no danger is apprehended from fire. If your matches are wet, and it rains heavily you can find bits of dry punk in the excrescences under the bark of birch and maple trees, flash powder into lint or tow and then ignite the punk. Either fire powder from your gun or use a flint and steel. If lost in a hardwood forest and can find no water, one can generally get sap enough for a drink by cutting a chip out of a maple or birch and making a spout to let it flow clean of the trunk. Water can be obtained by digging a hole into a marshy spot and filling it with grass. Then take a piece of elder, pipe-stem, or any hollow tube and setting it perpendicularly upon the grass, pack the earth around it. Then apply suction with the lips and you will get water enough to assuage thirst. Carry your matches in a vulcanized rubber box to prevent wetting; or a bottle will answer. There are a thousand little devices and resorts which one learns by experience, and which occur to him naturally when required, but are difficult to inventory for others' use. For provisions, one must be governed by circumstances. Tea, flour, ham, salt pork, soda powders, salt and pepper in quantities required, are all that is necessary. Never carry ground coffee; it is bulky and will impregnate the other stuff with its aroma, especially when wet. Borden's condensed coffee takes no room and is a luxury indeed. Dessicated food of all kinds is compact, and goes a great ways. Pickles and onions are a desirable addendum and an excellent relish. We are writing for those who propose "roughing it" in earnest. Of course, for ordinary camping out one may add as many luxuries as he likes, and the greatest of these is a camp kit of tin ware, such as is sold by Lalance & Grosjean, of Beekman street, New York. This contains knives, forks, spoons, cups, plates, broiler, frying-pan, teapot, pepper and salt box, syrup and tea caddies, sufficient for five or six persons, all fitting nicely together in a large water-pail, the whole costing about \$12 and weighing nine pounds. The old army knife-fork-and-spoon combined is very convenient to carry. Always take blankets and warm clothing when it is possible, and a change of under and outer clothing. One's cast-off suits are the best, as they can be thrown away in the end of the journey, leaving the party less weight to carry home with them.

Of miscellaneous articles for a party who intend to remain much in camp, we take the following list from Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," which seems to be nearly complete:

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

Woollen and rubber overcoats, old shoes, rubber leggings, extra boots, slippers, or moccasins.

Hatchet, knife, pistol and cartridges, screw-driver, awl, pliers, gimlet, whetstone, twine, wire, rope, leather straps, tacks, needles, pins, thread, wax, scissors, paper, pencil, rubber.

Compass, matches, fuse, candles, spring balance, cork-screw, pocket pistol, field-glass.

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

Pipes, tobacco, maps, diarrhoea mixture, cathartic pills, salve, court-plaster, ammonia, sweet oil, and a mixture of tar and oil as a preventive against flies and other insects.

One India-rubber bag to hold the "kit" is a desirable ad-

dition to an outfit, as it makes a portable package and keeps its contents always dry.

Having now prepared the amateur woodsman for an expedition to the woods, we shall in our next advise him how to organize his company, select his camp sites, and make his camp, with a view to greatest comfort and enjoyment, supplementing the same with papers upon general woodcraft and the method of learning and understanding the same.

THE GAME OF COLORADO.

PROBABLY there is no section of the world where the more desirable and edible species of wild game exist in such variety as in Colorado. This wonderful country has been known for three-quarters of a century to the old trappers and "mountain men" of the Far West, but it is only recently that the spread of settlements and the means of railway communication have brought it to the knowledge and reach of the mere sportsman. Seventeen years ago we of the FOREST AND STREAM accompanied old Bill Bend and Chas. Fitzpatrick, then the Indian Agent for the Comanches and Kiowas, to the South Park, Rocky Mountains, via the "Arkansaw trail," and we can therefore bear testimony, in some limited degree, to the extraordinary game resources of the territory as it then was, and compare them with the conditions of to-day. It is to one of these old mountain men of ancient renown that we wrote recently for a brief statement in detail of the game resources of Colorado, and through him we are enabled to present the very complete and reliable summary which we print in another part of this paper, the value of which will be best appreciated by those who are most competent to enjoy the benefits that may be derived from the information.

MONEY PRIZES AT CREEDMOOR.

WE have received several letters endorsing our views as to the policy of offering money prizes for competition at Creedmoor, and have selected these that follow for publication.—[ED. F. AND S.]

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Your remarks in regard to the prizes at Creedmoor are quite opportune. Let us endeavor in every way to stimulate a liking for manly sports, and deprive such amusements of the debasing idea "that there is money in them." The exceedingly delicate line which divides the "amateur" from the "professional" becomes so fine in fact as to be quite undistinguishable when money is the reward of the victor. Let us have then cups, medals, rifles, badges, anything and everything as prizes at Creedmoor, but no money. This is not only my idea but that of many who have shot at NEW YORK, October 12th. "CREEDMOOR."

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

I am glad to have seen in your columns an editorial about offering money as a prize at Creedmoor, and that you are adverse to it. We could have expected nothing else from your excellent paper, which is trying its best not only to cultivate all out of door amusements, but to deprive them of their gambling proclivities. I am very certain that at least the American portion of the members of the Rifle Association have set their faces against these money prizes, and think the officers of the Association are of the same opinion. I for one would like to hear their ideas on the subject. Shooting both as a soldier and sportsman, I think I have had a fair opportunity of knowing the sentiment of my friends in regard to this important question, and think they are all of the idea that the less money enters into this question of prizes at Creedmoor the better for the association. SEARGENT.

NEW YORK, October 13th.

[The remarks of our correspondent "Sergeant" would seem to intimate when he writes "the American portion of the Association," &c., that the other members of the association not Americans are desirous of having money prizes; we are pleased to assure him of the contrary from the receipt of the following.]—ED.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

DEAR SIR: I have shot at Wimbledon, and was perhaps among the first who used that range. I most freely endorse your ideas of removing all money from the rifle shooting at Creedmoor. In England I know vigorous efforts have been made to pluck out the gambling spirit which unfortunately has seized on so many people there, and that more than once the prize committees of Wimbledon have regarded money prizes as an evil, and have made efforts to substitute cups, medals, &c., for them. As we have but just started the matter in the United States let us begin right and have a clear record. Knowing the trouble money prizes have caused in England, I trust we will not fall into the same mistake here. EX-WIMBLEDON.

EARLY MATINS.—One of the most curious examples of the apparently trifling pursuits of scientific men was exhibited a few years ago by one of the most esteemed members of the Academy of Science of Paris, M. Dureau de la Malle. He was anxious to ascertain at what hour different birds began their morning song. He, therefore, from the first of May to the sixth of July, made observations which he regularly published. It appears that for thirty years this vigilant naturalist went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and rose at midnight, during the spring and summer, and that this eccentric habit was for scientific purposes. It seems that the concert is opened about one o'clock by the chaffinch, and that the sparrow is the laziest bird, not leaving his rest until five o'clock; in the intermediate hours, at marked intervals, which M. de Malle has carefully noted down, other birds commence their natural melodies. He has shown that on more than one occasion the different birds have mistaken artificial light for the dawning of day, and that a solar lamp has often awakened the little choristers.

SPECIMENS OF FISH WANTED.

PROFESSOR Agassiz desires information in regard to the following species of fish, and would like specimens sent to him, to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge. Questions of locality having much to do with the interest attached to these subjects, where specimens are caught should always be distinctly stated. The range of fish can only be satisfactorily understood in this way. It seems highly probable that a number of fishes, formerly living in more southern waters, are working their way northward. The list of fishes most wanted differing very much as to their common names, Mr. Agassiz uses the scientific nomenclature. From the New York Times we copy the names of the fish required by Agassiz:

Diodon Geometricus.—De Kay says that this is a Southern fish, not yet observed north of New York. It is quite common on the reefs of Florida, but this year I have obtained specimens at Penikese Island, and even at Nahant, north of Cape Cod!

Histiophorus Americanus.—Cuvier, who first described this species, refers it to the tropical latitudes of the Atlantic. It is common about Cuba. This year I obtained several specimens at Penikese Island. I suspect this species to be the same as the *H. Belone*.

Sphyroena Vulgaris.—Not mentioned by De Kay, unless his *Sphyroena borealis* be the same species.

Tetraodon Lovigatus.—Only seen once by De Kay, who does not say from what region he obtained it. This fish is common in the Southern Atlantic and in the Gulf of Mexico; also frequently found in South Carolina.

Monocanthis Cuspicauda.—Not mentioned by De Kay.

Palinurus Perciformis.—De Kay says it is an occasional visitor on our coast.

Micropogon Undulatus.—De Kay says that it is found in New Orleans and Charleston, I have myself seen specimens from the Gulf of Mexico, and from South Carolina.

Elops Saurus.—Common in the South Atlantic, and not uncommon at Charleston, S. C. De Kay saw it once in New York.

Argentina Glossodonta.—De Kay, under the name *Butirinus Vulpes*, says this fish does not occur within the limits of New York. You sent me some very fine ones, and I know that Prof. Baird obtained some in the Sound.

News from Abroad.

THE prime necessity of the sportsman, when there are birds is, of course, to have a gun and dogs, and in the same way, "when foxes are to be found, what would be the use of them?" asks the Englishman, "if hunting horses are wanting?" Now, the Horse Committee, commonly known as "Lord Roseherz's Committee," having set their wise heads together (through act of Parliament) to inquire into the number of horses in Great Britain, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with the idea of discovering whether horses were becoming scarce or not, came, it seems, to the conclusion "that the alleged scarcity of horses was very much overrated, and that though horses in England had risen in price there was no real dearth of horses."

This assertion, it seems, is flatly contradicted. Irate correspondents to leading English journals declare that good hunters are almost impossible to find, or when found, such prices are asked for them as to render their acquisition only within the reach of an archmillionaire. Ireland, it is asserted, has been drained of her hunters, "Yorkshire has been sucked dry," and foreigners have bought up all the good brood mares in such numbers that the equine fountain head has been sapped. Fox hunting in England has always been a most expensive sport, and many votaries of this most glorious amusement, with increasing cost of horses and keep of hounds, have been forced to abandon it. Somewhat exclusive in character this augmentation in the cost of hunters may make fox hunting even more prescribed. Essentially a national amusement and the basis of real English sport, we should be loath to hear of its curtailment. Englishmen are a little apt to grumble at times, and to cast fearful horoscopes of the future, so we are rather inclined to think that the complaints of want of horses is somewhat exaggerated. It would be with no little feeling of sadness that we would take up an English paper in this year, or in ten years to come, if the names of the Quorn, or the Pytchlog, or Melton Mowbray hunts were not chronicled. We fancy that coals and hunters will disappear both together from England some of these days, but not in the next twenty-five thousand years or so. To remedy this want of good hunting horses quite an excellent suggestion is made, and that is that every hunt should provide farmers in the neighborhood with good stock for the gratuitous use of such tenant-farmers as would breed hunting animals.

—We can record no improvement in the grouse. To have to pay some \$4,500 for the rental of a Scotch moor—one of the best in Scotland, and to kill only fifty brace of grouse on it—is paying rather a high price for birds. Even enthusiastic sportsmen going to Norway have met with no better sport. The same epidemic seems to have seized on the grouse there. Last year Norway afforded admirable sport, and immense bags were made. Perhaps like England, in Norway the birds were overshot. In Norway, however, the sportsmen may get an elk, and bear are by no means uncommon. If the feathered game are wanting in England and Scotland, stags are not in the same category. In Inverness Mr. Winans had killed, up to the close of last month, 104 stags. This looks a trifle like slaughter.

—The English cricket season is now fast drawing to a close, and the only match worthy of record—one between Mr. Grace's eleven and a Kent eleven—strange to say, the two great champions were laid low with feeble scores. There was also one between amateur cricketers and an eleven of cricket *criticasters* (to adopt Charles Reade's word) which resulted in the most ignominious defeat of the critics, only confirming the old idea that a man can write most

learnedly on what constitutes a good boot-jack, treating it in the most æsthetic way, constructing boot-jacks from his inner consciousness, though utterly incapable of sawing out a real boot-jack.

—Now, in the pleasant autumn weather of merrie England, under the spreading oaks, across the green lawn, speed the arrows, and the targets of gold are thickly studded with the shafts. Pleasant autumn weather? Not always. Just as an example of pluck and endurance, showing that English ladies will not melt like sugar, here we see that the Mersey bowmen, almost all of them women, shot eight dozen arrows in a furious and gusty day, a drizzling rain falling all the time. Imitate that if you dare, ye frailer American ladies! Whether by courtesy, or not, when one reads the names of the winners, the ladies at the English archery meeting always carry off the prizes. There is a contest now going on in regard to length of range; a distance of 100 yards would seem to us quite a long range, but it is being advocated. It is argued that as all things must have had a precedent, that it was Robin Hood's shooting distance, and that if Robin Hood, or Friar Tuck, or Little John had attempted to get a fat buck in Sherwood Forest at a less range, they probably would have had no venison pastry for their suppers. When next year, as we sincerely hope, archery will be introduced and our ladies may draw their bows, we will be satisfied with less distances.

The Horse and the Course.

—The American Jockey Club held the second day of the autumn meeting at Jerome Park, on October 8th. The weather was delightful, the track rather heavy and the attendance unusually large for an "off" day. Those who enjoy racing as an amusement will always find it to their advantage to visit Jerome Park on a quiet day, so as to avoid the immense crowds and inconveniences attending them. The first race was for a purse of \$500. Seven horses started; distance one mile and five-eighths. True Blue won easily by ten lengths. Warlike second. Time, 2:57½. The second race, the Hunter stakes, distance, one mile and three-quarters, for three-year-old fillies, which brought to the post two, Katie Pease and Lizzie Lucas, was an exciting match. They ran together neck and neck, Lizzie Lucas finally winning by a length. Time, 3:17¾. The third race was for the Maturity stakes, for four-year-olds; distance three miles. Four horses started. Mate led all the way round and came in the winner in 5:51. The fourth race was for a purse of \$500, for two-year-olds; distance, five furlongs. After several false starts, they all jumped off together to a fairly even start, King Amadeus leading, with the others close up. On coming past the stand the race resulted in a match between McDaniel's entry by Asteroid, and Amadeus, the former winning by the shortest of heads in 1:06¾. The fifth race was a handicap steeplechase; distance about two miles and a half over an excellent imitation of a hunting course. The horses started evenly, going at slow pace, Duffy leading, George West second, but on going over the stone wall a little to the right of the stand his horse struck his near fore foot on the top of the wall, throwing his rider and rolling over him, but fortunately the jockey was scarcely hurt at all, and in a minute or so walked to the stand. Duffy continued on over the course and finally won in 5:55.

—The American Jockey Club held its third day of the Autumn meeting at Jerome Park, Fordham, on October 11th. The day was fine, the attendance large and fashionable, perfect order and decorum were observed everywhere, and altogether it teaches the old country a lesson so far as respectability, good feeling, and politeness are concerned. The first race was the Annual Sweepstakes for three year olds of \$300 each; distance, two miles. Only two horses came to the post—Tom Bowling and Mart Jordan. Tom Bowling won in a canter, and Mart Jordan, with his head between his fore-legs, 120 yards behind. Time 3:37¾. The second race was the Grand National Sweepstakes of \$100 each, half forfeit, with \$1,000 added by the club; distance two miles and a quarter. Four horses started—Harry Bassett, Preakness, Fellowcraft and Galway. Harry Bassett took the lead, but failed to keep it, as Preakness came past the post an easy winner by three lengths. The third race was the Champagne Stakes for two year olds, \$100 each and \$500 added by the club; distance three-quarters of a mile. Ten youngsters came to the post. They all started pretty evenly, and ran together at a fine racing pace all the way round, and on coming up the homestretch three of them were abreast, and on passing the post the judges decided Grinstead first, Dublin second, Weathercock third. Time 1:17¾. The fourth race was for a purse of \$700, mile heats. There were seven horses started. First heat, Minnie Mc won and Springbok second. Time 1:48¾. Second heat the horses reversed, Springbok first, Minnie Mc second, the others distanced. Time 1:48. Third heat, the start was very even, the filly and the colt running side by side, but the pace of the colt was too strong for the filly, Springbok winning easily. Time 1:48¾. The fifth race was a Sweepstakes, \$50 each, with a piece of plate of the value of \$300 given by the club, members of the club to ride, welter weights; distance one mile and an eighth. Three horses started—Gray Planet, Stockwood and Village Blacksmith. The members of the club rode extremely well, showing good judgment and skill, and notwithstanding the apparent unconcern on the part of the people, taking into consideration the weight of the riders, it was one of the best if not the best ridden race of the day. Gray Planet won and was ridden by Mr. Purdy. Mr. D. J. Bannatyne

rode the second horse, Stockwood, and Mr. J. Wadsworth rode Village Blacksmith. The distance apart of the three horses at the finish was scarcely two and a half lengths.

—The Flectwood Park four year old colt race took place on October 8th, and was a very private affair. The Sweepstakes, for four year old colts, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for a \$1,000 purse, was won by D. Mace's Middleton, winning the three last heats in 2:53, 2:53½, 2:44.

—The Beacon Park commenced their autumn meeting on the grounds near Boston on October 8th, but owing to the cold weather the attendance was very small. The first race was for horses of the three minute class, and was won by the bay gelding Howard Snow. On October 9th the first race was for 2:30 horses, which was postponed from October 7th on account of the darkness, Frank Palmer and Rex Patchen having each one heat, and Fanny two. The fifth heat was won by Fanny, Rex Patchen taking the second money, Frank Palmer the third, and Rowe's Tommy the fourth. The second race was for horses that never beat 2:40. Eight horses started. Stenly won the race, Pearl taking second money and Flora third. Time—2:41½, 2:41, 2:40, 2:39. Third race, 2:35 horses; five horses started. The first heat was won by John F. Russell in 2:40, and the last three by Brown Kenney in 2:38, 2:38, and 2:37¾. October 10th there was a much larger attendance, and the trotting was excellent. The race for 2:50 horses was won by Howard Snow, beating Modoc Chief, Eddy, Gray Eagle, Tontine Bell, Peter Simple, and Thought in the same order. Time—2:40½, 2:43½, 2:42, 2:43. Eddy took the second money, and Tontine Bell the third. The race for 2:31 horses was a grand exhibition of fair trotting. Colonel Moulton won the first heat in 2:35, and Rex Patchen the last three in 2:32½, 2:34, and 2:34. Mr. Rowe, of Hartford, protested against the third heat being given to Patchen, and declared he would outstart his (Rowe's) horse Tommy for another heat. The judges were unanimous in awarding him the heat, and upon Mr. Rowe's refusing to start in the last heat, enforced the rule laid down for such cases, and expelled both horse and owner from all National Association tracks.

—About four thousand persons attended the Amenia races at Poughkeepsie October 9th. The first race was for a purse of \$800, which was carried off by Gulnare, who won the first, third, and fourth heats, Jupiter winning the second. Time—2:44, 2:41½, 2:41½, 2:43¾. The purse of \$1,200 was won by Tom Keeler in three straight heats. Time—2:31¼, 2:31¾, 2:30¾. October 10th, Tanner Boy won the postponed race in 2:34¾. In the three minute race Mystery won the first heat and Rifleman the three next. Time—2:54, 2:52, 2:52, 2:52. The 2:50 race was won in three straight heats by White Cloud. Time—2:41½, 2:40¼, 2:41¾. The 2:25 race was won in three straight heats by Crown Prince. Time—2:32, 2:32¼, 2:30¾.

—At the Winchester (Va.) Fair, October 9th, Mr. S. D. Long's sorrel filly won the running race and took the premiums. Mr. John F. Sower's three year old colt Buckskin won the trotting race. At the start of the first race Mr. Upton G. Long, of Cumberland, Md., was thrown from his horse and fatally injured. The horse shied the track, jumped the fence, pitched him over head foremost, and fell upon him as he landed on the opposite side, breaking all his left ribs. He died that evening. Mr. Long is the second rider this horse (Harkaway) has killed within a year. The fair of the Agricultural Society closed to-day, October 10th, with the trial of speed racing. T. Collin's Lady Alice won the trotting race, best three heats in five, and took the \$200 premium. The best time made was 2:43. In the running race to-day Upton G. Long's horse Harkaway, who killed his owner yesterday, won the best two in three mile heats, and took the \$100 premium. Time—1:57.

—October 10th was the sixth and last day of the Nashville (Tenn.) Blood Horse Association. The weather was clear and pleasant, and the track in splendid condition. The attendance was large. The first race was for the Maxwell House stakes for three year olds, mile heats. Four horses started. Nellie Green won. Time—1:48, 1:46¾, 1:45¾. The second race was for the Association purse of \$300, mile heats. Planchette won. Time—1:45, 1:45¾. The time of the first heat was the fastest ever made over the Nashville course. The third race was for the Association Purse, mile and a quarter dash. Lamp won in 2:14¾.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 9.—The races to-day were well attended. The trotting race for a purse of \$1,250 was won by Tom Britton in three straight heats. Time 2:39¼, 2:37, 2:33.

HOW TO MANAGE A HORSE.—A beautiful and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet or any person to handle his feet. In an attempt to shoe such a horse recently he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plow, where he might work barefoot, when an officer in our service, lately returned from Mexico, took a cord about the size of a common bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passed his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog, suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, acting in all respects like an old stager. The gentleman who thus furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity intimated that it is practiced in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES.

THE word "thorough-bred" has an artificial and a natural, a technical and a practical, significance. Technically considered, the thorough-bred horse is one whose pedigree can be traced back through imported stock to the English stud-books and through these to the East, whence the modern English thorough-bred horse ancestrally came. This is what I call the artificial or technical significance of the word "thorough-bred." It does not prove that a horse is a good animal, for many, both in this country and in England, whose pedigree can be traced back to an Arabian source, are comparatively of little value. In England you can find hundreds of "weedy" colts, with neither lungs nor legs able to stand the necessary work to fit them for a race, or, indeed, of any considerable value any way; and the same is true with us. To buy a horse simply because he has a long and noble pedigree is to buy as a fool buyeth. And especially does this hold true in the case of breeding; for which purpose, none but the best specimens of the family you desire to cross with should be purchased. A poor horse is a poor horse the world over, in all families, and in spite of pedigree. A good animal with a good pedigree is what the breeder needs; and this rule should be closely adhered to. To vary from this principle is to risk all.

Beyond this technical sense, the word "thorough-bred" has another and practical significance, which I will now explain. In the practical sense, the word stands for and symbolizes certain indispensable qualities which give value to the animal, and decide his rank and place in the grade to which he belongs. Among these may be mentioned beauty of form, toughness of bone and muscular structure, vivacity and docility of temperament, intelligence, and above all, perhaps, in value, the power of endurance, and the desire to do; what horsemen express by the word "game." All pedigrees are worthless save as they indicate and warrant that the horse with the noble ancestry is noble himself. It is a help to the judgment, as to the value of a colt, to know that its dame is a Star mare; because a Star mare is a daughter of American Star; and American Star was sired by Henry, who ran against Eclipse in the famous match between the North and South. To a breeder such a pedigree is of the utmost value, because it is a guarantee that the colt out of such a mare will have, to some extent at least, the noble qualities which made his ancestors famous. Now, then, the question comes back to us, "what makes a thorough-bred?" And I say, that, for all practical purposes a horse which has a certain perfection of form, a certain degree of intelligence, the power to do great deeds when called upon, together with the high courage to attempt and to actually perform them, is a thorough-bred horse. That is my answer to the question; and I think that it will recommend itself to the common sense of the reader. Observe, then, what are the facts of the case as connected with the trotting-horse. The facts are these: that, beginning with Dutchman, and coming down through Lady Suffolk, Flora Temple, George M. Patchen, Ethan Allen, Dexter, and Goldsmith's Maid, we have had for the last fifty years, in this country, a race of horses of trotting-action, of as fine a spirit, and as great powers of endurance, as any that were ever bred. In perfection of structure, in symmetrical adjustment of all the parts, in intelligence,—that surest proof of good breeding—in dauntless resolution that stopped not short of death itself in the hour of supreme performance, these horses, and countless others like them, were, I elaim, second to none that ever delighted the eye and made proud the heart of man. I hold that it is unjust to these noble horses, to call them of vulgar or basely tainted blood. They were kings and queens in that order of life to which they belonged, and proved their royal qualities on many a contested field, when the lookers-on stood breathless. I object, both on the ground of sentiment and proper classification, to such a definition of thorough-bred, that, in order to be just to the one class of horses, one must be unjust to the other. Where they are equal in performance, they should be equal in honor. Who shall say that Old Topgallant, when he went against Whalebone four mile heats, and trotted them in 11:16, 10:06, 11:17, and 12:15; that is, making his sixteen miles in forty-five minutes and forty-four seconds, which is just 2:52½ to the mile, and that, too, when he was twenty-two years of age,—is not worthy to stand beside Eclipse, or Henry, or any other horse that ever ran a race? There is a right and wrong to this thing; and, for one, I assert that the nomenclature is faulty, and the classification vicious, which covers Longfellow and Harry Bassett with laurel, and leaves Dexter and Goldsmith's Maid without a spray. There are, therefore, as I understand the merits of the case, two great families of thorough-bred horses, instead of one, in this country. The one is the thorough-bred running-horse; the other is the thorough-bred trotting-horse. The time has come for horsemen to understand this, and no longer be fretted by a classification applicable only to a country where the trotting-horse is not known or honored. The English stud-books are sufficient for England, where the running-horse embodies all excellence; but they are entirely insufficient in this country, where the trotting-horse finds his ancestry, his birthplace, and the field of his glory. There is, therefore, in this country a family of horses possessing the very qualities for which the English running-horse has so long been noted, and in as great a degree, as the history of their performances show, but which are distinguished from the English thorough-bred by their style of going; and to this family, by every law and rule of justice, the same honorable nomenclature should be given.—*From Mr. Murray's Book on "The Perfect Horse."*

—Dr. Willett in a lecture the other night, told a droll story of himself. He said that at one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the doctor to his friend, "there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskillful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon.

—The woodchuck of New England and the Middle States is the eastern representative of the well-known prairie dog, and somewhat resembles it.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLST'N.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Oct.16.....	8 18	5 2	4 18
Oct.17.....	9 4	5 49	5 4
Oct.18.....	9 46	6 32	5 46
Oct.19.....	10 24	7 10	6 24
Oct.20.....	11 1	7 44	7 1
Oct.21.....	11 35	8 17	7 35
Oct.22.....	morn.	4 57	8 11

—The New York Yacht Squadron races commenced on October 9th. A more lovely or beautiful day for yachting could not have been selected. The arrangements on the part of the regatta committee were all carried out with decision and promptness, and the yachts in magnificent trim, showed themselves the glorious living and animated beings they professed to imitate. The prizes consisted of cups and purses presented by Commodore Bennett.

1. Cup of the value of \$1,000, to be sailed for by schooner yachts belonging to any organized yacht club, from an anchorage off Owl's Head, New York harbor, to and around the light ship on Five Fathom Bank, off Cape May, New Jersey, and return to Sandy Hook light ship.

11. Three purses, of the value of \$1,000, \$250, and \$250 respectively, to be sailed for over the same course, upon the same day, and open to the following classes of vessels hailing from any port in the United States:

First—Pilot boats.

Second—Working schooners of not less than twenty-five nor over 300 tons, old measurement.

Third—Schooner smacks.

In this race the first vessel arriving at the winning post to take a purse of \$1,000; the first vessel arriving of each of the other two classes to take a purse of \$250. No class, however, to win more than one purse.

THE ORDER OF STARTING.—The start was effected at twelve minutes past three o'clock, from the stakeboat off Owl's Head, and the time of the leading boats passing the Southwest Spit was as follows:

	H. M. S.
Yacht Clio.....	4 23 50
Yacht Enchantress.....	4 26 55
Yacht Alarm.....	4 28 45
Yacht Dreadnaught.....	4 29 09
Schooner Van Name.....	4 29 32
Yacht Eva.....	4 29 44
Pilot boat Mary E. Fish, No. 4.....	4 24 32
Pilot boat Widgeon, No. 10.....	4 35 02
Schooner Reindeer.....	4 35 26
Pilot boat Thomas S. Negus, No. 1.....	4 36 14
Smack Wallace Blackford.....	4 37 05
Pilot boat James W. Elwell, No. 7.....	4 39 06
Pilot boat Edmund Blunt, No. 2.....	4 39 36

Five yachts, two schooners, five pilot boats and one smack contested in their different classes. The small yachts Clio and Eva were on the east and west line off Owl's Head. The Dreadnaught, Alarm and Enchantress were on a line fifty yards further up the bay, while the pilot boats, schooners and smacks were lying side by side a little above. Soon after three o'clock the signal was given to start, and in an instant all sails were set, and they started down the bay towards the Narrows. It was really a splendid sight, the sky a deep blue, the wind blowing a fresh breeze and the yachts dashing along over the white-top green waves; the *tout ensemble* was indeed charming. The following is the order of passing buoy number eight and one-half, just inside of Sandy Hook: The Clio at 4:24 P. M., Enchantress, Alarm, Dreadnaught; schooners Van Name, Eva; pilot boats, Mary E. Fish and Widgeon; schooner Reindeer, pilot boats Edmund Blunt and James W. Elwell. After passing the buoy it was necessary to tack twice in order to clear Sandy Hook, after which they had a straightway course for the light ship off Cape May, ninety miles distant. The boats passed the Highlands in the same order that they did buoy number eight and one-half, except that the Eva again got ahead of the Van Name and the pilot boat Negus passed the schooner Reindeer. By this time the wind was well to the eastward, and the yachts were bowling along at a dozen knots an hour with the wind on the port quarter, the little Clio leading in gallant style and being well to windward.

The yachts, pilot-boats, schooners, and smacks continued on their course all night, the Enchantress rounding the Lightship at 1h. 57m. Several hours afterwards she fell into the trough of the sea and was nearly meeting with a sad accident. As it was she split her jib; but nothing daunted she made her way back again, beating and tacking, and arrived at Sandy Hook Lightship at 6 hours 12 minutes, winning the \$1,000 cup for yachts and making the entire distance, from Sandy Hook to Cape May, of about 247 miles, in 39 hours. The balloon-jib of the Alarm and the staysail of the Dreadnaught were out of order. Similar misfortunes had occasioned slight delay to other yachts, and nearly all had been obliged to reef their mainsails. Of the pilot-boats, the Negus had taken the first place, with the Widgeon second, the Fish third, the Elwell fourth, and the Blunt last. The race home was a "beat dead to windward" and progress was necessarily slow. The Negus increased the gap behind her. The Elwell overhauled and passed the Fish, and bade fair to obtain soon a similar position with relation to the Widgeon. The fishing smacks and working schooners were not to be seen, but as there was no interest in their race, it mattered little. The remaining yachts were a long distance astern, and at about 8 A. M. the wind died out completely and left nearly all the racers becalmed within a few miles of the goal. The Negus had, however, obtained a position favorable and drifted across the line at 8:49:30 Saturday morning. It was 12:33:30 when the Widgeon crossed the line. The Fish did not arrive till 7:40 P. M., and the Elwell's time was 8:35. Then came the yacht Dreadnaught at 8:38, and the remainder of the fleet drifted about several hours longer before accom-

plishing the few miles intervening between themselves and the lightship. Of the working schooners the Van Name arrived first, thus winning the \$250 prize awarded to the winning schooner.

—The representatives of the Regatta Committee stationed on Sanday Hook Lightship to time the returning vessels in the great races, make the following report:—

	H. M. S.
October 11—Enchantress.....	6 12 00 A. M.
Thomas S. Negus.....	8 49 30 A. M.
Widgeon.....	12 33 30 P. M.
Mary E. Fish.....	7 40 00 P. M.
James W. Elwell.....	8 25 00 P. M.
Dreadnaught.....	8 30 00 P. M.
Edmund E. Blunt.....	9 44 00 P. M.
William H. Van Name.....	10 52 00 P. M.
Wallace Blackford.....	11 44 00 P. M.
October 12—Clio.....	1 22 00 A. M.

—The challenge of Mr. J. F. Loubat, owner of the Enchantress, to Mr. A. B. Stoekwell, owner of the Dreadnaught, to sail from Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Five Fathom Bank Lightship and return, for the Cape May Challenge Cup (now held by the Dreadnaught), was accepted by the latter gentleman. Owing to the Dreadnaught's splitting her sails, and receiving other damage in the late ocean regatta, it will be impossible for her to compete for the cup. The Enchantress will sail over the course and claim the cup.

—The Brooklyn Yacht club held their annual pleasure sailing match and clam-bake on October 8th. Owing to the genial kindness and princely hospitality of the popular Ex-Mayor Godfrey C. Gunther, the members and friends of the club enjoyed themselves in right royal style, at his marine residence, Unionville, Long Island. The yachts Sophia, Tate, Qui Vive, Undine, Emma T., Sadie, and Terrible, made a beautiful start from the club house, foot of Court street, under the command of Commodore Jacob Voorhees, arriving at the anchorage opposite the mansion in excellent order. The first yacht received a prize pennant, which was won by the Sophia, and singular to say, there was a prize for the last yacht, which was conceded to the Emma T. The clam-bake, toasting, and speech-making lasted until five o'clock, and with many thanks to the host for his cordial good fellowship and generosity, the yachts started homewards, and thus ended one of the pleasantest parties that ever sailed out of New York bay, and an elegant closing of the Brooklyn Yacht Club season.

—The New Jersey Yacht Club held their first autumn regatta, on October 9th. The course was from a stake-boat off the club house, Hoboken, to a stake-boat off Fort Washington Point and return. As all the boats belonging to the club are sloops, they were arranged as first and second class sloops and cat-boats. The members were very tardy as not more than one-half of the sloop owners were on hand. At twelve o'clock the wind slackened a little, and the yachts made all preparation for the race. They were the first-class sloops Emily, D. Temple; Eugenie, J. B. Sewall; Vinnie, Capt. De Guion; Royer, Capt. Roselle; second class sloops, G. W. Dilks, Commodore Noble; Charm, Commodore Ketchum; catriggers, Ripple, A. Henning; Julia, G. W. McMillan; Kitten, E. Vail; Sophia, R. Havens. The signal gun was not fired until two o'clock P. M. The Emily took the lead; the sea was running very high, but none of the other yachts thought it safe to spread much sail, and were running under reefed mainsail and jib. The second and third class yachts got under weigh from the anchorage at the firing of the second signal gun. The cat-rigged boats were reefed as close as possible. The wind died away at four o'clock, when the yachts were about half way to Fort Washington. The Emily was still leading a mile and a half and was forced to put about owing to the hull in the wind; the rest of the yachts did likewise, when they slowly drifted homewards.

—The National Amateur Regatta of Philadelphia took place on the Schuylkill river, on October 7th and 8th. The wind and weather on the first day were very disagreeable, making the water lumpy and unfit for scull racing. The first contest was a four-oared race to be rowed in heats, one and a half miles and return, consisting of the following clubs and crews: The Analostan, of Washington; the Friendship, of New York; the Vesper, Quaker City, and Crescent, of Philadelphia; the Nassau, of New York, and the Argonauta, of Bergen Point, N. J. In the first heat the Analostans of Washington and the Friendship of New York got into line. At the start both crews took the water together, the Analostans starting with a rapid stroke and won the heat in 9 minutes 45 seconds. The Friendships ran foul of a canal boat and upset, the crew swimming ashore. In the second heat three Philadelphia clubs started—the Crescents, Vespers, and Quaker City. At the start the Vespers were left behind, claiming they were not ready, but eventually rowed over the course. The Quaker City and Crescents fouled. After considerable time had been spent talking, the umpire declared the Vespers distanced, decided a foul against the Crescents, and ordered the Quakers to row over the course. The third heat was between the Nassaus of New York and the Argonautas of Bergen Point, N. J. The Nassau crew was composed of Frank G. Brown, bow; Walker, No. 2; Montgomery, No. 3; and Oliver Johnson, stroke. The Argonauta crew was Ed. Smith, bow; Walter Mann, No. 2; Stephenson, No. 3; and Eldred, stroke. Night was now coming on rapidly, and after a hard struggle the Argonautas crossed the line three boats lengths ahead of the Nassaus in 8 minutes 16½ econds.

The second day was beautiful and the water in excel-

lent condition for making fast time. The first heat was between Watts, of the Undine Club of Baltimore, Lavens, of the Pennsylvania of Pennsylvania, and Blake, of the Atalanta of New York. The heat was well contested, and was won by Watts in 10 minutes 3 seconds, Blake and Lavens coming in together about a boat's length behind Watts. The course was the same as the day before—one mile and a half, straight away. The second heat was rowed by Dr. Withers of the Atalantas, and Edward Smith of the Argonautas, Bergen Point. Mulrey, of the Scharf Club, of Pittsburg, who was to row in this heat did not appear. This heat was won by Smith in 10 minutes 14 seconds, beating the Dr. by twenty-nine seconds. The third heat was a walk over for Pleasonton, of the Bachelors, of Philadelphia, Courtenay, of the Union Springs not being able to procure a boat, and his own being unfit for use, owing to the manner in which she had been hacked by some ruffians on Monday night, who broke into the Vesper's house. In the fourth heat Le Roy, of the Atalantas, Parsons, of the Riversides, of Rochester, and Myers, of the Nassaus, contested. Myers won the heat in 9 minutes 38 seconds, beating Parsons by nine minutes. The man was distanced. The final heat for four-oared shells was next rowed. The contestants were the Argonautas, the Analostans, and the Quakers. This race was splendidly contested by the Baltimoreans and the Bergen Pointers, but the Argonautas succeeded in carrying off the prize. The race was won in 8 minutes and 36 seconds, the Analostans coming in seven seconds later and the Quakers following thirty-three seconds later. The four-oared race was succeeded by the pair and double sculls. For this the Argonautas, the Vespers and Crescents, both clubs of Philadelphia, struggled for victory. The race was won by the Crescents, the stroke of the Vespers falling in his boat from dizziness in the head when the chances of winning were almost within reach. The Argonautas had no chance from the start. The day's sport terminated with the victors, who were victors in the trial heats, coming together. Myers, Watts and Pleasonton were the competitors. Myers won easily in 10 minutes 8½ seconds, Watts following in 10 minutes, 35 seconds, and Pleasonton distanced.

The prizes consist of a silver eup for the single scull race, a beautifully embossed fruit epergure for the double scull race; but the gem is the challenge vase for the four-oared race, which is a large boat-shaped eup with Neptune and Victory emblematically carved on the prow and stern. On either side is an accurate and elaborate representation of a four-oared shell. Mr. Wilkes of the *Spirit of the Times* gives an appropriate silver cup engraved and carefully carved, of the value of \$250.

—The New York Rowing Club will row a sculler's race for the Leland Medal, on Saturday, October 18.

—The Palisade and Vesper crews will run an eight-oared barge race on the Hudson, at Yonkers, October 23d; distance, three miles straight away.

—The Executive Committee of the National Amateur Rowing Association meet at the Astor House to-morrow evening at 8 P. M.

—James Ten Eyck has challenged William Scharff to row at Peekskill on the Hudson, for \$500 a side. W. Scharff has accepted the challenge, and an early date will be selected for the race.

—The Logan four-oared crew of St. John, N. B. have challenged the Ross Foley crew of Halifax to row at either place for \$200 or \$400 a side.

—It was at one time a curiosity when fruit was bloomed in fall, and generally it was attributed to a remarkably open and moderate season. Now it is well understood to be the result of the fall of the leaf before the time nature had fixed for it in her ordinary course. It is on this account that grape vines suffer so much from mildew, and the pear from leaf-blight. The leaves injured so long before their proper time, the regular order of nature is interfered with, and either the flowering is too premature to result in fruitfulness, or the general health is affected in some other way. The good cultivator of fruit trees is therefore very particular about the retention of the leaves till late in the season, and neither caterpillars, blights or mildews are allowed to operate if he can help it.—*German-town Telegraph.*

RARE WINES.—There are some wines which very few people drink, not only because they are scarce and dear, but because, they have a smack that is not to the general taste. Lacrima Christi is sipped by travelers at Naples, but how many flasks of it do British cellars contain? The white wine of Jurancon, sacred to the memory of the kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry the Fourth of France, cannot be bought. Every drop is bespoke, years before, by far-sighted Legitimist consumers. It is hard, even at Vienna or Presburg, to buy one of those quaint bottles, of white glass and bulbous shape, that hold an imperial pint of imperial Tokay. It is dearer, bulk for bulk, than any wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as a syrup, and is in fact only a very superior raisin-wine, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porpherogenite, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wines are kings and kaisers, whose august demands leave only a handful of flasks to be scrambled for by the outside public. So, in a less degree, with Prince Metternich's Cabinet Johannisberg, monarch of Rhine wines, the best of which seems to find purchasers not commemorated in the courtly Almanac de Gotha, but pseudo specimens of which, at about two napoleons a bottle, are to be had at Rhineland hotels and Paris restaurants, in quantities that would make a thoughtful man marvel at the fertility of the few stony acres of the historical vineyard.—*All the Year Round.*

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Macchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Caricus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Optyx Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scotopax rusticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Curlew, <i>Numenius Arquata.</i>)
Esquimaux Curlew, <i>Numenius borealis.</i>)	Sandpipers, <i>Tringinae.</i>)
	Pigeons, and all kinds of Wild Fowl

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—The ruffed grouse, known as the partridge in New England, and as the pheasant in the Middle States, is now in full prime, and his noisy whirr is heard in the woods among the crisp and falling leaves, as he rises suddenly before the rustling tread of the well-trained dog, and darts like a shooting star into the thicket. There is no music sweeter to the sportsman, but it requires a true aim and steady nerves to bring down your bird when he plunges headlong through the yielding branches, making noise enough for a dozen of his size. It is only by accident that a stranger to the ground he is shooting over comes upon his birds; but if, when he goes to the country, he will employ some youngster who was "raised thar," and knows where every "partridge" was hatched out and brooded, he will save much time in beating the bush, for the birds seldom wander far from their native place unless they have been disturbed and scattered by much hunting. The places where they are most likely to be found are near old roads, around deserted clearings, near running streams, and in swales and damp but not marshy places, though the locality depends upon the season and the food the birds are hunting for, whether whortleberries, beechnuts, alder buds or laurel buds. It is not uncommon for ruffed grouse to take to trees, nor to kill every bird in a covey by properly following them up with a well-trained dog and treeing them one after another. This in answer to a correspondent's question.

—Quail, *Ortyx Virginianas*, familiarly known as Bob White, is a great favorite with the sportsman. Becks of full grown young birds and their parents are now to be found in the stubble fields, where an experienced hunter will make sad havoc among any particular flock when he becomes acquainted with their haunts. The quails prefer to inhabit localities in the immediate vicinity of thickets composed of low bushes, into which they retreat when alarmed. The true home of this species is in the Middle and Southern States, Massachusetts being its limit, and even in the more northern sections of this State they suffer much during some winters. If a heavy fall of snow occurs the quails, as is their constant habit, burrow beneath it for warmth; let this happen in unusually mild weather when the snow is moist upon the surface, it too often chances in our variable climate that the thermometer suddenly falls far below zero and the weather grows intensely cold in a few hours. This change forms a crust which is so thick and solid that it cannot be penetrated by the imprisoned birds, and consequently if the cold continues they perish miserably. Entire flocks are thus destroyed, and in some winters they become nearly exterminated; but in favorable summers they increase rapidly, and soon repopulate the country. Yet we should carefully protect them by law during the breeding season, as the poor quails will be driven from the North if man, as well as nature, conspires against them.

—Quail shooting is said to have been very fair until within the past week along Overpeck creek, near Leonia, two miles south of Englewood, New Jersey. At Tennaflay and other localities adjacent an increase in the number of quail has been noticed, showing that the protective laws have done good.

—Black bears are fat at this season, and the easiest way to come it over Bruin is to watch beside the fields of ripening corn for his appearance, for *Ursus Americanus* is fond of the yellow succulent ears, and as soon as the first frosty nights occur he sallies forth under the gleaming harvest moon to forage. Unfortunately for the uniform success of his expeditions, the husbandman "who owns the place" is aware of his proclivities, and lies in wait with a shot-gun crammed with slugs, and sends a rude but warm greeting into his shaggy ears. Although this may seem tame sport at first, yet one must possess tolerably steady nerves and some patience to sit perfectly quiet for an hour or two listening for the tramp and the snuffing of a huge ungainly fellow which, ordinarily harmless, is a tough customer at close quarters if wounded. Then, when the great brute does appear at last, looking three times larger in the moonlight than he really is, it requires, especially on the part of a novice, a clear head and a firm hand to kill him, even with a shot gun. When a rifle is used, it is fifty to one that a man will not bag the first bear he encounters by moonlight.

—It is fine gun shooting black and gray squirrels, now that the groves of hickory, oak and chestnut are showering down their treasures of nuts, and the sprightly little animals are gathering on mountain and hillside their plentiful stores. Many sportsmen are not aware that the glossy black squirrels which are found so abundantly in some portions of Michigan are only a variety of the gray species. This is a fact, however, and could a sufficient number of specimens be procured so as to exhibit all the varieties of color in the

pelage, it would be exceedingly difficult to determine where the gray leaves off and the black begins. This is but one instance of many where we find extremes of color in some individuals, yet with such a perfect gradation in others that no one who is at all conversant with natural history, would hesitate to consider them as one species.

—A Philadelphia friend who is a veteran hunter of an almost world-wide experience, notices in the last issue of "FOREST AND STREAM" an allusion to the old practice of clearing a stopped gun nipple by driving a pointed stick into it and pulling the trigger, and says "I have been doing it for thirty years at least, on the Delaware!" Nothing new to him, that's sure; but there are youngsters growing up, dear Mr. R., perhaps too old to be your grand-children, but nevertheless having much to learn, especially in the craft of the huntsman, to whom our humble information may be new and serviceable. And as we hope to include a large number of the rising generation among our readers, as well as a given number of inept and amateurs of maturer age, we shall print our paper chiefly for their benefit. What we wish of our dear old veteran friends is merely to direct our utterances, and set us right if we go astray. And our success, we are not too proud to admit, depends much upon their co-operation.

—Snipe still occur in the meadows, but will soon depart, although stragglers often remain quite late, even in New England, and we have known them to start up from the grass on inundated meadows when the ice was stiff enough to bear the weight of a man. The great mass of sandpipers (*Tringinae*) have gone South, but the little dunlin remains, his family being the last to migrate. For fear that some sportsmen may not recognize the species, we will state that it is of about the size of the grass bird (*T. maculata*), but has a slightly curved bill. It is gray in color above, white beneath, with the breast streaked with dark markings. This is the autumnal plumage; in spring the back is red and there is a black band across the breast. They now frequent the shore in considerable numbers, and are quite fat. These have a wide distribution, being found on both sides of the Atlantic.

—J. U. Gregory, naval agent at Quebec, acknowledges to having bagged 17½ brace of snipe on the 2d inst., at Chateau Rieher, sixteen miles below the city. Just at this season there is good shooting on Crane Island, Sorel, and on the north side of the island of Orleans, in the St. Lawrence. Sportsmen can run down in a steamer from Quebec without trouble. At Chateau Rieher there is fair hotel accommodation, but poor elsewhere.

—The sharp-tailed grouse (*Pedioetes phasianellus*), to which our Western correspondents frequently allude, is closely allied to the pinnated grouse, or prairie hen, which it much resembles in habits, and might possibly be mistaken for it by a casual observer. Hybrids between the two are not rare, though it is believed by most naturalists that they never reproduce.

—Ruffed grouse and pinnated grouse are in considerable abundance. There is a fare showing of plover, snipe, and yellow legs, and a few dozen blue-winged teal.

—Saddles of venison begin to appear in front of the principal restaurants.

—Woodcock, *Philohela minor*, have generally taken to the highlands and may be found among the low growth of birches on hillsides.

—Wild pigeons may now be found flocking to the grain fields, and are readily shot.

—A few canvas backs and red heads arrived in market last Monday, being the first invoice of the season.

—There was a goodly number of gentleman at the fine farm of Mr. Ditmars, Flat bush, L. I., last week, to participate in a sweepstake for a double barrel breech-loading shot gun, added to which was a small entrance fee. The birds were of better quality than usual, and the shooting scarcely up to the average. Dr. A. Robins and Hicks tied, and as they could not divide one gun, they settled it amicably between them. The following is the summary. Seven birds each, twenty-one yards rise and eighty boundary:—

Ditmars.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1,	J. Lott.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1,
A. Lott.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 1,	O. Wingate...	1 1 0 1 1 0 1,
C. Bennett.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 0,	Capt. E.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1,
D. A.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 1,	Bird.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1,
Baslar.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1,	Schar.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 0,
Dr. W.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1,	Krawner.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1,
Russell.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1,	Robins.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1,
Bayler.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1,	Redon.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1,
Hicks.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1,	Furman.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1,
Burrow.....	1 1 1 1 0 1 0,		

—There will be a grand pigeon shooting tournament, open to all, held at Toronto, Canada, on December 2d, under the auspices and management of the gentlemen connected with the Toronto shooting clubs. The gentlemen who have attached their names to this announcement are men of probity and honor, and the tournament will be conducted with fairness and decision. Every shooter will furnish twenty-five pigeons, and shoot at twenty-one; H and T ground traps; any size gun; twenty-one yards rise; eighty boundary; not more than 1½ oz. shot. All entries to be made before 11 o'clock Monday night, December 1st, with Mr. Jos. Taylor, Colborne street, Toronto. The prizes will consist of \$1000 in gold. The best shot \$300; second, \$200; third, \$100, and so on until the thirteenth. The Junior Gun Club of Toronto, will give a gold medal to the winner of the first prize. Committee of management: Jas. Ross Espe, Pres. T. S. C.; W. H. Coen, Pres. I. G. C.; John Maughan, Toronto and I. G. C.

—With regard to deer hunting, a well-informed and experienced correspondent calls our attention to the fact that

the deer of Florida are governed in their times of feeding "by the moon," and accepting his statements as truth gathered from personal investigations, we would like to inquire of the many expert hunters who read this paper, if they have remarked the same peculiarity throughout the North and West, and if so, whether they can 'explain' or account for the habit? This gentleman writes:—

"When I first attempted to hunt deer I was almost always unsuccessful, rarely being able even to see one, I was informed by the hunters that I did not go out at the right time. Upon questioning them they told me that the deer were governed in their time of feeding by the moon. An hour before moonrise the animals arose from their beds or came out of the hummocks to feed upon the grass in the clearings, or in the pin woods, continuing until after the moon was up. An hour before the moon Southed (i. e. attained its highest altitude) they did the same thing, and also when it was directly beneath the earth, making in all eight hours feeding time. At first I laughed at this as an old hunter's notion, for although it is easy to understand why the deer should feed at those times when the moon rises near night and sets near morning, it is difficult to perceive why they should conform to the same rule through all the varying phases. But after three seasons' experience I am obliged to acknowledge that as far as my observation extends this theory is correct. The deer are certainly seen feeding much more frequently during these stated periods than at others. Of course one occasionally meets a straggling animal at other hours, but I never found any number on their feet at any other time. All the hunters with whom I have conversed also confirm this. Another singular fact is that the great horned owls loot at the feeding time of the deer, even it be broad daylight. I have observed this fact on many occasions, and the hunter when they hear the owls, say "now the deer are feeding."

—Mr. I. I. Hite, who keeps a pleasant boarding house at Mellonville, Florida, sends the following letter, which contains some facts that may be useful to tourists the coming winter:—

Our winters here are like the last fifteen days of May, and the first fifteen days of June with you. We are now planting out gardens just as your people do in May and June.

I expect to be fixed to lodge thirty persons comfortably. The Orange House now for rent at \$1,500 is out from Mellonville boat landing, two miles. It will lodge about thirty nicely. The Brock House on the Enterprise side of the Lake Monroe, (five miles wide) will lodge eighty or one hundred upon a squeeze. Boats can be had here to Indian River, sixty-five miles, where there are a number of boats for hire. G. S. Hardee, Esq., City Point, (P. O.) Indian River, Florida, and others down there keep boats and other conveyances. Steamers run from here to Salt Lake, fifty miles; from Salt Lake to Sand Point, six miles by hack, or wagon. Sail boats connect there. Hunters and explorers can go to any point south of this. By December there will be another small steamer going 200 miles south of this, just for the benefit of winter boarders in this section.

There is good hunting from Mellonville, Orange Co., out by land south of this for 150 miles. It is a beautiful country. At Orlando, twenty-four miles from here by hack, or possibly stage by December 1st, there is a hotel. Men here get into their saddles at 1 o'clock and are back by dark with their game hanging across their horses. Wild turkeys, and opossums come up into Mellonville. Two miles from here a few days since an old man and a boy were fishing and a large wolf passed within thirty steps and did not even look at them. Bear and black six foot panthers are plenty within six miles of Mellonville. The mouths of creeks coming into Lake Monroe are splendid fishing places. I. I. H.

A correspondent gives his experience in the use of the Canadian moecasin, which tallies with that of all gentlemen who have worn them:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have tried almost everything in the way of boots and shoes, for life in the woods; Napoleon high top boots, canvas shoes, rubber boots, and the like, but all without success, but last summer while spending some weeks in Canada, I invested in a pair of moecasin-boots, or shoe packs, as they are more frequently called, and such ease as I have enjoyed in my tramps since, can hardly be described. The boots that I possess are made of tanned deer skin, reach almost to the knee, and are tied with thongs of the same material, without which they would hardly keep in position. I was obliged to have heels and an extra sole added afterwards, as the material being very thin made me immediately aware of all sharp stones or sticks in the path. They are very light, seeming almost like a stocking rather than a boot, and need a little oil occasionally, but I can hardly agree with you that they are "almost impervious to water." A good pair of shoe packs costs about \$4.00 in Canada. Messrs. H. & H. Merrell, 290 Notre Dame street, Montreal, would supply them, as although in the dry goods business, they are true sportsmen, and more obliging gentlemen cannot be found in Canada. T. S. S.

If T. S. S. will refer again to our article, he will notice we spoke of *Caribou* hide, and not deer skin, as being impervious to water. The essential oil of the caribou hide is so considerable in quantity as to be a natural preservative and a protection from wet.

CHARMS FOR ANIMALS.—A tongue taken from a living fox was thought to prevent disease of any kind attacking the fortunate possessor. The slough of an adder hung on the rafters of a house renders insuring that house unnecessary; a house-leek in the roof makes it proof against the lightning's flash. When a Northamptonshire henwife sees a hen, she is particular that the nest contains an odd number of eggs, and is careful to mark each egg with a small black cross, to save it from four-footed poachers. A large stone having a natural hole through it, hung outside a cow house, prevents the cattle having the nightmare; and farmers of the fifteenth century thought their beasts secure against murrain if marked with the mark of a saint, for one Thomas Eglington was paid ninepence for putting St. Wilfrid's mark upon sixteen oxen belonging to Cardinal Langley, Bishop of Durham, to the intent that they might escape such a visitation. A Norfolk man boasted that no mishap could chance to his horse so long as he wore something he had tied round its neck; a curious urchin stole the charm, which turned out to be the thumb of an old leather glove, containing a copy of the Lord's Prayer. Not long ago a valuable horse, belonging to a well-to-do farmer at Crewkerne, was so ill that two veterinary surgeons were summoned to consult as to what should be done. Upon examining the patient, they found something tied round the animal's neck, and making inquiry, were told by the farmer's wife that she and her husband agreed that the horse was bewitched, and she had therefore tied one of her garters round its neck to break the spell.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—Later developments indicate that the first suspicion that Captain Hall died from poison was well founded. Notwithstanding the efforts of Secor Robeson to prevent the public from obtaining correct information, the truth must eventually be known.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

COAST FISH.
Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Black Bass, (*Alicopterus nig* and *archigan.*) (two species). Spanish Mackerel, (*Cero maculatum.*) Pickerel, (*Esox reticulatus.*) Weakfish, Squetaug (Trout) Otolli-Pike perch, (*Lucioperca Americana.*) *thus.*

LAKES.
Striped Bass, Rockfish. (*Labrax lneatus.*)

—The angler's season for this part of the country is nearly at an end, and those indefatigable whippers of rivers and streams who never tire of fishing, must needs go South hereafter, or lay up their rods and fly-books until spring. And there are just such men the country over—thoroughbred sportsmen, too, who have no taste for shooting, yet delight in the wild-woods as much as the hunter, and are just as serviceable in camp or on the route. If these men do not actually despise "gunning," they are nevertheless so wedded to their favorite pastime, and so indifferent toward the germain proclivities of their friends, that it is impossible to induce them by the most seductive appeals to lay down the basket and the rod and take up the rifle and the gun. For their idiosyncrasies we have an intuitive sympathy; and, when "Othello's occupation's gone" hereabouts, we will open to his desire new realms in fishdom that will gratify by the novelty of scene and species, and add immensely to his fund of experience.

The fish of the South and semi-tropical waters are but little known even to tourists and valetudinarians who sojourn in Florida during the winter, and yet the varieties of fish life there are almost infinite, and among them all are many that afford excellent sport to the most fastidious and high-toned angler. To southern waters, therefore, we shall devote especial attention the coming winter, and we assure our readers that the fund of information at our immediate disposal, and from which we shall liberally draw, will be most worthy of their careful attention and appreciation. It is of a character and kind not to be found in books, unless, perchance in some few surviving copies of that very much needed and not sufficiently prized work of C. E. Whitehead, Esq., Secretary of the New York Sportsmen's Club, long since out of print. We have in for the next issue of this paper a sort of preliminary chapter, introductory to what is forthcoming; and very pleasant it will be, when the winter snows are wreathing the fences and gables, and the genial fires are blazing on one's hearth (something seldom seen these days, by the way), to read of pleasant experiences among the trailing vines and flaring flowers that grow under the sunny skies of Florida. Perhaps many a gentleman of leisure, whose attention has only been attracted toward the pole in mid summer, may be induced in these winter days to turn some wistful glances toward the South, and having made up his mind to journey, and taken his cue from the instructions obtained from FOREST AND STREAM, gather up his paraphernalia and impedimenta and take steamer for Savannah and beyond.

We trust that proprietors of hotels and steamship lines will feel it to their advantage to make their routes and accommodations known to sportsmen through our columns. It will be our object to provide for the comfort of those who put confidence in our advice, and we shall desire to designate such localities and means of communication as may serve them best. And just here, not from any mercenary motive, but from personal experience most gratifying, we wish to recommend to the attention of tourists the hotel of the Messrs. Peterman, at Palatka, Florida, whose advertisement appears in our columns. Florida is not famous for its superb hostelrys, but this is not only luxurious, but will serve as a central headquarters for sportsmen who wish to visit the accessible parts of Florida. Intending visitors would do well to engage rooms now for the season.

—We have anticipated the coming months a little, and at once take the back track to Maine. Or rather, we are permitted to-day to inspect a souvenir of the season from the waters of the Oquossoc Club in Maine. What a sight for an angler's eyes to behold, even to an appetite cloyed by the summer's surfeit! It was the genial secretary of the club who sent for us, R. G. Allerton, Esq., him of the rubber boots and outfits—well-known to anglers. On tiptoe, with a tread subdued and soft, we silently approached the sarcophagus that was placed in state in the center of his store. (It always makes one feel solemn to approach one's bier). The receptacle that encircled the dead was full five feet long by two and-a-half in width, and was surrounded by a cordon of gentlemen mourners with liquid eyes and watering mouths. Slowly they lifted the winding sheet; the sheet was straight and smooth enough—lifted it from the beautiful defunct, and there lay stretched out in liveried array three dozen monster trout! They were as beautiful in death as in life, and "none knew them but to love them." The largest weighed eight pounds and a quarter, and the balance a sum total of forty-two pounds, which indicates a fair average even for Maine waters. The jury that "sat on" that case were inclined to bring in a verdict of "killed out of season," but the testimony of reliable witnesses proved that in the place where they had been taken, their capture was lawful.

An eight pound trout is something to behold; the sight is marvellous to country lads who have been trained on fingerlings. But after all we are glad that nature has ordained that trout shall not be whales. Any specimen over a pound in weight lacks that rare delicacy and lithic beauty which makes the race attractive, and as for that logy old eight-pounder that lay among the others, it seemed to be invested with a grossness of a fat old dowa-

ger tricked out in all her fanciful tawdry and glaring colors. We believe it is conceded that a monster trout is not so gamey as one of average size, say a pound in weight, and if we could have our own way, we would obtain an injunction upon those big fish which every now and again intrude themselves upon the skilful attention of our Moose-luckmagantic and Mollyhuckamunk friends.

—The St. John river, New Brunswick, Canada, was never so low as now. Above Fredericton 40,000,000 feet of logs are high and dry in the river bed. At Fort Kent sixty miles above Grand Falls, people cross the river dry shod on the stones left above water.

—The blue fish and seines have almost swept the South and Jamaica bays of other fish, and the principal sport left for anglers in this vicinity is for striped bass at Hell Gate, East river. A few weak fish are taken at intervals.

—There is good sheephead fishing at the mouth of the Potomac.

SALMON TROUT PROPAGATION.—The Rochester Union of the 3d says:

The United States Revenue Cutter Chase is to call at Charlotte this afternoon and leave this evening for Cape Vincent, carrying to that port Seth Green and eight men in his employ, who will go prepared to engage in the salmon trout fishery. There are some half a dozen or more places on the Islands at the foot of Lake Ontario where fishermen are employed in taking the salmon trout, all within twenty miles of Cape Vincent. Mr. Green under an arrangement with these fishermen, puts one or more men with each boat who secure the spawn when they capture the fish. A small boat is sent by Mr. Green from one station to another, which gathers the spawn and carries them into Cape Vincent. From that place they will be brought to Charlotte and taken to the State hatching house in Caledonia and developed, and thence they will be distributed through the lakes of the State the coming winter.

The taking of the spawn of this excellent fish begins about the 15th of October and continues about one month. This is a perilous season to be navigating the lake in small craft, and the process is attended by considerable hardship.

—Nearly two millions of salmon eggs, taken from California waters, are on their way to the Atlantic seaboard, to be placed in hatching houses on the Delaware, Schuylkill, Susquehanna, and James rivers.

Military News.

IN accordance with the provisions of an act passed at the last session of Congress, a Board of army officers has been organized to adopt plans and to take measures for the building and establishment of a regular military prison. This Board comprises Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Fifth Infantry; Lieut. Col. Wm. H. French, Second Artillery; Major Thomas F. Barr, Judge Advocate; the Rev. E. C. Wines of New York, Secretary National Prison Association, and Z. R. Brockaway, of Detroit. The passage of this military prison act was an important measure for the army, and the establishment of a special prison for the incarceration of all criminals of the army is something the service has long needed. The Government, for want of a military prison, is now forced to use the State prisons nearest the various posts of the army for this purpose, and by this means has lost direct control over this class of its men. In almost every other department of the army the service is under the direct charge of its officers and governed by its military laws; the establishment of a military prison, therefore, is an exceedingly wise measure, and a matter too long delayed by Congress. We trust the Board will act speedily, and provide at some central portion of the country a building adequate in every respect for the purposes for which it is intended.

—The leave of absence of Col. George L. Andrews, of the Twenty fifth Infantry, which had expired, has been extended six months; of Captain May H. Stacey, Twelfth Infantry, for four months; Colonel P. R. DeTroband, Thirteenth Infantry, has been granted one year's leave, to go across the sea; also Second Lieutenant Wm. L. English for six months with similar permission. First Lieut. John W. Hannay, Third Infantry, has received an extension of just 42 days to "go beyond the sea."

—Surgeons James C. McKee and Warren Webster have been relieved in the Department of the East and ordered to report for duty in the Department of California. Surgeon Chas. H. Alden is dispensed with in the Department of the Lakes, and will now dispense medicines and attend to the surgery of the Department of Columbia, or in the vicinity where a few Modocs were suspended a few days since.

—The headquarters of Companies G and K, Second Infantry, have been charged from Mobile to Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala. Five companies of the Eighth and six companies of the Ninth Infantry, under General Bradley, have returned from the Northern Pacific survey. The return of these troops had nothing to do with the downfall of the Northern Pacific in Wall street.

—The ground of encampments have expired, and the troops are gradually going into winter quarters. Companies D and I of the Seventh Cavalry, have gone into quarters at Fort Totten, D. T., and like other portions of the army are preparing for the winter's blasts. The army boys on some portions of the plains have a rough time of it during the winter months, and no one can begin to estimate the amount of their sufferings.

—First Lieut. and Brevet Maj. Lafayette Hammond, Adjutant of the Twenty-third Infantry, died at Fort Yuma, California, Sept. 6th, after a long illness. Major Hammond served and held many responsible positions during the war, and was an officer of rare excellence and highly esteemed

in the army. He was physically imposing in his bearing and one of the handsomest officers of the service.

—First Lieut. Woodruff, a promising young officer of the Engineer corps, was one of the victims to the ravages of the yellow fever at Shreveport, La., Oct. 1st. On Sept. 10th he returned to Shreveport from the service of the important undertaking, in process, of removing the Red river rafts, which have so long obstructed navigation, not being warned of the epidemic. Instead of fleeing from the danger, as most of the panic-stricken citizens were then doing, he joined the Howard Association and faithfully devoted himself to the care of the sick; but not being acclimated, he, too, after a week, was stricken with the disease, and two weeks later died.

—Captain Seneca H. Norton, of the Second Cavalry, following the illustrious example set by some of the Government officials, not long since undertook to apply to his own personal use a small detachment of the cavalry of the army, comprising four enlisted men and four horses, by employing them in drawing material, etc., to be used in the construction of a quartz mill at Cherry creek, Montana, in the net proceeds of which mill he was pecuniarily interested. Now the Government has not the least objection, we presume, to any of its poorly paid officers making fortunes rapidly, if they can, by legitimate means, nor does it even object to their adding to their small means by Wall street speculations, etc. It, however, has many serious objections to its officers using United States property in so doing, and if it come to light in the army, the officer found guilty has to suffer the consequences. The dignity of the army must be sustained, even if the dignity of the Government suffers in many of its civic departments by similar transactions. Captain Norton therefore has been tried, found guilty of the charge of "conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline," and sentenced to "be suspended from rank and command until December, 1873, and to forfeit fifty dollars of his pay per month, for six months."

—Colonel Ronald McKenzie, Fourth Cavalry, has been granted a three months' leave on surgeon's certificate of disability. We presume therefore the dashing "McKenzie raids" along the Rio Grande will cease until this officer again resumes command.

Art and Drama.

NEW YORK the last week was crowded with dramatic representations. All classes of society, not only the theatre goers, but the church goers, joined, it would seem, in an unusual turn out for evening entertainments and mid day matinees. The weather has been simply superb, and way toward midnight the principal thoroughfares of our great city, especially in the vicinity of Union Square, were crowded with animated groups on their way home, discussing the merits of the new opera stars, or the grandeur of the Evangelical Alliance. Our city with these influences, joined with the balmy night air, resembled a southern European capitol, under the excitement of some great national upheaval, a centennial anniversary for instance, or an inauguration of a new sovereign. We venture to predict, that this "holiday work," will materially improve the excellent sanitary condition of the city—will show that it has driven dull care from many aching brows, opened a brighter future to the nervous and hypochondriacal invalid, stimulated intellectual enquiry, and made our citizens and our innumerable visitors better, and consequently happier. Altogether, New York has presented an unrivaled front in all matters that pertain to intellectual enjoyment, and moral culture; verily we gradually approach our destiny, of being the true metropolitan center of civilization.

No marked sensations are to be recorded immediately relating to our dramatic world. The managers of the two grand operas have at last brought all their forces into the field, and the companies are as strong as possible, and alike presenting the most varied excellencies, and certainly most evenly balanced in merit. All that can be obtained, that is soul-stirring, and truly sublime from combinations of the human voice, and musical instruments, is presented to perfection. The audiences are large, but present no real enthusiasm. Not a lady's eye through the whole routine of opera representations up to date, has beamed as brilliantly at Nilsson or Tamberlik, as it beamed at the "last opening" of the fall fashions. This fact was illustrated when the audience at the Academy of Music was informed that Miss Nilsson was "indisposed," and that her place at a "moment's warning," would be undertaken by Signora Torriani. This was a disappointment, for the audience had decided it was "the thing" to admire Nilsson, so they were at seas as to their treatment of the gallant lady, who had under such adverse circumstances come to the rescue. The first act of "Lucia de Lammermoor" was gone through with—the hearers listless—the ladies busied themselves with talking innocent gossip, the gentlemen yawned, because they thought it was safe to do so.

But on went the gallant Torriani, conscious of her real merit, and evidently determined to improve an unexpected first-class opportunity. The result was, that the audience was forced to attend at the opening of the second act—once daring to admire, the wall of suspicion broke down, and all became enthusiastic, and "Lucia" was never more satisfactorily given under the Strakosch management.

Miss Nilsson we fear is becoming indifferent from over praise and attention, and there is a cold wind blowing over

the heated atmosphere of Tamberlik. By and by, a New York opera audience will judge for itself.

The light opera is making progress at the Olympic theatre, under the management of Mrs. Oates. Her personation of *Clarrette* in "Madame Angot's Child," would be considered perfect, but for the impressions made by Bateman's artists. Looked upon as her own rendition, it is unequalled on the comic opera stage. The "Grand Duchess" consequently will prove a deserved success. We are more and more satisfied that opera bouffe is to become the national musical amusement. It is an advance on the best efforts of minstrelsy, and is really up to the popular taste. In time we will have a heartfelt and understanding audience for the grand opera—say in two hundred years. Over a century of trying has not succeeded in England to accomplish this result, but we are more mercurial, and consequently sooner learn to love and understand foreign airs, than do the stolid English.

We called the attention some week or two ago, to the injury Verdi was doing in the way of ruining voices. An illustration is at our disposal where high notes, and ignorance of professors were combined for that result. A Miss Jennie Bull (a fearful name for a successful singer, for you can't Italianize it), is to appear at a concert in Rochester, her native city. This young lady commenced taking lessons from a local professor who decided her voice to be a soprano, and practiced her on the high notes; the result was a severe headache whenever she sang. A residence in Italy led to the discovery of a new register, and Miss Bull's voice was called a mezzo soprano. But a new professor of more scientific attainments and more practical knowledge than his predecessors, was finally invoked, and discovering the errors of her former training, he changed the whole routine, and she turns out to be a most lovely contralto, her enthusiastic admirer claiming that she will be a legitimate successor of Alboni!

The Magazines.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The Indian Summer bathes the northern zone,
And, o'er the earth its gorgeous vesture flings,
In jewelled grandeur, like to tropic wings;
And ever through the lustrous aisles there sings
A wandering air in wondrous monotone.

A liquid ruby sprent with amethyst;
So richer far than silk of samarcand,
Shone coral yet so bright on golden strand
As these fair touches of thy glowing wand,
That brim like glories through the Indian mist?

—Canadian Monthly.

FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

The Falls of the Zambesi, or Victoria Falls, as Livingstone calls them, have been formed by a crack or fissure in the hard, black, basaltic rock at right angles across the bed of the river. The old bed below the falls is still plainly indicated, and green with grass and trees. The chasm which extends along the entire front of the falls, and into which the water leaps, is about two hundred and sixty feet in depth, to the surface of the boiling and foaming water. The falls during the dry season are nearly a mile in extent, their line broken here and there by rocks and islands. In the wet season their length is increased by about a half a mile or more, and then the volume of water which pours over the falls is immense.

The water on the west side of the falls, as it descends into the chasm, is collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flows toward the east at a right angle with the course of the stream above the falls. That on the east side flows through a similarly narrow channel toward the west. These two streams meet and unite in a fearful boiling whirlpool, before they find an outlet through a fissure of the rock at right angles with that of the fall, at about eleven hundred and seventy yards from the western end of the chasm, and six hundred from the eastern end. The Zambesi, which spreads to such a breadth above the falls, is now compressed in a channel not more than twenty or thirty yards in width, and of no doubt almost inconceivable depth.

The surface of the country is of the same level below the fall as above it, and the river continues in its course through a deep cañon, continually taking abrupt turns in its way—in fact, forming a series of connected and perfectly defined letter S's. This cañon is not worn or cut by the action of the water. It is a split or crack in the rock. Its walls go sheer down, "without any projecting crag or symptom of stratification or dislocation."

The immense steam-columns which continually ascend above the falls become condensed at an immense height, and descend in a perpetual shower of fine rain, which, beating against the face of the perpendicular rock, runs down in tiny streams, only to be swept back again by the upward-rushing vapor before they have reached the bottom. This rain gives life and verdancy to the evergreen groves, in whose branches, however, no bird ever sings or builds its nest.—Mrs. E. B. Duffey, in *To-day*.

SIX-TOED ARABS.

IN the second number of the *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* for 1873, Baron Von Maltzan gives an account of his travels in Arabia, and states that there are still many spots of which nothing is known beyond what Ptolemy was able to tell us. Baron von Maltzan selected the most southern extremity of the peninsula, which is as yet a *tabula rasa* on our maps, for the scene of his explorations. He draws attention to the artistic skill exhibited by these people in statuary and carving, before they fell under the rule of their Mahomedan conquerors from Central Arabia, when all their earlier civilization was rudely checked and their language superceded, while they were then also first driven to adopt a nomadic mode of life. In spite, however, of amalgamation with Central Arabian elements, the population of South Arabia still admits of division into two distinct peoples, the

Sabäer and the Himyarites, the former of whom have light yellow skins, while the latter, whose name he derives from *Hamr*, red, are so dark-skinned as to be generally classed amongst the black races. Baron Maltzan observed a curious physical character in the family of the Himyarite rulers of the Fodli, or Ozmani-State, many of whom, both males and females, had six fingers and six toes on both hands and feet. This peculiarity is looked upon by the people at large as a special mark of blue blood, and prized accordingly by the possessors. It would seem that the practice of forming consanguineous marriages, which prevails in the Fodli, as in other ruling houses, may of itself explain, as a mere case of hereditary recurrence, the appearance of this physiological character in numerous and remote members of the family.

A friend who has traveled extensively in the west tells us, that though that part of our country is the home of the live-fence, he finds more well-managed osage hedges in Pennsylvania than there. As a general rule, he says, after planting they are neglected, and become nuisances, in many cases bearing balls; or where "plashing" has been resorted to in order to thicken up the naked places, they become very wide—immense thick masses of green foliage—which no good farmer here would think of enduring.

Though we are not prepared to believe that there are no good osage-orange hedges in the west—indeed we believe they are as numerous in proportion to population and settlement as they are in the east—still we know many of the Pennsylvania hedges are commendable, and only wish that the care and attention they receive was more common. It is impossible to have a good hedge unless they are trimmed up to a triangular or conical shape, so that the base is much wider than the top; and then the trimming should be done twice a year—early in July and early in September. This of course requires labor; but it is impossible to get a good osage hedge without labor, and it is as well for those who purpose to plant hedges to understand this, and to calculate beforehand whether they can afford to give the labor required. Those who have hedges planted should see now to the fall trimming.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

THE BIRDS OF FLORIDA. By C. T. Maynard. Five plates drawn and colored from nature. By Helen S. Fairley, Salem Naturalist's Agency. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. New York: Dodd & Mead.

We have received the two first parts of "Birds of Florida." It is in large quarto form, printed upon clear good paper, with wide margin, and when bound will make a very valuable addition to the selection of the library of ornithology. The work is to be issued in twelve parts, at one dollar a part. The numbers before us, as a work of artistic merit are unexceptional in style, finish, historical correctness, and fidelity to life. Everything relating to the Birds of Florida is here plainly and concisely given. For this valuable collection and history of the birds of this interesting section of country we are indebted to the indefatigable and enthusiastic studies of the author. In the prosecution of these investigations Mr. Maynard has visited all parts of Florida, including the keys and everglades, and devoted much of his time during a period of three years to the exclusive study of the feathered tribes and their peculiar habits. In this work are given full information of quite a number of birds of entirely new species, and others heretofore unknown to the general reader.

THE TOURMALINE: Its relation as a gem; its wonderful physical properties, &c., with four illustrations in colors. 12mo. By Dr. Hamlin. Boston: James R. Osgood, & Co.

This is an intensely interesting work upon a subject but little known to our general readers. Probably but few persons, when asked, could readily give the true definition, and tell us much of the wonderful history of the gem *Tourmaline*. In the pleasant, quiet town of Paris, Maine, there is a mountain called Mount Mica. This shrine of many modern pilgrims was known years ago only to a few of the natives of Holland; to them it had a history and an interest unknown even in those days to but few favored ones. In the Eighteenth century, however, it seems that Mount Mica was not a sealed cave to the old Dutch navigators; they possessed the *open sesame* to its treasures, and not a few sparkling gems added to the rare wealth of their collections of curiosities. Prominent among their rare and beautiful gems sparkled the *Tourmaline* of Mount Mica. Dr. Hamlin gives us much interesting matter now for the first time placed before the reading public. He says that this location has already yielded "more than one hundred crystals, which would be considered rare and remarkable specimens, and that no other deposit in the world yet known, has yielded tourmalines of such variety of color." This work contains illustrations of these crystals, showing their brilliancy of color &c., as well as a story of great interest, equal to a romance, and far better, for it is all true.

PENRIDDOCKE. By Hamilton Aicde. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a tale of the present time and of old English and continental life. There is within the pages of this book much amusing variety, both novel and startling. The hero—though to our mind he is not much of a hero, not half so well made up as the heroine, Elizabeth—makes his way into the garden, where he finds, according to the book, Elizabeth Penridocke, "seated on a three-legged stool, leaning her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her hand, with a plate of chicken bones, parings of cheese and pudding on the ground before her." Our hero and Elizabeth have the following colloquy upon rats, which conveys an idea of the quaint character of the work:—

"And now tell me, for I am really curious to know—what are you doing here with that plate? I see neither cat nor dog."

"I should hope not, indeed!" replied Elizabeth, swallowing the bait, and with more animation in her tone than I had observed. She then pointed to a hole in the boards, in a corner of the shed just opposite to her. "Look there! She won't come out, though, while you stand here. Go outside the door, and watch from there."

I obeyed, and Elizabeth began a low cooing whistle. For nearly minute this produced no results; then from my post of observation, I perceived a long gray whisker protrude from the hole, followed by a sensitive nose, that snifted cautiously from right to left, and, finally, the body belonging to it, that of a very large old rat, appeared, followed by three young ones. They all gathered round the plate at Elizabeth's feet, and then began a family repast which was really curious to watch. The mother permitted her progeny to devour up the pudding and cheese parings as they chose; but the bones she selected, dividing the small ones with impartiality among her young, and keeping the big ones, which required tougher teeth, for herself. I, whose ideas of a rat were inseparable from a terrier, and who had never seen one at Beaumanoir but in either a fugitive or a bellicose attitude, was astonished quite as much as I was entertained by a peep into the domestic interior. Elizabeth half turned her head towards me with a smile; and putting her

finger to her lips, she produced from her pocket an egg, which as soon as the plate was cleared, she placed there. The old rat raised herself on her hind legs, leant over the edge of the plate and smelt the egg. Having satisfied herself, she carefully raised it in her fore-paws, and as carefully deposited it on the floor. Then she rolled it along as a mar rolls a barrel, to her hole; but now came the difficult part of the operation. Evidently there was a drop of four or five inches from the flooring to the ground beneath, which the astute animal was conscious might smash the egg. She, therefore, descended first; and, standing on her hind-legs, one of the young rats pushed the egg towards her, and she raised it in her fore-paws. I never saw any thing more cleverly done, and could not resist an exclamation, which sent the three juniors scampering down their hole at a pace which must have somewhat imperilled the egg, I fear.

LECTURES AND SERMONS. By Rev. W. Morley Punshon. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

We have received this book through the politeness of some friend; did we know to whom we are indebted for it, we would with pleasure give him credit. It is a passable book; and the frontispiece is said "to look like the author." It probably does him justice. Judging from it, we think Mr. Punshon a good man, possessed of a good share of intellect, with ordinary powers and ability. His delineation of character is sometimes good, but generally more natural to the life, than possessing that great quality, by some sermonizers called "rhetoric." But that Rev. Mr. Punshon is greatly superior to many other intelligent pastors and teachers of the present time, we cannot see much evidence in the book before us. His sermons are simply very good specimens of the kind, and will be found improving and healthful to many readers.

DETAIL COTTAGE AND CONSTRUCTIVE ARCHITECTURE.—New York: A. I. Bicknell & Co., Architectural Book Publishers.

We have received from the publishers the above very valuable work upon architectural cottage designs, and many other styles of building adapted to the wants of the building community. For some time past there has been most sensibly felt the want of just such a work. It is new and very original in many of its designs, very picturesque and simple in its working details, which are plainly laid down and easily understood by almost any intelligent builder. These plans are all reduced to the working scale of the operative builder. The work contains seventy-five large lithographic plates, some of them tinted, done in beautiful style, showing a great variety of elevations and designs entirely new, with elaborate and plain cornice, brackets, windows, window-caps, doors, piazzas, porches, and bay windows; also dormer windows, observatories, towers, chimney-tops, balconies, scroll work, stair-building, and other designs of exquisite finish. It has forty-five elevations, perspective plans and specifications of plans of most modern style; eighteen elevations for summer cottages never before given to the public. This new and original work is now just published and placed in the market in fine large, royal quarto form at the exceedingly low price of \$10.00.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS. By Miss Braddon. New York: Harper & Bro's Class Select Novels.

Many women think, if we are to judge them by their actions, that they can do just as they please with any man they call husband after marriage. And they sometimes admit that marriage is a decided failure. Such women have strange conceptions of right and wrong, and judged by a standard of their own creation in such cases, must be chargeable with the lamentable failure of their married life. Lord Paulin may not be an immaculate my Lord; he is homely, and very unattractive in person, "long, lank and gawky," for a lord; yet we conceive him to have been quite as good as the average run of lords, and under ordinary circumstances would have made any reasonable woman happy. We do not think our lady Elizabeth Luttrell, would have been a happier woman in wedlock had she been the wife of Mr. Forde; on the contrary she would have been simply very unhappy. But we do not propose to tell our readers all about this readable story in a short notice, but refer them to the work itself for the final solution of this social question of the day.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE. By J. G. Holland. New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1 V. 1. 12 Mo. Illustrated with twelve full illustrations by Mary A. Hallock.

We have carefully read Arthur Bonnicastle, (a practice we pursue with every book we notice) and can say with the utmost confidence that it is the very best of the later works of Dr. Holland. To accord this work meager praise, would be doing an injustice to a book that should be read by every one. Reader, you cannot lightly skim over this volume, as most readers are wont to do with many of the books of the times, whose only merit is in their binding, and when you open the same you find *nil* within. Arthur Bonnicastle will be heard, and he will hold you in complete fascination from beginning to the end. One continued string, an endless chain of sparkling gems runs through this book, which you are fairly in love with before you have read twenty-five pages of this truly American novel. As a portraiture of character this book ranks as an authority, and in the handling of adverse and perplexing philosophical questions and theories. As a story of a life we like it; as it is romantic, lively, spicy, graceful in high conception, pure in deep thought, and while it sometimes makes strong appeals to the imagination, it is exceedingly tender in style and sentiment, always elevating—and never grovelling. In a word, it is a rare work, and as an American novel, we cannot after a very careful reading see a single line which the author should wish to draw a line through. We think any one will rise from a perusal of Dr. Holland's last work with much higher views of human life and renewed obligations within his own heart of living a nobler manhood.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

HARPER & BROS.—A STRANGER AND PILGRIM.—A novel of much interest.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL MANIPULATION. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

We learn with pleasure that we are soon to have a work by Prof. E. C. Pickering, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for the use of students. This work will open with a preliminary chapter on general methods of investigation, with a series of highly interesting articles upon sound, light, liquid, gasses, solid, &c. This work will be brought out by Hurd & Houghton in the usual tasty style of the Riverside press.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN—In their Physical, Moral, and Intellectual Relations. By a Medical Man. New York: John P. Jewett & Co., No. 5 Dey street.

THE SOUTH.—The kind and generous welcome extended the *FOREST AND STREAM* by our contemporaries is warmly appreciated; but a special acknowledgment is due to the editor of the above journal, for his hearty and repeated commendations of our paper. He possesses the heart of a true sportsman, as well as the pen of a "ready writer." *The South* is devoted to the resources and development of the South, and its pages evince a thorough knowledge of the condition and wants of that section, and a zeal and enterprise which commend it to the hearty support of the Southern people and all interested in Southern progress. Several special issues of the paper have been devoted to different States, the demand for which led to their publication also in the German language. The issue for the Georgia State Fair contained several fine illustrations, and much interesting matter relative to the attractions of that State. Last week's edition was devoted to North Carolina, and was a very attractive number. We commend this journal to all interested in the important section of country to which it is devoted. *The South* office is in the new Herald building, Ann and Nassau streets. Terms \$3. a year.

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152

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to his habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even clamor for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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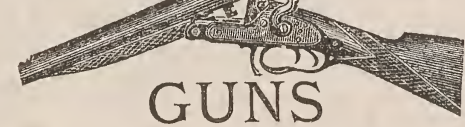
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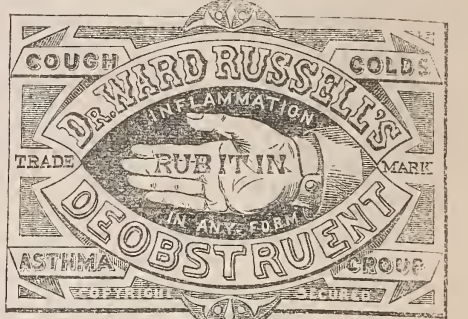
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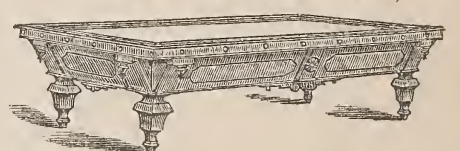
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Volume I, Number 11.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.
WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WONDER why the savans call
A mackerel saltator,
Because a tator doesn't swim,
And salt is not its nature.

I wonder if the great sea-snake
Is but a sailor's yarn, or
Did he really shake his mane,
Foreins't that Maine mariner?

I wonder what the devil fish
Would say about the "pictor,"
If he could read the wondrous tale
Of fascinating Victor.

Is it a lie that nautili
Have sails and oars and tillers?
Do phenixes exist? And are
Or are there not gorillas?

I wonder if we all came down
From some superior monkey;
Or if the sage philosopher
Is but a Dar(wi)n'd donkey.

Will man develop further yet,
And learn to live on water
Teetotally, and learn to catch his fish
Like any seal or otter?

Will some one tell me all about
The vampire and the emu?
And is there any link between
The cat-fish and the sea-maw?

I wonder much if Reade is right
About that whale of Behring,
Which swam a thousand miles a day,
And wore a harpoon ear-ring.

I wonder if an author grave
Can ever make a blunder;
I know that all I read is true,
And yet, and yet I wonder!

J. J. ROCHE.

The Naturalist in Florida.

IT is a singular fact that for a part of the year at least three-fourths of Florida is under water. After such an introduction my readers will perhaps think that I have chosen a very in attractive subject, for they can scarcely see what there is that can possibly be interesting in swamps, even though they are vast, and teeming with an exuberant growth of vegetation, or in sluggish rivers, if they do abound in all classes of animal life.

Had I nothing to write about, however, excepting the submerged sections, I trust I could find something even there which would interest and perhaps instruct my readers. But it must be remembered that the State of which I am speaking contains nearly as much land as is occupied by New England, and that notwithstanding three-fourths of it is under water the number of square miles which are never flooded considerably exceed the area of Massachusetts.

This country has also considerable value, and the United States was aware of this fact, for in 1819 \$15,000,000 were paid to Spain for relinquishing her claims. Although the Government has doubtless committed many errors, this purchase cannot be considered as one of them. For, aside from the question of the protection afforded to our southern borders, this peninsula is certainly a desirable acquisition to the Union.

The water which covers so much of Florida is both detrimental and beneficial to the inhabitants. Much arable land is rendered worthless from this cause, but it is by means of the numerous rivers and bayous that the settlers gain ready access to the interior. The St. Johns is the largest river in the the State, and forms the principle thoroughfare to the numerous little towns which are situated on its banks.

As the region through which this river flows contains as many inhabitants as any other portion of the State, I will endeavor to convey some idea of this section by describing what I have seen while making several trips up this stream.

I say up, but as the St. Johns rises nearly two hundred miles south of its outlet, this term will perhaps give an er-

roneous idea, for this is the only river in the United States that flows directly north, and as the peninsula lies north and south, this stream runs parallel with the coast as far as Jacksonville; then turning directly east flows into the Atlantic ocean, within twenty-five miles of the northern boundary of the State, thus traversing in its course nearly two thirds of the entire length of Florida.

Jacksonville is the largest city in the State, and although of recent growth compared with other towns, contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of trade. Several lines of small river steamers form the means of communication with the interior.

I found myself on one of these little steamers early one December morning, gliding over the sun-lit waters. The river for about a hundred miles is very wide, being a succession of lakes, on which account the Indians named the stream "Welaka," which in their language signifies the river of lakes. These lakes vary from two to ten miles in width, and as the boat kept in the middle, we could see but little of the shores, excepting when we called at various towns.

The small size of these villages surprised me much, for I had long been familiar with their names on the maps, and although some of them have been settled for about three hundred years, at the time of my first visit, in 1868, they contained but three or four houses.

Of course, in the days when the Spaniards occupied Florida these places were much larger, being important military posts, and formed the homes of many inhabitants. They have deteriorated much since, but are now growing slowly; how slowly may be seen by the fact that after an absence of four years I again visited this section and found that some villages had added only one or two houses to their number, while others remained as I had previously seen them.

I have used the term houses in speaking of the inhabited structures along the upper St. Johns, but shanties would perhaps convey a better idea of their appearance. It will be a source of much wonder why the steamers touched at such places, but it must be understood that they are with a few exceptions representatives of the towns in East Florida, and contained post-offices. We stopped then to leave the mail, and frequently to take on wood, or occasionally found a passenger waiting. And odd passengers they were too, many of them genuine Florida "crackers."

At a wooding up station where there was but one dwelling, a queer looking specimen of humanity came on board in the shape of a long, lank individual, clad in homespun. In one hand he carried an old-fashioned rifle, and with the other led a fine looking horse, upon which was strapped a large saddle, with a saddle bag and an ax handle hanging on either side.

This singular being had a powder horn suspended from his brawny neck, and his matted black hair hung down to his shoulders, while his unkempt beard reached nearly to his waist. A pair of sinister eyes looked out from under the shaggy brows, which were shaded by a slouched hat. He was evidently a hunter by profession.

At one of these stopping places we dropped a little dried up man, whose countenance indicated an uncertain age. He might have been twenty or even fifty, for he was evidently one of the Rip Van Winkle type of men who can lie down and sleep an age or two in the wilderness without trouble. From this sleep they will arise half awake, and again plod through the world, no more or less musty-looking or dried up than before. Such men, even while in infancy, have scarcely enough flesh to cover their bones. As they grow older this little expands, until a certain age, when it hardens; then old Time may shake his glass over their heads without producing the slightest effect, or hack at them with his rusty scythe in vain—they look not an hour older.

Such was the bodily appearance of the man whom we dropped at this place. He was clad in a very dirty suit of homespun cotton cloth, while a satchel of the same material hung at his side. His not very prepossessing face was shaded by an old palmetto hat, from beneath which his long flaxen hair hung in tangled skeins. His stockingless feet, thrus

into a pair of broadsoled shoes, proclaimed him a cracker of the lowest class.

The steamers move slowly against the current, so that in twenty-four hours we had accomplished but 100 miles of our journey, and on the following morning we were crossing Lake George. This is a very large expanse of water, about ten miles in diameter. At the southern extremity the river suddenly narrows, so that it is but a few rods across. Here the scenery changes entirely. The stately live-oaks and pines of the more northern St. Johns give place to the tropical-looking palmetto and the graceful-foliaged sweet bay.

Vegetation is also much more advanced, and as the steamer almost brushed against the luxuriant foliage, we could catch the odors of thousands of flowering shrubs growing in the dense forest which lay on either side. It was indeed a scene of surpassing loveliness, to which I can scarcely do justice. One must stand, as I stood that morning, with every sense rapt in profound admiration of the beautiful panorama that was passing before the eyes, and with the south wind, laden with those delightful odors, blowing gently across the face, to thoroughly appreciate it. For every turn of the now winding river disclosed new beauties for enjoyment.

At first the brain is confused with the multiplicity of objects that are presented to the gaze. Gradually, however, the eye becomes accustomed to the mass of green, and selects objects of greater interest from the whole. From the exuberant growth of creepers and shrubs which line the water's edge, the attention is drawn to the gray, straight trunks of the palmettos, with their stiff, fan-like fronds. The dark green of these is relieved by the paler foliage of the sweet gum, while high over all hang the giant branches of the lofty black walnuts drooped with festoons of Spanish moss. Large bunches of the emblematic mistletoe are brought out in strong relief against the blue sky, with their bright green colors heightened by their more sombre surroundings.

An occasional group of the gloomy cypress might be seen among this sea of living green, raising their dark trunks covered with leafless branches from the swampy ground. As we passed onward our attention was attracted by numerous orange groves, which were growing upon shell mounds, with the golden fruit relieved by the dark green and shining leaves. This scene was rendered intensely interesting by the multitude of birds which swarmed on all sides. Numerous ducks and gallinules swam among the aquatic plants on the river's margin. At one point we saw a group of red and black-headed vultures feeding upon the carcass of some animal. Large numbers of wood ducks started up everywhere, flying but a short distance, then tamely settling down again.

Among all this apparently peaceful life the great law of nature, which ordains that her subjects shall live by preying upon one another, was in full force. At every few rods along the river was perched a hawk. They sat silent and apathetic, but were only waiting for the coots and ducks to finish their morning meal of aquatic life before seizing the plumpest of them for breakfast.

High overhead the osprey was sailing with motionless wings, in huge circles, gazing with eager eyes upon the fishes below. The ever-watchful bald eagle was perched upon the lofty black walnuts or cypresses, intent upon the motions of the fish hawk.

This magnificent scenery, in which is mingled so much of life and animation, must attract the attention and call forth the admiration of the most casual observer. What, then, must be the sensations of the earnest student of nature? Words fail to express the intense ecstasy that he feels as object after object presents itself to his bewildered gaze. The brain is completely overwhelmed, and can simply grasp the mingled mass as it is seen, and in calmer moments arrange each in its proper place.

The sun had now reached a considerable height, and was shining hotly on the water. The captain of the steamer informed us that we might as well be on the look-out for alligators. About a dozen among the passengers produced

rifles or shot guns, and we took our stations on the upper deck. As we stood near the wheel-house an old negro, who was steering, exclaimed, "See, dar's one!" at the same time pointing towards a large object. His words were followed by the sharp crack of half a dozen rifles, and as many voices excitedly shouted, "I have killed him." But the loud laugh from some of the experienced hunters and a broad grin on the black face of the pilot, told these amateurs that they had been sold. Their bullets had merely set free the gases contained in the carcass of a dead alligator.

A short distance beyond this point we saw a flock of about twenty wild turkeys on the river bank. They were beneath some orange trees and were very tame. As we came in sight of them there was a simultaneous discharge of fire-arms; but in the excitement of the moment it was entirely without effect. The turkeys scattered right and left, and were soon lost in the thick underbrush.

Soon after this the alligators became quite numerous, and the deck of the steamer presented an animated scene, resounding with the sharp crack of rifles. The hideous reptiles were in all positions; some were sleeping on the banks, others half in the water, and some were swimming swiftly about with only their ugly snouts and repulsive looking eyes visible.

Sometimes one would roll over in his death agony, after receiving a single shot. Then the attention of the whole party would be turned to one individual, and he would escape beneath the water pierced with a dozen balls.

They would die in all positions; some would turn over upon their backs, but oftener they would lie as they had been shot. The most fatal place for a ball to strike appeared to be in the head. The report that a rifle bullet will glance from the back of an alligator is entirely unfounded. I have seen them shot in every part of the body, and have yet to meet with a single instance of the kind. The ball always penetrates easily if thrown with ordinary force. Many of these reptiles are destroyed by the passengers of every steamboat which passes up and down the river, yet their numbers are scarcely diminished.

The alligator grows to a large size, some measuring seventeen feet in length. The large ones are quite dangerous, but a closely allied species—the caymen, of South America, which is occasionally found in Florida—is particularly noticeable for its fierceness. I have met with it but once.

Three of us were crossing the country which lies between Lake Harney and Indian river, on foot, when we came to a dense swamp. As we were passing through it we discovered a huge reptile, which resembled an alligator, lying in a stream just to the right of our path. He was apparently asleep. We approached cautiously within ten rods of him and fired two rifle shots in quick succession. The balls took effect just before his fore leg, and striking within two inches of each other, passed entirely through his body. As soon as he felt the wounds he struggled violently, twisting and writhing, but finally became quiet. We waded in and approached him, as he lay on a bed of green aquatic plants with his head towards us. It was resting on the mud, and one of the party was about to place his foot upon it, when a lively look in the animal's eyes deterred him. Stooping down, he picked up a floating branch and lightly threw it in the reptile's face. The result was somewhat surprising. The huge jaws opened instantly, and the formidable tail came round sweeping the branch into his mouth, where it was crushed and ground to atoms by the rows of sharp teeth.

His eyes flashed fire and he rapidly glided forward. Never did magician of Arabian tale conjure up a fiercer looking demon by wave of his wand, than had been raised to life by a motion of the branch. For a moment we were too astonished to move. The huge monster seemed bent on revenge, and in another instant would be upon us. We then saw our danger, and quicker than a flash of light, thought and action came. The next moment the gigantic saurian was made to struggle on his back, with a bullet in his brain. It had entered his right eye and had been aimed so nicely as not to cut the lids. To make sure of him this time we severed his jugular vein.

While performing this not very delicate operation, he thrust out two singular-looking glands from slits in his throat. They were round and resembled a sea-urchin, being covered with minute projections. They were about the size of a nutmeg, and gave out a strong musky odor. We then took his dimensions, and found that he was over ten feet in length, while his body was larger round than a flour barrel. The immense jaws were three feet long, and when stretched open, would readily take in the body of a man. They were armed with rows of sharp white teeth. The tusks of the lower one when it was closed projected out through two holes in the upper, which fact proved to us that it was not a common alligator, but a true crocodile. (*Crocodylus acurus*.) This is the second instance on record of the capture of this reptile in the United States.

C. J. MAYNARD.

THE ANGORA GOATS OF GUADALUPE.

U. S. PATENT OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have read and smiled over your pleasant editorial, in FOREST AND STREAM of October 9th, touching the Guadalupe Island (California) enterprise, notwithstanding your humor is indulged at the expense of a company in which I am interested, whose project I have closely watched from its incipency, and about which I may fairly claim to know something. But as you are manifestly in error regarding the enterprise, and the statements and calculations of its managers, which you have greatly misapprehended in your article, thereby unconsciously doing both much injustice, I make no apology for this effort to set you right, having confidence that your journal will in the end prove as fair and just as it is high-toned and excellent.

Your article says "a company propose purchasing Guadalupe," &c. The fact is, the purchase was consummated nearly one year ago. The Guadalupe Island Company was incorporated under the laws of California, January 25th, 1873, and at once commenced active operations by putting on improvements and shipping to the island a band of fine Angora bucks to be used with the native ewes already there in breeding up future generations to a fleece-bearing standard.

You have entirely omitted to mention the important fact stated in the prospectus to which you refer, that the number of common goats on the island at the time of its purchase was approximately, twenty thousand. (There were some 32,000 slaughtered on the island for their skins and tallow alone during the five years preceding its purchase by its present American owners.) One half of this twenty thousand being males, are to be slaughtered in order to stop the propagation of this non-fleece-breeding race, while the remaining ten thousand, being females, are not to be killed off, but utilized as breeders by crossing them with pure and high-grade Angora bucks. The offspring of the third cross (seven-eighths Angora) is a fleece-bearing animal. So that when you speak of the directors "commencing with one hundred bucks," and counting that in ten years they will have in goats and fleece a capital representing the neat amount of \$2,270,990.40, omitting altogether as you do, to give the number of breeding ewes, you lead your readers entirely astray and justify them in drawing your own too hasty conclusion, viz., that the company's estimates are exaggerated. The fact is, as I have just shown you, that instead of the above aggregate being claimed as the result of ten years' breeding with a few hundred ewes, it is the result of a careful calculation, based upon twenty-five per cent. less than the known ratio of natural increase of the goat in California, showing the yield in numbers, fleece and value of five thousand ewes and a proportionate number of Angora bucks in that length of time. To these five thousand native ewes (being only one-half the entire number now on Guadalupe Island) have already been added more than one thousand pure and high-grade Angora ewes. A large number of Angora bucks have also been sent on since the first shipment last spring.

It will thus be seen that this enterprise is organized upon no narrow or unsafe basis. Commencing on such a broad foundation, having a vast range, comprising more than 166,000 acres of rich grazing grounds, affording ample natural food for at least seventy-five thousand goats, and producing the most prolific, hardy, cheaply-raised and profitable of all fleece-bearing animals, the projectors and managers of the Guadalupe Island Company are not willing to admit that their enterprise is specious in its character, chimerical, visionary, impracticable, or that their estimates are exaggerated.

Finally, the enterprise is no experiment. You say truly "that the Angora Goat can be profitably raised in California, admits of no doubt." There is no room for doubt on this point, when the manager of El Rancho Guadalupe himself, (Mr. Landrum,) has successfully raised them in that State for twelve years past. He being the pioneer Angora breeder on the Pacific Coast, may be presumed to know whereof he affirms in regard to the wonderful prolificness and healthfulness and profitableness of this animal in that latitude and a favoring climate. And of his integrity, good judgment, and fair mindedness there can be no doubt.

I think I have now given you enough facts to show the true state of the case with regard to this great paradise in the Pacific. I doubt not your article was written upon a hasty and insufficient reading of the Company's prospectus, and that you will cheerfully correct the wrong impression you have made. I am Sir, Yours Respectfully,

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

PROPAGATION OF SALMON.

DURING the past season the first attempt to obtain the eggs of the sea going *Salmo Salar* within the limits of the United States was made at Orland, on the Penobscot river; and as this was also the first authenticated experiment for confining salmon for breeding purposes during the summer and fall, it deserves some mention. It was necessary to buy the salmon from the fishermen near Bucksport in the early part of the summer, because later in the season they are scattered over the headwaters in the wilderness. It was found that in common brook, river or pond water, of sufficient depth and flow, the salmon would remain in perfect health from June to November. A pond specially prepared for them in a clear, cold brook proved unsuitable, and every salmon there died. The seventeen fish that remained in hand at the beginning of the spawn-

ing season were confined in a pond built of stakes and nets on the margin of a large pond. The area enclosed was some fifteen or twenty square rods, and the depth of water about six feet at the deepest point. Confinement in this limited space does not seem to have hindered in the least the development of the spawn or milt. Ten out of the seventeen proved to be females and nine of them yielded eggs freely. The method of fecundation differed from that commonly employed, in that the eggs and milt were carefully kept from the water till they had come in contact. This method is of Russian origin. It was in this case remarkably successful. About ninety-six per cent. of the eggs were fecundated. They were taken between the 2d and 10th of November, and on December 18th they were packed up to the number of seventy thousand five hundred, and distributed in nearly equal proportions to the three States of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut. The conditions under which the seventeen salmon were kept, preclude the idea that they could obtain any considerable amount of food, and there is no good reason for thinking that they ate anything at all after they were brought from the salt water in which they were caught. They slowly fell away in flesh, and at the spawning season were very gaunt compared with their condition in June. More noteworthy was their change in color and shape. In color they were darker, with clusters of red spots on their sides, and a general reddish tinge covered the lower part of the body in nearly all cases. These colors and markings were dull and indistinct in the females but were very bright in most of the males. In shape the females had undergone some change about the head, but it was not remarkable. In the males, however, the alteration was very marked. The sides were flat and broad, the back arched high, the head seemed disproportionately large, the jaws were long and curved. At the extremity of the lower jaw was a large curved process that shut into a cavity in the roof of the mouth. There was, indeed, as great a difference between the two sexes, as between the males and females of our domestic fowls. Yet in June there was so little difference that only a practised eye could distinguish the male from the female salmon. The fishermen who had been handling them all their lives had never observed the difference.

During the process of spawning and after its completion both sexes continue to fall away in flesh, and the colors begin to fade. At the end of a month the process on the lower jaw is found to have decreased in size. Two females and one male taken from the water on the 23d November, thirteen days after the completion of the spawning, were forwarded to the Peabody Academy of Science. To the same institution was sent another specimen, a male, that was put early in July into a pond of one or two hundred acres in Bucksport, and running into a brook in November, was taken thence after ten days. This was the finest specimen seen, a strong, stout-built fish, thirty-four inches long and weighing eleven and a half pounds. His colors were unusually deep, perhaps in consequence of the deep, reddish color of the water, through which nothing could be seen at the depth of three feet. C. G. A.

EXPERIENCE WITH A YOUNG SETTER.

JACKSON, Miss., October 11, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

It was on a cloudy afternoon during our late commercial panic that, having nothing to do, I took my gun and, accompanied by a pointer dog named Don, belonging to a friend of mine, and Dash, a pointer pup four and a half months old, started out after partridges, (quails). A walk of about half a mile brought Don—a slow but very staunch dog—to a point. An old bird out of the covey for the right, and a miss on a young bird for the left barrel, and the covey has gone to thick cover. During this I kept an eye on the pup as much as possible; he was accustomed to the report of my gun, I having taken him out when testing my breech loader. As soon as I could notice Dash, after the birds got up, I found him coolly sniffing the dead bird. A quarter of a mile further on brings Don down on a covey near a tall Osage orange hedge. There they go, with a whirl as startling as if you'd set a cotton mill going in the streets of Jackson! One barrel only at them, for they go like bullets! A clean miss for me—Dash quite happy, but Don very much excited. The next field brings the old dog to a stand with the birds between him and myself. Dash is trudging along at my heels, and as I approach the covey near enough the thought strikes me to let Dash go in and flush the birds, for Don would not flush if you kicked him. Whoever hunts over him must do that part of the business (the flushing, not the kicking) himself. This is not very satisfactory in heavy cover, especially when you can't reach the bird; but on the whole it makes a safe dog—one that will "freeze" to a bird. This *en passant*.

When I think myself as close to the birds as prudence will allow I stop, and the youngster trots on as unconcernedly as if there was not a bird within miles of him. All at once he stops and slightly crouches with his right fore-foot raised; it goes down again, and now for a rush into the covey! No; he raises his left hind foot, which is instantly put down again and the first position resumed, when he settles down to as steady a point as any bird hunter wishes to see. A perfect picture—immovable, but quivering with excitement. Now, Mr. Editor, I acknowledge to a quick pulse and a shorter breath when waiting for a covey to rise; what then must have passed through the brain of the youngster? Oh, some say, it was the instinct of a finely bred dog. Yes, it was the instinct that made the puppy point, but was it instinct alone, or reasoning, with

A rib of a fossil whale has been found in Anne Arundel County, Md., imbedded 200 feet below the average level of the surrounding country. This curiosity has been secured by Dr. John F. King of Baltimore, who gives the following theory of the "why and the wherefore" of it happening there: This skeleton was deposited when the continent was submerged, at a period when the Alleghany Mountains were hidden by the sea, and ages before the Eastern Shore of Maryland became dry land; in fact, when the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans mingled their waters and rolled uninterruptedly across the American Continent. It was deposited there long before any quadrupedal animal or man appeared upon the earth—ages before Adam lived.—Tribune.

the former combined, that made him shift his first proper, or, if you will, most beautiful position, only to resume it after a moment's trial of the other? All of this was done without a single "heed" even; it was the young dog's blood that told there, for during the evening he pointed three single birds. I now take him out whenever I go. He has found several dead birds by pointing, for although a good retriever of anything inanimate he will yet only bring a dead bird when thrown from the hand.

I have written the above on the spur of the moment, seeing accounts in your paper of the shooting of elk, moose, grouse, etc., but scarcely a word about our small game, and dogs to hunt it. I hardly think the above is fit for your columns, still, with a sneaking hope that it is, here it goes.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE C. E.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE MAUMEE.

TONTOGANY, Ohio.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Twenty-three miles above Toledo, Ohio, are the rapids of the Maumee, here a river large enough for small steamers to ply in some seasons of the year. While sojourning at the little village of Tontogany, a railroad station on the D. and M. R. R., twenty-two miles above Toledo, I heard that fine sport could be had fishing for black bass in the river, and being a lover of that manly art I was not long in making one of a company of four. I had been reading Prime's "I Go a Fishing," until I was filled with a desire to show off to my friends how much I had learned of the art Piscatorial.

A tramp of two miles brought us to the river, quite a grand looking stream, and the autumn woods were gorgeous with their tints of gold and red leaves, while the wild grape vines hung in festoons and garlands from the over-hanging trees down to the very edge of the water. It was just such a place as would inspire a poet or a painter; but as I was neither I only smoked away at my pipe and enjoyed the soft autumnal air and caught some young frogs for bait, while John and George caught a lot of minnows, and Frank made a bargain with old Sam for a boat.

At first we cast from the shore for rock bass, and soon were busy, as they bit well, and we caught some that weighed two pounds each, but they were not gamey enough, and we rowed out into the river, here about 500 feet wide, and cast our lines. Hardly had my minnow touched the water when a dash, a jerk and a pull, and then a slack line told me only too plainly that I had failed to hook my fish; but my next cast was better, for no sooner had my bait touched water than a snap, a jerk, then a whistling of my line, as the fish flew through the water, made me give it line and let it play, as it darted from side to side, then suddenly stopped to 'possum,' the boys said, when I gently hauled in on the line; but no sooner did he feel himself being drawn in than he made a dash, and again the water fairly foamed with his exertions to escape. I played him for a few minutes when I thought it time to see how he looked, and by gently hauling and slacking I landed a fine specimen of black bass that turned the scales at three and one-quarter pounds. I was elated at my success, but while I was hooking one fish John had killed two equally as large as mine.

The sport was glorious, as bass were plenty and took the bait eagerly, seeming to prefer minnows to young frogs. The day was calm and beautiful, with a soft haze in the atmosphere, while in sheltered places along shore the leaves formed a carpet of bright hues on the water. Sometimes with all our care in handling one would tear loose from the hook, but we caught enough, anyhow, and the few escaping only made the sport more exciting and served to make us more cautious. At times we would all four have a fish on our hooks at once, then there was laughing and bantering as to who would land the largest fish. We fished until we were tired, then rowed to the island and sat in the shade and ate our lunch which we had brought with us. Towards evening we again rowed out into the stream, cast our lines and caught a few, but the best time to fish is in the morning.

I have cast lines in many waters, have brought the speckled trout from among the rocks, and speared sturgeon on the upper lakes; but I never had as good "luck" or as fine sport as this day's work on the Maumee. The way they bit would have delighted even as expert an angler as the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

A word as to fly fishing. Men who have had experience at fishing here say that in May and June it would do you good to see how black bass snap up a fly; but later in the season they find it almost impossible to get a rise. I have never tried it, but would like to hear through these columns if any one has had success in fly fishing in August or September.

"FREEM."

TWO WEEK'S RANGE AT RANGELY.

OCTOBER, 12, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

We wanted to go a fishing where we would find plenty of fish, so we took your advice and went to the Rangely chain of lakes for a two week's trip. Our route was by rail to Farmington, thence by stage to Phillips, and next morning once more to "Kimballs," at the head of the lake. Fortune favored us and we secured the services of Charlie Soule for guide, cook and general head center, and a better guide no one could desire. Off we go by boat the length of the lake, nine miles, to the outlet, where we had the promise of good sport and large fish. Two Sheldrake ducks fell to our lot on the way. At an hour before sunset we were there and soon our tent was pitched. Then

came the news of no luck that day; yet we would not be denied the pleasure of a few casts. Once again fortune favored us, for after ten minutes of patient waiting a fine rise fell to my lot, and in a dozen minutes more a fine trout of two and a half pounds lay panting in the net. Supper for three was he, and none too much at that. No luck next morning, so off we go for the Rock and Cupsuptuc Lake, for says Charlie Soule, "If the fish 'aint here, we will go and find them, and that before night." Sure enough, we did. Five miles up the Cupsuptuc we landed at Birch Island in the midst of as fine a rain drizzle as ever you saw. Instead of pitching tent in the rain we took possession of a log camp, and after stowing away our things and taking a bite and a sup, we made preparations for sport. "I guess they have struck in to the mouth of the river by this time," says Charlie; so off we go, and a half mile from camp, close by the mouth of the river and under the edge of the lilly pads, we prepare for glory or disappointment. A good fresh south wind was blowing, and rainy was the weather; just the day to kill trout say we. A half dozen casts—nothing. Half a dozen more and we are at work in earnest. Springing out of the water they came, two at a time, three at a time, dashing over each other in their eagerness to take our flies. We were using "Scarlet Ibis" in the middle, "Montreal" on the bottom and "Brown Hackle" for top fly, and grand service did they do on this and all succeeding days. Ten day's fishing and only using up two Scarlet Ibis flies, is pretty tall work, and by actual count I took 127 trout on my first Ibis before 't'was worn out. Sharp work we had till dusk, and then seventy-five beauties lay before us. Only a few as low as three quarters of a pound, some sixty or so between three-fourths and two and a half pounds, one of three pounds and two of four pounds each.

There was glory enough, and says Charlie, "I told you so." And not one was killed and wasted, for friends were coming the next day and they should have them to take home; and this same Charlie made it his rule never to kill more than he could use. If guides were all of his stamp, there would be plenty of fish for us always. This was our first day's work, and we could have repeated it day after day had we been so disposed. Scarcely twice did we fish in the same spot. We were moving all the time. To "Toothacker Cove" we went the next day, and there we found them; up "Cupsuptuc river" the next day, and there they were above the falls the next, and so on and on, and always we struck them. Every fish not badly hooked was put back. It seemed very fine to put a two pound trout back in his native element, but when you take a four pounder, and hold him tenderly in your two hands, and gaze at his every spot, and feast your eyes on his beauty, and then place him gently over the side of the boat, and watch him sail away, and say "bless you, old beauty, go, increase and multiply," you will call to mind that it is one of those times that tries men's souls. And when again your very next fish is another four pounder and you go through those very same proceedings, you will experience some very strange feelings around the region of the heart, and you will just lay your pole away, and say you think you won't fish any more, and then wonder if anybody else is just such a great honorable fool as you are. That is what we did: and so we went. Too soon the time came for us to bid good bye to pleasure and go back to work. But a grand time we had, and never should we have had it but for our faith in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Much more could I tell you of the black ducks, sheldrake, pigeons, and partridges that fell to our lot, but I have said enough. Some other day I will tell you more. Truly yours,

WELLSIE.

CALLING MOOSE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

WILLIAM H. VENNING, Esq., whose experience in salmon fishing has been attested to in a most attractive article printed in one of the earlier numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, writes the following spirited sketch of a moose hunt on the Miramichi:—

"The moose can be 'called' only in the rutting season, which is earlier in New Brunswick than in Nova Scotia and other parts of the Dominion. In the latter places it is seldom that 'calling' is successful earlier than September, but in the former Province the latter part of August is not considered too early. We had commenced our 'outing' on the river in the last week in July—it was now near the end of August—and, though rather early for a good prospect of success, yet Abe, our guide, hoped that it was possible to entice some roaming bull to answer the simulated call of the cow.

"The night was a bright moonlight one, and we soon reached the edge of the barren. Noting in which direction the current of air set, Abe posted Fred in a clump of bushes that gave him a full view of the barren plain before him, impressing upon him that on no account must he speak or move; then going to leeward of him a few rods, he ascended a tree about twelve feet, and, using his "call," listened with eager ears for the slightest sound that might break the profound silence of the forest. This 'call' is a trumpet of birch bark about eighteen inches long—the small end an inch in diameter and the large end about four or five. With this simple instrument, long practice enables a good hunter to imitate the lowing of the cow moose so perfectly that the finest ear can scarcely distinguish between the real and simulated sound. For a long time Abe repeated his 'calls' at intervals, imitating the several peculiarities of the female lowing, but no other sound broke the stillness. For more than an hour had Fred impatiently waited, his eye sweeping the barren, and so still that he

was conscious of every pulsation. He began to grow tired of this dull work, and several times was on the point of relinquishing hope and leaving his ambush; but remembering the parting advice of Abe, he determined that his own impatience should not be chargeable with their want of success. This was a wise resolve on Fred's part, for the practiced ear of Abe had detected a sound, and again the 'calls' were repeated with all the skill at his command. At length an answering low, faint from the distance, reached the ear of Fred, and again his heart beat with suppressed excitement. Abe felt certain that his knowledge of the habits of the moose, male and female, would enable him to entice the bull within an easy shot, and, knowing Fred's certainty with the rifle, he had strong hopes of a successful issue to their hunt. He now changed his calls to a soft, low note; they were answered by a deep and resonant bellow from the bull. Presently the sound of dry underbrush, breaking under a heavy tread, was heard to windward of Fred's position, and indicated to him in what direction to look for the appearance of his expected visitor; after a few moments of intense anxiety, a large bull moose burst out of the thick woods that bordered the barren into open view in the bright moonlight. He paused, looked round, and gave a bellow; this was answered by a soft low from the tree beyond Fred, and the bull approached the spot in a direct line, so that he would have passed the bushes that concealed his foe. With rifle ready, Fred waited till the advancing animal was within forty yards of him, when, taking deliberate aim at the breast, he fired. With a snort of fear and anguish, the huge bull tossed his antlered head and fell heavily to the earth. He immediately rose to his feet, and made direct for the woods; this brought his side toward Fred, who instantly stepped from his crouching place, and before the wounded bull had made six paces the second barrel was discharged, and again he fell, this time headlong to the earth. A desperate struggle to regain his feet was made, but when half up he rolled heavily on his side, and a few spasmodic kicks ended the career of a splendid specimen of the largest of the deer tribe.

"Abe had dropped from his roost on the first report, and was now by Fred's side, congratulating him on his success. As all necessity for silence was now over, they were both hilarious over their trophy. Abe took out his sheath knife and cut the throat of the nearly dead animal. Leaving him where he lay till morning, they both returned to camp, quite delighted with their rare luck in 'calling moose' so early in the season.

"A few minutes after reaching camp saw a cheerful fire, the kettle boiling, and our patient hunters prepared to enjoy a good meal after their long and tedious ambush. After talking over the incidents of this victory, and gaining much practical information from Abe's descriptions of former hunts in which he had participated, either as caller or marksman, and sometimes as both, we all betook ourselves to sleep, well pleased.

"In the morning, when we woke, the sun was high; the first things that met our eyes as we stepped from the tent were the antlers of the bull on one side and the skin stretched out to dry on the other. The men had risen with the sun, and leaving us to enjoy our morning nap, had gone to the barren, skinned the moose, removed the splendid antlers and the choice parts of the meat, had brought all to our rendezvous, and prepared breakfast before we had shaken off our drowsiness.

"We breakfasted off moose steak, with a roasted bone, full of delicious marrow, as gravy. The moose is never very fat, and generally the steak, though tender and of fine flavor, is apt, unless carefully broiled, to be rather dry; but the addition of the rich marrow of the shank bones makes a luscious dish, and we all enjoyed it hugely."

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Were I alone responsible for the article in last week's issue in regard to dredging, I should willingly let it go as it is, mistakes and all, confident that quite a fair proportion of your readers would not detect the errors, and to those who did it would be a source of self-congratulation that they were able to. But I fear that the Professor who kindly furnished me with a list of Latin names may not feel willing to have them misapplied. Therefore I ask space to correct a few.

First, either your proof reader or I mixed the clams. The "Quohog" and "Calista convexa" are not the same. The *Lopholaima Americanus* has two common English names, viz.: the "goosefish," and the "angler," from its habits. I am made to say that "by the angler" it is called by its Latin name. Not by any angler that we met, I fancy.

The pale, straw-colored starfish is the *clenediscus*, not *clene discus*. Other minor mistakes in the spelling of a few Latin words are evidently simply typographical errors.

Yours,

L. A. BEARDSLEE.

SHAMMING POVERTY.—An acquaintance of the writer of these pages, while he lodged in a certain town was alarmed by hearing in a neighboring house a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out "Amaun! amaun! (Mercy, mercy)—I have nothing! Heaven is my witness I have nothing!" Upon inquiry he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterwards confessed to him that, having understood the governor of the place was determined to have a share in his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear one thousand strokes of the stick, and, as he was able to counterfeit exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money.—*Fraser's Persia.*

OCTOBER.

THERE comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall and the air is clear:
October; the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss;
I drag the days of the odd eleven,
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the morning crisp and white,
With the sweep of the hounds upon the track:
The bark-roofed cabin, the camp fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime
With the curse paved in on the lanes and streets.

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

—The *Aldine* for October.

How I was Jilted.

A YACHTING STORY.

IN my youthful days I should certainly have been classified as an amphibious biped. One half of my waking hours during the summer season were spent in the salt water. Moreover, when not sporting in the element which was mine by adoption, I was generally in "hot water." Boys of a certain age usually are, and I was not an exception. I played truant from school with utter indifference regarding future punishment. I thought shoes were made for the purpose of wading through mud puddles; a new hat was just the thing with which to scoop minnows out of the muddy pools left by the receding tide; while spick-span new trousers were devoted to sliding down greased spars and newly tarred rigging. The feelings of my "fond parents," can be better imagined than described. But if I had little regard for my clothes, I had still less for my neck. I went to the mast-head of every vessel that came into the port; ran along yard arms like a squirrel; was frequently capsized in unseaworthy craft; and occasionally fell over the end of a wharf. Surviving all these mishaps I became, as I grew older, an expert swimmer and boat-sailer. My taste for the sea did not desert me when in later years I passed many weeks in "prairie schooners," or dwelt in towns far inland; and when arrived at man's estate, I found myself in the Provincial city of Halifax, fronting a magnificent harbor, with the broad blue ocean beyond, I hungered once more after my old pastimes and longed for a seat in the stern sheets of some swift little craft, that I might grasp the straining tiller, and listen to the ripple made by the sharp prow as it clears its way through the sparkling brine.

I had several offers, more or less tempting, to become part owner of some fleet yacht, but as I wanted to command my own craft, I did not accept them. Finally I made a purchase—such a purchase, too! My friends all declared that if ever I put to sea in the *Jilt* (significant name) I would certainly have to be fished up from the bottom of the harbor; a coroner's jury would sit upon me, and the verdict would be, "Suicide by Drowning." But here I differed with them, and I was right, as time has proved.

When I bought the *Jilt* she had been hauled up for a year or two, from the simple fact that when her late owner took a larger craft to fly the Commodore's pennant of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club, there was no one who dared to sail her. The *Jilt* was a craft of note, too, and had carried off more than one prize in the annual regattas. She was built at Bermuda, of the native cedar, and rigged and modelled after a style peculiar to that place. Her keel was fourteen feet in length, but she had an overhanging stern, and measured perhaps sixteen feet over all. The bow was bluff, but the lines of the stern were very fine, and she drew considerably more water aft than forward. The Bermudians say they model their boats from the duck. The mast was stepped well forward, and raked aft at quite a sharp angle. It was a stick some twenty feet or more in length, small, but of tough springy wood, and well oiled. In a stiff breeze it would bend like a bow, having neither shroud or stay. At right angles with the cut-water a long bowsprit was thrust out, carrying a ballor jib, like an English cutter's. The main-boom extended some four feet over the stern, and just swung clear of the deck. Instead of hoops or rings, the mainsail was laced to the mast with a small hard cord, and when well hoisted it literally "set like a board." I should mention also that both jib and mainsail hoisted to within a few inches of the mast-head, from which a small red pennant floated in the breeze. The *Jilt* was decked over with the exception of a small space amidship, oval-shaped, and barely large enough to contain two people, and the greater portion of the hold was taken up by a ballast locker, securely fastened to the timbers, and filled with pig iron. Besides this ballast two bars of lead, weighing some four hundred pounds, were set into the keel. When in sailing trim the deck was barely six inches above the water, and very often the waves splashed over and into

the hold, making it necessary sometimes to lay to and bail out. But on great occasions, such as a sailing match, half the cock-pit was covered by a hatch. A piece of canvas, passed over the steersman's head, and buttoned around the combings, was then fastened securely around his waist, and no water could find ingress. But the risk was great, as a matter of course.

No one who has not seen a boat of this kind would credit their ability to carry sail, their speed and weatherly qualities. Their great point is working to windward. I believe they will lay nearer to the wind than any other craft that floats.

Of course I found my purchase in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and having her towed across the harbor to a marine railway of which I had charge, and hauling her high and dry, I undertook to repair, rig and paint her myself. In the course of two weeks I had her in apple-pie order, and to me she was a very pretty sight indeed as she rode at her mooring. Up to the water line she was painted white, and over the paint was laid a coat or two of varnish, making it as smooth and glossy as the oiled plumage of a duck. From the water-line to the deck the paint was a beautiful Chinese vermilion, through which ran a gilt ribbon. The deck was a light slate color, and the combings were of richly veined cedar, polished and varnished. The mast, well scraped and oiled, was as hard and smooth as ivory, while the sails were of snowy whiteness. Take her all in all the *Jilt* was a very sightly craft, albeit by the books of the R. H. Y. C., she measured but three-fourths of a ton, and the tall slender spar was somewhat out of proportion to the low hull which supported it. Many a pleasant cruise, however, had I in the *Jilt*, and I still live to tell the tale of "how I was jilted." To do this I must re-open old heart wounds, but for the sake of the "dear reader" I will try to grin and bear it.

I had not resided in Halifax many months before I was "spoony" on Edith Budd. It is, no doubt, a necessity with some natures to be in a constant state of "spoonyness," and I suppose this to be the case with regard to myself. I certainly had all the symptoms of the disease, for so, I suppose, we must term "an affection of the heart." I did not, it is true, lose my appetite, and turn pale, bilious and interesting like some people. I believe I consumed as much underdone roast beef and bitter beer as any one to the manner born. But I haunted Edith persistently; not in a ghostly manner, however, although I used to address the young lady (mentally) in the beautiful words—"Whither thou goest, I will go." And go I did; sometimes to the utter neglect of my duties. But then I had formidable rivals to contend with. Halifax was both a military and a naval station, and I was constantly in trepidation lest some enterprising fellow of the R. N. might prove too many guns for me. I was not then a very timid youth, but so far as brass was concerned the "subs" of either service could have given me long odds. Moreover, I had, or fancied I had—it amounts to the same thing—a rival in Her Majesty's 999th regiment of foot, and another on board H. M. sloop of war "Stingaree." Many a pleasant dinner at mess or in the ward-room was spoiled for me by the presence of one or both of my rivals. The sailor, I thought, had rather the weather gauge of the land lubber, but I hoped I was to windward of them both, though you may be sure I kept a sharp lookout for squalls.

All went on smoothly until one ever memorable day. There was to be a picnic on McNab's island at the harbor's mouth, some four miles away, and Edith and my sailor rival were to be of the party. We were to embark at Pryor's wharf, at the lower end of the town in the schooner yacht *Fairy*, and you may be sure I determined to be punctual. On coming into town that morning, however, I found it was absolutely necessary for me to go to the railway, on the opposite side of the harbor, and give directions concerning some work to be done by the divers. "Just my luck," I muttered, as I made my way hurriedly to the ferry. When I had completed my business I saw that it wanted but a few minutes of the appointed time for sailing, while it would take at least half an hour to get to Pryor's wharf *via* the ferry. So I was pulled off to the *Jilt*, which lay dancing at her moorings, got underweigh heartily, and started for the Halifax shore. The wind was blowing directly up the harbor, making it a dead beat to windward to reach my point of destination. Moreover, it was blowing half a gale, and I had need of all my skill to handle the *Jilt* with her fair weather canvas. But Leander swam the Hellespont, and I would risk my life as willingly, thought I, in the attempt to reach the side of the one I loved. Kneeling down, with one hand holding the main-sheet and the other the tiller, I kept a sharp lookout to windward for the squalls which now and then swept down on me and threatened to bury my little craft under the foam-crested waves. At times she was almost submerged, and once a bigger wave than usual sent several buckets of water over the combings, drenching me from head to foot and carrying my hat away to leeward. I shook myself like a spaniel, brushed back the drenched locks which had blown into my eyes and easing off the main-sheet a trifle to right the boat was soon speeding on my way again. My attention was so much occupied that I had failed to notice whether the yacht had left the wharf, but presently, directly ahead, under jib and main-sail, appeared the *Fairy*. She was so near that I could distinctly see all on board—could see my rival, comfortably seated beside Edith, and fancied I could see her smiles and hear her merry voice. It was but a moment's glimpse I had, for just then came a squall, and when I had safely weathered it the *Fairy* was on the farther shore. I was certain they had seen me, and had hoped they would

leave to and take me in tow. It was evident they had no such intention. I immediately resolved to follow on, and to make the island in the *Jilt*, if possible. It was a mad resolve, for I had had comparatively smooth sailing to what was in store for me. I was then half a mile distant from, and partially sheltered by a small garrisoned and fortified island, lying nearly in mid-harbor. Between the island and the further shore the waves rolled directly in from the ocean, and even in the more sheltered portion of the harbor the waters were in violent commotion. Yet I kept on. By luffing once or twice I managed to get in my jib and double-reef the mainsail, and by the time this was accomplished I was clear of the island and beginning to feel the full force of wind and sea. It was perilous sailing. As my little craft sank into the trough of the waves, their crests of foam rose far above my head, while the wind no longer filled my modest bit of canvas. Then, borne upward by the heaving waters, the sail would fill with a shock that threatened to part the sheet or snap the boom in two. Still the *Jilt* was kept on her course, though staggering and reeling like a very drunken creature indeed. Every moment, as I got nearer mid-channel, the waves seemed to grow larger and the wind to increase in violence. I was not in any fear of death, though I had not so much as an oar on board to float upon, and the *Jilt*, with a few more buckets of water in her hold, would have sunk like a plummet. I doubt if I was ever conscious of the fact that for some time I had been in imminent peril. I had a good deal of confidence in my boat, whose weatherly qualities I had before severely tested, and more in my own skill and seamanship. But one thing I soon saw very plainly. That with such a wind and sea I might tack until I was gray (provided the boat floated) and yet never reach my point of destination. But it was almost as dangerous to put back as to go on. With no head-sail, and with such a sea running, it was useless to think of going about. There was nothing to be done but to wear ship. Even that was very risky. In a sea way the *Jilt* settled down aft, owing to her fine lines, and one good sized wave catching her before she could get underweigh would certainly swamp her. However, I resolved to try it. Watching my opportunity, I put the helm up, and the *Jilt* wore slowly and sluggishly round. Just as the boom was about to jibe a large wave struck the tiny craft and tossed her skyward on its foaming crest, where for a second or two (minutes they seemed to me) she rode unsteadily, laying at an angle to the force of the wave, as if about to topple over into the trough of the sea. For a moment a dizzy feeling overcame me, and I lost sight of everything. But I soon recovered my lost nerve and my good little craft went wallowing and plunging through the waves, keeping me continually drenched with spray. I made for the island, as affording the nearest shelter; but as I approached it found I should have to haul again on the wind to weather a far reaching point, or bar, now white with row upon row of fierce breakers. I made this discovery rather late, and found to my dismay, when again close hauled, that I was making but little progress. The angry waves proved too formidable for my little craft to contend against. They seemed at times to lift her up bodily and bear her down to leeward. But my only chance was to hold on. I was not more than a yard or two from the outer reef, and thought myself out of all danger, when a wave swept down on my boat and carried her broadside on into the breakers. Soon there was a shock, and a grating, crunching sound, which told me the days of the *Jilt* were ended. Without a moment's delay I plunged overboard and made my way, not without difficulty, through the surf to the shore. By this time a number of officers and men of the 999th, who were stationed on the island, had collected on the beach, and among the former was a particular friend of mine, (since dead, poor fellow.) He at once took me to his quarters, when I speedily divested myself of my wet clothing, which was taken away to be dried; and arrayed in a suit of "mufti" from my friend's wardrobe, with a stiff glass of brandy and water at my elbow, flanked by a box of fragrant Havanas, I thought it was not so bad being wrecked after all. Of the dissipation which followed the disaster it is not necessary to speak. There were but three or four at the mess-table, but the fun waxed fast and furious, and it was well into the small hours when I donned my own garments, and was rowed across to the town.

The *Jilt*, as I learned a day or two later, was hauled ashore by an enterprising soldier, and might be repaired; but I made no claim for her, abandoning her willingly to the wrecker. I had another *jilt* to deal with.

Two or three days after my mishap a ball was given on board the Flagship *Terrible*, and I stepped upon her deck just before the ship-band struck up the opening quadrille. Naturally my first act was to look about me for the fair face and graceful figure of Edith. At last I discovered her, leaning upon the arm of my sailor rival. She averted her head, I thought, as my eyes rested upon her; but I gazed so persistently that I finally received a somewhat cold and distant bow, and a few seconds later I was at her side. Of course she was engaged for the first dance, and it was with evident reluctance that she handed me her ballcard. Perhaps I should have gone away, leaving her wholly to my rival, and devoting myself to some other fair one. But I felt piqued and indignant, especially when I thought of my involuntary bath and the loss of my boat. And she did not ask me why I was absent from the picnic, nor even hint at my mishap, which was known to all the town.

I was standing upon the poop-deck, looking down upon the dancers, for whom the main deck had been cleared, following with eyes that would droop mournfully in spite

of me, every movement of Edith as she glided through the figures of the dance, and noting with anger and bitterness of spirit, every glance she bestowed upon others, when I chanced to hear her name mentioned by some one near me.

Now, during the dancing the poop-deck is occupied exclusively by the chaperons and those unfortunate male creatures who find their heels intractable. In the spanker I recognized a middle-aged matron, the mother of two young ladies dancing merrily below, and distant relative or connection of my flame.

"I suppose you know," she said to her companion, that Edith is engaged to Lieutenant Hardtack. He proposed at the picnic, and she accepted him, of course. Why his father is a Baronet, with an income of £500 a year, and if his six brothers die before him he will succeed to the title and estate. The family are delighted, as they were afraid Edith would throw herself away on a fellow who has been paying her some attention. He's a printer, or an editor, or something of that sort, and he used to send her books and the most lovely wild-flowers, but of course he'll never have anything, and Lieutenant Hardtack has £500 a year beside his pay.

I did not stop to hear more of the conversation, to which I had been an involuntary, but of course a deeply interested listener. Nor did I wait to claim my dance. A sadder and a wiser man I hailed a boatman to row me ashore. Shortly after I left Halifax forever. I did not write to Edith, and

"Send her back her letters and give her back her ring."

I had neither letters or ring to send or give. I did not upbraid her, or have a stormy interview at parting. I never saw her after that night. And that is "How I was jilted."

Had the sea been smoother and the wind been less boisterous, I might have had a different story to tell, but that is pure conjecture, and this is a narrative of facts.

CHARLES A. PILLSBURY.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

NO. VIII.—THE PINE TREE. (*Pinus*.)
NAT. ORD. (*Coinferæ*.)

"Beneath the forest's shade I rest,
Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
And hear the breezes of the west,
Among the threaded foliage high."

BRYANT.

THE pines comprise one of the most important of the *genus* evergreens, whether made use of as a standard to adorn the lawn, a standard tree, or as a plant in the hedge. The eye can scarcely rest upon a more enchanting sight than the white pine in its native forest. This tree is capable of withstanding the greatest extremes of cold without the slightest injury. Growing even in the greatest luxuriance in regions of ice, it lives and thrives with a perpetual verdure.*

Although a finely developed tree, and, we believe, a good hedge plant, but few of the ten species growing in the United States have thus far been very extensively used for hedges. The pine always presents the same cooling aspect in summer and agreeable greenness in mid-winter. In many of the snow-clad portions of the world, as Switzerland, the high Alps, and even in Norway and other cold latitudes, the pine is called the pet tree of the homestead. In Mexico Humboldt says he "found them higher than any other tree," and Lieutenant Glennie describes them as growing in "thick forests on the mountains of Popocatepetl as high as 12,693 feet, beyond which altitude vegetation ceases entirely."

The pine is a tree so well known to almost every person who lives in the United States that it would seem superfluous to enter upon the minutest details of this interesting tree. Yet there may be some men possessed of considerable information, too, who do not "know pines." To such a few practical ideas may not be given in vain. Certainly not if they would use this tree arboretically, or as a screen hedge of larger dimensions.

The leaves of the pine are very peculiar, being linear, or needle-shaped, and are always arrayed in little parcels of from two to six, this number varying in the different species. The great value of the pine in withstanding our severest winters has made them a deservedly household tree. In the New England towns and villages great pains and care are frequently bestowed in the selection of pine plants to adorn and beautify the green lawns about the homestead. One old farmhouse upon the hillside of one of our New England villages affords an apt illustration of the utility of setting a "green tree now and then." "I love," says a modern writer, "to see the green boughs of the pine tree waving in the breeze; the sound is so homelike. I love to see them as they bend to the slightest breath of air. They look invitingly pleasant to me—they tell me of home."

When quite a lad this gentleman, a great lover of trees, removed from the neighboring pine tree forest a great number of the small white pine plants in the winter, and set them out in a circular belt around the base of a hill near his now delightful home. He made one of the most beautiful and permanent pine tree hedges I ever beheld, which fully proves to my own mind the ease with which the white pine, and other pines also, if judiciously used, can be made into hedges.

The plan pursued by my friend was as follows, and the result warranted all his painstaking. He cut a small trench

*Upon Mount Blanc pines grow within 2,800 feet of the line of eternal snow in full vigor.

all around the small pine plants to be removed, leaving the ball of earth to become frozen by the cold. These he removed in winter to holes previously prepared for them, and he has a beautiful hedge of the white pine ten feet wide and ten feet broad at the base, without a single stem being denuded from this long circular belt.

I have seen several belts of this kind of hedge all in thrifty condition, and very even in their outline, growing freely and evenly from their base to their terminal points. The best manner is to give the plants all the room they want in the row, and not to apply the shears too much, if any. If the plants are selected and planted quite near together in lines (say not over fourteen inches to two feet apart) they will readily compact themselves into a thick bushy row hedge, as they grow more slowly in this manner than when standing alone as trees or in groups. This kind of pine seems naturally adapted to bleak, windy localities, and clings with great tenacity to its new locality when it has acquired from two to three years' growth. It grows well on the most silicious soils. We have seen them thriving heartily upon sand hills that would scarcely afford sustenance for any other tree.

We have heard it said that in several portions of Massachusetts the lands were too poor to bear anything but pines. Well, grow pines then, and you will in this manner be adding to the wealth of the country. A fine white pine forest is not only a beautiful but a very desirable object to behold; there being both beauty and wealth in the investment. And these pine forests are yet to be planted and tilled in great number, and if you have available land lying idle (of which many hundreds of acres may be found in all our States) the best thing you can do is to seed the same down to white pines. It will pay in the course of one generation, and if you do not live yourself to reap the benefit of your plantation of pines, you can leave it as a heritage to your sons. In our plea for the woodlands we shall urge upon all who own lands they do not know what to do with to consider well the *claims of the times, the replacement of the ancient forests*. But our article is upon the hedge, and not the woods, and we again return to our theme.

If you have an abrupt, rocky side-hill, which you would cover with belts or groups of trees, you cannot choose a better or more thrifty tree than the pine. In some States of our Union the pine tree plants are used as belt lines with good effect, and are really very valuable as orchard protections against the windy currents which frequently blow quite strongly in certain directions. In one favorite locality we recommended the planting of a pine tree barrier for the protection of a fine orchard of thrifty young pear trees of the dwarf kind. Some ten years ago the owner of this pear orchard asked us, professionally, what he should do to preserve this fine orchard of his from the cold wintry winds? Our answer was, plant a good sized barrier hedge, say in three parallel lines, at equal distances in your field, and you are all right. He was satisfied with our written directions as to how to select plants, to make his trenches out, and all the necessary treatment due the same for the term of three years. He grumbled somewhat at paying us for our written advice (*a ten dollar bill*) at that time, but he has since confessed it to have been to him the "very best investment of the whole season." He was wise in following to the letter our directions, and has now one of the best pear orchards to be found in the State. Were I to plant out an orchard of dwarf pear trees upon an exposed situation—flat land particularly—the first thing I would do would be to enclose it with an evergreen hedge barrier.

Our evergreens are too much neglected, and have been for years, but a change for the better seems to have been gradually coming over many of our States.

Any one inclined to make an experiment with pine hedge making upon a small scale can do so, and will find a pleasure as well as profit in the same. Do not stop to consider your time a failure, and that you will lose twenty per cent. of your first planting. What if you do? Try again. Select one hundred plants, and, after preparing your trench, take up from the woods plants of one or two feet high, dig carefully, and when planted as before instructed, mulch and wait, and you can then tell your exact per centage of loss. Do this, and inform us of your success. Every man should try his hand at making a one hundred tree hedge, if no more.

OLLIPOD QUIL.

FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—The following directions are indorsed by the *Manufacturer and Builder*: "Choose some of the most powerful buds of the flowers you would preserve—such as are latest in blowing and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem three inches long. Cover the stem immediately with sealing wax; and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and put them in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter, or any other time, when you would have the flowers bloom, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put them into water into which a little nitre or salt has been diffused; and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lovely colors and breathe their agreeable odors."

—Some idea of the rate at which the forests of the Northwest are falling beneath the axe of the lumbermen, may be gathered from the following: The total amount of lumber run out of the Cass river, Michigan, this season, is about 80,000,000 feet; out of the Au Gres 60,000,000; out of the Rifle booms 60,000,000, and out of the Saginaw river 75,000,000.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

IN Sonoma county, California, about eleven miles north of Santa Rosa, is a region known as "The Petrified Forest," not, as most tourists expect to find it, a growth of standing timber, but broken trunks and fragments of trees scattered everywhere, which a correspondent of the *Alta Californian* thus describes:

The guide first conducts you to what was once a "goodly tree," but which is now a "solid rock," (the most convenient, but not a very scientific name,) lying on the ground and broken into several fragments. The circles of growth, knots, cracks, decayed parts, nodes, and every other characteristic of vegetation are quite distinctly perceptible. This specimen is rather a small one, but a little higher up you find others varying from three to ten feet in diameter near the root. In each of these the signs of structure are remarkably distinct and clear. Here you find a spur of a root, a piece of a branch, a piece of bark, and again you can see a fragment of charcoal petrified, and another not; another made red from the intensity of the heat, and fragments of every degree of petrification. You can find evidences of sulphur in some fragments, but silica seems to be the great agent of petrification.

At the root of one of the largest of the petrified trees I found some of the bark imbedded in the volcanic tufa, which was almost as "natural as life." The tree itself was one of the finest specimens of petrification, being ten feet in diameter, almost as hard as adamant, and exhibiting all the cracks and cranies and other irregularities of an old trunk; yet by its side was this bark, soft and yielding to the touch.

To the north of the tree region stand hills of volcanic tufa, which extends down to and around every tree. This is a kind of sand-stone, is soft, unaffected by fire, but easily dissolved in water. The whole region north and west, forming a kind of semi-circle, is composed of this tufa. The trees, with scarcely a single exception, lie prostrate, almost due north and south, showing that the force which prostrated them acted in the same direction and possibly at the same time. When the trees fell, they broke "right short off," showing that they were petrified *before* the disturbing force came into operation. I would also hazard the conjecture that the trees were nude, hard and dry before petrification began. This is evidenced by the fact that they bear every sign of old age, being full of cracks, and showing a good quantity of what must have been decayed sap of the last year's growth. The trees belong to the common species of redwood, a few of which are still to be seen growing in the tufa and in a good healthy condition. It is worthy of mention that one fragment shows indications of having been cut with some instrument.

This petrified forest has doubtless been known to the old trappers and mountain men for many years, they having frequently encountered it on their horse stealing raids to the California missions. It is unquestionably referred to in Ruxton's *Life in the far West*, published in 1855, on page 17, where an old hunter narrates his experience in the lingo peculiar to his class:

One day we crossed a "cañon" and over a "divide," and got into a peraira, whar was green grass, and green trees, and green leaves on the trees, and birds singing in the green leaves, and this in February, wagh. Our animals was like to die when they see the green grass, and we all sung out, "hurraw for summer doins."

"Hyar goes for meat," says I, and I jest ups old Ginger at one of them singing birds, and down come the critter elegant; its darned head spinning away from the body, but never stops singing, and when I takes up the meat I finds it stone, wagh. "Hyar's damp powder and no fire to dry it," I says, quite skleared.

"Fire be dogged," says old Rube. "Hyar's a hos as'll make fire come," and with that he takes his ax and let's it drive at a cotton wood. Schru-u-k—goes the ax agin the tree, and out comes a bit of the blade as big as my hand. We looks at the animals, and thar they stood shaking over the grass, which I'm dog-gone if it wasn't stone, too. Young Sublette comes up, and he'd been clerking down to the fort on Platte, so he know'd something. He looks and looks, and scrapes the trees with his butcher knife, and snaps the grass like pipe stems, and breaks the leaves a snappin' like Californy shells.

—Certain facts have been made known that show that lime is a good preserver of timber. Ships and barges used for the transport of lime last longer than others. A small coasting schooner, laden with lime was cast ashore and sunk. She was raised and set afloat once more and remained sound for thirty years. Again, a platform of nine planks was used to mix mortar on during three generations, and then being no longer required, was neglected, and at length hidden by the grass that grew over it. Sixty years afterwards, on clearing the ground, it was discovered sound and well preserved.

FAMOUS TREES.—Individual trees planted by famous men are still to be seen by the pilgrims who visit their homes and haunts. In the last century, there was quite a fashion for planting willows. It is said that the first weeping-willow seen in England was sent to the poet Pope, as a present, from Turkey, by his friend Lady Mary Wortely Montagu, and planted by him in his garden at Twickenham. It is the famous *Salix Babylonica* of the Psalter, upon which, on the banks of Euphrates, the weeping daughters of Jerusalem hung their harps. Garrick planted two willows on his lawn beside his Shakspeare Temple; in the midst of a thunder-storm, which destroyed one of them, the pious and devoted widow of the great actor was seen running up and down excitedly, crying out, "Oh, my Garrick! Oh, my Garrick!" The willow known as Dr. Johnson's willow, at Litchfield, was blown down long ago; it was said in the *Gardener's Magazine* to have been planted by him, but it is more probable that his admiration and talk of it developed the legend of his planting it. At the time of its destruction, it was thirteen feet in girth. Pieces of household furniture and snuff-boxes were made of it; and slips from it were planted by his admirers throughout the neighboring country; an offset of the old tree was planted on the same site. Thomas Moore tells us that, when Byron first went to Newstead Abbey from Aberdeen, at the age of ten, he planted a young oak in some part of the grounds. He had a notion, or thought he had, that, as it flourished, so should he. Six or seven years later, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up with weeds, and almost dead. (Chamberlain's *Journal*.)

Natural History.

THE EIDER DUCK.

THE reputation of this bird is world-wide. And it is not from any peculiarity that it possesses, but because it ministers (unwillingly, to be sure) to the comfort of man. There are four species of this *genus* in the United States, but two of which are found upon the Atlantic coast. The king eider is the rarer of the two, and the most northern. Plain eider duck is the one most common, and the one referred to here. We naturally associate them with icebergs and Icelanders, as they form such prominent features in tales of Arctic adventure. 'Tis true vast numbers have their summer dwelling-place in the Polar regions, but even those who seek a breeding place in Greenland, Iceland or Labrador, seek a less rigorous climate as winter approaches. The range of the eider duck is from the coast of New England to the Arctic regions. It is only in winter, however, that we are favored with their presence, and then they keep well aloof from the shore. By the 1st of May they leave us, and seek a place to make their nest and rear their young along the shores of the Bay of Fundy, Newfoundland, and Labrador, though the first eggs are not laid till the last of that month. It was my good fortune to visit the southernmost place of their breeding last summer, in the Bay of Fundy.

Upon one of the outlying islands of the Grand Manan group, called the "White Horse," from a fancied resemblance to that beast, I found my first "sea duck's" nest. As my guide and I approached the island we could see the female eiders leave the grassy part of it and fly from the rocks to the malls, collected in a body near. This was in July, too late for eggs, had the first laying not been robbed. Landing, I ran eagerly forward, hoping to see the treasures I had so long ago read about.

It required some searching before my friend gave the joyful intelligence that he had found a nest. Before I reached him he had covered it with grass, as when found, and I should have stepped upon it, had he not warned me, so carefully was it hidden. We found half a dozen nests in various parts of the island, all in the tall grass that grew near the rocks. From the rocks many tortuous, narrow paths led to the grassy thickets, and these paths invariably led to a nest, sometimes two, though some had been robbed. Upon the ground they place a few pieces of grass stalks, with other fine material, in a slight depression of which the eggs are laid, from three to five, though formerly, before much hunted, as high as ten. These eggs are about three inches long by two wide, of a beautiful olive green, and very smooth. Sometimes we found these covered with a mat of dry grass, and, in two instances, with the highly prized eider down, so elastic that a whole nest full could be squeezed in the fist and then regain its original bulk. This down was dark slate in color, having been plucked by the female from her breast. The young had not yet made their appearance, but would had the first eggs been allowed to hatch. They are beautiful little creatures, can swim like a fish, and tame easily. My friend said he had caught a whole nest full and sent them to a friend of his in the States.

Towards the last of this month (October) the eiders begin to appear along the Massachusetts coast, forming in large bodies off the rocky capes. Good sport is had by gunners from Cape Ann in the winter months. A good boat, with a man to sail it, can be hired at Rockport or Gloucester, and if the day is pleasant, with wind to westward, and a trifle rough, the sportsman may expect shooting. F. B.

THE MANATEE AT CENTRAL PARK.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.—

One of the most interesting animals lately received at the Central Park Menagerie, is a Manatee, believed to be the first of the species ever kept for any length of time in captivity. These creatures are now retreating before the tide of population, and as animals generally are valued in proportion to their scarcity, a brief description of the manatee may prove interesting to your readers. There are found but three species, *M. latirostris*, inhabiting Florida, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Carribean sea coast; *M. australis*, from Carribean sea down the coast of Brazil; and *M. senegalensis*, on the west coast of Africa. The more northern species, strange to say, is more closely allied to the African species, *M. senegalensis*, than to its near neighbor, *M. australis*. Harlan, in his description of the Florida Manatee, when he wrote in 1825, says, "that they were found in considerable numbers, so that an Indian was able to capture ten or twelve with the harpoon in one season."

The manatee is generally to be found at the mouths of large rivers, such as the Orinoco and the Amazon, and they ascend the South American rivers several hundred miles, and even into the inland fresh water lakes. They are usually seen in small troupes, associating for mutual protection and for defense of their young. When the cubs are captured the mother becomes careless of her own preservation, and should the mother be the victim, the young will follow her to the shore. Being found in shallow waters they are easily captured by the natives, who kill them with harpoons, lances and arrows. The manatees grow to the length of ten or twelve feet, and generally inhabit tropical countries, and are represented in the Pacific or Indian oceans by the allied species, the dugong. The manatee has the elongated, fish-like body of the whale, head conical,

without distinct line of separation from the body. The fleshy nose resembles somewhat that of a cow, semi-circular at its upper part where are the nostrils, which are closed with valves when the animal is under water. The upper lips are full and cleft in the middle. Rows of stiff bristles are placed on each side of the cleft. The lower lip is much shorter than the upper one, but the mouth is not very large. In the young animal there are two sharp incisor teeth in the upper jaw which afterwards fall out; canines none; molars thirty-two; eyes very small; anterior limbs flattened into fins, upon which are four rudimentary nails; posterior limbs wanting. The limbs are more free in their motions than those of cetaceans, and can be used for dragging the body about in shallow water. Mammæ two, situated on the breast. The tail oval about one quarter the length of the body, ending in a horizontal rounded expansion. The skin is a grayish dark olive color, becoming black on drying, and has a few scattered bristles on the back. The skin is in great demand by the natives of South America for making harness, whips and leathern articles for which great strength is required, and is noted for its great durability. The oil which is extracted from the fat is of excellent quality. The flesh of this aquatic animal is said to be well flavored, being considered a fish by the Roman Catholic church, consequently is eaten on fast days. When properly salted and dried in the sun, the flesh will remain sweet a whole year. Orton in his "Andes and the Amazon," says the flesh resembles fresh pork. Capt. Henderson, in his account of Honduras, speaks thus enthusiastically of the tail as a tit-bit: "The tail, which forms the most valuable part of the manatee, after lying some days in pickle prepared for it, with spices, &c., and eaten cold, is a discovery of which Apicius might have been proud, and which the discriminating palate of Elagabalus would have thought justly entitled to the most distinguished reward."

The manatee now on exhibition in the Central Park was received from Mr. P. T. Barnum in the latter part of May last. The following are its absolute dimensions: length, 6 feet 9½ inches; circumference around body, 4 feet 9 inches; length of flipper, 1 foot; width of same, 4¼ inches; width of tail joining body, 1 foot 6½ inches; greatest width of tail, 1 foot 8½ inches; weight, 450 pounds. It has grown two inches since its arrival. After being received it was placed in a tank of fresh water, and remained without tasting food for five days, refusing everything offered to it. A variety of aquatic plants were placed before its mouth, and each in turn rejected. At length some canna, *canna indica*, was procured, which it devoured greedily, and which it continues to use alternately with sea weed, *Fucus vesiculosus*, obtained in the East river. The process of eating takes place under water, which seems strange in view of the fact that it cannot breathe during that time. It manifests at times extreme playfulness, and will answer the call of the keeper by a peculiar noise somewhat resembling the squeak of a mouse. Sometime ago the epidermis on the back peeled off in small pieces, leaving a bright new skin similar to that of a snake just after shedding. It was kept out in the open air until the thermometer fell to 53 deg., when it was removed to a building.

It appears to be very sensitive to the cold, curling up its back if the water is in the least chilly. It has been observed to remain under water five or six minutes at a time without coming to the surface to breathe.

W. A. CONKLIN,
Director C. P. Menagerie.

"MORE SNAKES.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., October 11, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.—

Notice in your issue of October 2d an article, "Do Snakes Swallow Their Young?" I answer in the affirmative. While living in Wisconsin some years ago, I saw a common garter snake with a quantity of young ones about 2 or 2½ inches long and about as large as a common ground worm. As soon as the snakes saw me the old one opened its mouth and the young ones ran down its throat. I afterwards killed a large copperhead which looked as though it had just swallowed something. I cut it open and found it was a mass of small snakes. How did they get there, unless the old one swallowed them?

I have killed snakes with eggs in them, but never found any snakes in the eggs. This was in the township of Yorkville, Racine county, between the years of 1840 and 1850. Rattle and copperhead snakes were abundant in this township, but I never saw a blow snake until I moved to Eagle township, Waukesha county, about twenty miles distant. Blow snakes were plentiful. It was a common saying in this township that neither rattle nor copperhead snakes had ever been seen in it. Is it common for different species of snakes to inhabit separate districts?

Yours truly,

GEORGE HAYDEN.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.—

What becomes of the young snakes when swallowed by their parents? I should like to make inquiries of those who have seen the young snakes go into the mouths of their mothers, as to whether they were ever seen to come out again. Now I do not mean to say that they do not come out the way they went in, but has any one ever seen them do this? Will those who can give any information on this subject please answer?

C. J. MATNARD.

GOOD ADVICE TO MISSIONARIES.—Mr. Winwood Reade in his African sketch book, gives the following good advice in regard to missions in Africa, recommending in all cases native clergymen. He says:—

"An ordained negro is a walking sermon, a theological advertisement. The savages regard an Oxford Master of Arts as a being fearfully and wonderfully made, belonging to a different species from himself. His argument invariably is, 'white man's God, he good for white man; black man's God, he good for black man.' But when he beholds a man as black as himself with a shiny hat, a white cravat, glossy garments, and shoes a yard long, wearing a gold watch in his fob, blowing his nose in a cloth, and 'making leaves speak,' and when he is informed that these are the results of being baptised, he also aspires to become a white man, and allows himself to be converted."

The Kennel.

SPECIAL RETRIEVERS FOR DUCK SHOOTING.—These dogs—so called on account of their value in recovering or "retrieving" game that has fallen out of the reach of the sportsman, or on which he does not choose to expend the labor of fetching for himself are of various kinds, and in every case are obtained by a crossing of two breeds. There are two principal breeds of retrievers, the one being obtained by the mixture of a Newfoundland dog and a setter, and the other by a cross between the water spaniel and the terrier. The former of these breeds is the most generally known, and the characteristics of each are plainly perceptible in its form. To train a retriever properly is rather a difficult task, requiring great patience and perseverance. It is easy enough to teach a dog to fetch and carry, but to teach him to retrieve in water is quite a different matter. On land the dog can see the object from some distance, but in the water his nose is so nearly on a level with the object for which he is searching that he can only see a very little distance ahead, and must learn to guide his way by the voice and gesture of the shooter. Another obstacle in the tuition is the natural propensity of the dog to bark when he is excited, and generally tries the teacher's patience before he learns to be silent and not disturb the game even by a low whine. The natural instinct of the dog teaches him to eat the bird or animal which he has found, and in order to keep the dog from closing his teeth too firmly on the bird he should be made to lay it down at the shooter's feet, or to loosen his hold as soon as the shooter touches the object which he is carrying. One great point to gain is, to make the dog understand that the birds are killed by the gun and not by himself. Until he fully understands this lesson he is apt to dart off after a bird as soon as he perceives it, or perceives its scent, and to chase it until it is out of sight. The smaller retriever is produced by a cross of the terrier and beagle, and in many points is superior to the large retriever. They are very quiet dogs, and when on their quest do not make so much noise as the large retrievers, so that they are especially useful when the game is wild. Being small dogs, they can be kept in the house, and become very companionable, so that when they go to their regular work they feel more love and respect for their master than would have been the case if they had been kept in a kennel.

—We gave in the FOREST AND STREAM of October 9th several recipes for destroying parasites and fleas in dogs, among them one known as the "Persian Insect Powder," and now we give the very best method to perform the operation without injury to the animal. Dust the dog well with the substance until every portion of him has received a few particles of the powder, and then put him into a strong canvas bag, in which a small handful has been placed, and shake about well, so as to distribute it equally over the interior of the bag. Leave his head protruding from the bag, and put on his head and neck a linen cap, in which are holes for his nose and eyes, and let the interior of the cap be well treated with the powder. Lay him on the ground and let him tumble as much as he chooses, the more the better. In an hour or so let him out of the bag, and scrub his coat well the wrong way with a stiff brush. In a week or so this operation should be repeated, in order to destroy the creatures that have been produced from the unhatched eggs that always resist the powers of the destructive powder.

GREAT FIELD TRIAL OF POINTERS.

Many of our subscribers are continually writing to us, asking about the management and directions for pointer and setter field trials. We subjoin the following account from *Land and Water* of the late field trials at Ipswich, England, which will tend to give our readers an insight as to the marks of accuracy denoted in the different animals:

1. THE SUFFOLK STAKES, for all aged pointers, limited twenty. Entries, £6 6s. First prize, £70, and a cup valued £10, presented by R. J. L. Price, Esq.; second ditto, £30; third ditto, £15.
2. THE ORWELL PARK STAKES, for pointer puppies, pupped since 1st January, 1872, limited to ten. Entries, £5 5s. First prize, £30, and a £5 cup, presented by the manager; second ditto, £15.
3. THE EAST OF ENGLAND STAKES, for all-aged setters, limited to twenty. Entries, £6 6s. First prize, £70, and a cup presented by the Kennel Club, value £10; second ditto, £30; third ditto, £15.
4. THE IPSWICH STAKES, for setter puppies, pupped since January 1st, 1872, limited to ten. Entries, £5 5s. First prize, £30, and a cup value £5, presented by the manager; second ditto, £15.
5. THE TRIMLEY STAKES, for retrievers, limited to twelve. Entries, £5 5s. First prize, £30, and a cup valued £10, presented by the Kennel Club; second ditto, £20; third ditto, £5.

6. THE CONSOLATION STAKES, for beaten pointers or setters. Entries, £2 2s. Two thirds of the entrance money given as first prize, and one third as second prize. The judges to fix the time of trials in this class.

On Wednesday, about nine a. m., a start was made for Trimley Hall, a farm belonging to Col. Tomline, which was the first day's rendezvous, a dusty drive of some eight miles having been accomplished, operations commenced about ten o'clock. Mr. Salter's elegant lemon-and-white pointer-bitch Venus, second at the late Crystal Palace Show, attracting during the brief interval of waiting at the farm, considerable attention.

A fair number of spectators were present on the ground, including Col. Tomline, M. P., Lord Cork, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Duke of Sutherland, and Lord Dwydr. The commencement of the Orwell Park Stakes took place in a good sized turnip field. Mr. Price's Grecian Bend, and Mr. Fairhead's Belle, being the first brace put down, both

commenced by "flushing," a word which would indeed be a sufficient commentary by itself on the performances of all the young pointers, the extreme dryness of the light sandy soil, the badness of the scent, and the wildness of the birds rendering the few steady points that were secured during the day almost as acceptable as angel's visits. Grecian Bend, however, made a grand stand in a rushy bottom, the birds, French, having run up a hill and risen on the edge, Belle then made a good feint in a stubble, her opponent wildly rushing past and flushing. Five birds fell to the next four barrels, put in by Messrs. Shirley and Lort, Grecian being credited with the find, which secured the "flat" from the judges, this brace having been worked almost entirely down wind; at eleven o'clock Bride and Roman Fall tried conclusions over the same field, the best one for lying and scent at our disposal during the whole day, and commenced by springing, then Bride stood on wild birds, her opponent backing prettily, then both pointed, the dog having birds before the bitch behind. Mr. Lort poured in a deadly volley, and Bride showed a decided inclination to rush in to dead, the tenant of the farm, a most jovial old gentleman, at this period directing the beat. As many birds had now been seen in the space of some two hours as had been found in the whole of the two first days at the last spring meeting at Shrewsbury; indeed, any question as to the quantity of winged game may at once be dismissed for good and all with the word "abundance." Both dogs showed good pace and quartering, and were taken up undecided.

The heat between Patch and Macgregor commenced at 11.45, by the last named running clean into a lot, and chasing, making his opponent wild, she soon steadied, however, and dropped capitally to a shot at a bird found by the "Crystal Palace" winner, she then worked her ground, a large turnip field, well, and to our mind throughout the trial showed better style than her adversary, her breaker, "Christmas," a new hand at the game, not making perhaps the best that he might of her. She is decidedly a "stay and stand it" sort, and sticks well to her work, though very ugly to look at; Macgregor then stood birds well through a hedge, the bitch being at the time in slips; in the next field she ran up a covey but stood staunch to the "Fool" that remained, Macgregor dropping well to wing, and undecided was again the result. The bitch was decidedly the wildest, but still we fancy a little the best.

Then Mr. Field's Dick, purchased for sixty guineas from Mr. Statter, and as he divided the Puppy Stakes at the grouse trials, the general favorite for the stake, and Mr. Bishop's Brighton tried conclusions, the former soon showing what he could do in this trial, for after lunch he fell off. Dick displayed the best form seen during the day, going off at a rattling pace, which he kept up, and showing at once that he was all right "behind," for Brighton found well over the brow, and Dick backed his adversary, who was a little unsteady, in most commendable style. After a flush from Brighton, who could not pull up quite in time, Dick made a "turn" and "stop" when at racing speed, Bishop's dog rushing past him, and put up the birds, while Dick remained perfectly steady. This virtually decided the judges, who soon after hoisted the red flag in Dick's favor, Brighton not yet being thoroughly broken. Both dogs were handled by members of the numerous family of "Bishops." After passing through a stubble covered with heaps of guano and soil, a sign that Colonel Tomline's tenants put something into their lands, as well as "take it out," and having discussed a comfortable lunch provided at the farm, Dick and Grecian Bend tried conclusions, Dick starting stiffly, and soon running into a fine covey, the bitch dropping, then flush, flush, flush, neither doing good work, and at times rushing in, Mr. Field's celebrated puppy not performing half so well as in the forenoon; but as his opponent, who was suffering from red mange, did nothing in particular, and showed a decided inclination to potter, we, at two p. m., put down Bride and Roman Fall in a large turnip field, in which they did some fair, but not good work, astonishing the natives, who had no idea that any dogs except hounds could run so fast, by their extraordinary pace. At last in a stubble Roman Fall found well, Bride refusing to back, the birds rising wild, and then these same birds having been driven into our original and only fair bit of scented ground, a rough grass meadow, or what would be in America a salt marsh, Macgregor and Patch again made their appearance, the former soon finding but pushed on and worried up the birds, then he made a couple of false points, the bitch quickly discovering his mistake. Patch then stood false, Macgregor backing, but to signal, then got a pretty point to a single bird, which rose just as the dog arrived upon the scene, and as before backed to word of command. Passing on to a stubble, from a mound in which a splendid bit of coast scenery, with Harwich and the shipping in the foreground, was presented to the eye, Mae made a very creditable long stiff point in a hollow, which we suppose decided the course in his favor, as soon afterwards the telegraph board gave out that the judges had placed Mr. Field's Dick first, Mr. Whitehouse's Macgregor second, and Mr. Bishop's Bride and Mr. Bride and Mr. Price's Roman Fall, equal thirds, Patch being entirely out of it, at which we were rather surprised.

All the puppies worked very independently, but no first-class form was shown, except perhaps for a brief period, by the winner, and we feel sure that a good scented country well sprinkled with birds, shows dogs off better than when partridges, as here, swarm, but will not lie, which disgusts pointers and setters, and makes them give up trying.

On Thursday, the second day, we commenced at 9.30, the Suffolk Stakes, for alleged pointers, left undecided yesterday for want of time, Mr. Whitehouse's Pax, worked by Bishop, and Mr. Salter's Venus, handled by her owner, commencing operations. A very handsome brace these, and both winners on the bench. Pax at once commenced by flushing a brace off a short-shaven stubble, not dropping until put down by hand, then going at a fine level gallop, and quartering his ground well he made a very meritorious point in good style, the birds, evidently on the run, rising wild. A piece of mangolds showed us a flush up wind by the dog, who took no notice of his error, the bitch following suit, but dropping to wing birds rising around her in all directions. Pax then stood a brace, but, on some casual shooting taking place, to birds walked up, he refused to "down charge," the bitch, whose master was close by, behaving better. Mr. Whitehouse's dog then feathered prettily, and pegged his birds, Venus rushing by and flushing, which decided the heat against her.

At ten o'clock precisely the second brace, Mr. Field's

Mab, purchased at Mr. Clowes' sale for forty-five guineas, and Mr. Bishop's Brighton, the same dog that ran yesterday against Dick in the Puppy Stakes, commenced operations, Mab showing at once steadiness to a wild rise, but a slight inclination to potter. Brighton almost found a brace of pheasants, the pair dropping well to wing. Both a moment afterwards topped dead at the same second to a large covey, Brighton's point being the most meritorious, he being further from the birds than Mab. The brace displayed throughout the trial a hitherto unseen amount of steadiness, the dog being the freest and best goer, while the bitch had more education. In some low ground sown with rape both went down together, Brighton, on the birds rising, showing an inclination to move. This, however, he repressed, and secured the next point, Mab backing in grand form. The birds had run to the left, and were walked up. The field was indifferently beaten, many birds rising after the guns moved on. Mab appeared to be slightly footsore, and not to get her hind legs well under her in the gallop, but she was extremely well broken, and the judges being satisfied of her true form proceeded to test the merits of Pax and Brighton. The former commenced by flushing without recognition a single bird along the hedge, but soon made a couple of meritorious points, Brighton being in this course unsteady behind, and lost his chance by very nearly repeating Venus' final performance. The stake was awarded to Pax, Mab being second, and Brighton third.

Brighton seemed to us to do better work when cown with Mab than Pax showed us in his trial with Venus, and we think he might have been without impropriety placed at least second. Unsteadiness behind was doubtless the only rock on which he split; and after a little discussion over the concluded stake we passed on to Ginx's Baby and Daisy, who, owing to a declaration of Mr. Bishop's that he did not intend to run Brag, were the first put down for the Ipswich Stakes. Thus the two crack setter puppies of the day met in the first round; and from their performances it was very soon guessed that nothing would be seen to beat them. Daisy, at first going in quite her Shrewsbury form, over some nice grass land, almost immediately fixed a fine covey, which rose "close ahead;" then she found again, The Forlorn One passing her as the birds rose. Again she spotted a brace, which fell to the gun, and were cleverly retrieved, one out of, and the other some distance across, a wide ditch by the only competitor for the Retriever Stakes—Mr. Price's Sailor.

At this time it looked twenty to one that the Shrewsbury form would be carried out. But the Baby now began to improve, and Daisy, flushing but steady to wing, let him in at a pretty point, his old rival displaying perfect steadiness behind; this Ginx followed up by a point, but hardly a decisive one, by the hedge; and the brace were for the present taken up to make way for Pell and Brag, whose owner had thought better of it, and decided to run his puppy, and in some roots Pell flushed and Brag potted; the latter then flushed close to the judges, Mr. Shirley securing the bird, which was retrieved from a thick hedge; then both flushed, neither showing first-class form; but in some "kohl rabbi"—that curious cross between a turnip and a cabbage—Pell secured about the first point of the day, in roots. Brag was, however, faster than the Welsh dog, and showed altogether better form, though not in the hunt with the preceding brace, and the decision was very rightly given in his favor. Daisy and Ginx were again exhibited in a potato and turnip field, both ranging and quartering their ground in capital style; the dog flushed down wind in his gallop—an operation repeated by Daisy, who stopped, which he did not; then another spring by the bitch up wind—this time her fault did not seem to impress her. She then curled up beautifully to, alas! a false point; the lemon-and-white, all there, behind. Ginx then found two coveys in succession amongst the potatoes, Daisy retrieving the dead bird, a piece of indulgence from her breaker which spoilt her excellent form, as ever afterwards, as might be expected, she rushed in at every kill, a proceeding not hitherto considered allowable. At this period she appeared to have had enough running, and settled quietly to the heels of her breaker, Ginx continuing his work and finding, with a long draw, some Frenchmen that had scuttled up to the corner of the field. Public opinion decided that the son of Don had avenged his Shrewsbury defeat, and had satisfactorily come to the end of his opponent, but after lunch, a short trial having meanwhile taken place between Pell and Lulu, the latter showing terrific pace, but nothing much else, the judges returned to their old friends and tried the "ante-prandial" opponents in some rushy ground, Ginx again, to all intents and purposes, proving his superiority by a great find, Daisy, as before, rushing in the moment the gun was fired.

ATHLETICS AT DARTMOUTH.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,
HANOVER, N. H. Oct. 16th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

We think it may be justly claimed that old Dartmouth is beginning to take a prominent position among American colleges for the attention paid to athletic sports and games. The principle "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," laid down by Horace, is fully recognized. Through the munificence of George H. Bissell Esq., of New York City, a fine gymnasium was erected in 1867. It is a tasteful and commodious structure, ninety feet in length, forty-seven in breadth and two stories high, built at an expense of \$24,000. The students attend regular exercise under an instructor, to such an extent as to insure to each of them the benefit of the establishment, while the building is open at other times for voluntary practice.

The old English game of foot-ball is played upon the campus almost every evening at this season of the year. The practice of "rushing" has been abandoned, but the Freshmen are usually invited to play a friendly game with the Sophomores, at the opening of the year. At other times, "whiskers" are fitted against "smooth faces" or Seniors and Sophomores, play against Juniors and Freshmen. It is a pleasant and vigorous, yet not dangerous exercise.

Base-ball has not lost its attractions among the students. The various classes have their picked nines and interesting matches are often played. However, boating holds a more prominent place at the present time.

There has always been plenty of material for good oarsmen among the students of Dartmouth, most of whom have been reared to toil among the rugged hills of New Hampshire and Vermont. Skill and experience have been lacking.

The laurels won by sister colleges on the waters, however, raised enthusiasm for boating here to such an extent, that about a year ago, a meeting was held by the students, at which they determined to have a boat club started. With true student zeal the enterprise was commenced. Citizens of the place and friends of the college assisted in the work. Money was raised, boats purchased, a fine and convenient boat house erected, a first class trainer secured, and the Dartmouth boys were for the first time represented at the Inter-collegiate Regatta held at Springfield last July.

The crew was regarded as a set of giants, and their position as fourth to reach the goal, was thought to be a very creditable one, considering all the circumstances.

At the present time the prospect is that another crew will attend the races next year, where still better results are of course hoped for. A Freshman crew will probably be entered also. The crews of the different classes are now in training on the river. Several interesting races will doubtless be rowed between them soon. During the winter "pulling" will be kept up in the gymnasium, where rowing weights are fixed, admirably adapted to the purpose.

The Faculty of the college are all friendly to the boating interest, and give their influence and their money for the promotion of this deservedly popular sport. RUFUS.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

GREGORY.—Score you send would be too old for publication. Much obliged.

CREIGHT, Halifax.—Commodore Wm. E. Le Roy; club house, 21 West Twenty-seventh street.

DAVID, Pottsville, Pa.—Apply to Krider. He understands the whole matter, even better than ourselves.

B., Mobile. Your questions are so interesting that we will reply to them editorially in our next number.

F. W. DINSMORE.—See all back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM for full description of Maine hunting and fishing grounds, its game, fish, etc.

W. M. A.—1. You cannot avoid it. Clean your barrels with fine emery powder. 2. It has no effect whatever, beyond keeping the charge uniform, as you say.

FIELD & MANY.—These are the points which were required at the pointer trials. Nose, pace and style of hunting. Breaking. Pointing. Backing. Drawing game.

ANDERSON, San Francisco.—Explosive mixture made of chlorate of potash and sulphate of antimony, equal parts. You can buy explosive balls adapted to any calibre of rifle in New York.

PENN YAN, Yates county, New York.—H. & H. Merrell, 290 Notre Dame street, Montreal, will get you both. Send him the size of your shoe; they cost about \$4, gold.

BON JAKER.—In the neighborhood of Louisville you will find excellent quail and fair ruffed grouse shooting. Mr. J. P. Johnson of the Gal House will give you every information and put you on the right track.

AMHERST.—You may see two fine specimens of the black wolf at the Central Park. They are very cowardly. We suppose that the *Diabolus ursinus*, Tasmanian Devil, is a type of the most ineradicable ferocity.

GOG AND BILL.—1st. Murett is the maker of the hammerless breech loader. Address 68 Haymarket street, London. Cannot state cost. You may rely on having a good gun. 2d. Price of Metford rifle from £15 15s. to £31 in England.

WALL EYE, Mobile, Ala.—There are many gentlemen of our acquaintance who wear glasses and are good shots. Expert pigeon shots seldom shoot with both eyes open. However, there are some who do, and are termed "snap shots."

J. N. S., New Orleans.—The claw you send us comes from the *Lupa Forceps* or swimming crab. It is a native of the West Indies. The larger specimen, for which accept our thanks, is the *Theatia acanthophora*, or armed crab. Its home is in Japan.

M. W. P., Newark, N. J.—1st. Four drachms of powder and 1 1/2 oz. shot. 2d. No. 5 shot; it depends on the weight of your gun. 3d. Le-fancheaux, the inventor of the breech loading system, has no agent in this country. All breech loaders are but variations of his system.

A. M. GRIFFIN, Plainfield, N. J.—1. A breech loader by all means. 2. There are so many good makers that we cannot express our opinion as to whose is the best. If you will state for what kind of sport in particular you intend to use it, you can have our private opinion on the matter.

APPOMAT & Co.—A four-oared boat, fit for you to practice in, you may buy second hand for from \$75 to \$100. You may get a good "coach" to train you, for from \$7 to \$10 a day. You have time enough yet to make a good performance. Ellis Ward would be your man. Address him at Newburg.

M. A. T., Annapolis.—Having tried powder for the vermin in your dog, try what we see recommended in the *Field*—a strong infusion made of quassia chips, and the application of the fluid with a sponge. Pray inform us about it. It seems simple and plausible. We recommended this same thing for vermin in plants, and our friends informed us that it was quite successful.

J. S. HEADLY, Boston.—The birds of the Mediterranean are numerous. The most noticeable are the balearic cranes, rosy flamingos, purple water-hens, snipe, heron, bittern in quantity, andouins gull, around Corsica. About Sardinia is found a rare bird, the marble-headed duck. The white and Dalmatian pelicans are found in plenty about the Ionian Islands. Partridges in and around Malta. Noble collections can be made there.

SAM AND BILL, Brooklyn.—Against the English eleven the St. George in the second innings made 44. We think most of the eleven were caught out. Attention to batting averages are not worth much, but bowling averages are. Hard to decide which is the better of the two Messrs. Grace. W. G. Grace plays more frequently than E. M. Grace. Last year W. G. Guillemond made 260 in a match and E. M. Grace 246. Batting is no criterion.

L. S. O., New York.—1. Forty dollars railway fares from New York and return, and three dollars per day while in the woods, including cost of provisions for outfit. 2. Old trappers say that fur is in season in all months that contain the letter R. Winter fur is the darkest, and therefore the most valuable. 3. Take Great Western Railway to Brockville, and the railroad from thence to Annprior, on the Ottawa river. 4. Moose, deer, wolves, and various kinds of fur-bearing animals. The district of Conlogne is one of the best localities for hunting and trapping on the continent.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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Advertising Rates.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, October 24.—Maryland Jockey Club....Lexington Trotting Horse Association, Lexington, Ky....Mountain Park, Brookville, Penn....Prospect Park Autumn Meeting.

SATURDAY, October 25.—Boat clubs foot of 133d street, Harlem.....Lexington Trotting Horse Association, Ky....Prospect Park, Autumn Meeting.

MONDAY, October 27.—Macon State Fair, Georgia.

TUESDAY, October 28.—Richmond State Fair, Va.... West Eutaw District Fair, Ala.... Roanoke and Tar River State Fair, Weldon, N. C.... Agricultural and Mechanical Fair, Jackson, West Tenn.

WEDNESDAY, October 29.—Richmond State Fair, Va.... West Eutaw District Fair, Ala.... Roanoke and Tar River State Fair, Weldon, N. C.... Agricultural and Mechanical Fair, Jackson, West Tenn.

THURSDAY, October 30.—Richmond State Fair, Va.... West Eutaw District Fair, Ala.... Roanoke and Tar River State Fair, Weldon, N. C.... Agricultural and Mechanical Fair, Jackson, West Tenn.

REMARKABLE ROWING FEATS.

MR. REGINALD HERBERT, a gentleman well known in racing circles in England, accomplished a great rowing feat on October 16th. He wagered £1,000 that he would row from Maidenhead to Westminster Bridge, on the river Thames, a distance of forty-seven and a half miles, in twelve hours. Mr. Herbert has not rowed for years, and when at school at Eton was considered only a fair sculler. This will show that he had to row four miles an hour. It must be borne in mind that there are eleven "locks;" each lock would take five minutes to pass through before he could start again, having a man stationed there to open and shut them. This would make nearly an hour apparently wasted; but as he could rest the five minutes it would be a literal gain, which is of the utmost importance in a long and tedious pull. Then take into consideration refreshments, etc., which would take up half an hour of the twelve hours allowed him, making altogether one hour and a half to be deducted, he won this extraordinary wager, and rowed the forty-seven and a half miles in nine hours (according to the telegram), leaving three hours to spare. It will be seen that he rowed at the rate of a little over eleven minutes to the mile. If the time lost in passing through the eleven locks and other contingencies are taken into consideration, the actual rowing time would be seven and a half hours, or at the rate of a mile in 9 minutes, 28½ seconds.

An almost similar feat was achieved on the Hudson river some years ago. Mr. J. J. Astor and Mr. Walter Langdon rowed from New York city to Hyde Park dock, on the Hudson river, a distance of eighty-seven miles, in seventeen hours and a half. This is as near the distance and time as our memory serves us.

THE QUESTION OF IRRIGATION IN THE FAR WEST.

AT last it seems as if this vital question of irrigation is no longer to be treated as one merely of scientific research, but to be carried out in its most practical methods. If the theories in regard to the advantages to be derived from the planting of trees, as found in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are worth anything, the absolute carrying of them into effect in order to reclaim the arid wastes of land in Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico may shortly prove the soundness of our speculations.

At Denver a convention of delegates representing most of the far Western States and Territories, assembled on October 15th to consider the subject of irrigation, and to devise some means "by which the great expanse of rainless country between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, as well as on the Pacific slopes, could be brought under a system of irrigation so as to make them valuable."

This is a question fraught with interest, since it looks to the regeneration of millions of acres of land. In most portions of the country which come under the deliberation of the delegates, water is scarce or if running streams are found is charged with alkaline salts. How far the digging of artesian wells would furnish water in quantity can not be determined. Copious as might be their water flow it is questionable whether in many sections of the country this water would not be more or less alkaline, and not suited either for tree or vegetable life or for human consumption. Then again, such artificial sources, though they might be productive of sweet water, and capable of turning certain spots in these arid wastes into oases, would be expensive of construction and limited as to quantity of wells. We look upon the introduction of certain mountain streams which may be found in quantity throughout this section of country as of much more practical importance. But the plan is so vast in its conception that even should the delegates come to any conclusion, their efforts must be regarded as rather of an experimental character than otherwise, even did they determine to dig wells or to conduct fresh streams by means of aqueducts or California flumes through certain portions of the unfruitful land. One thing certain is that water must be had first, and with it as a positive means of preserving such water, trees must be planted.

There is a wonderful cumulative power in tree planting. The trunk starts, the branches spread, and under its shade grow the grasses, all of them capable of retaining the moisture and in turn of giving it off again. As was shown in a late article of ours on "The Influence of Forests on Air and Soil," the evaporation from the ground surface of a wooded country was exceedingly slow, while the soil retained the moisture in a proportion twice as great as when the ground was denuded.

As to the power forests may have of creating or drawing rain to a section of country, the data on this most important question are by no means positive; but theory seems to show that if a rain fall is not caused in their immediate proximity they certainly play an important part in causing rain to fall in other areas of country more or less distant.

The plans of irrigation and tree planting must go hand in hand, for one is the preserver of the other. Have all the water you can bring, without trees to protect it, and the evaporation from sun and wind in these sections of country soon sucks them dry. As to the humus formed by the slow decomposition of the leaves, grasses and mosses, consequent to tree planting entering more into the subject of agriculture, we have had little to say, save that tree planting is conducive of this most useful compound. Artificial irrigation is the creative force necessary to convert these sands from unproductive wastes to fruitful pasturages, but the rain fall is the true constant element which we believe can be made to act, not only in circumscribed areas, but through large extents of this country. Of course rapid results are not to be looked for. It may take years before any impression is made on these rainless wastes. At the same time what may be the effect of simultaneous action on them, we are not prepared to state. Let us hope, however, that in this respect the constructive power of man may be found to about balance his destructive energies. To sum up this theory of wood planting, which bears on its face every appearance of being true in practice, one tree planted aids materially in the growth of another tree, and consequently within certain limits, once the first group of trees planted, facility is given to the propagation of a forest.

We sincerely trust that with the many facts before them the delegates will treat this subject of tree planting as of the utmost importance, and that the result of their deliberations will form an era in the practical portion of American arboriculture, as a means of reclaiming arid lands.

NATIVE SALMON FROM THE HUDSON.—We have been invited to inspect some specimens of the true salmon and land-locked salmon which were hatched in the Hudson river, and have been caught and put in alcohol, to be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institute. The fish are in the second year of their growth, and include both parr and smolt. They were produced under the private enterprise of gentlemen who at present wish particulars to be kept in reserve, but we shall in time be able to publish full details. The success thus far obtained is a gratifying promise of something better in future.

—"If George had not blown into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a rural widow, at the funeral of her late husband, last Saturday, "he might have got plenty of squirrels; it was such a good day for them."

RIFLE SHOOTING IN CANADA.

WE have before us the proceedings of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association for 1872, and some short analysis of the same will undoubtedly be of interest. Our own Annual Prize Meeting, printed in detail by us, will give for the first time an opportunity of comparing the shooting.

The number of competitors who entered for matches under the rules of the Quebec Association were 1,503, but would have been much larger had it not been for the elections taking place during the match week. Though the number of competitors is large, we believe that at Creedmoor it was considerably exceeded. One thing to be noticed is that throughout the whole year not a single accident occurred. One feature of the matches in the Dominion is the competition between the smooth bores and the breech loaders, which are called Optional Rifle Matches, the Sniders at 500 yards against the Rigby and Metford at 800 yards. In these matches the Sniders at 500 yards against the small bores at 800 yards succeeded in taking eight out of fifteen prizes. At 500 and 600 yards against 800 and 900 yards for small bores, they were not so fortunate, only four prizes being won by the English Government arm.

The Quebec range is not as good as ours at Creedmoor. From some configuration of the ground, the butts being on a slope, the managers have erected platforms for the 400 yard ranges. Platforms are always objectionable, for no matter how solidly they may be built, they have an effect on the accuracy of the shooting. The Secretary, Lieutenant Col. Fletcher comments with very proper pride on the Canadian teams sent to Wimbledon, and the victories achieved by them there, and also that of the four Provincial teams the Quebec was the best.

At the fourth annual prize meeting held at Quebec, with 191 contestants, at 200 yards, the best score was 23 in seven shots, made by Trumbull of the Grand Trunk Rifles, an average of 3 2-7; arm, Snider Enfield.

At 200, 500, and 600 yards, five rounds at each distance, arm, Snider Enfield, the winning score was 47, made by J. Ferguson, an average of 3 2-15.

In the Battalion match, at 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each range, team of five, the winner was the team of the Eighth Battalion, who made 176, which is a fair average. The best individual score was 44, at 600 yards, seven shots. Sergeant Baxter made 24; which is a very high average. And in the Association match, at 500 and 600 yards, Mr. Morrison, of the Victoria Rifle club, scored 34 in ten shots, which is very good shooting with a Snider Enfield.

In the Strangers' stakes, Snider's at 500, smooth bore at 800 yards, seven shots, Mr. Stenhouse made 26 with a Metford, which is magnificent shooting; at 500 yards Mr. Wilson made 25, which is also tall shooting. In the Ladies' cup, Captain Cotton of the Ottawa Guards, at 800 and 900 yards, made, with at Metford, 52 in a possible 56, which is a very powerful score, and hard to equal. At 1,000 yards, with a Metford, in 15 shots, Mr. Dester made 49, an average of 3 4-15, which is a shade less than that made by Mr. Adam at our own Sharpshooters' match, who at 1,000 yards made 23 in seven shots, an average of 3 2-7. The Consolation match was quite a good one; distance 200 and 500 yards, five shots at each range, the winner, Mr. Ferguson, making 35, an average of 3½.

It would be useful to the members of our Association to notice carefully the scores published by us of English and Canadian matches, so that they can form an estimate of their own shooting. Undoubtedly our progress will be rapid, but we can only get to thorough excellence by long and arduous work. Now that autumn has fairly set in, and the sun has lost its glare, no better season of the year can be found for rifle practice at Creedmoor, and we have no doubt but that many marksmen will take advantage of it. On the whole, we think from the shooting at Creedmoor, as far as teams taken from the N. G. go, we are quite up to the Canadian militia, though we are decidedly of the opinion that as marksmen at long range there are many Canadians who can beat our best men. It is always better to acknowledge at once where we are at fault, so as to do our best to remedy it. That our men had shot very little at long range arises from the very natural fact that knowing little about shooting at all, the range not having been in existence yet a year, it was wiser for men to creep before they could walk, that is to try to shoot at short range creditably before attempting longer distances. For our military organizations some of the rapid firing as at Wimbledon, in order to test the loading capacity of breech loaders and their accuracy, would be worth the future attention of the Association. Thus at 200 yards five men of an English militia regiment, in three minutes, using the Snider rifle, have fired 265 shots, making 208 hits and 57 misses; of this large number of shots, 7 were bull's eyes, 78 centees, and 123 outers.

In concluding, we trust the National Rifle Association will early in 1874 publish the list of the matches for the year, so that when the important event does occur it may draw together at Creedmoor, not only our own marksmen but that also Canadian and English riflemen may participate in the contest.

OBITUARY.—Notice has just been received of the death, at Rome, Italy, of the venerable Peter MacMartin, of 168 Fifth avenue, one of the finest anglers and students of ichthyology on the catalogue of distinguished names. His age was seventy and upwards. His daughters attended him at the time of his decease.

—What is the difference between a good soldier and a hard drinker? The one knows his colors, the other colors his nose.

X THE MANATEE, OR SEA COW.

GEN. THOMAS JORDAN, whose knowledge of interior Florida is perhaps as comprehensive as any white man's, and possibly as that of the Seminole Indians themselves, has prepared for us the annexed very interesting description of that rare and unique creature, the manatee (*manatus* of Cuvier, who wrongly classed it as a Cetacean), which is the connecting link between Pachydermata and true Cetaceans. Splendid specimens of these are found near the mouth of the Santa Lucia river, in the southern part of Florida. The General says:—"Three of these huge mammals I saw on Indian river in 1849-50, each weighing at least fifteen hundred pounds, and between fifteen and twenty feet in length. They constitute a most interesting feature of the fauna of that magnificent region for other reasons than mere rarity, and their capture affords a most exciting sport, as may be supposed from their great size as well as prodigious strength in the water. With the nose, nostrils, and lips of the ordinary cow, there is no neck, however, or marked separation between the head and body. Their two swimming paws, with greater freedom of motion than those of cetaceans, are likewise used to enable the manatee to crawl upon the low banks of the waters which it inhabits. These paws have five small finger-like claws, and nearly between these paws are two pectoral mammae. These great creatures being herbivorous, browse upon algae, aquatic plants, and the young grass at the mouth of the fresh water streams; and their flesh, delicate and tender as veal, and succulent as the best beef, is excellent. The Florida species (*Latirostris*) are much larger than those found in the Antilles, South America, or Africa, and are of quite a different genus from the sea cow of northern Russia."

In another column will be found a most interesting description from Mr. Conklin of the manatee now in captivity at the Central Park. This creature is well worth a visit.

FOSSILS IN COLORADO.

IN Colorado, in what is called the Bad Lands, Professor Cope in his paleontological researches while attached to the Hazain expedition, has come indeed across the graveyard of long departed creatures. To the labors of Professor Cope we are indebted for the discovery of no less than one hundred species, represented by an infinite variety of individuals. From colossal remains of the mastodon down to the bones of the minute rodent, all have been upturned. Even forms of insectivorous animals, as of the *Talpidae*, the mole family. The delicacy and minuteness of these smaller fossils, and their wonderful preservation, make them objects of especial interest. Very certainly they were the forefathers of our squirrels, rabbits, rats and mice. Of larger quadrupeds the finds have been quite numerous. Specimens of the early equine races are demonstrated by the teeth and bones. Colorado, too, in primitive times, must have had the rhinoceros in quantity, no less than seven species having been found by Professor Cope. One representative specimen of the rhinoceros is a skull with teeth. Strange individuals of this remarkable family have been brought to light, notably a horned species, approaching to the elephant. They must have been taller than the present animal, having horns. One of the larger species had a large horn over each eye, and one over the nose. What is remarkable about this discovery is—providing future researches prove these particular remains to have belonged to the rhinoceros family—that it will show a divergence from the usual laws, and that we have been too much inclined to lessen the species development of the ruminating animals. Carnivori abound. There are tiger-eats, dogs, and a new species of the *canis* family, resembling the dog, only as large as a bear. Turtle, lizards and snakes make up the reptile discoveries. The scientific world is indebted to Professor Cope for no less than 300 species of vertebrate animals, of which fully 150 are entirely new, all the result of his researches in Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas and Idaho.

OYSTERS AND JOURNALISM.

THOUGH we may think ourselves masters of the heavy puff, the brazen *reclame*, or the startling advertisement, they manage these kinds of things much better in France. A newspaper in the United States, and it might be a good one, seeks additional subscribers by offers of a chromo, or Miss Jones' Poems, (*Idyls of the heart*. Price 37½ cents), or a washing-machine, but did our enterprising publishers ever think of the allurements of a fat turkey about Thanksgiving, or of a barrel of Newtown pippins at Christmas tide?

The French are devoted to oysters. Did not Louis XI feast his learned professors at the Sorbonne once a year on oysters? There was the great soldier Turgot too, who used to bring his failing appetite back with a hundred oysters or so. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Helvetius, and all the encyclopedists, loved oysters as well as did Thackeray. Even the tigers of France, the Dantons and the Robespierres, devoured oysters, though whether Napoleon cared for them much, is doubtful. Brillat Savarin, the most learned of gastronomes! what brilliant thoughts he has devoted to oysters, and Gastaldi, a martyr to his love of good things, was said to have swallowed forty dozen of oysters at a single sitting, and then to have died gloriously of an indigestion from over feeding on *paté de fore gras*!

With appetites no doubt whetted by their recent privations, the Parisian of to-day hungers much after oysters. Ostend oysters, are worth five sous a piece, while Marenne oysters, with their green bronze color, their coppery flavor

the *bon bouche* of the gourmand, are worth twice as much. Within the last ten years the oyster beds of Rochelle, Marenne and Rochefort, and those of the Isles of Rhe and Oleron, were becoming exhausted. The French Vitellius, was coming near to the utter deprivation of his favorite bivalve, when Coste discovered how these French oyster beds could be renewed, and how oysters could be made as plentiful as in Caesar's time.

Grand oyster companies are then very much in vogue in France to-day, full descriptions of which may be found in Louis Figuiet's pleasant work called "The Ocean World," and the profit arising from oyster culture seems to be quite large. There is a famous paper in Paris called the *Figaro*, remarkable not only for the brilliancy of its articles, but because once a week some member of the editorial staff is certain to have an affair of honor on his hands. The President of the *Figaro* newspaper association has started an oyster company called "La Societé des Huitieres du Morbihan," and each new subscriber to the paper is to have for the price of the journal, besides the *Figaro*, a barrel of oysters sent to him.

This is an idea indeed worth imitating. Not to be too suggestive, perhaps a Sporting paper might offer to the getter-up of a club a trotting horse, a journal of health, a gross of patent medicines, and a political paper, a nomination as a custom house officer.

PUT OUT THE FIRE.

WE are glad to record any advancement in the method of extinguishing fires, for it is a science to a certain extent, and he who adds by his inventive genius only one more instrument of approved appliance in subduing this great destroyer of wealth and property is truly a public benefactor. In all our large cities a vast amount of valuable property is naturally concentrated; all our great manufacturing centres are in our cities. These varied industries seem to demand greater protection than can be found in our present Fire Departments with all their improved appliances. True, they have done much good, they have fought fearlessly and well the *Fire Fiend*. Yet, many useful lives have been sacrificed in subduing the element of fire.

The last two or three great fires in the city of Boston develop one fact: they do not check conflagrations with any degree of certainty, and often much damage is the result of a too lavish use of water. Recent experiments have been made with the union of carbonic acid gas and water. This invention being in its infancy, has done something towards initiating a series of elaborate experiments, which may in the end give to the community an effective agent in the subjugation of fires. Carbonic acid gas is one of the best extinguishers of fires yet known; being composed, one part of carbon to two of oxygen. Years ago the effect of this gas was well known; no life could exist in breathing this atmosphere—containing from ten to fifteen per cent. of this element, death is a sure result.

The great ease with which this gas can be manufactured, would seem to awaken an interest within the minds of scientific and practical chemists, to see if they cannot place this powerful gas before the public in an operative form. It surely "would pay," and he who can harness his horses to a compact effective mine of carbonic gas, and by its timely application subdue a large conflagration, would merit all the honor his philanthropic invention would bestow. To generate this gas hydro-chloric acid diluted with three or four parts of water, with the dust of marble or any other carbonate only is necessary. This gas is also very elastic and can be confined like the bottle-imp in any strong metallic vessel.

We may be somewhat sanguine in our anticipations of the success resulting from a judicious application of this agent; but still we think if a warehouse contained one or two good sized reservoirs of this gas, by closing the door: on the occurrence of a fire, it could be at once distributed about the building and set free with great results. We would like to learn from others upon this subject, for we truly believe that this carbonic gas as an extinguisher of fires, is yet to do wonders in putting out fires. We fully appreciate the value of the "hand extinguishers," as they are called, and which will in many cases at the commencement of fires within ordinary dwelling-houses, be sufficient to completely extinguish the fire. What we suggest is such an application of the carbonic gas in quantities as shall completely and effectually conquer our large fires. This, we believe, will be made so effective in time that these little ten gallon instruments for the direction of a stream of gas upon a fire will be like the toys of children in comparison to what we shall yet witness.

THE LADY ARGONAUTS.

IT was our good fortune to be present at the match between the Argonauts and the Neptune Club. In our columns under the head of Athletic Sports, can be found full details of this interesting boat-race, written in the regularly approved, but somewhat inexpressive style, used in describing such events. At the risk of intruding somewhat beyond our sphere, we must needs notice the kindly influence the wives and sisters of the gentlemen belonging to the Argonauts have had on the Club. The presence of these ladies not only on the occasion of a race, but at all times, has converted the club house almost into a *bonoir*. Ladies may embroider flags for boat prizes, but such gifts, though excellent in their way, are rather more occasional in character than constant. The interest, the liking these ladies have taken in these sports have added immensely to the good feeling and high toned courtesy which

among the Argonauts. Woman can never be out of her sphere; she must always exert her softening influence, whether she graces the drawing room or the boat house. The club house of the Argonauts, at Bergen Point, with the La Tourette House on the Kill von Kull opposite, is most picturesquely situated, and on the occasion of the race, showed by its pretty decoration how deftly womens' hands had helped to adorn it. All praise then to the lady Argonauts, to whose soft influences is due much of the prosperity, high tone and manliness the club now enjoys.

LITERARY POACHING.—Wholesale poaching upon the columns of FOREST AND STREAM has become such a systematic practice of certain sporting papers published outside of this city, that the offence has become too grievous to bear any longer without a protest. Editorial and contributed articles are transferred bodily to their pages every week without credit and apparently without scruple. In one instance the quantity of matter thus appropriated amounted to *three columns* in a single issue. In another instance an article of especial merit entitled "Elk Hunting in Nebraska," was copied entire into a Canadian paper. But the unkindest cut of all was that of a paper out west which copied one of our editorials on the Penetration of Rifle Balls, and in the parallel column coolly announced that a paper by the name of FOREST AND STREAM was *about to be issued*. This was after we had printed our fourth number. Now, gentlemen, you who profess to be such nice sticklers for the observance of the game laws, ought to have enough respect for the rights of brother sportsmen, not to poach upon their game preserves. There is little enough of encouragement, in times like these, to stock our FOREST AND STREAM without having the products of our labor continually filched from us. Certainly, if they are worth taking, they are worth acknowledging in the usual way. We print our paper entirely from resources within ourselves, and do not ask to be handicapped in the race for success. We shall gain it eventually on our own merits, and without that little assistance which a courteous recognition of the articles you copy would perhaps afford us. We do not ask now for an *amende honorable*, but trust that you will recognize the justice of our strictures, and govern yourselves accordingly in future.

FISH CULTURE IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

By kindness of George Shepard Page, Esq., President of the American Fish Culturist's Association, we are enabled to publish the following interesting and valuable correspondence relating to the subject of fish culture in China and Japan:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, September 23, 1873.

George Shepard Page, Esq.:

SIR—Referring to your letter under date of 1st of July, 1872, requesting information relative to the methods in use in China and Japan for the artificial propagation of fish, I have now to enclose for your information a copy of despatch No. 631, dated July 30th, 1873, from the Vice Consul General of the United States at Shanghai, China, which contains all the information which he has been able to obtain bearing upon the subject of your inquiries. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary.

[Copy. No. 631.]

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL,
SHANGHAI, July 30, 1873.

Hon. J. C. B. Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, Washington:

SIR—Reverting to your instruction No. 316 and to despatch No. 576 which I had the honor to address to you in acknowledgement, I now regret to say that any efforts to meet the inquiries made by Mr. George Shepard Page concerning the culture and rearing of fish in China have proved of little success. Had I been able to visit during the spring months the parts of this and adjoining provinces where, report says, the culture of fish is to some extent carried on, I would have been able to make from personal inspection a report more satisfactory than I now can offer.

My numerous applications for information have not succeeded in eliciting anything of value. The fact of making requests of natives for details of fish culture is met at the outset with suspicion by those possessing information and the heresy of those who feign some knowledge thereof is neither accurate or trustworthy. The authors of appropriate Chinese books assert that the art of fish culture obtains, but I am unable to find a single one offer particulars as to time or place, or any details whatever. Some intelligent natives of this port say that fish breeding is carried on to a small extent in this province by the use of earthen jars, in which the spawn is placed and shaded by a peculiar weed, which also furnishes a food for the young fry, but beyond the recital of the fact their ideas are confused. I have not been able to obtain the botanical name of the weed.

Spawn is carried in various ways from the coast waters to the interior. On the Yangtze river near Nanking, there exists in the appropriate season a large natural spawning ground, and about the middle of May the fishermen fence off with bamboos and mats a portion of the shallow part thereof. Passing boats, for a consideration, obtain the water within these bounds, which is impregnated with spawn. By means of earthen jars it is carried into the interior and deposited in artificial lakes, and in canals which are without the influence of live water. In some cases eggs are "blown" and re-filled with spawn. They are then placed under hens with other eggs hatching. When the incubation is perfect the spawn eggs are placed in water heated by the sun and in a short time the fish develop.

I am without information as to the extent of fish culture or its cost. I am not aware that the fish found in China have ever been classified; but a description of the varieties seems to have been given by Dr. John Richardson in 1845, as appeared in the report of the British Association for the advancement of science. I have not the paper at hand; the distinction given in Chinese is very inaccurate. Shad of fine quality abound north of the tropical line. Cod and mackerel are caught in large quantities in the Yellow sea and Gulf of Pechili, and trout are said to be found in mountain streams in the interior and Formosa. The apparatus used in any process is of the most primitive sort. The fish wiers in the canals of this province are made of reeds and bamboos, united by strong ligaments and serve only as a means to drive the fish into the nets. I much regret that after so long a delay I am unable to meet more intelligently the request for information made by Mr. Page. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

O. B. BRADFORD, Vice Consul General.

—Here is the epitaph of a hunter:—

Here lies John Mills, who over hills

Pursued the hounds with holl;

The leap, though high, from earth to sky.

Sporting News from Abroad.

ARE pheasants with their lustrous plumage, absolutely *ferre natura*? English sportsmen must think them so, for just now in default of grouse, or partridge, these handsome birds are being slaughtered indiscriminately in the preserves. We cannot help but think, that this kind of sport partakes of the white kid and *fauteuil* shooting. Imprimis, your single pheasant's egg costs about the price of three dozen chickens eggs; then the young birds are watched carefully from the time they chip the shell; then they are cared for and fed not perhaps exactly as a leading English journal intimates on filtered water, on fried worms and sifted oatmeal, but certainly pretty much as a sweet lady would tend the inmates of her aviary. Whether the pheasants have ribbons around their necks, and are bathed regularly by the game keepers, we are not prepared to affirm. Englishmen in fact are always in doubt as to the exact status of this exotic creature, whether he be a tame or wild bird. All the unfortunate pheasant knows about it is, that pampered until mid-October, cared for *soigneé* as would be a canary bird in a boudoir, all of a sudden, he is flushed up in the most rude and unexpected way, and quite uncertain whether it is a handful of buck-wheat or ants eggs, which is to claim his attention, he gets the contents of an Eley cartridge No. 8. from an unerring breech-loader, into his flank, and tumbles over dead, sullyng his gaudy plumage, representing sport at the cost of certainly a half guinea per bird. "I can't wear these lavender kid gloves any more, Cool. Take them away Cool," says some well bred gentleman on his return from a ball at the Duchess's to his valet. "I have danced once in them, put them aside in my drawer, they will do for pheasant shooting, if they are not too soiled." But give this elegant gentleman his due. Beneath the delicate kid, there may be muscles of steel indured by exercise, and when he does encase his taper fingers in the old party gloves, woe to the birds, whether erratic grouse, swift flying partridge, or more heavy pheasant. Once covered, if in possible distance, down goes the bird, before his unerring breech-loader.

—Does it not look as if the modern careful process of agriculture would in time entirely destroy game in England? It seems to be according to our English contemporary quite a serious question. Take the American mowing machines used in England, where they cut the wheat stalks as close down to the ground as a barber shaves the hairs from a man's chin, and where is your stubble? Birds even if not disturbed, in the few inches of stalk left, must suffer from the want of protection, and in raising their young, must meet with great difficulties. It seems to be a case of McCormick, V. *Perdix et alii*.

—Now is the time for dog shows, and at Nottingham, under the auspices of the National Canine Society, there is assembled a whole universe of dogs, yet all of high degree; in fact, an assemblage of princes. The catalogue includes some sixty-seven classes, divided under the appropriate general heads of sporting and non-sporting dogs. Here you may find the mighty Monarch, a mastiff—height, 33½ inches; girth of body, 44 inches; weight, 176—down to so small a dog that, whether it be a large insect or a toy terrier, to be carried in a lady's portemonnaie, you are quite uncertain.

—People, nationalities, do not anglicise readily. Your Englishman may take to Polo and beat the Thibetians at it, but whether the Thibetians would take to skittles, or hockey, *en revanche*, is questionable. An Englishman has introduced cricket into France, and stumps are pitched, and balls are bowled on a pretty French lawn to-day, and the village authorities take an interest in the game. It is in Brittany that this wonder has been accomplished. We suppose the game might in time take root simply because the Bretton and the Cornish man are of the same race. "I never saw," says an English correspondent to *Land and Water*, "but one Frenchman join a cricket club, and on getting a blow from a ball on the leg he never put in a second appearance." Imagine a true Parisian getting a swift cricket ball—a hot one—in his fingers!

—The fungologists have lately been in their glory; and pray what is a fungologist? It is a human being devoted to the study of mushrooms, both wholesome and poisonous. South Kensington was reveling, at last accounts, with puff-balls, beef-steak fungi, and the *Boletus edulis* and the *Coprinus cormatus*. It is a passion like anything else, and there is nothing better in the world to be well acquainted with in both a scientific and edible sense, than a good dish of well prepared mushrooms.

The report of the Mayor of Vienna shows that of 400 wells used by the Viennese, "not one of all this number contained water which was really fit for drinking." As there are no less than 11,000 houses in the Austrian capital, according to the *N. Y. Times* correspondent, most all of them depending on wells for water, the examination of all of them would have been impossible. It is all very fine for Vienna to have had an Exhibition of the world's wonders, but it would have been even better if the amount spent for the Exposition had been used to bring pure water into the city. The Danube water is of such wretched quality that it cannot be used. The old Romans know this and supplied themselves with water from distant sources by means of aqueducts. It seems strange to us in this newer world, with all the advantages they may have in the older countries, of not only experience but scientific knowledge, that the people there should show such utter indifference to one of the first and greatest necessities of a crowded population, and that is good and palatable water.

Scouring the plain—washing your face.

The first methodical attempt to introduce fresh Australian beef into England is now on the point of being tested. A ship has been loaded at Melbourne with quarters of beef and is now on her way to Liverpool. The meat is placed in a close iron tank and this is covered with a coating of blocks of ice. There is no reason why the Australian beef should not arrive in a perfectly sound condition, even after a ninety day's voyage. Whenever the methods for reducing temperature are rendered possible by simpler chemical and mechanical processes than those now employed, meat will be sent all over the world. The time will come when Galveston, with her Texan cattle all slaughtered and dressed, will send her beef not only to the Eastern States, but all over the world.

The Horse and the Course.

—The American Jockey Club held the fourth day of the Autumn meeting at Jerome Park, near Fordham, on October 15th. The attendance was large, many more people in carriages were noticed, and the weather was sublime. The track was in good condition but very dusty, and the racing afforded amusement and recreation to hundreds of persons who are not accustomed to frequent race-courses, owing to the proper observance of law and order. The first race was for a purse of \$500 for three year olds. Distance one mile and a quarter. Nine horses came to the post, and started very evenly. After running once round the course it became evident that the race lay between Catesby, Carribou and the Wizard; Catesby won after a hard struggle, under whip and spur, in 2-14. The second race was for a purse of \$500 for two year olds. Distance three quarters of a mile. Five colts and fillies came to the post and Mr. Connor started them evenly. Macaroon led round the bluff, followed closely by McDavid's colt; West-cock swerved and bolted. After a desperate race, McDavid's colt shot ahead just at the post and won the race by a short head. Time 1-18½. The third race was the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of \$40 each, with \$800 added by the club. Distance two miles. Seven horses came to the post. Harry Bassett took the lead and maintained it throughout the race, winning easily. Kate Pease second. Time 3-39½. The fourth race was for a purse of \$400. The winner to be sold by auction. Distance one mile and an eighth. Six horses came to the post and again the start was a capital one. Minnie Mc., the favorite, won easily by several lengths in 2-01½ and was bought in by the owner for \$1310. The fifth race was a match for a \$1000 a side, between McDaniel's Cora Linn and Bell's Cross the Sea. Distance one mile and three quarters. Cora Linn took the lead and won very easily. It was a very slow race. The sixth race was a match of \$500 a side, between Mr. Belmont's Gray Planet and Mr. Lorillard's Girl of the Period. Distance half a mile. Gray Planet took the lead and won easily by several lengths. This was a ridiculous distance for four year olds; mile heats would have tested the respective stamina of the horses, and made the match interesting to the outside public. The seventh race was the Handicap Steeple Chase. Purse of \$800. Distance about two miles and a quarter over a heavy hunting course. Five horses started. This was a very exciting race, and the public took especial interest in it, owing partly to the novelty and the chance of an accident. The horses jumped the hurdles in good style, Mary Clark leading, followed by George West and Bibakiba, but on getting to the top of the hill, to the right of the stand, she seemed exhausted, and on going down the steep decline, George West came to the front, the little mare recovering herself, closed on George West, and they both jumped the last hurdle together. George West was too fast for the "little gray" on the flat, and finally won a most exciting race without accident of any kind by a length.

—The American Jockey Club held the last day of the autumn meeting at Jerome Park, Fordham, on October 18th. The weather was cloudy and threatening, which tended to keep many persons from visiting this beautiful course; as it was, the attendance was very fair, the racing was in every respect satisfactory and closed as handsome a fall meeting as was ever witnessed at Jerome Park. The first race was a dash of a mile and one-eighth for maiden three year olds. There were four entries all of which came to the post. They got away with a good start, Carribou in the lead, McDaniel's filly next. This order was soon changed as Periwinkle went to the front, and was never caught, and won by four lengths in 1-17½. The second race was a dash of three quarters of a mile for two year old maidens. There were five entries. After another good start Macaroon and Weathercock were neck and neck on the lead. Macaroon hard held, won by four lengths in 2-03½. The third race was a full handicap of one mile and five furlongs. There were nine entries, Mr. Sandford scratching Mate at the last moment. After several false starts the flag fell to an even send off. Lizzie Lucas went to the front and made the pace very fast; on the lower turn Shylock and Merodac were together, which resulted in a splendid race for home, Shylock lasting the longest, and won by half a length, Merodac second, time 2-56½. The fourth race was for a purse of \$1,000. Distance two miles and three quarters. There were three entries, but Mr. Sandford having withdrawn Preakness, the race was a match between True Blue and Katie Pease; the former giving the latter twenty-one pounds. Katie Pease made the running, but True Blue won the race easily in a hard gallop by eight lengths, time 5-10½. The fifth race, was a handicap sweepstakes for all ages, \$25 each with \$500 added by the club. There were

eight entries all of whom started. Distance one mile and a furlong. The start was one of Mr. Conner's best efforts. Quits, an outsider, made the running and won an exciting race by a length in 2-01. Kadi second. The last race of the meeting was a handicap hurdle race, entries free, about one mile and three quarters over a fair hunting course. The owners of the horses seemed disinclined to start them, owing to the weights being too heavy, but Mr. Wheatly, Secretary of the club, used his influence, and succeeded in getting the owners of Lochiel, Revenge, and Bibakiba to start their horses. At the fall of the flag Lochiel jumped off with the lead followed by Revenge, leaving Bibakiba standing at the post, the starter charging, however, that Murphy wilfully pulled the horse. Lochiel jumped the hurdles clean and well, and won by a dozen lengths. Murphy the jockey of Bibakiba, was expelled the course which includes expulsion from all race tracks in this country and Canada.

—The great race of four-mile heats at the Oakland Trotting Park, San Francisco, October, 18th, attracted fully 5,000 spectators, intense interest being centred on the performance of Joe Daniels as against California bred horses, Thad Stevens being the selected favorite. The race was for a purse of \$5,000, of which the winner received \$3,000, the starters being Joe Daniels, Ballot Box, Thad Stevens, Irene Harding, and Kate Gift. The start for the first heat was good, Joe Daniels winning it easily in 7-42½, each mile being run as follows: 1-58, 1-59, 1-56½, and 1-48½. For the second heat the horses got away well together, Joe Daniels leading for the first mile. In the second mile he was headed by Thad Stevens, who retained the lead, winning it in the extraordinary time of 7-30, Ballot Box second, Joe Daniels third, and Irene Harding fourth. The third and deciding heat was also won by Thad Stevens in 7-43, Joe Daniels second, Ballot Box third, and Irene Harding fourth. Thad Stevens' victory was received with tremendous applause, and there is already talk of sending him East. Careful observers who saw the race think that Joe Daniels will yet turn the tables on the California horses, it being plainly evident that he was short of work, and had not fully recovered from his journey.

The winner, Thad Stevens, was bred in 1865, and is by Langford out of Mary Chilton, she by imported Glencoe out of an American Eclipse mare: granddam Queen Mary, by Bertrand; Langford being by Belmont out of Liz Givens, she by imported Langford out of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy.

—The Maryland Jockey Club, have postponed the opening of their meeting until to-day, on account of the late storm, and heavy condition of the track.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Malchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Capreolus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Optryx Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scotopax musticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Curlew, <i>Numenius Arquat.</i>)
Esquimaux Curlew, <i>Numenius borealis.</i>)	Sandpipers, <i>Tringine.</i>)
	Pigeons, and all kinds of Wild Fowl

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—Wm. C. Prime, author of "I go a Fishing," has been at Paul Smith's, St. Regis Lake, Adirondacks, for two weeks past deer hunting.

—The farmers of Staten Island have warned all sportsmen by posters that they cannot allow shooting on their grounds.

—Mr. Richard Ramft and friend leave for Weldon, N. C., this week for quail and duck shooting. Several gentlemen leave for North Currituck, N. C., on Saturday next.

—We hear of several deer being killed last week on Long Island, in the vicinity of Islip, by members of the South-side Club, and one pair of antlers is credited to Recorder Hackett. We regret that the animals were run to water by dogs. A single trophy ought to be reward sufficient for a whole day's persistent stalking.

—Marriner A. Wilder, Esq., of this city, who is largely engaged in lumber manufacture in Nova Scotia, and is withal a veteran moose hunter, returned last week from a fortnight's sojourn on the Lower Raquette, Adirondacks, where he bagged three deer. We tender our thanks for a sample of the venison.

—The second annual fall gathering of the Blooming Grove Park Association took place on their grounds in Pike county, Pennsylvania, on the 16th inst., and continued three days. There was an attendance of some fifteen members and a goodly number of ruffed grouse were brought to bag. We understand that hounding deer has been prohibited at the Park.

—The season for quail shooting in New York State began October 20th, under the game law, and will continue until the 1st day of January. Quail are reported in considerable quantity in the vicinity of Rochester, and grouse and woodcock in abundance. Snipe have not been plentiful in that section, on account of the dry season, though a few are found near the marshes, exceptionally good bags having been made on the Brackett marshes a week ago. The birds are not distributed at all, and are found only in localities.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARL'ST'N.
	<i>h. m.</i>	<i>h. m.</i>	<i>h. m.</i>
Oct. 23.....	0 11	9 38	8 52
Oct. 24.....	0 52	10 21	9 36
Oct. 25.....	1 36	11 7	10 24
Oct. 26.....	2 24	morn.	11 17
Oct. 27.....	3 17	0 2	morn.
Oct. 28.....	4 15	1 1	0 15
Oct. 29.....	5 20	2 6	1 20

—The New Jersey Yacht Club held their second regatta (the first one being only a drifting race) on October 15th, which unfortunately terminated fatally. The yacht Julia (Commodore Morton), while on her return from the regatta, just opposite the PAVONIA FERRY, suddenly shot from behind a tow of canal boats in front of the ferryboat James Fisk, and was run down. On board the yacht there were the Commodore, Edward Morton, Mr. W. Shippen, Jr., W. Schroeder and Mr. Smith, all of whom were thrown into the water. The ferryboat was immediately stopped and life preservers were thrown out. Young Schroeder was struck on the head by the paddle wheel, but was not stunned sufficiently to prevent him from grasping one of them until rescued. Young Shippen was picked up by men in a small boat. Commodore Morton was nowhere to be found. He was undoubtedly struck by the paddle and drowned. The others were saved.

—Commodore Morton's body has been found, and has been taken to Newburg for burial.

—The Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Squadron submit the following report of the ocean regatta sailed on the 9th ult., for prizes presented by James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Commodore of the club.

The prizes offered were as follows, viz. :—

First—Prize of the value of \$1,000, to be sailed for by schooner yachts belonging to any organized yacht club, from an anchorage off Owl's Head, New York Harbor, to and around the lightship on Five Fathom Bank, off Cape May, N. J., and return to Sandy Hook Lightship.

Second—Three purses; one of the value of \$1,000 and two of the value of \$250 each, to be sailed for over the same course, upon the same day, and open to the following classes of vessels hailing from any port in the United States:

1. Pilot boats.
2. Working schooners of not less than 25 nor more than 300 tons, old measurement.
3. Schooner smacks.

In this race the first vessel arriving at the winning post to take a purse of \$1,000; the first vessel arriving of each of the other two classes to take a purse of \$250.

The entries were as follows, viz. :—

YACHTS.		
Name.	Owner.	Tonnage.
Enchantress.....	J. F. Loubat.....	276.16
Alarm.....	A. C. Kingsland.....	225.77
Clio.....	T. B. Asten.....	59.18
Eva.....	T. C. P. Bradhurst.....	77.50
Atalanta.....	E. Burd Grubb.....	77.50
Dreadnaught.....	William Astor.....	145.41
	A. B. Stockwell.....	240.00
PILOT BOATS.		
Widgeon, No. 10.....	New York Pilots.....	105.09
Hope, No. 1.....	New York Pilots.....	132.04
Edmund Blunt, No. 21.....	New York Pilots.....	—
C. H. Marshall, No. 3.....	New York Pilots.....	85.00
James W. Elwell, No. 7.....	New Jersey Pilots.....	165.00
Thomas S. Negus, No. 1.....	New Jersey Pilots.....	—
Mary E. Fish, No. 4.....	New Jersey Pilots.....	—
	New Jersey Pilots.....	—
WORKING SCHOONERS.		
Designating Letter.		
W. H. Van Name.....	A. W. H. Van Name.....	180.00
Reindeer.....	B. Captain Howard.....	140.06
Sharpshooter.....	C. P. M. Crossman.....	120.00
Racer.....	D. Eugene Howard.....	—
SCHOONER SMACKS.		
Wallace Blackford.....	E. H. C. Rodgers & Co.....	80.00

On the day appointed for the regatta the following vessels were at the anchorage prepared for the start:—

YACHTS.		
Name.	Owner.	Tonnage.
Enchantress.....	J. F. Loubat.....	276.16
Alarm.....	A. C. Kingsland.....	225.77
Clio.....	T. B. Asten.....	59.18
Eva.....	T. C. P. Bradhurst.....	77.50
Dreadnaught.....	E. Burd Grubb.....	77.50
	A. B. Stockwell.....	240.00
PILOT BOATS.		
Widgeon, No. 10.....	New York Pilots.....	105.09
James W. Elwell, No. 7.....	New Jersey Pilots.....	165.00
Thomas S. Negus, No. 1.....	New Jersey Pilots.....	—
Mary E. Fish, No. 4.....	New Jersey Pilots.....	—
Edmund Blunt, No. 2.....	New York Pilots.....	—
WORKING SCHOONERS.		
Designating Letter.		
W. H. Van Name.....	A. W. H. Van Name.....	180.00
Reindeer.....	B. Captain Howard.....	140.00
SCHOONER SMACKS.		
Wallace Blackford.....	E. H. C. Rodgers & Co.....	80.00

The preparatory signal was given at 3:02 P. M. The vessels were started at 3:12 P. M.

The person who was sent to Cape May to take the time of rounding the Five Fathom Bank Lightship was unable to board that vessel, because of the strong northeast wind and high sea prevailing, and no official time at that point can be given.

HOME TO THE LIGHTSHIP.

The time of arrival at Sandy Hook Lightship was as follows:

YACHTS.		
	<i>H. M.</i>	<i>A. M.</i>
Enchantress, October 11.....	6 49	A. M.
Dreadnaught, October 11.....	8 30	P. M.
Clio, October 12.....	1 22	A. M.
Alarm—not taken.		
Eva—not taken.		
PILOT BOATS.		
Thomas S. Negus, October 11.....	8 49	30 A. M.
Widgeon, October 11.....	12 33	30 P. M.
Mary E. Fish, October 11.....	7 40	00 P. M.
James W. Elwell, October 11.....	8 25	00 P. M.
Edmund Blunt, October 11.....	9 44	00 P. M.
WORKING SCHOONERS.		
W. H. Van Name, October 11.....	10 52	00 P. M.
Reindeer—not taken.		
SMACKS.		
Wallace Blackford, October 11.....	11 44	00 P. M.

THE WINNERS.

The prizes are awarded as follows:—
The Yacht prize to Enchantress.
The \$1,000 purse to pilot boat Thomas S. Negus.
One \$250 purse to schooner William H. Van Name.
One \$250 purse to smack Wallace Blackford.
All of which is respectfully submitted.

FLETCHER WESTRAY,		Regatta Committee.
WILLIAM KREBS,		
E. E. CHASE,		
CHARLES A. MINTON.		

—The new schooner yacht Ibis, of the New York Yacht Club, bound around to Philadelphia last week, when off Bombay Point, Delaware Bay, lost her bowsprit, jib-boom, flying jib-boom, and all head gear, through stress of weather. She was taken in tow by the revenue cutter Hamilton.

—On the 22d of September Mr. Loubat, of the Enchantress, challenged Mr. Stockwell, of the Dreadnaught, to sail for the Cape May Challenge Cup on October 14th. The Dreadnaught did not make her appearance. At 12h. 13m. P. M. the Enchantress sailed over the course and claimed the cup, which was awarded to her by the Regatta Committee.

—The Meta vs. Vision yacht race, as to which is entitled to the prize, has not yet been decided; the judges cannot agree on a referee. Both yachts are laid up for the winter.

—The yachts Agnes, Columbia, Mariquita, Magic, and Undine are still in commission, and are at anchor foot of Court street, Brooklyn.

—The Neptunes, of Greenpoint, New York, and the Argonauts, of Bergen Point, New Jersey, rowing associations, held their fourth annual four oared scull race on Saturday, October 18th, for the championship of the Kill von Kull river. The Neptunes had previously won twice and the Argonauts once. The steamers Pleasant Valley, Josephine, Berbeck, &c., were loaded with guests, friends, and members of the different clubs. The Nassaus, Atalantas, Alcyons, Philadelphias, and other clubs sent several of their members; there were also present others who take a lively interest in this exhilarating pastime. The course was three miles straight away, from the can buoy to the lighthouse. There was some delay in starting, owing to the steering gear of the Argonauts getting out of order, and they had to run ashore to fix it. As the day was very chilly on the water, the Neptunes pulled around to keep themselves warm, and having shipped some water, owing to the swell of a passing steamer, they had also to row ashore. The shells now got into line, and were started very evenly by Commodore Brady, the Argonauts taking the water first and pulling a stroke of forty-one to the minute, the Neptunes pulling thirty-nine. When about three hundred yards had been rowed the Argonauts were two boat lengths ahead; after this both crews pulled pretty evenly for the first mile. It was evident to all that the Neptunes could not stand the pace, nor was there that uniformity of stroke or strength put into it that they had showed on previous occasions. The Argonauts were now five boat lengths ahead, and increasing their lead with every stroke, and on passing their club house, which was thronged with friends and gaily dressed with flags, an enthusiastic cheer was given as they saw they had won the champion flag of the river. The Argonaut's time was 15m. 49½s., the fastest on record, and about eight boat lengths ahead. The Neptune's time was 16m. 12½s. The shell of the Argonauts was built by Roahr. The Neptunes were coached by John Biglir, and rowed in a boat built by Elliott, of Greenpoint. Captain Ray, of the Neptunes, in handing the champion flag to President Warner, of the Argonauts, stated that although one of their men was sick, and the crew had rowed but seldom together, he must confess that the start was an excellent one, and they lost the race by being out-pulled. President Warner, in receiving the flag, made a neat but happy reply. The day's enjoyment ended by a supper given at the beautiful La Tourette House, and a dance at the club rooms. Next year will witness an exciting race, as the clubs stand even, both having won twice.

—The Yale College Navy held their annual autumn regatta on October 15th at Lake Saltounstall, some five miles from New Haven, on the Shore Line Railroad. The fine weather attracted a large number of non-boating students and their friends. The regatta was the best managed that the navy has held for several years. The first race was for shells, and two crews, not belonging to the college, entered as follows:—
Collegiate and Commercial Institute—W. P. Day, bow; W. P. Glover, H. G. Otis, C. C. Ford, T. G. Johnston, L. M. Dole, stroke. Colors, blue and white.
Hopkins Grammar School—W. A. Ransom, bow; H. H. Hostetter, M. Wilcox, J. E. Brainard, J. Wurts, J. A. Porter, stroke. Colors, blue.

The grammar school crew drew the inside, and the crews started a little after three o'clock. The institute crew took the lead at once, and kept it to the end, winning the race in 14m. 16½s. Grammar school crew, 15m. 23½s. The prize was six badges, valued at \$60; course two miles. The second race was for single sculls. The following entered:—
A. Wilcox, '74; N. Martin, '75; R. J. White, '76; W. C. Hall, scientific school, '75; T. A. Vernon, scientific school, '75. The colors of the first were white; second, blue; third, blue and white; fourth, magenta; and fifth, black.

Hall drew the first place, Martin second, Wilcox third, and Cook outside. The crews all started finely, and kept quite even for half a mile. On the return Wilcox led until nearly in, when Cook made a spurt and passed in ahead in 15m. 29½s.; Wilcox, 15m. 33½s.; Hall, 15m. 55½s.; Martin, 16m. 18½s.; Vernon, 17m. 17½s. Prize, the Southworth cup, valued at \$300. Course two miles.

Wilcox claimed that Cook fouled him at the stake boat. The contest was exciting and warm.

The third race was for barges. The entries were as follows:—
Class of '74—J. L. Scudder, bow; H. H. Chittenden, W. S. Halstead, W. K. Harrison, H. DeForest Weeks; J. N. Brown, stroke; D. C. Holbrook, coxswain. Colors, white.

Class of '75—C. L. Noyes, bow; J. W. Brooks, E. H. Benton, C. W. Cochran, H. J. McBirney; C. F. Cutler, stroke; G. Howard, coxswain. Colors, scarlet.

Class of '77—P. J. Wilson, bow; E. V. Baker, W. M. Barnum, C. H. Shelton, F. J. Stimson; A. W. Cole, stroke; J. M. Townsend, coxswain. Colors, magenta.

Scientific School, '76—A. E. Nichols, bow; W. M. Newhall, M. G. Nixon, C. A. Clafin, C. L. Brace; C. B. Rockwood, stroke; F. Wood, coxswain. Color, blue and white.

In this race the crew of '77 drew the inside, Scientific School next, and '75 outside. A fair start was made, but the contest narrowed down to the crew of '75 and the Scientific. The latter won, closely followed by '75. Time—Scientifics, 13m. 33s.; '75 crew, 13m. 42s.; '74 crew, 14m. 24½s.; '77 crew, 14m. 36½s. This is claimed to be the best barge time at this place. The course was two miles, and the prize six silver goblets.

The fourth and last race was a shell race. The following were the entries:—
Class '74—G. M. Gunn, bow; H. D. Bristol, G. E. Munroe, W. O. Henderson, J. A. R. Dunning; C. D. Waterman, stroke. Color, blue.

Class '76—H. W. DeForest, bow; F. N. Noyes, V. H. Metcalf, S. D. Harrison, D. H. Kellogg; R. J. Cork, stroke. Color, scarlet.

Scientific School—J. C. Webber, bow; W. R. Upham, G. L. Brownell, R. D. A. Parrett, J. Kennedy; F. Wood, stroke. Color, white.

The scientific crew withdrew on account of lack of practice. The '76 crew took the inside place, and the shells started about five o'clock. Both crews steered widely, '76 especially so. The '74 crew led two-thirds of the distance, but the '76 crew used the English stroke and won the race. Their time was 19m. 23½s.; '74 crew, 19m. 43½s. The distance was three miles, and the prize six gold badges.

—Joseph C. Cloud, the oarsman who started from Philadelphia some months since to row to New Orleans by canals and rivers, was found in his boat on the 16th inst., five miles above Plaquemine, La., in an exhausted condition, and died next day. His diary shows that he had been suffering with what he termed the "heavy shakes" for some days before his death. The only marvel is that he could have endured the malaria of the river bottoms so long without fatal results. Why didn't some humane person caution him about the river fever? We doubt whether whiskey had anything to do with determining his fate.

—The Palisades and Vesper crews, of Yonkers, will row an eight-oared barge race to-day. The steamer Virginia Seymour will leave Gas House Dock at 2:45 P. M.

—The Atalantas and Nassaus row a four-oared race this afternoon (Thursday) on the Harlem river. The Nassau crew comprises Messrs. Montgomery, Johnson, Brown, and Walker. The Atalanta crew—Dr. Withers, Speir, Blake, and Van Raden.

—In Portland Harbor, Me., last week, C. M. Henry, the present champion, rowed a race for a silver cup and the championship, against John Kennedy; distance two miles. Henry won in 16 minutes and 40 seconds.

BUFFALO, N. Y., October 16, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

The great rowing match between the Hibernian and Black Rock rowing clubs is lost and won.

The morning of the 11th, the day set down for the race, dawned clear and bright, but as the day wore on, it became more and more threatening, and at the hour appointed for the race a drizzling rain had set in. Nevertheless it attracted some five or six thousand spectators who lined the banks from the starting point to the stakeboats.

Both the crews bore the reputation of being first-class oarsmen, consequently the friends of each were sanguine their favorites would win.

The Black Rock crew won the choice of positions, and about fifteen minutes past three bore down the harbor and took their place opposite the judges' stand, shortly followed by the Hibernians.

The men in the contesting boats were as follows: Hibernians, Banshee crew; James Noonan, bow; Patrick Hurley, No. 2; William Jones, No. 3; Cornelius Donovan, stroke; boat, Wm. Weston.

Black Rock crew: Joseph Raymond, bow; Edward Powell, No. 2; Benj. Pfeiffer, No. 3; George Raymond, stroke; boat, P. P. Pratt.

At twenty minutes past three the word "go" was given, and the race began. The Black Rock crew took the water with a powerful stroke, before the word was fairly given, thereby having the advantage of a stroke or more. The "Banshees" started off nicely with a quick, powerful stroke of forty to the minute. At this time the greatest excitement prevailed among the spectators, and odds were freely offered on the Banshees, who seemed to gain steadily inch by inch upon their formidable antagonists. Now they are neck and neck, each fighting bravely for the advance, the friends of each cheering loudly as either gained the slightest advantage. At length the Banshees draw away slowly, and upon reaching the two mile stake-boat were fully twelve feet ahead. In making the turn they had the misfortune to get afoul the stake-boat, which gave the Pratts the advantage on the home stretch of five or six boat lengths. Nevertheless they did all they could to lessen the distance between them, and made a splendid pull over the balance of the course, gaining rapidly on the Pratts, who reached the judges' stand two boat lengths in advance.

The average weight of the Pratt crew was 169 pounds, and the time made by them was 26 min. 36½ sec. The Banshees' average weight was 148 pounds, and their time 36 min. and 44 sec.

The time made by both crews was remarkably good, and has seldom been beaten, as the course was two hundred feet over the required four miles.

J. C. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

COAST FISH. Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Spanish Mackerel, Weakfish, Squetang (Trout Otoli-Pike perch, *Lucioperca Americana*.)
 LAKES. Black Bass, (*Microporus nig* and *archigan*.) (two species.) Pickerel, (*Esox reticulatus*.)
 BAYS AND ESTUARIES. Striped Bass, Rockfish. (*Labrax lineatus*.)

—There is positively no striped bass fishing or any other fishing down the Bay, and all the boats come in "clean." On Saturday, Messrs. Clerk and Abbey took seven small bass after a most persistent trial of the Jersey flats and lower bay; but "what are these few among so many." At Hell Gate and the Little Gate business has fallen off, and squids glitter in the surging tide in vain. At Pelham bridge Henry Harbeck has beaten the game, we think, having made a very fair score the past week.

—Thomas S. Steel, an expert angler of Hartford, Ct. to whom we owe many favors, sends us the "paper patterns" of seven of the monster trout of Maine which were caught last summer and the year before in Mooselucmagantic Lake and the Rangely river. Their captors were R. G. Allerton, Dr. G. A. Mills, L. B. Reed, and Mr. Steele, and their weights in avoirdupoise were respectively as follows: 5 pounds, 2 ounces; 6, 7, 7½, 8½, and 10 pounds. As we shall have little more to report respecting trout fishing until the advent of spring, we can bring the subject to a no more graceful conclusion, especially as regards the wonderful waters of Maine, than by printing the following letter from C. Pennock, a guide well known to anglers on Rangely waters, and whose veracity is undoubted:

RANGELY, October 14th.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

On Lake Mooselucmagantic there has been dull fishing the last of this season. Kennebago Lake and the outlet at the foot of Rangely Lake have beaten everything for numbers and size. This fall I went up the stream Kennebago October 3d, with a gentleman from Boston and he caught thirty trout in two hours' time. They weighed 59 pounds. We met a party on the stream who caught twenty trout, one of them weighed 9½ pounds. October 6th I went up again with another party and caught a fine string, two of four pounds among them. Joseph Lamb, another guide, went up the next day with a stranger, and the two of them caught 75 pounds in just one hour; one of them weighed eight pounds. On the 10th I went up with a party and we caught twenty trout which would average two pounds each. The water was the highest that it has been this season. At the outlet and dam they have caught a great many trout and most of them large. They have caught twenty a day on an average, that would weigh four pounds each, for the past few days. Sammy Clark, another guide, caught in one day what fish he sold for \$10, and he sold them very low at that. Fishermen are plenty and will be until the season closes. Respectfully yours,
 C. PENNOCK.

—From the South we have received a pleasant letter. Our correspondent goes fishing from Savannah to Thunderbolt, and through Ossabaw Sound, and plies the line through many of the estuaries and water courses which interlace Southern Georgia below Savannah. Fish he gets in plenty, the sheeps-head, the whiting and the croaker, and not only did the fish bite, but also did the mosquitoes, represented as singing of nights like "a full brass band." Turtle too, did our correspondent find, a lordly aldermanic fellow of 175 pounds having been captured. No such exciting sport can be found as that the turtle affords. You spy him from afar off floating in the undulating surface of the water sometimes miles from the shore. Slowly, cautiously your boatman rows the skiff to the turtle; the least clumsy splash of an oar would disturb his siesta. At last you get behind him, and inch by inch you approach him. Then you stoop well over the bow, and turn your turtle. Ah! Turn him? It seems easy enough to say "turn him," but how do you do it? You bend down, leaning far over the bow of the boat, make both hands meet under his belly in the water and you lift Mr. Turtle clean out of the sea and tumble him backwards into your boat. It is surprising how light a turtle is in the water and what a dead weight he is when out of his element. No matter if he does struggle a little and dash his flippers at you, the only thing really to be afraid of is the barnacles which almost always grow on his sides and cut like knives into the arms and wrists when you hold him in your embrace. Of famous turtle catchers in the approved method, one who can turn a monster of any size and land him with such a clatter in the boat that you would think the frail bottom would come out, we give the palm to Captain Buckley of the steamer "Virgo." People fish in and around Savannah all the year round, and there is a certain bank, off Tybee Light, near the Light Ship, where bass are captured in quantity. There may be found in Savannah not only good fish but excellent company.

—Professor Uhler, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the causes of the disappearance of fish from Maryland waters, reports that all the rivers in the State are gradually filling with mud and sediment, carried into them from the cultivated soil by the rain and freshets. Rivers and mouths of rivers which less than fifteen years ago were navigable by large ships, can now barely accommodate small boats. The only remedy, according to Professor Uhler, is to require the farmers whose lands border on the rivers to plant grass and vines alongside the shore to prevent the freshets from washing away the soil.

The following extract of a letter from Dr. Wm. F. Clerk, the artist, will be read with especial interest by the numerous friends of himself and his genial brother, Andrew Clerk, of Maiden Lane. It is written from the river Esk, in England, September 29th:

"I am still at Metal Bridge. While the river was in condition I was tolerably successful in salmon fishing, having landed ten salmon, two of which weighed twenty pounds each; this for a short time on an English river is considered great fishing. The Esk, however, is a small stream, frequently out of condition either in flood or when low, as it is now. In

the latter condition the pools are full of salmon. In many of them they are lying as numerous as they ever were in the Grand pool at Grand river in Canada, and not confined to one pool, but everywhere they abound. I have seen over two hundred salmon leap in one pool during part of an afternoon. Mr. Parton, the artist, is now with me, but he is getting tired of this quiet place, and I suppose will leave for London. I think I shall wait a little for the fishing, which is said to be best during October. This house is exceedingly comfortable. I have an excellent bedroom and parlor, well furnished, and the table is everything I could wish for; the people are very attentive and get whatever I wish for, and the expense is very moderate indeed—less than I have paid anywhere during my wanderings in Scotland. Mr. Parton and I visited Gretna Green yesterday. There is nothing remarkable about the locality; the small brook or river Sark there divides Scotland from England. There is no village—only a farm house, which was formerly in stage coach days an inn, and a toll-gate. The weather here is at present very fine, and exactly like the Indian summer in America. There is the same hazy atmosphere and the same spider webs floating in the air. The popular sports here are otter hunting and coursing hares.

Athletic Pastimes.

The cricket field, foot of North street, Hoboken, last week was rendered lively by a couple of interesting contests, in which the players from our metropolitan clubs took part. On Thursday, October 16th, a one inning game was played between an eleven of the Manhattan Cricket Club and a mixed fifteen representing the Knickerbocker Base Ball Club, and on Saturday the 18th a one inning match was played for the benefit of Smith and Brewster, the two professionals of the St. George and Staten Island Clubs, in which an eleven of the St. George Club were opposed to an eleven including players of the Manhattan, Staten Island, Prospect Park, and Jersey City Clubs, those of the latter organization having nearly all joined the Manhattan Club.

The game on Thursday was quite an enjoyable affair and to the surprise of the cricketers it resulted in favor of the base ball players' side, the Manhattan eleven evidently taking things too easy, not a safe thing to do in a cricket match. It was the intention to play eighteen of the ball players, including Mr. Chadwick, who has always played in the cricket games of the Knickerbocker Club, against an eleven of the Manhattans, but as the ball players did not muster in force the Manhattans allowed them to have the assistance of Brewster, Hayward and Talbot to the bat. These three only added ten runs to the save, and as they did not arrest in the field the credit of the victory as really chiefly due to the ball players. The latter went to the bat first at 2:30 p. m., and they availed themselves of the rather loose fielding and easy bowling of the Manhattans to the extent of serving fifty-three for ten wickets. Afterwards the three cricketers went in to assist them and when the 14th wicket fell seventy-seven runs had been scored, of which Heyward made seven and Brewster three only. Of the ball players Ben Kirkland battled well for twelve marked by a four hit, and Goodspeed ran up eleven in short order. Van Nest and Fryatt contributed eight each, Hecksher getting an average seven and Chubb six. Of the bowling Tucker took the majority of wickets, several catches being missed off Ronaldson's bowling. Ratty took four wickets and then was taken off, the ball players beginning to take liberties with him. At 4, p. m., the Manhattans went in to run off that seventy-seven, a task they regarded as quite easy; and the way they began to hit the bowling of Fryatt and Bucklin looked as if they would lead their opponents score with the loss of about four or five wickets. After Marsh had got eleven and the score had been run up to twenty-eight Fryatt got in on his stumps, and just at this time Chadwick took Bucklin's place in the bowling, and he and Fryatt got in together so well in the bowling that the wickets began to fall in a very rapid manner. In fact after Ronaldson's retirement for twenty-six—he having had two lives given him by dropped fly balls—not a man could get even an average score, the final result being the fall of the tenth wicket for fifty run, three less than the ten ball players of the other side had scored, Fryatt taking four wickets and Chadwick six. The victory was fully enjoyed by the Knickerbockers, and they propose duplicating it on Saturday next, provided the weather is favorable. The full score below gives the details:

KNICKERBOCKER.		MANHATTAN.	
Van Nest, b. Henry.....	8	Ronaldson, c. Chubb, b. Fryatt..	28
Brisbane, run out.....	2	Marsh, b. Fryatt.....	11
Hecksher, c. Henry, b. Ronaldson..	7	H. Tucker, b. Chadwick.....	0
Fryatt, b. Henry.....	8	Ruthers, c. B. Kirkland, b. Chadwick..	0
B. Kirkland, b. Tucker.....	12	Greig, b. Chadwick.....	3
Buckland, b. Ronaldson.....	0	Lewis, b. Chadwick.....	4
Kirkland, b. Henry.....	0	Beattie, b. Fryatt.....	0
Rogers, c. Tucker, b. Greig.....	3	Meares, c. Rodgers, b. Chadwick..	1
Chubb, b. Greig.....	6	Rishop, c. A. Kirkland, b. Chadwick..	0
Ollwell, b. Greig.....	0	Perryman, not out.....	0
Chadwick, b. Tucker.....	3	Evans, b. Fryatt.....	0
Goodspeed, b. Tucker.....	11	Byes, 2; wide, 1; no balls, 2.....	5
Talbot, b. Tucker.....	0	—	—
Brewster, not out.....	7	Total.....	50
Heyward, run out.....	7		
Byes, 3; leg byes, 1; wides, 2; no balls, 1.....	7		
Total.....	77		

Umpires—Messrs. Talbot and Roche. Time of game, two hours and fifty minutes.

FALL OF WICKETS.
 Knickerbocker—7 12 27 28 33 44 46 53 59 59 67 77.
 Manhattan—23 31 35 40 49 49 50 50 50.

The following is the bowling score:—

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
MANHATTAN.				
Ronaldson.....	36	6	2	2
Ratty.....	36	31	0	4
Greig.....	27	20	0	5
Tucker.....	24	16	0	4
KNICKERBOCKER.				
Bucklin.....	18	11	0	0
Fryatt.....	56	23	1	4
Chadwick.....	35	10	2	6

Good catches were made by the brothers Kirkland, Rodgers, and Chubb, and by Ratty and Tucker.

On Saturday, the day of the benefit match, the weather

proved very inauspicious, heavy clouds threatening rain every hour. In consequence the attendance of spectators on the occasion was very small, and the pecuniary results unsatisfactory. The game began shortly after noon, the St. George eleven going to the bat, Smith and Bance being their first representatives, the latter having but recently returned from a trip to Europe. Before these two were parted the score had been run up to twenty-one, of which Smith put on ten marked by a three and a two, Harcombe being his successor. Ronaldson and Hosford opened the bowling and they were both well on the wickets at first, but when Harcombe got in the bowling had to be changed, Brewster and Greig going on. Before Bance left he had run up a good eighteen, in which two threes and three twos were prominent, his wicket falling for forty. Moeran joined Harcombe, and together they ran the score up to sixty-four, Harcombe contributed twenty-five in handsome style, marked by two beauties for four each, and a three and a two. Moeran added sixteen, in which a three and three twos were noteworthy, and afterwards Grainger added ten, a three and a two being a good share of it. The fifth wicket fell for seventy-eight, but as the others did not add average scores the last wicket went down for eighty-six, eight additional runs only for the last five wickets. The bowling score of the innings showed the appended result:

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Hosford.....	24	5	2	3
Ronaldson.....	73	19	2	2
Greig.....	66	22	3	1
Brewster.....	142	38	7	4

The Field team went to the bat at 2, p. m., Hosford and Lewis going in to the bowling of Smith and Jones. Eight runs were scored before the first wicket fell, but afterwards wicket after wicket fell for small additions to the score, Kersley being the only player who made an average score, his eleven being the score of the innings. This gave the game to the St. George eleven. As there was no time to play the game out the St. George went in again but did not complete half their second innings, the play under such circumstances being of no account. The bowling score of the innings was as follows:

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Smith.....	74	11	4	4
Jones.....	66	15	4	4
Moeran.....	12	4	0	1

A fine catch was made by Talbot off Outerbridge's bat, and good catches were made in the same by Greig, Marsh, Outerbridge, Smith, Grainger, and Jones. The score of the innings, which decided the game was as follows:

ST. GEORGE.		FIELD ELEVEN.								
Smith, b. Ronaldson.....	10	Hosford, c. Grainger, b. Jones....	6							
Bance, c. Greig, b. Ronaldson.....	18	Lewis, b. Smith.....	2							
Harcombe, b. Brewster.....	25	Ronaldson, b. Jones.....	2							
Moeran, c. Outerbridge, b. Brewster..	16	Dexter, c. Smith, b. Jones.....	0							
Brewster.....	16	Kersley, b. Jones.....	11							
Jones, b. Greig.....	1	Greig, b. Smith.....	3							
Grainger, b. Hosford.....	10	Marsh, run out.....	0							
Lenman, c. Marsh, b. Hosford.....	0	Meakin, not out.....	1							
Bowman, l. b. w. b. Brewster.....	0	Outerbridge, c. Talbot, b. More-Gordon, b. Hosford.....	0							
Sleigh, b. Brewster.....	2	McDougall, b. Smith.....	3							
Talbot, not out.....	2	Brewster, c. Jones, b. Smith....	2							
Wides.....	2	Leg byes.....	3							
Total.....	86	Total.....	33							
Fall of wickets.....	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10									
St. George.....	21	40	64	65	78	82	82	82	82	86-86
Field.....	8	10	10	13	20	23	27	28	31	33-33

Umpires—Messrs. McKean and Heyward.
 Time of game—3:10.

The base ball championship for 1873 may be said to have been settled, as it is almost a certainty now that the Boston Club will win. They have but to win two more games to render it impossible that the Philadelphia Club can win, and as in the five games named to be played this week, two more with the Washington and one with the Baltimores, their ultimate success is assured. The second, up to Oct. 20th, is as follows:

Clubs.	Games Played.	Won.	Lost.	Yet to Play.
Boston.....	49	36	13	5
Philadelphia.....	48	33	16	6

In order that the Philadelphians may win they will have to win all the games they yet have to play and the Baltimores to lose all but one of all they have to play. The struggle for the third position is between the Baltimore, Mutual and Athletic Clubs, the record up to Oct. 21st, standing as follows:

Clubs.	Games Played.	Won.	Lost.	Yet to Play.
Baltimore.....	48	27	21	6
Mutual.....	48	24	24	6
Athletic.....	45	23	22	9

The Baltimores have a winning lead for the third position, but as the Athletics have the most games to play, they may pull up; at present it looks as if the Mutuals would be fifth. In the amateur arena the Chelseas won the Island championship last week, they having defeated the Nassaus, Nameless, Amity Union, &c., of Brooklyn, in two games out of three.

The Silver Stars are the amateur champions of New York City.

Art and Drama.

THE ruin that has overwhelmed Wall street these last weeks is gradually affecting every department of business. Generally, financial depressions are met with increased theatrical patronage, "but this time" forms an exception to the rule. From all quarters the "revolving stars" that rotate in their professional tours back to our metropolis, speak gloomily of the difficulty of getting together paying houses in our country towns. That is, well regulated and established routines are making fair remuneration, but the "side shows," however deserving of patronage, are almost totally neglected. There must be something deeper than appears on the surface for this strange phenomenon. People discouraged and desperate, rush to places of amusement for momentary excitement. In the panic 'of 37 the playhouses in New York were constantly crowded. In '57 the same thing was the case. In revolutionary times, in its darkest days, dramatic representations seem to relieve the people of sad thoughts, and divert them at least for the hour. But under our present anomalous monetary derangement, it is not severe to the extent of making the masses hopeless; enough is left to encourage the "most ruined" that with economy fortune may

be regained, and the mimic stage is for the nonce dismissed. It is a good sign socially, though bad for the players.

In New York, however, the stagnation and loss that is settling down on a majority of our theaters may be heightened by commercial pressure, but this catastrophe has been merited by the imprudence of managers and carelessness of capitalists. In all this great city, a refined and highly cultivated family, a family sensibly fond of dramatic representations, can only with difficulty find a place of amusement where its members will not be offended by bad taste and scenic display.

In this "flurry," our metropolitan "show-houses," for that is the proper name, must suffer. Some of them will probably go down altogether in the gale, and they should. The real history of the Lyceum theatre is a chapter of disappointments. No one can say it was wanted. It filled no place, supplied no demand. Its management never had any plan, and the only resource left, scenic representations, had so cloyed upon the public eye that the building was not filled even on the night of its opening. The Grand Opera House is another great mistake, a magnificent dramatic temple built in a wilderness, and as unapproachable to the mass of our citizens as if surrounded by a swamp. Then its size gives the different extremest parts of the interior a gloomy, ghostly, unsociable look that chills and depresses. The players on the stage from remoteness and from want of ability never get nearer the audience than groups of moving men, seen on shore by the passengers of a passing steamer. Here again are no resources but sensation and scenery.

Wallack's little theatre, corner of Broadway, small from necessity and not from design, was always crowded. "How is the Winter Garden to-night?" would be a current inquiry, and although that great barn was well filled, yet acres of empty seats only impressed the beholder that it was "poorly attended." "How is Wallack's?" "Crowded, crowded." Just so, Wallack's is the place. The "little handbox" had almost as much to do with its good reputation as did its excellent actors. It is in the wind that all of our "large buildings" are suffering, and that all along the line of a group, under the charge of one manager, discontent and a black future threatens.

The commercial history of theatres shows that not half the established theatres are profitable, and that a manager who undertakes to run more than one invariably fails. What is to become of one who dares to hold four, among them that elephant, the Grand Opera House? The fragments must soon be seen flying in the air. The pressure in Wall street will not be the author of this explosion; it follows on the footsteps of all vain men, who achieving a great success in a legitimate way, conceive that they can defy all precedents and work miracles. Let all attempted monopolies go under. It is better for the general public. In this connection the statement that Clara Morris has left the "Daly Troupe," will have a marked effect in more directions than at first supposed. Mr. Daly loses a popular actress who has been made by his undoubted tact in putting his "society plays" on the boards. This excellent management was the setting that brought to Miss Morris her wealth of popularity. Can she succeed well, then, upon her own resources, and relieved of the glamour and enticing glare of the Fifth Avenue stage, a stage in which upholstery, fine dresses, and fashion did so much to delude the dazed audience into the idea they were really witnessing high, genteel comedy, when it was little else than Clara's tears, and a fashionable opening of the fall fashions? We shall watch the result carefully and add a new confirmation to our old experiences.

We want a playhouse, genteel, patronized by refined and intelligent people, where we can hear popular music, where we can go and be amused for an hour or so, where we are not, as at the Grand Opera, "hung by the gills" to the prima donna and the tenor, and if inattentive or without gloves, are expected to feel that we are considered out of place, and told by looks and grimaces that we don't appreciate music, and all that sort of *dilettanti* nonsense. We want our popular music all the season through; we suppose fashion will sustain the grand opera through the subscription nights. Seats must be taken because they have been paid for, but music for the masses, if a success will be a necessity, a permanent institution. The fact that so many persons this last summer went up town, and suffered so many inconveniences to listen to Thomas' concerts, is argument enough to convince the most sceptical that we want a popular music establishment in the centre of our densest population. Whoever has faith and capital to start one, will be favored with great success and consequently great fortune.

The "Geneva Cross," judging from the crowded audiences that assembled at the Saturday's matinee, is increasing in popularity. To the Germans it is evidently a source of delight, while all nationalities, save the French, are charmed with the manner it is put upon the stage. Miss Etyng is the centre of attraction. We regret that she has not a better opportunity to display herself in the softer and joyous scenes of dramatic life. The cares and sacrifices growing out of a loved country suffering under the foot of a conqueror; the scanty food and neglected dress of a military prison, are not the true field for her many graces; but difficult and unrewarding as her part is, she never forgets its dramatic claims, and maintains it with most consistent action to the end.

The announcement that on Monday, 27th inst., Mr. Lester Wallack will appear at his own theatre, causes a flutter among the old patrons of that house. It will be a relief indeed to witness an old English comedy, and look over the intelligent and fashionable audiences that will assemble to

greet a manager who has throughout his managerial career made good acting the feature of his establishment.

The irrepressible Barnum has found a vacant square on Madison avenue, which he has covered entirely over with a series of tents, and opened one of the largest shows that ever found place in this city, or anywhere else, that we know of. In spite of the prevailing storm, the seats were crowded with a highly respectable audience. The menagerie, which is very fine, is of more than usual interest, from the fact that as far as possible, on exhibition, it is arranged in scientific order. The street show on Broadway, Tuesday, created both interest and amusement from its queer mixture of the absurd and grotesque, with redeeming points of decided interest. The automaton gymnasts were greeted with hearty applause, and as they resembled so nearly the presumed to be human beings dressed in tinsel and paint, many honest people will never know the "other from which."

Mr. Daly has opened the Grand Opera House with prices reduced to a specie paying basis. The very excellent play of the kind, "Under the Gaslight," with reasonable charges for admission, promises success.

The Marczek troupe has closed its season at the Grand Opera House. At the Academy the Strakosch company continue their presentations. Salvini maintains his popularity, and every time he appears in a theatre he is more thoroughly understood and appreciated. His appearance in "Sullivan" would never be translated to mean "David Garrick" but so it is. We presume if "David" could come to life and witness the performances of Southern and Salvini as his "double," he would pray to fate to put him back in his "little bed."

BOSTON, October 21st.

Our theatres are well patronized despite the money panic. We have Booth at the Boston, our single star, but one of the first magnitude. We miss the elegant and cheerful Globe, which was burned last spring, and there is some talk of its being rebuilt. The Museum has an excellent stock company, and plays the standard dramas with good appointments and superior talents. The Howard is a variety show just now the home of the sock and buskin, with Studley's thrilling drama of "Buffalo Bill," a wonderfully realistic and almost pre-Raphaelite picture of Western life. The natural and unstudied blank verse of the frontier speech, the attire and ornaments of the forest maiden, even to the minutest earring and oxidized bracelet, are reproduced with the fidelity of a Buntline or an Emerson Bennett. It only needs the presence of a horse car or a balloon to make the entranced spectator fancy himself transported to the boundless prairies of the Far West. J. J. R.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

THE WAYS OF WOMEN.—In their physical, moral, and intellectual relations. By a medical man. New York: John P. Jewett & Co., No. 5 Dey street.

The name of this old publishing house, so long a household word in the book trade of New York and Boston, will be remembered with pleasure. J. P. Jewett has many friends who will welcome his re-appearance as one of the publishers of good books. The "Ways of Women" appears in a most fitting garb, with which the most fastidious can find no fault. The inside letter-press is every way worthy of the rich binding in which it is enclosed. As its title implies, it is devoted to the gentler sex, and will be read with special interest and advantage.

THE CHRONOTYPE. New York American College of Heraldry and Genealogical Registry: No. 7 University Place.

This elegant monthly journal, issued by the American College of Heraldry of New York, affords facilities for those families having a history to perpetuate such memorials as they may possess of value to themselves and of interest to the refined and cultivated, and embracing such history of places, persons and events as may be connected with their lineage. Such matters, carefully selected, will be found from month to month in the columns of *The Chronotype*. In typography there is no magazine of the day that surpasses it. In a literary point of view it is superb, and we heartily commend this journal to our readers. Our old friend, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, is just the man to preside over such a work. In his hands its character will be fully sustained.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE. By Francis Elliot. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a lively, true picture of the "old gay days" of court life. The times of Louis XIII pass in review again in this charmingly told story. These were indeed the historical days of Henry Quatre, Gabriella d'Estaces, of Louis de Lafayette, and the varied and romantic life of Mademoiselle de Montpensier; a true life picture of the olden times, with all its fitting memories graphically illustrated with drawings. The reader has in these pages the sayings and doings, the lives, intrigues and amusements of those remarkable personages who composed the ancient *regime* of La Belle France in a voluptuous and exciting age.

In picturing these personages the author has done himself much credit, we think, in confining himself to the historical language of the personages themselves, using their own language as far as possible to express the ideas of the times. Many of the characters are so well placed before the reader that, like the personages in an old finely painted picture, they seem about to step forth from their frames, so true to the life are they drawn. This is just the book for a present for the coming holidays.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM D. APPLETON & CO.

NINA'S ATONEMENT. A novel. MIND AND BODY. By Bain. FROM CARTER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

SHE SPAKE OF HIM. Recollections of Mrs. Denning. **FANNY'S BIRTH-DAY GIFT.** By the author of the "Bessie Books."

TRUFFLE NEPHEWS. By Rev. P. B. Powers.

THE LITTLE CAMP. By the author of the "Wide Wide World."

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The first number is a model of typographical neatness, and its contents are sufficiently varied and interesting to secure for the paper a cordial reception from that class of the public to whose taste it caters.—[New York Times.

It is a handsome sheet of sixteen large pages, and is filled with a variety of very interesting reading.—[New York Sun.

There is need for a new advocate to make the American people more in love with outdoor life, and FOREST AND STREAM promises to do the work admirably. The various departments are edited with knowledge and skill.—[New York Journal of Commerce.

The publication of a new sporting journal, FOREST AND STREAM, is another evidence of the increasing love of our people for the sports of the field and athletic exercise. There is every evidence that good fortune awaits the new-comer. That this should be so is a source of congratulation.—[New York Express.

The first number promises well, and its prepossessing appearance is no slight confirmation of its claim to a high and manly tone in its conduct.—[Home Journal.

It is tastefully arranged and handsomely printed, and seems to be well adapted to persons of cultivated tastes.—[New York Tribune.

Mr. Hallock is an enthusiastic sportsman, a good writer, and competent to make a "sporting paper" fit for household reading.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

We commend with special earnestness the claims of FOREST AND STREAM to favorable attention.—[The South.

We may safely predict its success.—[New Orleans Home Journal.

It is neat as to typography and varied and interesting as to contents.—[Hartford Times.

The matter of the sample number is both appropriate and interesting.—[Brooklyn (E. D.) Times.

It is a necessary publication, and we welcome its birth with open arms. It occupies its own position, intruding upon no pre-occupied ground, but it is an elevated position. To sportsmen of the gun and fishing-rod it will be invaluable.—[Brooklyn Review.

Got up in a handsome manner, both as to presswork and arrangement of contents.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

It is decidedly the most *recherche* thing of the kind ever issued in this country, and so far as we know is the peer of anything similar in England. All its departments show a practical and intellectual filling up which challenges general favor.—[Germantown Telegraph.

Judging by the number before us we can unhesitatingly recommend the FOREST AND STREAM to all who take an interest in out-door recreation and physical culture. It will no doubt merit the patronage of our sporting gentlemen.—[Every Evening, (Wilmington, Delaware).

The terms are very reasonable for such a large and necessarily expensive paper. We commend it to our sportsmen friends most heartily. We like the ring of its editorials, evidently written by the true lover of nature in its multiplied and beautiful forms.—[Niagara Falls Gazette.

There is a standard of excellence and usefulness not yet attained by any sporting paper in the country, and FOREST AND STREAM will find its success at the top of the ladder.—[New York Graphic.

It covers ground not occupied by any other journal.—[Waterloo (New York) Observer.

Sincerely hope it will live long and prosper. It certainly deserves success.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Health, longevity, and happiness largely depend upon such open air pursuits, and a journal like this is the best means to effect the object.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

I hope you will meet with entire success in your project. My days of active life in the field and forest have gone by, but I recall my experience with pleasure, and I feel that I owe my health in a good degree to early habits of free exercise in the open air in forests and along our streams.—[Horatio Seymour.

There is a demand for just such a paper as this. It will give me very great pleasure, indeed, to do all I can to help your journal.—[Professor S. F. Baird, Smithsonian Institute.

I have no doubt that FOREST AND STREAM will have a large circulation. Consider me a subscriber.—[George A. Boardman, Naturalist.

Such a journal, conducted upon the principles and with the spirit which you announce, will certainly find warm support.—[Rev. J. Clement French.

I have no doubt you will make it a marked success.—[Hon. J. D. Catton.

I wish you the best sort of success in your effort to make a journal of out-door sports such as a gentleman can read and write in.—[Charles D. Warner.

I doubt not it will be a great success. It is wanted, and must be called for.—[Major John H. King, U.S.A.

I have long wished just such a journal to receive into my family, that my boys may learn from a better teacher than myself the best way in which to follow the sports that in years past have given me so much pleasure.—[Henry W. Abbott, Boston.

Under your management it ought to be a success.—[W. H. Yennig, Inspector Marine and Fisheries, Canada.

You shall have all the aid and comfort I can give you in your enterprise.—[Com. L. A. Beardslee, Washington Navy Yard.

I must congratulate you on the very attractive appearance of your paper. Keep it up to the standard you have marked out for it, and it will become an assured success.—[Rev. Charles F. Deems.

Nothing but the exigencies of my roving life have prevented me from starting, or trying to start, just such a journal as yours. You shall have my hearty co-operation.—[Professor Elliott Coues, Smithsonian Institute. Your paper is just what we have long wanted, and will take well in the Southern States.—[Dr. R. P. Myers, Savannah, Ga.

The editorial matter, the contributions, and the make-up and general appearance of the paper are just such as Fishrod and Nimrod admire.—[Genio C. Scott.

I am glad to hear of your literary enterprise. It will give me pleasure to put you, or any one else representing the FOREST AND STREAM, in the way of getting information for your paper.—[Andrew H. Green, Comptroller, and Central Park Com'r.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognized medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognized throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the Agriculturist newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home," and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous Cervus family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even clamor for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a live paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

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The Remington Rifle won Twenty-two out of Twenty-three Prizes at the Creedmoor Meeting, June 21, 1873.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1873.

Volume I, Number 12.
103 Fulton Street.

LEGEND OF "KILL DEVIL HOLE."

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

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

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

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

In vain! and with tearful misgivings,
Till darkness settles at last!
Eyes strained and swelled with long weeping
A messenger cometh at last—
A waif drifting slow in the eddy,
A form through the dusk dimly seen—
Drifting slow, with a chuckle and ripple,
Like cadences soft of Undine.

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

The wind sweepeth by with a flurry,
And swiftly the wild waters roll;
But neither winds or waves shall efface,
The legend of "Kill Devil Hole."

—Hallock's Fishing Tourist.

The Matches at Creedmoor.

—The third competition for the *Turf, Field and Farm* Challenge Badge, presented by the Messrs. Bruce, took place at Creedmoor on Saturday last, under the same conditions as heretofore—that is, the competitors were required to fire five rounds at 200 yards, off hand, using rifles weighing less than ten pounds, with a trigger pull of not under three pounds, the hits on the bull's eye (eight inches square) counting four, on the centre (two feet square) counting three, and on any other part of the target (six feet by four) counting two, the highest possible score, therefore, being twenty. The badge has to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner, and has been won before by Capt. J. Bodine with a score of 17; Capt. Geo. W. Wingate, score 18; J. T. B. Collins, score 16. In this instance Mr. L. C. Ballard, of Yonkers, was the winner, his score being 16. Capt. Wingate came very near getting it for the second time, scoring 14 in four shots, tying the winner on every shot but one, when a defective cartridge which dropped the bullet within fifty feet, scored him a round 0 and destroyed his chances.

As has been before remarked, the military rifles were found to shoot with full as much accuracy as the fine sporting weapons, the second and third highest scores being made with them. It was noticeable also how fatal to extreme accuracy is the possession of honors, or even the strong probability of winning them. Mr. Collins, the former holder of the badge, although recognized as one of the steadiest shots on the range, seldom or never averaging less than 15, only scored 14. Gen. Meserole, who had made five consecutive bull's eyes just before the match, only made 15. McMillan, who had recently scored 17 and 18 several times, only made 16. Baker, who won the Adjutant General's prize in the recent State competition, made but 14.

The total entries were forty-three, including most of the "champions." We were pleased to observe several non-commissioned officers and privates of the Regular Army, belonging to the Engineer Corps at Willet's Point, participating in the competition, and think that the effect of the army taking an interest in rifle practice cannot but be beneficial to all concerned. If all the Regular officers took the same interest in the subject as has been shown by General Abbot, Gen. Ord, Capt. King, and a few others, such occurrences as the Modoe war would seldom be heard of, and the desertions from the ranks would be greatly diminished.

The following is the score:

Name.	Arm.	Score.
L. M. Ballard.....	Remington sporting.....	3 3 4 2 4—16
B. Burton.....	Ward Burton.....	2 4 4 3 3—16
F. M. McMillan, 7th N. G.....	Remington military.....	2 2 4 4 4—16
J. E. McEwen.....	Remington sporting.....	3 2 4 4 2—15
A. Pyle, 79th N. G.....	Remington sporting.....	3 3 2 3 4—15
Ed. Browne.....	Sharpe sporting.....	3 3 2 4 3—15
N. Engel, 9th N. G.....	Remington military.....	3 3 4 3 2—15
A. Anderson, 4th N. J.....	Winchester.....	2 3 4 3 2—15
E. N. Sanford, 7th N. G.....	Sharpe sporting.....	3 3 3 3 3—15
Gen. J. V. Meserole.....	Maynard.....	3 3 3 3 3—15
Sergeant Collins, U. S. E.....	Springfield.....	3 2 3 4 4—14
Henry Fulton.....	Maynard.....	3 3 2 4 4—14
Leon Packer, 22d N. G.....	Remington military.....	3 3 2 3 3—14
J. L. Price, 7th N. G.....	Sharpe.....	3 3 3 3 3—14
J. T. B. Collins.....	Remington sporting.....	3 3 2 3 3—14
G. W. Wingate.....	Remington sporting.....	3 3 4 0 4—14
W. Robertson, 79th N. G.....	Remington military.....	3 2 2 4 4—13
A. Alford.....	Remington sporting.....	2 3 3 3 3—13
Sergt. Henderson, 9th N. G.....	Remington military.....	2 3 3 3 3—13
C. F. Robbins, 7th N. G.....	Ballard.....	3 3 2 3 3—13
J. Bodine.....	Remington sporting.....	3 2 3 3 3—13
H. A. Gildersleeve, 12th N. G.....	Remington sporting.....	2 2 3 3 3—12
Thomas Lloyd.....	Sharpe.....	2 2 3 3 3—12
A. V. Canfield, Jr., 22d N. G.....	Remington military.....	2 2 3 3 3—12
S. J. Kellogg, 23d N. G.....	Maynard.....	2 3 2 3 3—12
E. W. Price.....	Remington sporting.....	2 3 2 3 3—12
Richard Hickman, U. S. E.....	Springfield.....	2 3 2 3 3—12
S. R. Warner.....	Remington sporting.....	2 3 2 3 3—12
W. G. Burton.....	Ward Burton.....	4 2 0 2 4—12
J. R. Hitchcock, 9th N. G.....	Remington military.....	2 3 2 2 3—11
T. D. Mather.....	Remington military.....	2 2 2 3 3—11
T. B. Fish.....	Maynard.....	2 2 2 3 3—11
C. S. Fincke, 23d N. G.....	Remington sporting.....	2 2 2 3 3—11
Captain Ross, 79th N. G.....	Remington sporting.....	0 3 2 4 2—11
Robert Kelly, U. S. E.....	Springfield.....	3 2 2 2 2—11
Lieut. Herzman.....	Remington military.....	2 2 2 2 2—11
F. W. Linton.....	Remington military.....	3 2 3 0 2—10
Sergt. Turner, U. S. E.....	Springfield.....	2 2 2 2 2—10
Sergt. Phelan.....	Remington military.....	2 2 2 2 2—10
D. Cameron, 79th N. G.....	Remington sporting.....	2 3 2 2 0—9
L. C. Bruce.....	Maynard.....	2 2 2 2 0—8
Corporal Cavanagh, U. S. E.....	Springfield.....	2 2 2 0 0—6
Lieut. J. G. Story, 23d N. G.....	Remington military.....	3 0 0 0 2—5

*The sixteen made by Mr. Burton with the Ward Burton gun shows it to be an arm of great merit.

In a Sweepstake match which followed the *Turf Field and Farm* Badge, Messrs. A. Pyle, Seventy-ninth; Thomas Floyd, T. B. Collins, and C. L. Fineke, Twenty-third, won prizes.

A number of projects are on foot at Creedmoor. The Seventh are at work getting up a competition for the famous "stove-pipe battery," which created such a furore at their Saratoga encampment. This is intended to be open to all the companies, without limit as to the number of competitors, the company having the five best shots to be the winners. This renowned piece of ordnance is one of the heir-looms of the Seventh, and the struggle for its possession will cause as much excitement in their ranks as if it was worth \$2,000, instead of \$200.

Messrs. Remington & Co. are also getting up an additional prize in the shape of a "Diamond Badge," to be shot for at long range—that is, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. This is a project which speaks highly for the interest taken by this firm in the progress of the Rifle Association, for it is just what is needed to induce their members to take up long range practice.

The idea of these badges, such as the *Turf Field and Farm*, the Amateur Club, and that of Remington & Co. is very happy. They keep up a constant interest in the range, and not only make it popular but constantly develop good shots. A project is under discussion to build a club house at Creedmoor. The need of some accommodations is greatly felt, and Mr. H. C. Popperhusen has expressed an intention of erecting some structure on his property adjoining. Whether this will be in the shape of a large building or detached cottages is now under discussion; but the former plan is the more popular. At a conversation after the match, representatives from the Seventh, Ninth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Regiments, the Amateur Club, together with Mr. Bethel Burton, have expressed their willingness to hire rooms, if such a building should be erected.

The idea of having a match of the officers of the First and Second Divisions of the National Guard on Thanksgiving Day has been given up, the season being too late, and the calls upon the time of the officers of the Association during the recent match having been too engrossing to permit them to go into another this fall.

General Sialer is indefatigable in pushing the work on the range, and in a short time all the raised butts will be replaced by timber ones.

A number of the members are agitating the subject of putting up a "running man" by private subscription, the Association not being in funds at present to warrant the expenditure. This is a subject that directly concerns our gentlemen sportsmen, and they should take a hand in the matter. No mark can be prepared better calculated to train the eye and hand than to practice at the figure of a man moving at the rate of ten miles an hour, and we trust in the interest of good shooting, that the matter will not be allowed to rest until Creedmoor is provided with the necessary appliances for such practice.

Next Saturday, November 1st, the badge of the American Rifle Club will be shot for. This badge has been won twice by Captain John Bodine and once by Mr. J. P. M. Richards.

At the request of the various regiments we publish the score in detail of the winning teams at the late Grand Match held at Creedmoor on the 8th of this month.

FIRST DIVISION MATCH.—COMPETITION III.

Won by the Twenty-second Regiment Team.

	At 200 yards.	Total.	At 500 yards.	Total.	Grand Total.
Lieut. Horsfall.....	2 2 3 4 2	18	3 3 0 0 2	8	21
Lieut. Dunning.....	3 2 3 2 2	12	0 0 0 0 4	4	16
Sgt. Maj. Roux.....	3 3 3 3 3	15	2 2 3 3 3	13	28
Dr. Maj. Strube.....	3 3 2 2 3	13	4 2 0 4 4	14	27
Sgt. Murphy.....	2 2 4 2 3	13	2 0 0 3 4	9	22
Sgt. Maguire.....	3 2 3 2 2	12	0 2 0 0 3	5	17
Sgt. Freeman.....	3 3 2 3 4	15	3 2 2 3 3	13	28
Pvt. Backer.....	2 3 2 3 2	12	2 2 2 3 3	12	24
Pvt. Lockwood.....	3 4 2 2 3	14	0 0 0 0 0	0	14
Pvt. Barry.....	2 2 0 2 2	8	0 0 3 4 2	12	20
Pvt. Cocks.....	3 3 3 2 3	14	3 4 3 3 2	15	29
Capt. Harding.....	3 2 3 4 2	14	0 0 0 0 0	0	17

Arm, Remington.

155

108

263

RIDING ON A RAIL.—[If we have obtained our vernacular from Old England, even to retaining some of their obsolete words, some of their customs, stamped as Americanisms, can be traced back to its English source.—Ed.] "If a cases of conjugal infidelity be discovered in West Yorkshire—and it is almost sure to be discovered if it exist in such places—the 'lads of the village' will not neglect to avenge it. The offender's effigy will perhaps be paraded through the village and burnt at the culprit's door, amidst shouts of contempt and derision, two or three nights in succession; and in very flagrant cases the antiquated practice known as 'riding the steng' is resorted to. I have myself witnessed this practice within the last five years. The 'steng' is a long pole, upon which the offender is set astride, and marched shoulder-high through the village, anybody being at liberty to salute the victim with a missile as he is borne along. A man rarely remains in a place after having been subjected to this humiliating punishment, preferring to take his 'diminished head' to some remote region where he can live unknown. The feeling from which such practices as these were engendered has not yet departed from the races who inhabit West Yorkshire, and so long as it survives the morality of people must necessarily remain high.—*All the Year Round.*

SECOND DIVISION PRIZE.—COMPETITION IV.
Won by the Twenty-third Regiment Team.

	At 200 yards.	Total.	At 500 yards.	Total.	Grand Total.
Capt. C. J. Sands.....	2 3 2 2 0	9	0 0 3 0 0	3	12
Sgt. J. H. Frothingham.....	2 3 2 2 3	12	2 3 0 4 0	9	21
Sgt. A. Bunce.....	2 2 2 2 2	10	3 4 0 2 4	13	23
Pvt. J. M. Allen.....	2 3 2 2 2	11	0 0 0 2 2	4	15
Pvt. J. H. Sterns.....	2 2 2 3 3	13	0 0 0 2 2	2	15
Pvt. J. Hull.....	0 2 0 0 0	2			2
Pvt. S. J. Kellog, Jr.....	2 2 0 4 2	10	0 2 4 0 2	8	18
Jno Drummond.....	3 3 0 3 3	12			12
J. A. Atwater.....	0 3 2 3 3	11	2 0 2 0 0	4	15
D. N. Carrington.....	0 2 2 2 2	8	0 0 2 0 0	2	10
E. B. Ecker.....	2 4 3 2 2	13	0 0 0 3 3	3	16
R. B. Mallay.....	3 2 2 3 4	14	3 2 0 0 0	5	19
		125		53	178

ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL PRIZE.—COMPETITION V.

	At 500 yards.	Total.
Lieut. Horsfall.....	0 2 2 0 2 3 2	11
Lieut. Dunning.....	0 0 2 4 4 3 4	17
Sgt. Maj. Roux.....	3 2 4 3 3 3 0	18
Dr. Maj. Strube.....	0 4 4 4 3 4 4	23
Sgt. Murphy.....	0 0 4 2 2 0 3	11
Sgt. Magner.....	3 0 4 4 3 4 3	21
Sgt. Freeman.....	2 2 0 3 3 4 3	17
Pvt. Backer.....	3 4 3 2 3 4 2	21
Pvt. Lockwood.....	3 4 3 2 3 2 4	21
Pvt. Barry.....	0 0 3 0 3 0 0	6
Pvt. Cocks.....	3 3 3 2 4 3 3	21
Pvt. Carmichael.....	3 4 4 4 4 3 3	24
		211

Arm, Remington.

STATE PRIZE.—COMPETITION VII.
Won by the Twenty-second Regiment Team.

	At 200 yards.	Total.	At 500 yards.	Total.	Grand Total.
Lieut. Horsfall.....	2 4 2 3 3	14	4 0 2 2 2	10	24
Lieut. Dunning.....	2 2 2 3 2	11	4 0 0 0 0	4	15
Sgt. Major Roux.....	3 2 3 2 2	13	3 0 0 4 3	19	23
Dr. Maj. Strube.....	3 2 2 4 3	14	2 3 4 2 3	14	28
Sgt. Murphy.....	3 2 3 2 3	13	2 0 0 0 0	2	15
Sgt. Magner.....	3 3 3 2 3	14	4 2 3 3 4	16	30
Sgt. Freeman.....	3 2 2 4 0	11	3 2 4 3 0	12	23
Pvt. Backer.....	2 4 4 3 3	16	4 2 4 3 2	15	31
Pvt. Lockwood.....	3 2 2 2 3	12	2 3 3 3 4	15	27
Pvt. Barry.....	3 3 2 2 3	13	4 3 3 3 0	13	26
Pvt. Cocks.....	3 0 0 2 2	7			7
Pvt. Carmichael.....	2 4 4 4 3	17	3 0 4 4 3	14	31
		155	125	280	

Arm, Remington.

GATLIN MATCH.—COMPETITION VII.

Won by the Seventy-ninth Regiment.

	At 500 yards.	Total.
Capt. Jos. Ross.....	4 4 3 3 4 3 3	24
W. C. Clark.....	2 3 2 3 4 2 3	19
Pvt. J. Moore.....	2 4 2 3 0 0 3	14
Pvt. Duke.....	4 0 3 4 4 2 3	19
Pvt. Pyle.....	0 2 0 3 0 3 2	10
Pvt. Stepheson.....	3 3 3 2 4 2 4	22
Pvt. Roulsta.....	4 3 4 2 0 4 0	17
Robertson.....	2 2 2 2 2 3 2	15
Edington.....	0 3 0 3 3 3 0	12
Pvt. Cameron.....	2 2 3 2 3 0 4	16
Pvt. Molloy.....	0 2 2 0 2 2 0	8
Keeler.....	4 3 4 4 3 3 2	23
		199

Arm, Remington.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

What a pleasant and suggestive name your paper bears. "FOREST AND STREAM"—it is positively refreshing on a sultry day, and is always indicative of benefit to the physical, mental, and moral man. It is not my intention, however, to moralize, but to write the simple history of a short journey W. and I made last spring in quest of recreation and geese. It was about the 1st of April that we took the cars at Hunter's Point, and started for West Hampton on the south shore of Long Island, distant seventy-five miles from New York.

At a depot called "the Manor," we took the Sag Harbor branch of the road, and after traveling some twelve miles reached our destination. Darkness had set in when we left the train, and the deserted look of everything around was calculated to remove all enthusiasm.

But we found "Wes" waiting for us, and one look into his genial face, and one sound of his cheery voice, entirely banished loneliness.

The ride of a mile was soon made, as old Grey was kept in a lively trot by sundry whacks of the whip, and in a few minutes we reached the modest but hospitable dwelling of Mr. Nathan Raynor. It is marvelous how soon a crackling fire, pleasant faces, and a well filled table will remove embarrassment and give one a perfectly home feeling. It wrought this change in us. At once we felt at home. And we did full justice to Mrs. Raynor's fare.

After supper our traps were got in readiness for the next day's sport; in the meanwhile, however, we listened to stories of duck and goose shooting by our Captain, who was to be Clark Raynor, and ascertained, too, that twice a year—spring and fall—fine shooting could be had.

At a late hour we were shown to our rooms, with the words, "we will call you at four for breakfast," and we went to bed to dream of ducks and geese. It seemed as if we had just fallen asleep, when a knock upon the door and the words, "time to get up," aroused us. We hastily dressed, partook of a hearty breakfast, put on our rubber suits, stepped into our boats (the house is by the water) sailed three-quarters of a mile across the bay, and landed at Picket Point. Alas! the first day was foggy and we returned with only one bird. On the second was a north-easter that soon drove us to a warm shelter. But the third dawned beautifully with a stiff north-west wind, just what we wanted, and during that day and two hours of the following morning, we killed eighteen geese and ten ducks.

The only thing to which I objected, was being obliged to lie flat on my back in such coffin-looking boxes, and when geese were around to hear the softly whispered caution of the Captain "hush, don't move." I protest, Mr. Editor, that it is hardly fair to stow away 175 pounds of flesh and bone in so narrow a place, and then not have the privilege of moving, when you feel the more inclined to do so because you know you must not.

The recollection of that day's sport is a pleasant memory. It was genuine pleasure. When the geese were circling round us, and each moment coming nearer, every faculty "seemed supernaturally active." Every nerve tingled with excitement, and the blood coursed swiftly through every vein.

Often since, when tired with writing, have my thoughts gone back to that day, and I have laid aside my pen to shoot every goose over again.

To all in quest of a few days of delightful and healthy recreation, I commend our hospitable hostess, and her worthy sons, our accommodating Captain and the genial, whole-souled "Wes." Yours,
J. C. DUTCHER.
Bound Brook, N. Y., Oct. 1873.

HOW WOLVES HUNT DEER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Ralph—"Roaring Ralph from the rising Sun," he called himself—a tough old trapper standing six feet four in his moccasins, and well proportioned otherwise, who though prodigiously self-conceited and boastful as to his strength and miraculous exploits, yet possessed many of those elements of character that made him a welcome partner among those sinewy pioneers of the woods; for with a rollicking devil-may-care way coupled with a genuine eagerness to do favors to others, he really had the strength of a young giant and the courage of a lion.

Ralph I say, was mad; he came by our camp that morning in a towering rage, swearing he would have the *reptile's* pelt, if he had "ter send clar ter York State for a dozen of ther steel traps," and he had reason for his billious outburst. A fisher for the second time had taken almost the entire length of his line of dead falls and tore them all to pieces, thus wiping out the labor of many days. An old fisher is often a great pest to the trappers, for he is too cunning to go into a deadfall as he ought, like other animals, (and steel traps in those days were costly and hard to get), but would surely sneak around behind, tear down the back part of the trap, seize the bait or martin or sable, if any happened to be therein, and then on to the next, repeating the trick throughout the whole line. Four fingers of Scoota-wauboo, with a smoke, put Ralph in a better humor; and when I told him that if he would wait until I put a patch on the sole of one of my moccasins, I would go with him over his line, the last wrinkle of displeasure passed from his face.

The line led along the bottom a mile or so, then up a ravine or gulch and over the mountain some four or five miles to another water course beyond.

We had rebuilt, baited and set eight or ten of the falls, and were toiling up the mountain side dragging our trail (a deer's head) behind us, when my attention was attracted by the howling of wolves farther up the mountain, this not being a very common thing in the day time, I said: "Ralph, what's up? There is something to pay among those varmints." Ralph stopped and listened a moment, then turning to me with an eager twinkle in his eye, said: "George, do you want to see some fun? If we hurry I reckon we can get there in time—those devils are driving a deer around the mountain, and this crust will cut his legs so that they will get him, sure. Now up on top of the mountain is a lake, (they call them all lakes, even if they don't contain an acre of water), the deer when hard pressed will make for that lake, not thinking, the fool, about its being froze over, and if we can get there in time you'll see how quick a pack o' wolves will make mince-meat of the critter." Up we went as fast as we could and do it silently. We crossed the runway where the deer and pack had passed several times around the brow of the mountain and arrived in view of the opening containing the lake. Approaching cautiously we peered through, and there, sure enough, was a magnificent deer being driven around on the ice by a couple of wolves, within a circle of a score or more of the scoundrels, sitting on their haunches and licking their chops in eager anticipation of the morsel they knew would soon be within their reach, the poor victim, with labored breath and eyes almost starting from their sockets, passing and repassing on the inner circle. His strength was failing fast, while the places of his pursuers were taken by fresh racers every second or third round.

The lake, nearly of a circular form, probably one-eighth of a mile in diameter, was bordered (on our side at least) with a narrow fringe of dwarf evergreens, giving us a fine opportunity to crawl up within a couple of rods of the backs of the nearest wolves. I was impatient to pour a broadside into the said backs, but Ralph checked me, saying "hold on until he falls, and then we'll give it to them." Ralph carried a heavy double rifle; my gun was a double barrel, rifle and shot (and I have it yet, a remembrance of old times, for it furnished me my only food for many a day), the rifle carrying a peaked ball of forty to the pound, the other loaded with buckshot.

We watched with strained eyes and bated breath the cold-blooded race. Once the deer fell to his knees, and there was a start around the whole circle; but gathering himself he kept on his course another round. His pursuers would nip him in the flank and then jump back, their razor-like teeth of course drawing blood every time, until the snow of the track was reddened its entire length.

The noble deer, finally weakened by the loss of so much blood and the unequal contest, gave up, and with a despairing groan, almost human in its accents, fell a little quivering from us and about twelve or fourteen rods distant, and almost in the twinkling of an eye was covered by

a mass of yelping, snarling devils. "Now, now!" whispered Ralph, and raising up we let them have it. Bang, bang—four barrels (two simultaneously) into that writhing heap, then we drew our knives and rushed toward them. Well, you may well believe there was a scattering among the cowardly things. We killed only two outright (I have often wondered why we didn't kill more), but wounded I don't know how many, three of which we afterward got by shooting over again. I had calculated on a pound or two of the meat for a broil, but as sure as that I never told a lie, though it took less time than I would in telling this were I talking instead of writing. When we reached the spot all we found was a heap of bloody bones, neither hide, meat, nor insides; not an ounce of flesh was left on that crimson rack; picked clean in apparently not certainly more than one hundred seconds. A poor chance a human being would stand in such company.

Another time I may tell how Ralph bagged his *reptile*.
JACOBSTAFF.

UNSEASONABLE TROUT.

BANGOR, Maine, October 26th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Will you allow me to call out through your journal the opinion of the angling fraternity, sporting men generally, and pisciculturists, as to the correct close time for trout, always holding in view the keeping up of the stock of a fishery rather than the quality of the food, in a sanitary point of view. As a healthful article of food we do not regard the trout as fit to be eaten after the 1st of September, as they then begin to become slimy, white, and soft; the general health of the fish deteriorating rapidly preparatory to spawning, although they do not yet crowd into the streams as later in the season, when they are looking for their spawning grounds. Therefore, the pleasure of killing may still be indulged in by those who either have no taste or palate to mark the difference between a fish in or out of season, or those who like to indulge the mere animal pleasure of killing. We think it would be well that the rod should be laid aside for the gun the 1st of September. The laws of our State prescribe the 1st of October as the commencement of the close season for trout, togue, and land-locked salmon. We think this too late, not entirely from the cause that the fish are then crowded into all the streams, deserting the lakes and ponds, but thus affording unlimited slaughter to the merest tyro, for we believe that the mischief then done by the rod is but a mere tithe of the evil. It is that the limit legalizes the sale of trout in our markets, and it is at this time when they are crowded into the streams that the villainous pot-hunter and poacher sweep the net and ply the murderous spear and grapple, and glut the markets not only here, but of New York and other States with their spoils. Your trout were then in perfect season, and the bare fact of the habits of the fish rendering them such an easy prey at this period to the poacher should be a sufficient argument to every true angler for limiting rather than extending the close time.

Unfortunately, this last winter a special law in favor of a popular place of resort for anglers was engineered through our legislature at Augusta. It allows trout fishing on a certain lake until the 15th of October. Our markets have been overstocked with trout, most of them bearing unmistakable marks of the seine. The wardens of the State were powerless, for they could not discriminate between a trout caught in the privileged waters or those caught five miles distant in some lake where the law does not apply. Hotel keepers living near good trouting waters could see no reason why they and their interests should be ignored in favor of those who could better afford the loss of guests, and the people at large were disgusted at what seemed to them partiality and injustice. In fact, the whole State was and is demoralized so far as enforcement of the internal fishery laws is concerned.

We wish it were possible for the Dominion Government and our Northern States to unite with us in passing co-operative laws forbidding the sale of any fish in any of the States severally when the species of fish offered for sale was forbidden to be caught or sold in another State. We should thus strike a deadly blow at the poacher and pot-hunter, and do more for the protection of the products of forest and stream than has been brought to pass for many years. During our close months here our trout are run into the neighboring States and sold, and large numbers are brought into our markets from New Brunswick.

I may as well here refer to a most destructive abuse, which every true angler should interest himself in breaking down. I allude to the custom of counting by number rather than the weight of fish caught. It should be a rule at every sporting resort to fine every man who brings home in his k reel a fish of less weight than a half pound. I have known men calling themselves anglers boasting in our local papers of a count of one hundred and fifty trout, most of which had the bars still on, and not one fish of a pound weight in the lot.
S.

DOES SAW DUST KILL FISH?

HONEOYE FALLS, N. Y., October 15, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In reply to the letter of Fred. E. Ranger, Glen's Falls, N. Y., which you referred to me, I would say: The saw dust and refuse from the tanneries on the upper Hudson will undoubtedly prove a serious obstacle to stocking the river with salmon as suggested by "Piscator." I do not know how far the theory is true that saw dust kills trout by clogging their gills; in fact I have always had a doubt of it—but that it will speedily depopulate a stream by ruining the spawning beds and killing all ova there de-

posited, is sure. The salmon, like the trout, usually choose a spawning place below an eddy; here there is generally a fine bed of gravel which has been gathered from different parts of the stream and deposited clean and fit for the reception of the fish's eggs. Here also, the smothering saw dust gathers, and either kills the embryo (if it has been allowed to develop so far), or to use a Hibernicism, nips it in the bud. Or if we suppose that through some combination of currents a certain spawning bed has escaped the suffocation to which the rest have been doomed, then instead of being stifled, the ova is killed by fungus generated by the minute particles of dust which soon decay.

There is but one remedy for this; the saw mills and tanneries should be compelled to dispose of their rubbish in some other manner, and this river should not be allowed to become a mere sewer. To give an idea of the amount of saw dust that comes down the Hudson every year, I will give a description of the deposit at one spot: Between the two freight houses of the Albany and Boston railroad at Greenbush, there is a ditch or canal eight hundred feet long and six feet deep at ordinary low tide; this canal is filled at its eastern end every spring during the freshet, and the company are obliged to remove it every summer, and their scows carry off thousands of yards of almost pure saw dust from this place. This canal is cut through an island on the eastern shore of the river, and this dust is only the small portion that comes down the shore and strikes in behind the island at Bath and is deposited at the eastern end of the canal.

Not having examined the river to its sources, I cannot say how far this evil extends, nor if there may not be some small tributary that is free from it; if there is, then in my opinion all that will be required to try the experiment is a few fish ways and some stock.

Albany is going to take water from the river for drinking and other purposes, and would very likely prefer to have Troy and other cities above refrain from polluting it as much as possible, but allows its own sewers to pour in dye stuffs and other poisons.

A few years ago there were analine works there which discharged their refuse into the river and struck the fish that came in contact with it with instant death; these have been removed, but I have noticed other dye stuffs in the discharge of the sewers which are probably more or less poisonous.

Some think that the steamboats will scare salmon from ascending the river, but it seems hardly possible, for a gravid fish is not so easily scared and will often face dangers at spawning time that it would not at any other.

"Piscator" says that the Croton is a good spawning ground, and that he knows that "the upper waters of the Hudson are splendidly adapted for salmon, to say nothing of many large brooks running into the river above Lansingburgh."

The experiment is certainly worth trying, for in that way only can it be determined, no matter how much we may write about it.

Yours truly, FRED. MATHER.

FORESTS AND ANIMALS.

EUROPEAN travellers in this country frequently allude to the American forest as remarkable for its solitude and deficiency of animal life. The scarcity of animals, I would remark, is not peculiar to the American wilderness. The same fact has been observed in extensive forests both in Europe and Asia; and in proportion as the traveler penetrates into their interior, he finds a smaller number of animals of every species. Birds, insects, and quadrupeds will multiply, like human beings, in a certain ratio with the progress of agriculture, so long as there remains a sufficiency of wild wood to afford them a refuge and a home. They use the forests chiefly for shelter, and the open grounds for forage; the woods are their house and the meadows their farm.

I had an opportunity for observing these facts very early in life, when making a pedestrian tour through several of the States. I commenced my journey in autumn, and, being alone, I was led to take notes of many things, which, had any one accompanied me, would have escaped my observation. After passing a few weeks of the winter in Nashville, I directed my course through Tennessee and Virginia, and was often led through extensive ranges of forest. I never saw birds in any part of the United States so numerous as in the woods adjoining the city of Nashville, which was surrounded with immense corn fields and cotton plantations; but, while walking through the country I could not help observing the scarcity of birds and small quadrupeds in the woods, whenever I was at a long distance from any village or habitation. Sometimes night would draw near before I reached a hamlet or farm-house where I might take lodging. On such occasions, the silence of the woods increased my anxiety, which was immediately relieved on hearing the cardinal or the mocking-bird, whose cheerful notes always indicated my approach to cultivated fields and farms.

That this scarcity of animal life is not peculiar to American forests, we have the testimony of St. Pierre, who says of the singing birds: "It is very remarkable that, all over the globe, they discover an instinct which attracts them to the habitation of man. If there be but a single hut in the forest, all the singing birds in the vicinity come and settle around it. Nay, they are not to be found, except in places which are inhabited. I have traveled more than six hundred leagues through the forests of Russia, but never met with small birds except in the neighborhood of villages. On making the tour of fortified places in Russian Finland, with the general officers of the corps of engineers with which I served, we traveled sometimes at the rate of twenty leagues a day without seeing on the road either village or bird; but when we perceived the sparrows fluttering about we concluded we must be near some inhabited place. In this indication we were never once deceived."

It may be remarked, however, that birds and quadrupeds do not seek the company of man when they congregate near his habitations. They are attracted by the in-

creased amount of their means of subsistence that follows the cultivation of the land. The granivorous birds, no less than the insect eaters, are benefited by the extension of agriculture. Even if no cereal grains are raised, the cultivated fields would supply them, in the product of weeds alone, more sustenance than a hundred times the same area in the forest. Before there were any settlements of white men in this country, birds and small quadrupeds must have congregated chiefly about the wooded borders of prairies, on the banks of rivers, in fens and cranberry meadows, and around the villages of red men.

America was colonized and occupied by civilized people, and the forests were swept away with a rapidity unprecedented in the history of man. Every pioneer was a hunter, provided with guns and ammunition; every male member of his family over seven years of age was a gunner and a trapper.

The sparse inhabitants of the forest, which, if unmolested—as in the early period of European civilization—would have multiplied in proportion to their increased means of subsistence, have been, on the contrary, shot by the gunner, ensnared by the trapper, and wantonly destroyed by boys for amusement, until some species have been nearly exterminated. Instead of increasing in a ratio with the supplies of their natural food, many tribes of them are now more scarce than they were in the primitive forest. The small birds alone whose prolific habits and diminutive size were their protection have greatly multiplied.

There are many species of birds which we associate with the wild-wood, because they breed and find shelter there; but if we watched their habits, we would learn that even these solitary birds make the cultivated grounds their principal feeding-places. Such are the quail, partridge, and very many of our game birds. The quail and the partridge are omnivorous, but, like our common poultry are more eager to seize a grub or an insect than a grain of corn. A potato field is hardly less valuable to a flock of quails than a field of corn, and affords more sustenance to the snipe and the woodcock, than any other grounds. But these birds, as well as others, have diminished as those natural advantages have increased that should promote their multiplication.

Even our sylvias and thrushes, the most timid of all the winged tribe, birds hardly ever seen, except in lonely wood multiply with the clearings of the country, and the increased abundance of their insect food. The vesper thrushes, that shun the presence of man, and will become silent in their musical evening chants if the rustling of the bushes indicates the approach of the human footstep, are more numerous in the woods of Cambridge, than in any other part of the country. These are chiefly of maple filled with underbrush, and afford the birds a harbor and a shelter, while the adjoining fields, in a state of the highest tillage, supply them plentifully with their natural food, consisting of worms and the larvæ of insects. The timid habits of these solitary birds are their chief protection. They will not expose themselves to observation; and, on the approach of a human being, they flee to the woods where they are concealed from the youths who destroy all sorts of small game. Birds of this species continue to grow more numerous, while the red thrush and cat bird are constantly diminishing in numbers, because they breed outside of the wood, where they are easily discovered.—*Woods and By-Ways of New England.*

INSECT AND ANIMAL MEDICINE.

INSECTS once formed a class of medicines, considered very effective in certain cases, and time was when the doctor would order a dose of three gnats or three drops of lady-bird milk, just as he might order three grains of calomel in our day. Wood-lice, ants, and beetles used to be prescribed for the toothache. The sacred beetle is eaten by the women of Egypt and regarded as an emblem of fertility. The oil-beetle exudes a deep yellow oil from the joints of the legs, which was esteemed diuretic and used in rheumatic complaints. In some cases the effects attributed to these curious remedies may possibly be produced by them, as for instance when Turkish women eat, cooked with butter, the *blaps sulcata* (a sort of beetle) with a view to the development of fat; but when the same remedy is represented as an antidote against earache and the sting of the scorpion, we are less inclined to believe in its efficacy.

In Atwood's "History of Dominica" we are told that the fat of snakes is esteemed an excellent remedy for rheumatism and sprains; and by the vulgar in Persia a hard green substance about the size of a bean, found in the body of a certain species of serpent, is reckoned an infallible cure for the bites of venomous reptiles. Among the ancients serpents' flesh was in high repute as a medicament, and was also used for food, like the flesh of the turtle. On the continent of Europe vipers have still a place in the popular pharmacopœia, and Mr. Simmonds asserts that the Italians to this day "occasionally regale themselves with a jelly made of stewed vipers." In Guatemala lizards eaten alive are supposed to cure cancer.

As late as 1618 lion's fat belonged to the materia medica of the British pharmacopœia. Among the ancients, Galen prescribed it as an antidote for poisons. The smell of it was said to drive away serpents. The Roman physicians had great faith in remedies derived from this animal. Pliny enumerates the following: First, as a cosmetic, the fat mixed with oil of roses gives delicacy to the complexion; and secondly, as an unguent, it cures affections of the joints. The gall mixed with water cured weak eyes; mixed with the fat, and taken internally, it was a remedy for epilepsy. Quartan fever was cured by giving to the patient the heart roasted, but quotidian fevers were treated with the fat and oil of roses. The natives of the Malay peninsula eat tiger flesh, believing it to be a specific for all diseases, besides imparting to the one who partakes of it the animal's courage and sagacity.

Discarded from the service of the physician, a few mollusks have found a resting place in the popular materia medica. Slugs and snails were anciently and in some parts are to this day a popular remedy in consumptive complaints. They are sometimes made into a mucilaginous broth; sometimes swallowed raw. Snails are to this day kept on sale in London markets for this purpose.

THE ART OF FRYING FISH.

SEVERAL kinds of fish are fried when small: such as small trouts or troutlets, carps, tench, sun-fish, pike, pickerel, flounders, white-fish, black and blue-fish, perch, porgy, mullet, weak-fish, herring, bass, and the like, and smelts, which never grow above the frying size.

When fish or anything else is cooked in a frying-pan

with just fat enough to prevent it from burning, it is not fried but *sautéd*, there being two very distinct ways of frying. To fry, means to cook fish or something else immersed in boiling fat. To *sauté*, means to cook fish or something else with just enough fat to merely cover the bottom of the pan; for instance, small fishes are fried, but omelets are *sautéd*; potatoes are fried, but parsnips are *sautéd*.

Many inexperienced cooks make mistakes on that account; they read in some cook books that such article of food is good fried, and set to frying it when it should be *sautéd* and *vice versa*.

The fat skimmed from the surface of broth, which is beef suet, the trimmings of steaks or roasting pieces of beef melted as directed below, are better for frying purposes than lard, not flying all over as lard does.

The fat skimmed from trimmings or from around the kidneys of beef, is cut in small pieces, put in an iron pot, and set on a rather slow fire. As soon as it begins to melt, ladle off the melted part and turn it into a stone or crockery jar, which you cover when cold. Put it away in a cool, dry and dark place. A careful cook never needs lard for frying purposes, but has always more fat than is necessary, out of boiling or roasting pieces, and that skimmed on the top of broth, sauces and gravies. Some cooks will not take the trouble to melt it when the mistress allows as much lard and butter as is asked for.

It is an error to believe that by using much fat to fry, the articles fried will taste greasy; if there is not fat enough in the pan to completely immerse the objects fried, they will certainly taste greasy. It will be the same if the fat is not heated enough. It is heated enough when jets of smoke ooze out of it, or, when on throwing drops of water in it, it makes a crackling noise.

When the fat is hot enough, the article that is to be fried is dropped into it, and stirred gently now and then with a skimmer. When done, it is taken off the pan with the skimmer and turned into a colander, which should rest on a dish or bowl to receive the fat that may drop from it.

If the article to be fried is not completely immersed in the fat, the part not immersed will absorb fat, and, as stated above, will taste greasy; but if there is fat enough to cover it entirely, the intensity of the heat closes the pores, carbonizing the exterior of the article, as it were, and preventing it from absorbing any fat.

If the articles to be fried be tender and somewhat brittle, they are put in a wire basket or perforated double bottom made for that purpose, and the basket is plunged into the fat. The basket is raised when the articles are fried, and held over the pan to let the fat drop; they are then taken carefully out of it, placed on a dish, sprinkled with salt, and served hot.

When the frying is done, the pan is put away for a few minutes to allow the particles of solid matter that may be in it to fall to the bottom of the frying-pan; then it is turned into the jar, gently and slowly, so as to retain those particles in the bottom, and it is put away for another time.—*Prof. Pierre Blot in To-day.*

OUR ATHLETICS.

TO have been an honorary secretary of an athletic club meeting, and to have "pulled off" not one but many of those meetings successfully, argues an amount of zeal and activity and a genius for administration in a man which ought to render him an object of admiration. But if an honorary secretary of a great athletic celebration is required to display an unwonted capacity for business and organization, what shall we say of, and what praise bestow upon, a functionary of that kind who combines with the duties of his office those other and far more arduous ones of honorary treasurer also?

For be it known that though our club was only that of a large school or college—if you like that title better, as did not a few of the parents of the *abonnés*—our sports, from the uniform success that had invariably attended former celebrations, had assumed such colossal proportions as regarded the number of "events" to be competed for, and were held in such high repute by the inhabitants of the town, that the better part of two days was taken up before we could bring them to a conclusion. So interested, indeed, were the principal tradesmen of the town in the success of our sports that many of the more enthusiastic among them actually closed their shops during the celebration; and, what was of far more consequence to us, sent us such a plentiful supply of articles from their stock as prizes for the "youthful athletes," that the treasurer found himself encumbered with an absolute *embarras de richesses*, and was sorely puzzled in the matter of the distribution of these costly presents.

Of course, the treasurer never refused anything gratuitously presented by an enterprising tradesman, but the misfortune was that the presents were all too frequently of a kind utterly unfitted for presentation to a youthful and successful athlete. One man would send a cornopœan and case, but though the instrument was the undoubted manufacture of the most eminent makers, though a better could not be had for love or money, this particular kind of prize was never valued at its true worth, and its lucky recipient was almost always one whose savage breast music had no charms to soothe. Another tradesman would contribute a writing desk, a photographic album, or perhaps that now happily obsolete abomination, a postage stamp album. These articles, it is hardly necessary to remark, found no favor among the stalwart competitors at our athletic sports, reminding them, as they did, too strongly of those higher and more intellectual pursuits from which they were enjoying a temporary release.

No difficulty was ever experienced with the jeweller and the saddler; everything those gentlemen supplied, even down to shirt studs and spurs and leathers, always found a conspicuous position on the prize list; and, as it soon oozed out, in spite of every precaution against such surreptitiously acquired knowledge, to what particular competitions prizes of such inestimable value would be awarded, the number of competitors for those events was considerably greater than for most of the others. For the grand steeplechase—a race, by the way, which for a long time, in deference to the wish of constituted authorities, we were reluctantly and foolishly compelled to describe as "a race with leaps"—in addition to the gold-mounted cutting-whip and spurs and leathers, there was also adjudged a silver medal emblazoned with the school arms, and for this race there was always a large entry; but it is singular what little value was set upon the medal. It was quite impossible, however, to smuggle any other kind of prize into this race, the *pièce de résistance*, so to speak, of the entire meeting.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

MY LAKE.

MY little lake doth in a valley lie,
Bowered deep in green of drowsy solitudes;
No din or dust of highway cometh nigh,
No reek of towns can pass these winnowing woods,
'Tis fabled that its grassy borders keep
Trace of a shape to human outline true;
That here some Queen of Naiads, fallen asleep,
Hides her white beauty 'neath the dimpling blue.
And see—at yonder cove's remotest edge,
A gleam of white against the stirring sedge,
As if the gracious sleeper lightly slept,
And from beneath her robe's unravelled hem,
One fair white instep in a dream had crept,
Lighting up all the dim place like a gem.

—HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK, in *Galaxy*.

Indian River, of Florida.

BEGINNING some thirty or thirty-five miles to the southward of St. Augustine, and extending along the coast of Florida, about one hundred and seventy-five or eighty miles, are two salt water lagoons, separated from the ocean by a mere narrow fringe of sand. The larger and more southward of these is known as Indian river, and the other as Mosquito lagoon. They are separated by a low belt of sand, resting upon a bed of shell conglomerate scarcely two miles broad.

It is, however, with Indian river that I have present concern, as it is possessed of peculiar, extraordinary, and little known attractions and resources, which, if properly developed, would make it an unequalled sanitarium for pulmonary subjects.

With its northern extremity near Cape Canaveral, this sheet of water stretches southward for about one hundred and fifty miles, with but one narrow communication with the ocean—Indian river inlet, latitude 27 deg. 30 min. north. The long, narrow strip of sand on either side of the inlet, which, as I have said, separates the lagoon from the ocean, is no where broader than one mile. Here and there the winds and waves have heaped up the sand into clusters of low dunes, but next to the waters of the lagoon there is a dense growth of the mangrove (*Rhizophoraceae*), wood of small diameter, but of a beautiful red color, and takes a very fine polish, and the whole zone is thickly dotted with the graceful, picturesque, and useful cabbage palmetto tree, which is valuable as a timber for many purposes, and its leaves also, while its unexpanded young foliage is a delicious vegetable. Other and even more valuable trees of the same (palm) species might be largely introduced, as, for example, the cocoanut, which has been shown to flourish there. It is in part this low-lying skirt of luxuriantly wooded, dry sandy soil, breaking the force of tempestuous winter winds, met at times on the southern Atlantic coast, which makes the western shore of Indian river so highly favorable as a winter residence for invalids.

Near Indian river inlet, upon the main land, a military post (Fort Capron) was established in November, 1849, and careful meteorological observations were taken for a series of years which show rare climatological characteristics peculiarly favorable for pulmonary patients, that is to say, a singularly equable temperature with comparative dryness. For example, during a period of five years ending with 1854 the mean temperature of the winter months was 63 deg. 20 min., with a relatively small rainfall during the late autumn, winter, and early spring months, or 217 fair weather days for the year.

The lagoon has a coralline bed, and is free from marshes. Communicating with the sea by Indian river inlet, as I have stated, it likewise receives a good deal of fresh water through Santa Lucia river, which is an outlet of the Everglades. It seems to an almost incredible degree with fish of the finest and most palatable varieties, including that most delicate and toothsome of all American fish, the "pompano." Never, indeed, on either the Atlantic, Gulf, or Pacific coast have I seen fish so fat and well flavored. The ordinary mullet, here very fine, is found in extraordinary shoals at certain seasons, and no where else is the sheephead so fine and dainty a fish as in Indian river. As for the oyster, it is worth a visit to Indian river to eat those found there, especially those which have been transplanted; their flavor is the finest in the United States.

Some four miles southward of the inlet the western shore rises some thirty feet above the level of the sea into a bluff of compact, broken, or decomposed shell for some distance. Here there are fine situations for building, with the necessary space for small plantations of tropical fruits and plants, which thrive so well in all that region. There are already orange orchards which have been planted for a quarter of a century. The pineapple, found in most of its numerous varieties, and other inter-tropical fruits, do as well here as in the Antilles. Northward the shore is skirted in large part by narrow reaches of dry hammock land, covered with the live oak. This soil is shallow, but underlaid by a marl, which keeps fresh its virgin fertility, and is found particularly well adapted to the growth of sugar cane, which comes to flower or tassel on Indian river as in Cuba, but not habitually in Louisiana. Therefore, the cane of Indian river is richer in saccharine matter to the pound than that of Louisiana.

Immediately back of these arable tracts, the very timber of which is so valuable in ship-building, there runs a sand ridge, which here and there abuts directly upon the water of the lagoon, and is everywhere covered with noble pines,

affording an exhaustless supply of accessible building timber. Rearward of this ridge the country, somewhat lower than the ridge, stretches out into great spaces of pine barrens, which afford, however, a fine range and pasturage for cattle, and abound in game, such as deer and wild turkey, while in winter the lagoon is alive with wild duck. On the slope of this ridge, toward the lagoon, by digging wells of ten or fifteen feet an abundance of pure, delicious water is developed, being simply the rainwater of the great pools in its rear, filtered through the sand ridge.

A glance at the map discloses the fact that for more than thirty miles of its upper course, the St. John's river flowing northward, is parallel with Indian river lagoon, at an average distance of not more than ten miles. At several points, indeed, the distance is reduced to eight miles, so that a canal of that length through ground peculiarly favorable for cheap and easy construction, would give water communication by steam with Jacksonville, and in fact with Charleston. At the same time, during the late fall, winter, and early spring tides the inlet affords passage to steamers drawing from eight to ten feet of water, with a completely sheltered harbor immediately within the bar. Beside fish to so marvellous a degree in variety, numbers, and excellence for food, Indian river is likewise the resort for turtle.

The vegetation and flora, by no means so luxuriant as that of inter-tropical regions, are, however, largely of the same description. The trees are covered with beautiful air plants and other parasitic plants, which open a broad field of interesting investigation. The tree yielding gum, Caoutchouc by exudation, for example, is there, although not in quantities for commercial purposes, and is an interesting feature of the landscape from its peculiar growth or habit of climbing and staying itself by the trunk of another tree, which it finally envelops, crushes, and destroys. Several species of very closely grained, heavy, high-colored woods, susceptible of fine polish, and adapted to the uses of the cabinet maker, are there in abundance. Undoubtedly the Campeachy or logwood would thrive if introduced upon the beach or seaward shore of the lagoon, or would soon so multiply (as in Santo Domingo, where it was first planted for hedges) as to become a valuable product.

And so I might go on enumerating what nature has planted or supplied in forest and stream, and what man might easily do to make at least a charming health resort of Indian river, but I will only add that I have myself seen some remarkable evidences of the benefits which persons of both sexes, having diseased lungs, have received there—benefits that proved lasting—with some yet more remarkable instances of persons so diseased that elsewhere they were in constant pain, who yet were able to lead a prolonged and comfortable life in that singularly equable temperature.

I likewise passed one summer upon the lagoon, and never found the heat oppressive, as it was habitually tempered by a soft, gentle breeze. The only discomfort was the mosquito, against which, however, it was not difficult to guard by proper precautions.

It is a misfortune that the real climatic and general sanitary advantages of Indian river are not widely known to the thousands who suffer from weak lungs and bronchial affections in the New England and Middle States. T. J.

MOUNTAIN CLAMS.—In the Adirondacks, up in Bay River, where it leaves Mud Lake, one of the most distant, gloomy, and forbidding sheets of water in the whole wilderness, are immense beds of clams shaped precisely like our salt water clams. They would be mistaken for them anywhere. Now why, when other waters abound with the ordinary mussel, should this peculiarly shaped clam, looking for all the world as if it had once been imbedded in the sea, and only changed in taste by being removed to fresh water, be found alone in this lonely, remote place, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, and more than a hundred miles from the St. Lawrence, is a problem I should like to see solved. I wish the clam found there could be transplanted to the tide water, to see if it would turn to a regular salt water clam. The experiment would be well worth trying. If after a few floodings of salt water, it should become an ordinary salt water clam, it would seem to indicate that it was one at some former time. But why it should be confined to this peculiar locality is another difficulty not easily overcome. To mystify the matter still more, these beds would seem to be of recent origin. Fourteen years ago when I was first there and almost the first except hunters that ever visited it, there were but two beds, about six miles apart. This year they are found extended so greatly that if they continue at the same ratio of progress for 40 years to come, they will fill the whole six miles of river and probably the whole bed of the lake. A scientific man once denied the fact of the existence of such a clam till he was shown the shell, and then, though convinced, did not pretend to explain it. They furnish an immense quantity of food to the minks.—*Tribune*.

—On one occasion Hon. Jeremiah Mason went into Chas. Sumner's office and found him writing an address to be delivered before a peace society. After a little good-natured defense of his views by Mr. Sumner, the former, rising to take his leave, said: "Well, Sumner, you may be right, but I should just as soon think of joining a society for the suppression of thunder and lightning as a society for the suppression of war."

—Once a careless man went to the cellar and stuck the candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low. Nearer and nearer it got to the black sand; nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand, and as it *was* sand, nothing happened.

—While a compositor on the Montreal *Witness* was setting up an advertisement for a lost canary, the bird flew in at the office window. "which shows the value of advertising."

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

TULIPS.—FALL SETTING.

(NAT. ORD. *Tulipaceae*.)

"Her eyes possess a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodites in her shell,
With all her loves around her on the deep;
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep,
Yet full of life; for through her tropic cheek
The blush will make its way and all but speak,
Like coral reddening through its darkened waves,
Which draw the diver to its crimson caves."

THE seedling tulip does not, so far as we have learned, ever produce any but plain unmarked or veined flowers. You will notice, if you plant seedlings—and every lover of tulips should plant either what are termed seedlings, or what may be called nearly the same thing—the first year plain bulbs; and try their success in producing some rare and beautiful striped tulip. This would afford them a fine opportunity of studying the laws that govern the floral kingdom, and in the production of a rare and beautiful addition to their floral treasures.

In the history of this ancient flower many quaint anecdotes and romantic stories are told. The Holland tulip has indeed a romantic history all its own, and when we know that to the cultivation of this bulb alone hundreds of acres are devoted, we cease to wonder at its great value as an article of merchandise alone. Meinheer Vanderpoel was a little squat figure of a Dutchman, who was always accompanied by his little dog and his pipe. "I smokes, I does, and I sells the best bulbs in Haarlem, I shust does, and of all prices, too. I have him for ze five penny apiece, and I have him for ze fifty dollar apiece, I have. Yah, I have." Such was the literal truth in Holland, and even to-day, in sober 1873, there are tulips valued at about their weight in gold.

The plain tulip, after one, two, three, and four years, is not the same tulip started with. This rusty jack, in his former gray coat of one color only, has thrown away the old gray, and in exchange he wears a coat of many colors, a real "Joseph's coat" of many stripes, and is very beautiful. These tulips are called breeders, and from these breeders come, with care and perseverance, many of our most valuable garden tulips, for every tulip thus produced is to be called by some name, which the propagator or originator has the sole right to append. Another very curious fact is, there may be, and often is, twenty different sorts in the same bed of tulips, yet it is exceedingly rare to find two flowers alike. This proneness to sport in the tulip gives rise to much variety as well as amusement to all lovers of this beautiful flower.

In making a good tulip bed only care is necessary. The bed, which should lie, when possible, north and south, for the benefit of sunny exposure, should be excavated in the same manner as the bed made for the hyacinth, described in a former paper. It may be four feet or more wide, and two feet six inches in depth; the soil filled in being a few, say three, inches above the path, and the centre three inches above the sides. The tulip bed must be most thoroughly drained, or no tulips will grow. After you have made your bed of soil, taken from the under side of good old pasture sod, which has laid in a heap until well rotted and "friable," you are ready to begin the planting of your tulips in the bed.

On a bed like the one thus described I would plant say five, seven or nine rows, according to size of bed. These rows are to run across the bed, and the bulbs to be placed six inches apart in the rows. Press them gently into their places in the soil, which should be three inches over the top or crown of the bulbs when your bed is finished. Your bulbs are to be planted with the tallest ones in the centre or middle row of the bed. These will be from fifteen to eighteen inches in height, and, if good strong growers are chosen, they will afford you a world of delight. "They are God's messengers of beauty to man," said an ardent admirer of nature to me one day, as he was looking upon a rare and beautiful bed of wonderful diversity of color. "This is one of his wise lessons," said he, "and who is he that could look upon this magnificent tulip and say it came by chance?" Having set your bed thus, if you please, the tallest bulbs in the centre, the lowest at the sides, or any way to please your own taste (for we suppose you possessed of some, or you never would plant tulips), you will secure them from frosts and severe cold by coverings of matting, litter, straw, &c. When they begin to break the ground, and the first green leaf appears peeping up, then remove carefully all lumps of earth, if there should be any, and lighten the soil with some appropriate instrument, and you will soon feel yourself richly rewarded by what follows. I have found my account in adding as a dressing one half to an inch in thickness all over the bed a compost made of finely pulverized charcoal, one part to two parts of coarse sand. This gives the bed a very nice, clean look, and the sun adds heat by absorption of sunlight, which the tulip loves at this period to revel in. If you would enjoy the sight of a fine bed of this fairy of the flowers, you can do so by shading the opening blossoms from a too hot sun and high winds, both of which are exceedingly injurious to the plant. Your own taste and ingenuity will suggest just the kind of shelter you need, care being taken to shield the bed on the side next the sun from its too hot rays.

After flowering, the tulip, when its leaves are withered, may be lifted and dried and carefully marked and packed away in drawers for another year's planting.

The time of planting tulips is from October 1st to November 15th, and of this fine floral appendage to every perfect garden we might say much more; but as our intentions in landscape, lawn and garden, woodland and moor conversations is not only to make a readable article, but one of real practical value to all our readers, we close this paper without giving a long list of the rare and beautifully named varieties, as a list of one thousand and one may be had of our floral friends, Vanderbilt Brothers, Fulton street, who will let you into many other of the mysteries of Holland.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

The Horse and the Course.

—The second day of the Prospect Park extra fall meeting took place on October 23d. The attendance was fair and the trotting very spirited. The first race was a match for \$250 mile heats, best three in five to wagon. T. H. Phillip's bay team Prince and Mack, and M. Schenck's bay and black geldings Adonis and Listener. Schenck's won in three straight heats. The second race was the Prospect Park Colt Stakes for three year olds, \$50 each. Value of the stakes, \$1,500. Distance—one mile and repeat. Shepard Knapp's Reform won in 2:25½—2:40. The next two trots were walk overs, only one horse in each race putting in an appearance. The last race of the day was for a purse of \$500 for horses that had never beaten 2:30 mile heats, best three in five in harness. There were four heats trotted when darkness put an end to the day's sport. The last day, October 24, began with the finishing heat of the postponed trot of the day before. Lady Emma won very easily. The second event was the three minute trot. Seven horses started. Sterling, the favorite, won very easily in three straight heats. The most interesting race of the meeting was the free to all race. Purse \$3,500. The celebrated trotting horses Gazelle, Camors, Judge Fullerton, and American Girl, started. American Girl was the favorite and won in three straight heats. Time—2:20—2:22—2:22½.

—The second day of the Kingston (N. Y.) Park races came off on October 23d. The first race for a purse of \$300, for 2:45 horses, was won by Colonel Roberts in three straight heats. Time—2:50½, 2:52½ and 2:51½. The second race for a purse of \$350, for 2:37 horses, was a very exciting one. Five heats were trotted and was finished on October 24th, Major King winning easily in 2:36½. Mag Tammany won the race for 2:50 horses. The second and last race for a purse of \$300, free for all, was won by Joe Brown in three straight heats.

—The Maryland Jockey Club held the first day of the annual autumn meeting on the Pimlico course, Baltimore, on October 23rd. The weather was delightful and the attendance of the elite and beauty of Baltimore was immense. The first race was for a purse of \$500 for all ages. There were eight horses started. Preakness was the favorite and won easily by six lengths. Time—1:54. The second was a hurdle race. Distance—two miles, over eight hurdles, for all ages, with welter weights. Three horses started, the jumping of the horses was poor, as none except the favorite Lochiel jumped clean, the others knocking down the hurdles. Lochiel won very easily. Time—4:31½. The third race was for the Dixie stakes, three year olds. Distance—two miles. Four horses only came to the post. Tom Bowling came home the winner by twelve lengths in 3:58. The fourth race was two mile heats for all ages. Six horses started. This was a closely contested race between Harry Bassett, Sylock and Warlike. Harry Bassett finally won a spirited struggle by a head time—3:56. The second heat was won by Bassett, the same horses as in the first heat were second and third, the others distanced. Time—3:57½.

—The second day of the Maryland Jockey Club meeting on October 24th was well attended, but the track was slow. The first race was for the Central Stakes for two-year old horses; one mile; \$50 subscription, play or pay; club to add \$500. Three horses started. Weathercock won the race, beating Saxon, second, and Visgoth, third. Time, 1:56. The second was the selling race for horses of all ages; two miles; purse \$500, \$400 to first and \$100 to second. Eight horses started. Cora Linn won the race, beating Artist, second; Wheatley, third; and Village Blacksmith, fourth. Time, 3:52. The third race was for the Gentlemen's Post Stakes; one and a quarter miles; for horses of all ages; welter weights; \$25 subscription, play or pay; club to add \$500; \$100 to second. Four horses started. Stockwood won the race, beating Coronet, second; Tabitha, third; and Lochiel, fourth. Time, 2:29½. The fourth race was mile heats, best three in five, for horses of all ages; purse \$700, \$600 to first and \$100 to second. Two horses started. Mate won the race in three straight heats, beating Bessie Lee. Time—1:56, 1:56, 1:58.

—The third day of the Maryland Jockey Club took place October 25th. The number of persons present was unusually large. The first race was the Handicap Stakes, one and a half miles, open to all ages; \$20 each if not declared out. Lizzie Lucas won easily; Shylock, second; Cariboo third. Preakness, the favorite, was the eighth horse. Time, 2:48. The second race was mile heats, for three-year-olds; purse \$300, \$100 to second horse. The first heat was won by Katie Pease; time, 1:56; the second by Artist, time 1:56, and the third by Katie Pease, time 1:50½. The third race, four mile heats, for all ages; purse \$1,700,

\$1,200 to the first horse, \$400 to the second, and \$100 to the third. True Blue and Harry Bassett were the only starters, True Blue being the favorite at 2 to 1. Harry Bassett was distanced in the first heat by nearly two hundred yards. Time, 7:49.

—The Trotting Horse Breeders' Association of Lexington, Kentucky, held the third day of the meeting on October 23d. The track was very heavy and time made by the horses was quite slow. The first race was a purse of \$250 for three year-olds, which had never beaten 2:50—one mile and repeat in harness. There were eight horses started. The first heat was won by Ike Marvel, the second was a dead heat between Marvel and Alley, when the third and fourth heats were won by Alley. Turpin was distanced in the first heat. Time—2:59—2:59—2:56½—3:06½. The second race was a purse of \$300 for four year olds and under, mile heats, best three in five in harness. The contest was between Lady Turpin and Hylas. The former scored the first, second and fifth heats, winning the race. The third event was a purse of \$800 for horses that had never beaten 2:34—mile heats, best three in five in harness. Jamison won the race in three straight heats, Lady Alice taking second money and Josie the third premium. The fourth day of the meeting was well attended, but the track was still heavy. The first race was for four year olds. Ella Clay walked over. The second race was the Woodford County Stakes for three year olds. This race resulted in a match between Albrina and J. W. Combs; the former won. The last race closed with a purse of \$500 for three minutes horses. Seven started, and it was won by Bill Spencer.

—The fifth and last day of the Kentucky Horse Breeder's Association took place October 25th. The weather was fine, but the track was not in good order for fast time. The first race was a walk-over, by Tracy, in 2:53. The second race was won by Doble. Time—2:47, 2:51, 2:46½, 2:49½. The third race was won by Dick Jamison, beating Red Cloud, Ira H, and Billy Haskins in five heats. Best time, 2:34½. The driver of Ira H was suspended for sixty days and the horse distanced, for foul driving.

—There was some interesting driving and trotting at Dexter Park, Chicago, on October 25th. In the free-for-all race, \$3,500, Bashaw, Jr. Mila C., Lady Mac, Ella Wright, H. Collie, Morris, and Bro. Jonathan started; the latter took the first heat in 2:27½, Bashaw, Jr., the second in 2:26½, and Mila C. the third in 2:26½. The race was then postponed until Monday on account of the darkness. The judges put Budd Doble up to drive Mila C. in the third heat, as her former driver was evidently pulling her. Lady Mac was distanced in the third heat. During the afternoon Goldsmith Maid was run round the track, doing her mile in 2:18 each time. The running race was won by Lady Fairfield in two straight heats. Time—1:50, 1:51. James Stinson, of Chicago, then drove his four-in-hand around the track in 2:50, which is said to be the fastest time on record for a four-in-hand.

—How to TREAT RUN DOWN HORSES.—When horses become worn out and run down by hard work, sometimes liberal feeding alone will not bring them up again to their proper state of health. A writer in the *Agriculturist* says his animals were in that condition of lassitude and weakness, and he sawed a barrel in two and placed the ends upon the platform of the pump, to be used in watering the horses. Into one of them he put a pailful of corn meal and mixed it with the water. The horses at first did not like it, and would only drink a little when very thirsty. After they had drank what they would, they were allowed pure water. In a few days, however, they drank this corn meal soup with a relish, and in less than a week there was a decided change for the better in the appearance of all the horses. He did not let them eat the meal, but merely let them drink the milky water. There is no doubt but it is as good for them as a plate of good soup is for a tired and hungry man before dinner. It seems to stimulate the appetite and aid digestion.

A HUNTING INCIDENT.—Henry IV, when hunting, became separated from his company, having lost his way. In the forest he met a peasant.

"Did'st see the hunt passing this way?" asked the king.

"No, but I heard them riding down yonder slope," said the man.

"A gold piece, if thou wilt take me the way they went," said the king.

"I will do it for nothing if thou wilt show me the king," said the peasant.

"Willingly," replied the merry monarch. "And do thou jump up behind me and tell me which way they went. I will certainly show thee the king."

The peasant nothing loth mounted behind Henry, and presently they approached the hunt.

"How shall I know, good sir," asked the peasant, "who is the king? They are all so smartly dressed."

"Thou canst easily distinguish him," said Henry. "People always take off hats to the king." Very soon they were in the midst of the hunt, and hats were doffed.

"See here," said the peasant, "I do not exactly understand this; for very surely if you are not king, I must be king of France and Navarre. So, if thou art king, I will get down; but shouldst thou owe me allegiance, dismount."

The best beloved of French kings hesitated a moment what to do, when the peasant, having enjoyed the joke, deftly slipped off the horse.

"Give this man a cup of wine," cried the king, "and a hundred crowns, for of all contentants to my crown of France he has been the most easily deposed."

—What is the difference between a manatee and a man at sea for the first time? One is a sea cow, and the other a sick coward.

—Worse than a tempest in the tea-pot—a war in Ashantee; (a)shanty.

Natural History.

× MORE ABOUT THE MANATEE.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Conklin's most interesting article on the Manatee, we have been in receipt of a number of letters in regard to this strange creature, and some of the questions asked us we can reply to. The manatee *australis*, of the Amazon, an engraving of which can be found in Wood's Natural History, if taken as a model or outline of the *M. Latirostris*, of Florida, differs materially from Gus, the unique specimen of the Central Park. Our Gus, who comes to you in his shallow bath when you call him, has no bottle nose like the one in the picture. His snout tapers down gradually, when he opens his mouth to get his food, his nose wrinkles up a little, but never in the coarse way as shown in Wood's picture. Whether his position on the bank, as in the picture, would incline him to be high shouldered, we cannot state, but there is no marked prominence in the fore part of the Floridian manatee. The fore flippers are not placed so far forward, and the tail is much broader than in the Wood picture. Altogether there is a puffy appearance to the illustration which does not belong to Gus, who is rather flat-backed. One beautiful thing about Gus is the construction of the valves in his nose, the working of which can be distinctly seen. As soon as his cleft snout gets above water, open goes the valves, the instant he is submerged he shuts them. They are about as big as a waistcoat button, and are neatly hinged. They have a perfect mechanical movement, and their motion is due to some involuntary action. The tail itself resembles very much the single flange of a propeller placed parallel with the water. It has an undulatory motion, and can, we think, be made convex or concave at pleasure. The rudimentary nails on the flippers are whitish, and not very marked. As to the question the power the manatee would have when in its natural element to inflict injury, we are somewhat doubtful about. Certainly the muscular power of our manatee's tail would be immense, as it is joined closely to the main body, but we think his want of activity would render the use of his only means of inflicting injury useless at times, though Mr. Conklin informed us that his manatee would strike a stranger with its tail, and inflict quite a powerful blow.

In feeding on the leaf of the *canna*, the manatee generally takes the leaf lengthways across his mouth, and bites it off bit by bit, the hold being always retained something like a boy without good table manners eating a slice of bread and butter, and commencing at one end of the slice and munching it from end to end. Mr. Conklin told us, when we examined Gus, that he would consume from twelve to fourteen pounds of canna leaf and sea weed together per diem, and that although he browsed a little from time to time, his feeding hours were late at night and early in the morning.

This most intelligent director of the Central Park collection of animals deserves great credit for the care he has taken of this strange creature. Specimens of the manatee from Florida have been sent north before, but have never lived any time. Some five years ago, some showman had a fair specimen of the Manatee in Savannah, but it lived for only a short time. Gus is quite tame, and will come to the surface and approach his keeper when called. To our eyes he presented somewhat the appearance of a monstrous gorged leech with a tail and flippers, and seemed in disposition to be particularly harmless and peaceful.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON.

(*Falco anatum.*)

You remember, Mr. Editor, the huge mass of red sandstone, shot up six hundred feet above the Connecticut river at South Deerfield, called Mt. "Sugar Loaf."

You probably can recall the lovely view of the little valley spread out before you from the summit.

I doubt not you have sat in "King Philip's seat," scooped out of the cliff, where 'tis said he planned the massacre of Bloody Brook, when Capt. Lathrop and his Beverly Volunteers were slain so many years ago.

One day in April I climbed the steep path on the southern side, and wearied and heated, threw myself upon the grass at the summit to gaze upon the scene below.

The spires and towers of Amherst glistened in the sun, thrown out in bright relief against the dark green of the Holyoke Mountains.

Hadley and Northampton presented pictures worth remembering, and the Connecticut reflected the last rays of the sun as it sank behind the Hoosac hills.

I was awakened from a reverie by a sharp, chattering cry, unlike any I had ever heard, and looking in the direction whence it came, saw coming towards the eastern cliff a sharp-winged hawk. It swooped beneath the shelving rock and disappeared. Climbing out upon a projecting tree-trunk I threw a stone over the cliff and took a quick shot as the hawk appeared; owing to the insecurity of my seat I missed. Examining the brow of the precipice I found that I could descend some twenty feet, and by carefully steadying myself by the small stunted cedars could reach a point opposite a projecting stick, where from the whitened appearance of the rocks, I conjectured the hawk had his eyrie. But by this time the sun had set, and so descending the mountain and craving a supper and bed, I deferred my attempt upon the life of the bird. Before it was fairly light next morning, I had ensconced myself behind the lowest cedar on the cliff, just where the rock began to shelve in. Though so early, the hawk was seeking his

breakfast. Patiently I waited, and the sun climbed high up in the heavens, and I thought feelingly of the breakfast I was losing, when suddenly there appeared over the river a swiftly approaching bird. Nearer and nearer he drew, till I could hear the whistle of his wings. Sweeping now above, now beneath me, he finally seemed convinced that the coast was clear, and close beneath the cliff and up, with a sudden rush, alighted upon the dry branch. Scarcely had his wings folded when his sharp eye espied me; but 'twas too late! As he launched into the air I fired; and the report was followed by a cloud of feathers, my only sign that I had struck, so sharp was the incline of the precipice. Any naturalist can imagine my feelings as I descended the mountain and climbed again to the base of the cliff and found my bird.

Three hundred feet had he fallen and nearly every bone was injured; but there he lay, a duck hawk—a true falcon. I stuffed him and he is in my cabinet to-day. A few years afterwards I procured an egg from Mr. W. S. Street, the kind-hearted keeper of the Eyrie House at Mt. Tom. Allen of the Museum, Comparative Zoology, gives the best description of the eggs and bird, extant. Its range is from Greenland to the West Indies. It is closely allied to, if not identical with the European falcon of the same name. It preys upon ducks and smaller game of all kinds. The old residents near the mountain call it the "Black Hawk," and relate many stories of its prowess. One old man said they had bred there for forty years; if one was killed another took its place. I know that the widow of my bird had another mate in less than two weeks. Once a bird of this species met with a horrible death: swooping down upon a small bird perched upon the sharp point of a stake, it was securely impaled, the stake passing through the body.

FRED. BEVERLY.

OVERWORKED BRAINS.—The nearest thing to an indication that the brain has been working rather more than is good for it, is the persistence in the mind, during the period of rest, of the thoughts which have engaged it during its condition of activity. After a good spell of hard work, the brain-worker is often tormented by finding it difficult, all at once, to turn off the steam. His work-day thoughts will intrude themselves, in spite of every effort to keep them out. Each worker has usually a way of his own of endeavoring to get quit of these unwelcome guests. Thackeray generally succeeded in exorcising the creatures whom he had been calling into existence by the simple expedient of turning over the leaves of a dictionary. A great lawyer was in the habit, in similar circumstances, of plunging into a cold bath, and averred that a person never takes out of cold water the same ideas that he took into it. Perhaps the best mental corrective of this condition is to employ the mind for a short time in a direction most contrasted to that in which it has been overworked. In this way a mathematician might find advantage in unbanding his mind on a page or two of a novel while the novelist could chase away the phantoms which haunt him by dipping into a discussion on the "Quantification of the predicate." The cure, in fact, must be sought for on a principle the very opposite to that of the famous homeopathic doctrine of "similars."—*Chambers' Journal*.

EUROPEAN ANTELOPES.—Europe can, at the utmost, reckon but two antelopes among her ruminants, the chamois (*Antelope rupicapra*), and the saiga (*Antelope colus*). The name *rupicapra* (rock goat), applied to the former, suggests the difficulty which naturalists have felt in classing this creature of the Alpine peaks. We will, however, admit it among the antelopes, and this will give one species of the family to western Europe, leaving the saiga to the regions of the Lower Danube, and the hills of Caucasus. Neither species can be deemed a good example of the antelope form and beauty, the rough coat of the chamois, and the heavy sheep-like body of the saiga, exhibiting little of elegance or grace. But either animal may be taken as a good specimen of the wonderful activity and amazing watchfulness which distinguish the whole family. The skill of the keenest rifleman is often baffled when tracking the chamois along the edge of the avalanche or up the ice covered peaks. Far off the daring animal stands, on some projection of a rock where no hunter's foot can tread, or bounds from crag to crag as if endowed with supernatural energies. No finer specimen of brute skill and courage can be witnessed in Europe. The muscular power by which the brave creature balances itself on the narrow ledge of rock, and then springs from this across a fathomless gulf to a mere shelf of the opposite precipice, may well excite the envy of the most daring and best trained hunter. The contest between human power and animal energy is here seen in its highest forms. The saigas, or antelopes of eastern Europe, are often seen in flocks many thousand in number when making their autumnal migration from the barren plains of the north to the sheltered valleys of the south. Man keeps a sharp look out for their approach, and destroys vast multitudes, not for the sake of the venison, but to enrich himself by the sales of their horns and skins. The *belles* of Europe and Asia wear ornamented combs made from the transparent substance of the saiga's horn, while the skins may appear as elegant gloves in shops of London and Paris. Thus far this antelope may claim to be a promoter of civilization, and to share with the tortoise the honor of adorning beauty's head.—*Cassell's Popular Educator*.

—The following prices were given for various animals and birds, many of them bred in the Antwerp zoological garden. Female giraffe, £360, hyena, £18, elands, £80, dama antelope, £50, pair of llamas, £60, red kangaroo, £40, black faced kangaroo, £20, two lion cubs, £60. Pheasants brought high figures, one couple of Amberst pheasants (*Thaumalea Amherstiae*) £160, and a single male brought £50. A couple of Siamese pheasants (*Euplocomas prelatius*) sold for £98. Some pheasants notably Reeve's pheasants (*Phasianus Reevei*) having bred fully from the exceedingly tall prices, they brought £100 a pair. It seems as if the breeding of animals and birds in Europe, may be made to be remunerative. But of course any such ideas of profit to be made by zoological societies, is entirely a secondary consideration.

The Kennel.

THE BOAR HOUND.—This strain of hound will be found useful in hunting wild pigs in Louisiana, and is derived from a mingling of the mastiff with the greyhound, crossed afterwards with the largest sized English terrier. Our friends who own and breed dogs will at once see the necessity of using these three animals, in order to get at the best strain to hunt the Wild Boar or the less ferocious Wild Pig. The greyhound element is required in order to give the dog sufficient speed for overtaking the boar, which is much swifter animal than is generally supposed, from his unwieldy piggy form. The mastiff is needed to give it the requisite muscular power and dimensions of body, and the terrier is introduced for the sake of obtaining a sensitive nose and a quick spirited action. To train this dog properly is a matter of some difficulty, because a mistake is generally fatal, and puts an end to further instruction by the death of the pupil. It is comparatively easy to train a pointer or setter, because if he fails through eagerness or slowness, the worst consequence is that the shooter loses his next shot or two, and the dog is easily corrected. But if a Boar-hound rushes too eagerly at the bristly quarry, he will in all probability be laid bleeding on the ground by a rapid stroke from the boar's tusks, and if he should hang back he would be just as likely to be struck by the infuriated beast. The only good breed of boar hounds known to us is a strain owned by Dr. Slack, of New Jersey, which has turned out remarkably well. The limbs are long and exceedingly powerful, and the head possesses the square muzzle of the mastiff, together with the sharp and somewhat pert air of the terrier. It is a very large animal, measuring thirty inches to the shoulder. Wild boar hunting, next to lion and tiger shooting, is a dangerous sport, and the most destructive to hounds that the travelled sportsman will encounter. The boar is a most fierce and savage animal, and when irritated or disturbed by hounds will rush at any man or animal and attack them with his tusks. In fact, a boar has been known to turn with such terrible effect upon a pack containing fifty dogs that only ten escaped scatheless, and six or seven were ripped up and killed on the spot. The speed of this beast is no less remarkable, as when fully aroused he puts the mettle of the swiftest and staunchest horse fairly to the test, even on ground where the horse would have the advantage he frequently gets away from the sportsman to regain his haunt, which is usually in a cane-brake. The spear is generally employed in Algeria in boar hunting or pig sticking, as the sport is familiarly termed, and is either thrown from the horse's back, or is held like a lance and directed so as to receive the animal's charge. When driven to bay the African boar is as savage an animal as can be imagined (to which some few gentlemen residing in the city can testify), as with flashing eyes and foaming mouth he dashes at one and then another of the horsemen, sometimes fairly driving them from the spot, the boar often remaining master of the field. Another cross or breed of the Boar-hound which would suit our Southern friends (as thoroughbred mastiffs and terriers are a rarity), may be derived from the mingling of the Southern hound and grey-hound, which would answer every purpose for wild pig shooting in Texas and Louisiana.

—If we have strictly no wild boar hunting here as in the Ardennes, or pig sticking as in Africa and India, we have the peccary in Texas, a sport by no means to be despised, and to which we would call the attention of our northern sportsmen. In the cane-brakes of southern Texas, in the dense thickets, the peccary is found, and he requires for his capture exactly the kind of dog we have described. The planters do not like the peccary. He destroys the crops, mutilates stock at times, and sometimes makes the sportsman take to the trees. Along the Brazos Bottoms, the peccary is found in quantity. He is at times a most pugnacious little rascal, and will charge at a man, as straight as an arrow, and his sharp curved tusks cut like knives. To meet him is no easy task, as the cane brakes are close and a path has sometimes to be cut through them. One would think from the size of the peccary, for he is rarely more than eighteen inches high, by two and a half feet in length, that he would be hardly a match for a dog, but such is his quickness, his strength, and valor, as to make him a most dangerous foe to the staunchest hound ever bred. As quick as lightning, all the strength lying in his head, neck and shoulders, with his lancet-like tusks, he will disembowel a dog in a trice. Being gregarious, peccaries have a shocking bad habit of all doing exactly the same thing, at the same time, and they frequently charge *en masse*, and scatter the dogs.

Webber in his wild scenes of hunting life, thus describes the peccary. A bear has been wounded and the dog are fighting him, when a troop of peccaries enter and charge headlong on bear, men, dogs and all. "Such yells, and and screams, and roars of pain, and such a medley helter-skelter rout as now occurred, would be difficult to describe. The wounded dogs, with tails between their legs, came sulking towards us. The bear, frantic with pain, rolled his great carcass to and fro, and gaped his red mouth, as he struck blindly about him here and there. The grunting and rushing patter of an addition to the herd coming in behind us, waked us from the sort of stupor this unexpected scene had thrown us in for the instant. "Run, run!" shouted my friend, with a voice half choked with mingled rage and laughter, and such a scurrying on all sides, for the other hunters had just come in, and the cry of "Peccaries! Peccaries! run! run!" and the popping of our guns all round

at them, as we urged our horses to escape through the cane, closed this eventful scene, of my first introduction to the peccaries!"

DOG LAW.—Difficult cases of dog ownership often crop up in the police courts, the magistrates generally allowing doggy to decide the quarrel. One lady we remember recovered her pet by making him die at her command. A very satisfactory instance of sending a case to the dogs for settlement was reported in a Jersey newspaper in 1857: "A few days since a son of the Rev. Mr. Bellis was passing along the street, holding in his arms a pup-dog, of which he had been made a present; when a French dealer came up to him, took the animal from him, declaring it to be her own. Mr. Bellis complained to M. Centenier du Jardin, whom he assured that the pup had been given to his son by Mr. Cornish, the owner of the animal's mother. The Frenchwoman insisted that the pup was hers, and said she had given its mother to an innkeeper in Hillgrove Lane. M. Centenier caused the two mothers to be brought together at the innkeeper's, and the pup to be placed equidistant between them. The pup immediately ran to its mother, owned by Mr. Cornish, and was instantly covered by her with caresses. Of course it was forthwith ordered to be given up to its rightful owner." A less successful result attended the experiment tried by Judge Cush in the belief that a wise dog must know its own master. Finding himself getting bothered altogether by the conflict of evidence adduced by the rival claimants for the possession of the animal, the judge cried, "Stop! we'll settle this very quickly. You, Mr. Plaintiff, go into the far corner of the room out there. You, Mr. Defendant, come into this corner up here. Now both of you whistle; and Mr. Clerk, let loose the dog." His orders were obeyed; plaintiff and defendant whistled their loudest, the dog made a bolt of it and 'scorted' out of court. "Very extraordinary!" said the judge. "I can't understand that. Mr. Clerk, as the plaintiff could not prove his case when I gave him the chance, you may enter judgment for the defendant." It would have been in stricter accordance with the evidence to have declared the dog a free dog, belonging to neither.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A New York *Times* correspondent tells this story: "In one of Landseer's early visits to Scotland he stopped at a village, and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapid sketches of them on a bit of paper. Next day, resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended in all directions from the trees, or drowning in the rivers, with stones round their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned, to his dismay, that he was supposed to be an excise officer who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes; so the people were all anxious to get rid of their dogs.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Dr. Luke in his work entitled "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," supports the hypothesis that hydrophobic symptoms are often developed without previous inoculation. In illustration, he relates a notable instance of a physician of Lyons, who, having assisted in the dissection of several victims of the disorder, imagined that he himself had become inoculated. On attempting to drink, he was seized with spasm of the pharynx, and in this condition roamed about the streets for three days. At length his friends succeeded in convincing him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions, and he at once recovered. Dr. Marx, a German physician, writing to *The Clinic*, regards hydrophobia as a morbid affection of the imagination induced by fear, and, in support of his opinion, cites some interesting cases in which persons unaware of the superstition have escaped the spasms.—*Tribune*.

—The following appears in *Land and Water* in regard to cross-bred grey-hounds:—

I was surprised to see stated, that you were of opinion that a cross-bred greyhound would catch the fastest antelope living. I do not exactly know what is meant by a cross-bred greyhound, but as I think your information is likely to mislead your correspondent, I take advantage of a leisure hour to give a little of my own experience in regard to the antelope tribe. In the first place, I must inform you that I resided in the Bombay Presidency in the East Indies for about twenty-three years, and was employed in Candesh, the Deccan and Province of Guzerat. There are two kinds of antelopes which are common enough there, *viz.*, the black buck species, which are nearly, if not, quite as large as a fallow-deer, and a much smaller kind, known by the name of chinkarra, goat antelope, or hill deer. The former are seldom to be seen anywhere except in the plains, but the latter are met with in the open country pretty frequently, especially in Guzerat. Now, I kept greyhounds myself many years ago, some of the pure English, bred some Persian, and I think I can assure your correspondent, that to the best of my belief, Master McGrath himself would not have much more chance of catching a healthy full-grown buck or doe of either of the species mentioned, under ordinary circumstances, than he would of catching a wild goose. My dogs were as good as any I ever saw in India, and used to catch foxes and hares in very good style, but neither I nor any other person who knew anything about the matter, would have thought of slipping them at a full-grown animal or even at a well-grown fawn. They used sometimes to break away in pursuit of one by itself or after a herd, but I never thought of riding after them; they ran till they were tired or the antelope disappeared, and came back again. I have seen my dogs have a good long course before they could catch one after I had broken a hind leg with a rifle-ball, and on one occasion a strong Persian greyhound had such a severe run after a large black buck, when I had put a ball in its body, and which he caught at last, that I fancied that the dog was never himself again afterwards. There are other small antelopes in the Bombay Presidency, but I never met with them except in jungle or hills, and there may be some in the plains in Bengal or elsewhere that a greyhound may have a chance with for anything I know to the contrary. I am only giving my own experience. I never heard whether a greyhound can catch a roe-deer.

—The aborigines of Utah feared a Manitou. The present inhabitants are not afraid of a woman or two.

—When is a twenty-four pound trout not a twenty-four pound trout? Ans.—When it is weighed.

The Magazines.

THE MOORISH COFFEE HOUSE.

PICKING our way through the little crowd outside, we enter a long room, and are struck by the contrast between it and the French café, but not so much on account of the simplicity of the interior as from the kind of life within. As one passes through the doorway no jingle of dominoes, no sound of billiard balls striking together, no clinking of glasses, no hubbub of voices, no triumphal cries of the man with a good hand at *piquet* greet the air. There are no waiters in clean white aprons and short black jackets, moving with extraordinary nimbleness and rapidity among small marble tables, no *dame de comptoir* seated sedately behind a rosewood tribune; but in lieu of these quietness and peacefulness reign over everything. At the end of the room the *Kahouadj* or master, who is generally a Moor or a Kouloglis, is standing before his stove, where water is always on the bubble and coffee continually simmering. As the water boils he places five or six tea spoonsful of coffee into a tin pot containing about two tumblers of water, and carefully removes the scum as it rises to the top; after allowing it to simmer for a few seconds he pours the coffee several times from one pot to another, reminding one of an American preparing a brandy-eccktail, and finally empties it into small cups—sometimes fitting into metal stands resembling egg-cups, but more frequently being ordinary European coffee cups—which the *thefel* or waiter hands round to the customers. In some cafés the coffee is roasted daily and pounded on the premises, as it is generally considered that it gradually loses its flavor when once cooked, but there are also shops where the process of crushing is carried on as a trade. In these establishments you see bent over a long stone trough, resembling a manger, three or four half naked men, who stand there from morn till sundown, with a rest of about a couple of hours in the middle of the day, crushing the coffee with a huge iron pestle. The Arabs never mix milk with their coffee; they take it lukewarm, and sip it, stopping from time to time draw a whiff of smoke from their pipes, or to make an observation to a neighbor.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

WAVE ACTION OF THE PACIFIC.

NOTHING can be more tumultuous or less pacific than the waters of the Pacific Ocean along the Mendocino coast. Where there is a sandy beach, which is not often, it is pleasant to watch the incoming waves, and to compare them with those of the Atlantic. We at once perceive that there is a great difference. In the Atlantic the surf is seldom more than six feet high, and the serried line of waters that comes dashing onward is rarely more than two hundred yards long. In fact, gazing at the sea that breaks upon the Long Branch shore, or upon the sands of Cape May, or upon the western side of Martha's Vineyard, or upon the petrified beach of Santo Domingo, one can see without difficulty ten or a dozen waves breaking on the shore or advancing in line, all within the field of vision afforded by one glance. It is not so here. The waves, in the first place, are not so frequent. Accustomed to the Atlantic quick pulsation, the traveler waits with impatience, even with a degree of pain, for the roar of the breakers on the Pacific coast, and has about concluded that the sea has given the thing up as a bad job, when the tremendous boom bursts suddenly and unexpectedly upon his ear. Then the waves are twelve feet high and a mile in length, and advance with a solemnity of motion which words cannot describe. The curves described by the crests of such waves are infinitely finer than anything which the Atlantic presents; and the boiling fury with which they crash upon the beach and churn the sands is at first sight appalling. Around isolated rocks they rage and raven, like the dogs which the poets fabled around Scylla. All along the Mendocino coast they have worn the cliffs into strange and wondrous forms, beating out caverns where the lower part is conglomerate rock, and series of arched cellars, into which tons of seaweed and debris are thrown. The basalt, which is the leading character of the crust, is not uniform in texture, some parts being very much softer than others. Wherever this occurs in the proximity of the waters, they have invariably scooped out the soft rock, making all kinds of mystic arches, siren rings, and gateways of Poseidon. This is not infrequent, and occasionally happens in spots accessible to the human foot, sometimes even in close neighborhood to the stage road. The surface is covered with a rank, coarse grass, which even mules disdain, and which the wandering goat will not even look at. Sometimes a cactus will bloom along the cliffs, and there is a species of thistle with very handsome bluish-green leaves and a large yellow flower.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A PLEA FOR SHEEP.—Lately, visiting some of the sheep farms of Lincolnshire, I noticed that while the Midland farmer talked to his horse, and even petted his oxen, he treated his sheep as an animal peculiarly devoid of intelligence. Now, I noticed among my agricultural friends this general sentiment in practice, a sort of general disregard for the intelligence or feelings of sheep, though to me there is as much sad pitiful intelligence in the eye of a sheep as there is in the "patient melancholy" face of a cow. While the farmer has brought sheep to the perfection of size and shape and profit, that sort of mutual regard which animated sheep, shepherds, and shepherdesses in the olden days seems to have died out. St. John says, "To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." On these words Dr. Hammond observes that the shepherds of Judea knew every sheep separately, and that "shepherds of that country had a distinct name for every sheep, which each sheep knew and answered by obediential coming or following to that call." Moreover, they trained up the ram to collect the flock, a far better device than that of the sheep-dog. Homer endorses this in his simile of Ulysses drawing up his men to a ram ordering the flock. On the authority of Philo Judeus, a philosophic Jew, born and bred in Egypt, in his first chapter concerning the Creation says: "Woolly rams laden with thick fleeces in spring season, being ordered by their shepherd, stand without moving, and, silently stooping a little, put themselves into his hand to have their wool shorn; being accustomed, as cities are, to pay their yearly tribute to man, their king by nature."—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

—PRESERVATION OF HUMAN REMAINS.—In the Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition, Dr. Marini exhibits, among an assortment of human feet, hands, legs, arms, and busts of shrivelled proportions and deep-brown color, a large, round plateau, evidently of hard and polished material, which has been likened to stale gelatine or potted boar's head. It is a conglomerate of specimens, illustrative of an art invented by him—the petrification and mummification of human corpses. It was this Dr. Marini who petrified Mazzini, and executed the work so well that the admirers of the arch-conspirator proposed to set up the corpse in the Capitol and save economical Italy the expense of a statue. The doctor's preparations are weather-proof, and will not only stand wear, but take on a high degree of polish. His mummified specimens, by a process known to him alone, can be restored to their original size and elasticity; while the petrified ones are as hard, and possibly as durable, as granite. The top slab of the table is composed of muscles, fat, sinews, and glandular substance—all petrified together in a block, the surface of which has been planed and polished till its face resembles marble. Certificates from Nélaton and others are attached to the specimen limbs, setting forth that the limbs in question had, for the satisfaction of the certifiers, been restored to their pristine softness and pliability by Dr. Marini.—*The Lancet.*

—THE COMMON FROG.—What is a frog? At first, almost all will think, on meeting with this question, that they can answer it readily and easily. Second thoughts, however, will show to most that such is by no means the case. Indeed many a man of education and culture will find himself entirely at a loss, if suddenly called upon for a reply to what is in fact a problem by no means easy of solution. "The frog is a small saltatory reptile" will probably be the reply of the majority. But is it a reptile? At any rate it begins life (in its Tadpole stage) like a fish! By the great Cuvier, however, as by very many naturalists since, it has been regarded as a reptile and classed with lizards, crocodiles and serpents; and yet it may be a question whether the marine affinity conunually assigned to it in the nursery tale, be not the lesser error of the two. If the frog was only known by certain fossil remains it would be considered one of the most anomalous of animals. Many persons are accustomed to make much of the distinctive peculiarities of the human frame. In fact, however, man's bodily structure is far less exceptional in the animal series, is far less peculiar and isolated than that which is common to frogs and toads.

The frog is the never-failing resource for the physiological experimenter. It would be long indeed to tell the sufferings of much-enduring frogs in the cause of science! What frogs can do without their heads? What their legs can do without their bodies? What their arms can do without either head or trunk? What is the effect of the removal of their brains? How they can manage without their eyes and without their ears? What effects result from all kinds of local irritations, from chockings, from poisonings, from mutilations the most varied? These are the questions again and again addressed to the little animal which perhaps more than any other deserves the title of "the Martyr of Science."—*Nature.*

X THE BEAVER.—Beaver have their young about the first of June, and breed but once a year; these number from one to eight; very old beaver having but one or two at a time. They are pretty little things, about the size of a rat, and are easily tamed, but, on account of their mischievous propensities, are not favorite pets. One pair of young ones that I know of being put in a tub of water, and thinking doubtless that their "lake" should have a creek, proceeded to gnaw the sides till they had made a hole in one of the staves, when they gathered together all kinds of rubbish, consisting of boots, slippers, &c. with which they attempted to make a dam. As it did not answer, they were very much cast down, crying and rolling themselves about like children in a pet.

There are various ways of trapping these sagacious animals adopted by professional hunters and trappers. In the fall and spring, the chief method is, to make a small opening in the dam, and set the trap in such a manner that they will get caught when repairing the mischief. The traps should be fastened by several feet of chain to a dry pole, driven firmly at full length of the chain into the mud at the bottom of the lake; no marks must be left. Should the chain be slack, the beaver is almost sure to leave a toe or paw in the trap. Since he has a chance of resting on the dam, and by twisting and using his teeth, will set himself free, it is then a labor of much ingenuity to catch him. The presence of beaver and their size are judged by the freshness of the sticks and the size of the teeth-marks on them, as well as the general appearance of the works.—*Chambers' Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF LORD PALMERSTON.—Gordon, the Scottish painter, used to tell this story: "I had exhibited for several years, but without success. One year, however—the year before I painted 'the Corsicans'—Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture, called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it. His lordship made inquiries after the artist, and invited me to call upon him. I waited upon his lordship accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture, but there was one thing about it he could not understand. 'What is that, my Lord?' I asked. 'That there should be such long grass in a field where there are so many sheep,' said his lordship promptly, and with a merry twinkle in his eye. It was a decided hit, this; and having bought the picture and paid for it he was entitled to his joke. 'How do you account for it?' he went on. 'Those sheep, my lord,' I replied, 'were only turned into that field the night before I finished the picture.' His lordship laughed heartily, and said 'Bravo' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures; I have cashed since then some very notable checks of his—dear old boy!"

ORIENTAL EASE.—*Kief* means, firstly, to do nothing more fatiguing than to lie down upon cushions smoking a hookah or a chibouck filled with the finest tobacco, which a young Arab lights with a piece of perfumed tinder; then to sip coffee drop by drop, or violet, orange, or rose sherbets, and to listen to that peculiar music which, although dull and monotonous to us Europeans, is delicious to an Oriental ear. Add to this a beautiful site, which is indispensable, a warm atmosphere, inspiring people with an inclination for repose, shady trees, and, above all, water—if only a corner of the Bosphorus in the distance—and you will have the principal elements of *kief*.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

- JAMES HOBSON.—Alaim; 1 min., 42½ sec.
- OLD POP.—Write to Thad. Norris, West Logan Square, Philadelphia.
- DE B., Wheeling, Va.—Your deer hound is a fair dog. About thirty-two inches at the shoulder is a handsome dog.
- D. S. AND L.—We believe the decision to be absurd, though final. Change the rules next year.
- J. Q. A. Jr., South Orange.—The female is much smaller than the male, both in the tame and wild species. In some fancy breeds it is marked by the plumage, also by the strut.
- OUR CLUB.—Six hundred yards a minute and twenty-five seconds is very creditable. An amateur has lately made this distance in seventy-five seconds.
- M. S.—Leg byes must be called aloud by the scorers and by the umpire to decide. "Arm before wicket" is a proper decision, and puts a man out. Glad to have your scores.
- RICHMOND, Va.—A pair of beagles will cost in this city from \$50 to \$75 if you wish to give us the order, we will report for you one pair of pure red rabbit beagles, the cost not exceeding \$35 in currency.
- B., Whitehall, N. J.—Will take the subject up shortly and treat it in full. We send you to-day last report of the National Rifle Association. Address in the meantime the secretary.
- PISCATOR.—Will our correspondent "Piscator," whose article is noticed by Mr. Mather in this day's issue of our paper, be kind enough to send us his address?
- CHAS. HUNGERFORD, Kansas City.—For ordinary shooting, 2½ ounces of powder. Don't ram your shot. Take it to a practical gunsmith; it may be loaded.
- ABRAHAM D., Charleston, S. C.—A little Colman's mustard sprinkled in the box kills insects for the purposes of the naturalist, very quickly, and is always to be found.
- H. L. N., Boston.—Would be exceedingly obliged for photograph. We think there is no doubt about the King Charles spaniel being derived from Japan.
- GRAVES.—To ask if contributions to this paper would be acceptable to its editors is superfluous. We are always anxious for favors of this sort. Send them in.
- H. L. O., Hoboken.—1. Use any clear dry varnish or copal varnish for your fish specimens. Much better to preserve the whole fish than the half. 3. Use arsenical soap. 4. For your reptiles, suspend by means of string through the cork.
- G. D.—The dog puzzle-peg is out of use. We never knew it to be used in the United States, and though spoken of in English books, we think it worthless. Only slow or low bred dogs are given to the faults you speak of.
- NAMBY, Hartford.—Brown paper test the only one to ascertain penetration of shot; the tin canister method unsatisfactory. To send shot, No. 5 or 6, through 28 sheets of thick paper is creditable, though 30 thicknesses have been penetrated at 40 yards. Of course the centre shots show the best penetration.
- J. The best plan would be for three or four of you to club together and buy a small skin, which would cost \$5; any country shoemaker will make them for you, according to our instructions. Mr. Kaiser, furrier, Granville street, Halifax, N. S., will supply the skin.
- H. U.—1. Barrels were first rifled about 1498. The spiral turn belongs to the eighteenth century. 2. Express rifle said to have a point blank range, with four drams of powder, at 130 yards. Weight 8 and 9 pounds. We think heavier guns are being made. Your third question we will reply to shortly *in extenso*.
- PRACTICAL, Savannah.—Box-wood for wood engravers comes principally from Odessa and Smyrna, and from Soukonk Kall, Russia. To try whether wood grown with you is fit for engraving purposes, send us a piece and we will have it tested. There is no substitute for boxwood. It is not the hardness which makes it excellent for wood engravers, but the evenness of the structure.
- EXPERIMENT, Concord.—Your idea is a very pretty one, the only pity is that it has been anticipated. The Chinese have for centuries attached such little whistles as you describe to their pigeons. They put them to their tails and not to their legs as you propose. The Chinese, like the Japanese, are full of tricks.
- MISS H. AND GIRLS, Rochester.—Of course sun-fish must have something to eat; give them a few crumbs of bread, and occasional grains of soft-boiled rice, a fly or so occasionally. But do not let the food taint the water. Do not use rain water in your little aquarium, and wait patiently until your plants exercise their power of purifying the water.
- JALLABAD.—You are right in your dispute as to the size of the elephant. People are prone to exaggerate his size. See in former number an answer to this question. Ordinary height of Asiatic elephant is 8 feet. In the East India commissariat, 7 feet is the minimum height required. When an elephant in India is 12 feet tall he is a curiosity.
- A. S. N.—Nature seems to have been quite prolific in her varieties of the kangaroo or macropidæ. There is the macropus major, the macropus Laniger, the wallabee (*Halmaturus walabatus*), the rock kangaroo (*Petrogale perricillata*), and the smaller kinds, as the brush-tailed betong, the kangaroo rat and the kangaroo hare.
- CAMPISTS.—For comfort and convenience the Adirondacks are preferable to any other hunting ground in the country, and there is no pleasure more enjoyable than a fortnight spent there in camping out. Some of the guides are very intelligent and obliging, and will take good care of young novices and amateurs who are without experience in out door life. Go to Paul Smith's, Bartlett's or Martins.
- DEMAR.—To dress your cat skin, take, after well cleaning and scraping, and steep in sumac decoction, letting it stay in ten days. Then wash thoroughly in cold water. Dry then pretty well, and nail skin on a board, hair down, and while moist rub in oil and tallow mixed. Then let it dry. A good rubbing with a flat stone helps to make it soft in finishing. Have seen skins of even such small animals as rats moles and squirrels made very pretty and serviceable this way.
- H. B. P., Boston, Mass.—For ordinary shoe packs and moccasins Messrs. H. and H. Merrill, 290 Notre Dame street, Montreal. The best plan, however, would be to buy a small caribou skin, and get any good shoemaker to make them according to instructions, page 89, FOREST AND STREAM. Any of your friends would be glad to have a pair, if the skin should be too large. Address for skin, J. Kaiser, Furrier, Granville st., Halifax.
- G. L. EDDY, Racine, Wis.—The only work on birds and their eggs which has appeared lately is Dr. Ed. A. Samuel's "Ornithology and Oology of New England," published by Nichols and Noyes, Boston, 1867, in octavo; 583 pages, with some colored plates, many cuts and full notices of each bird and its habits. This work will be found to contain most all the birds of the northern Atlantic States. The publishing price was \$15. The best way to procure it is to address a letter to the *American Naturalist*, Salem, Mass., who will also furnish any other books on natural history at short notice, and also lists of naturalists and dealers, with their addresses, and their special branch of study or business. This magazine will be found very interesting to all who cultivate these studies. The Smithsonian Institution has published two editions of Dr. Thomas N. Brewer's North American Oology, in quarto, 1857 and 1869, with colored plates. We believe that this work only includes the Raptores and Fissirostres. It can be had by direct application to Prof. S. F. Baird, assistant secretary of the Institute. The price the 1857 edition was five dollars, with colored plates.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS,
AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, October 31st.—Trotting, White Plains, Westchester, N. Y.
Macon Fair, Georgia. Richmond Fair, Virginia. Eutaw Fair, West
Alabama. Roanoke and Tar Rivers, Weldon, N. C.

SATURDAY, November 1st.—Boat Clubs, foot 133d street. Foot ball,
Princeton vs. Yale, New Haven. Trotting, White Plains, Westchester
county, N. Y.

TUESDAY, November 4th. Columbia Fair, S. C. Aurora Fair,
South Eastern Indiana.

WEDNESDAY, November 5th.—Foot ball, Princeton vs. Rutgers, New
Brunswick, New Jersey.

ROMANCE AND SCIENCE.

PERHAPS modern romance writing is more indebted to Oliver Wendell Holmes than to any other author, for the introduction of scientific matter in its midst. Balzac, the greatest novelist the world has ever produced, whose comprehensive brain held all subjects, rather generalized science than otherwise in his romances, a notable instance of which may be found in his "Pean de Chagrin." Dr. Holmes, however, draws his similes from chemistry, natural philosophy and physiology with such delicacy and neatness as to add immensely to the interest of his books. It may be said of this admirable author that illustrations taken by him from science, are something like Thackeray's French quotations—they are never out of place. The advance sheets of the admirable romance, fraught with scenes of startling horror, when the primeval Alfred Augustus fights with the Megasaurus, and from his gaping jaws rescues the primitive Angelica, are, we suppose, to-day in the hands of the publishers.

French romance writers are exerting their skill this way, and nature's secrets are getting dressed up for exhibition like actors, with no end of rouge, frippery, artificial flowers and spangles.

Perhaps the time may yet come when the dime novel, with its atrocities, may be rendered yet more horrible by paleontological effects, and servant girls when they buy the "Penny Dreadfuls," may shed tears over the struggles for life of some hero and heroine of the lacustrine era.

How far true scientists like this rather promiscuous handling of their sacred subjects is quite a question. "Popularize science" is the cry. All the world is shouting it. But perhaps, though wise men may "hark on," they may be fearful that the dogs are on a false scent, leading to very little.

Nature, in a poem called "Molecular Evolution," (quite a touching production, by the way) has these lines, which seem pertinent as to what the present romantico-scientific period may lead us to:—

"Yield, then, ye rules of rigid reason!
Dissolve, thou too, too solid sense!
Melt into nonsense for a season,
Then in some higher form condense."

HAIR TRIGGERS AND RESTS.

WE have received from numerous correspondents a series of questions in regard to rifle shooting at Creedmoor, and various is the character of the information asked of us. As a sample of such inquiries, we have taken a letter received from a prominent gentleman in Mobile, as embodying some of the principal queries. Our correspondent writes:

"I see in your accounts of target practice that three and six pounds pull on the trigger is still insisted on at Creedmoor. Is not this unnecessary, since the introduction of the breech loading target and army rifles? I know from experience that in the army a "hard" trigger had to be used for safety with the muzzle loading musket, when it was frequently necessary to carry the arms loaded day and night, but now that an army gun need not be loaded until the enemy is in sight, or until the marksman takes his place at the shooting stand, a one pound or even half pound pull on the trigger seems to me to be ample. Should the New York State militia take the lead in this the army will follow in a few years. As it is now, a soldier has a poor show opposed to an adversary armed with a hair trigger rifle."

The same correspondent, in a later letter, says:

"In Mobile and New Orleans rifle clubs hair triggers are always used. A man must not cap a muzzle loader, or load a breech loader until taking his place at the stand."

Our correspondent's letter is not wanting in acumen, and is worthy of a full explanation. In regard to the pull of three and six pounds required on the trigger at rifle ranges, questions of this character, though appertaining rather to the ordnance department, enter somewhat within our province. The primary object in the formation of any rifle range, whether at Wimbledon, Hythe or Creedmoor, is to engender more fully proper military spirit; to relieve, as it were, the dull monotony of the drill; to make the citizen-soldier have something to think about, and by affording him a thorough acquaintance with his rifle, to give him greater reliance. We do not think it at all derelict to the noble fraternity of sportsmen to which we belong, to state that the interests of the huntsman are certainly secondary to that of the soldier, at Creedmoor or any other national ranges. A proficient marksman as a soldier, would be of course an excellent shot when using his rifle for game.

War experience has shown that any rifle or musket, no matter whether it be muzzle or breech loader, when carried by an army would be terribly unsafe, unless there was a certain definite limit, and that rather leaning on the side of hardness of pull on the trigger. The general pull of an army gun, as for instance the old Springfield and Enfield, was from fifteen to twenty pounds. The decision arrived at, of a minimum pull of six pounds, is one that has not been hastily determined, but is the result of long experience. A very simple test of the safety of a gun, is to take one of an average weight, say of ten pounds, either a military or a sporting arm, to load it, and to drop the but on the ground. If the sear spring is made of less restraining power than three pounds, the arm will go off by the shock, the spring being unclosed. Three pounds trigger pull, though it might do for a sporting rifle, would be impossible for a military gun, liable as it is at all times to accidental concussions. Of course all our military and sporting readers know this, as does our able correspondent.

As to the comparative safety in using muzzle and breech loaders, the advantage on the part of the breech loaders is immense, as they need not be loaded until wanted; after that period, however, when charged, both the breech and muzzle loading guns are about the same as to liability to premature discharges. It is impossible to prevent men from loading guns out of season, no matter how constructed, and though the facility with which a breech loader can have the cartridge removed is one of the strongest points in its favor, it is a question having to do entirely with the man and not with the gun.

Accuracy of fire with the rifle is undoubtedly gained by means of hair triggers, and also by permanent rests, some of our inquiries being particularly directed toward this latter subject. When both hair triggers and rests can be combined, no doubt extraordinary shooting is the result. But practically, for actual service, it is not of avail. There cannot be an army of sharpshooters, with hair triggers, each one having a fixed rest. The fixed rest was part and parcel of the old *musqueton*, when a match was used, the rest being called the fork, and hair triggers are of the middle of the last century, and they have not been found of service but in exceptional cases. The time requisite to set first the main trigger and then the hair spring catch occupies a certain period, and a convenient rest is not often available. Army officers used fixed permanent rests every day in order to test the accuracy of any special arm, and a properly made arm thus secured ought to send a succession of balls all to the same spot. The use of hair spring guns will not we think show on an average much better shooting than that of practical simple trigger shooting. Then again, a man who could shoot well with a gun having a three or a six pound pull could undoubtedly use a hair trigger with great effect, while *per contra*, the hair spring rifleman would shoot quite wild with an ordinary rifle.

We do not mean to cast the least imputation of diletantism on the advocates of hair springs. We have frequently used them ourselves, and have seen amazing strings made, but it is neither practical, military, nor sportsman's shooting; not because ordnance officers do not endorse them for soldiers' use, but because ninety-nine times in a hundred, either on the battle-field, or in the forest, hair springs would be out of order, or circumstances would not allow of their being used. When the term "any position" is used for rifle shooting at Creedmoor for distances over 200 yards, it means that a rest can be used, but such rest does not allow

of any other than the natural one, such as of the elbow on the ground, or of the rifle laid across the thigh of the shooter.

There is quite a common error conveyed to some in regard to a three or six pound pull, which gives the idea that the pull on a trigger is something like the pull on a horse's mouth. The trigger pull is a most gradual one, requiring little effort, and the knack and skill is to make the pull cumulative, to commence with the slightest pressure on the trigger and to bring it up to its maximum, when the target and sights are together. The acme of art then is to know exactly when your gun is going off. As was remarked by the best Canadian shot at Creedmoor: "If I only knew precisely when my gun was going off, I would win every match in the world." Now the advocates of the hair trigger may assert that this is exactly the excellence they claim for this delicate gun mechanism. We are inclined to assert that a hair trigger piece goes off much more frequently when you do not expect it, than an ordinary coarser trigger piece. As to the question of certain sights being barred at Wimbledon, we believe there is to be greater license allowed at Creedmoor for certain matches. In fact, we can see no reason if a sight be invented, no matter how complicated it may be, if it will give greater accuracy of aim, allowing us better facility of sighting, why we should not have it. The objection raised to hair triggers or fixed rests is of a different character. It seems to us that sights, no matter of what kind, can by no means interfere with that steadiness of aim or the command over the nerves which a rifle range teaches. Of course for a military gun, complicated sights would be impossible from their delicacy of construction. That there are improvements to be made in sights is quite probable, and many ingenious men are to-day devoting their attention to this subject.

Questions of cartridges have also been frequently put to us. It is getting to be to-day, many suppose, not so much a question of guns, sights, or grooves in a rifle, as that of properly made ammunition. The best arm in the world may be worthless when charged with a carelessly prepared cartridge. Even a match may be lost by the best of shots because the cartridges used by him are not fresh, but have been manufactured for a year or more. It is certain that the packing of powder in a cartridge case, and the powder remaining in this condition for a certain period, not exactly determined, has a tendency to cake the powder and to diminish its explosive power. The fact of balls falling short at long ranges is frequently attributed to inferior powder, when the fault lies in the cartridge, which when first made was excellent, but has deteriorated in time from some molecular or chemical change in the powder. We are by no means prepared to assert that this is always the case; but for careful shooting, when a single point is to be gained in a score, the prudent marksman should be perfectly acquainted with the character of the cartridge he uses. The subject of hardened balls of rifle grooving have all been put to us, which in time we will answer fully in our columns.

Questions relating to Creedmoor, coming from all sections of the Union, show the interest taken in rifle shooting, and in our correspondence we find many sensible suggestions, which are not only worthy of the attention of our rifle makers, but of consideration by the National Rifle Association.

Perhaps the name of the association will convey to many the best idea of its aim and purpose, and that is that it must be thoroughly national. Though hair-trigger shooting may be national in Switzerland it is not the case in the United States, and between a rifle club, where perhaps a few hundred gentlemen may practice at their leisure, and Creedmoor, where thousands of the National Guards, and rifle-men from all parts of the world will use the range, there is a vast difference.

At Creedmoor and other ranges changes are taking place every day. Like everything else, where theory and practice go hand in hand, increased skill in rifle shooting has been the result, due not only to improved arms, but to individual proficiency. In England they are talking of decreasing the sizes of the targets, so as to increase the difficulties and to make even more skillful marksmen, and very certainly it must result in bringing forward better guns and better men.

CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

MR. CONKLIN'S REPORT.

MR. Conklin's report of the Central Park Menagerie shows that the collection of animals, birds, reptiles, &c., confided to the director's care, is in excellent condition. If the Zoological collection is secondary to the Park itself, it having been we think but a later idea to add the show of animals to New York's pleasure garden, nevertheless with the means at the disposal of the Park Commissioners the results attained have been entirely satisfactory.

Though the collection is as yet somewhat limited, and it might be desirable and by no means impossible to have represented at the Central Park Menagerie, if not all, at least the major part of our native animals and birds, what there is at the Park to-day, may be considered as an excellent nucleus, around which doubtless other specimens will be shortly added.

Personal inspection has convinced us of the care and judgment Mr. Conklin has exercised; the best proof of which is shown by the healthy condition of the animals and the number of births which have taken place in the Park collection. That wild animals can be acclimatized and propagated to a certain extent in well organized Zoo-

logical Institutions, is evident from the fact, that with London, Paris and Antwerp, every year quite a notable amount of money is received from the sales of animals raised. Of course such ideas of profit are foreign to the main object of a museum, as animals used for breeding purposes must necessarily be withdrawn at least for a time from public curiosity.

There has been a noticeable increase in the number of animals exhibited as well as in the variety of species, the total number of specimens this year being 806, an increase of over 200, when compared with the previous year. There have been no deaths among any valuable animals of the permanent collection this year. The births have been as follows:

Two Lions, *Felis leo*; one Leopard, *Felis leopardus*; two Pumas, *Felis concolor*; one Camel, *Camelus dromedarius*; one Hyæna, *Hyæna crocuta*, which is believed to be the first Hyæna born in America; one Cape Buffalo, *Bubalus caffer*, (South Africa); two Fat-tailed Sheep, *Ovis aries*, (Syria); six Red Deer, *Cervus virginianus*.

Among the most valuable gifts may be mentioned the following:

One Sooty Monkey, *Cercopithecus fuliginosus*, presented by General Bomford, U. S. A. One Sambar Deer, *Rusa aris-totelis*, presented by Consul Heyse, of Swindimundi, Prussia. Two large-eared Broekets, *Coassus arvillus*, one presented by Hon. Henry S. Sanford, the other by Mr. Thomas P. Ramsdell. One Paisano, *Geococcyx californianus*, presented by Mr. Ben. Honnet, of Texas.

The Menagerie has been largely indebted to Mr. P. T. Barnum, Mr. George F. Bailey, Mr. Louis Rule, Messrs. Van Amburgh & Co., and Messrs. Charles Reichle & Bro., for a number of specimens placed by them on exhibition. Among these specimens of greatest importance are the three Giraffes, *Giraffa camelopardalis*; two Sea Lions, *Eumetopias stelleri*; one Manatee, *Manatus americanus*; one Malayan Tapir, *Tapirus malayanus*, all exhibited by Mr. P. T. Barnum.

The Manatee fully described by Mr. Conklin in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, is a notable instance of the painstaking care of the director, and as was accurately stated by this gentleman, is the first instance known of the preservation of the Manatee, away from its native resorts.

The following table shows the most satisfactory increase of the permanent collection:

	1871.	1872.	1873.
Quadrupeds.....	89	103	199
Birds.....	143	208	347
Reptiles.....	14	11	35

The bird collection has received the most notable additions and the Falconidae family have many fine representatives, and perhaps is the best known collection of American birds of this peculiar class.

We trust to be able from time to time to give our readers further particulars in regard to the habits of the animals and birds in the Park collection.

Animals, &c., donated to Central Park for the month of October, 1873:

- One Gray Squirrel, Miss Annie Olevenger.
- One Chati, Lieut. J. W. Miller, U. S. N.
- One Small Alligator, Sanford W. Steele.
- One Red Vented Corkatoo, Charles P. Daly, Esq.
- One White Heron, Master Charles Earle.
- One Young African Lion, Thomas C. Durant.
- One Black Bear, Mr. H. Alberger.

THE POLARIS.

AS one by one all the mischievous stories circulated in regard to the death of Captain Hall, of the Polaris expedition, have been traced to their sources, it has been found that they were the merest hearsays, and rested on no possible foundation of truth. Secretary Robeson, having personally investigated the matter, comes to the most evident conclusion that Captain Hall died a natural death. Hall, from our own personal acquaintance with him, from build and temperament would seem exactly a subject liable to apoplexy. The Secretary states, after explaining Hall's habits, that "in the seven days of the severest trial and suffering, when he reached the highest point attained by man, he was much of the time without the necessaries of life. During this time of trial he was living and taking exercise at a temperature some thirty degrees below zero, and on his return to the ship the air of the cabin was fetid and unhealthy. On Captain Hall's coming to his room he was in an exhausted condition. Lying down in his heavy furs, indulging perhaps in too large a quantity of food, a combination of vertigo, congestion, and apoplexy set in which terminated fatally."

The death of Hall, the rival of Kane, was as heroic as it was tragic. Such investigations in regard to the manner of his death as were necessarily within the province of the Navy Department were of the most judicious character, and we have never for a moment supposed that Captain Hall's death could have arisen from any other than natural causes.

The alacrity with which the Government sent out a relieving party was in the highest degree commendable. On the whole we may congratulate ourselves on the termination of this last chapter of Arctic exploration.

It is unfortunate for human nature that too often the best of motives are ignored, and that official personages, in the accomplishment of their duties, are made the butts of contumacious critics.

—The voice of war—the gun-stock; (gun's talk).

WILL BLACK BASS TAKE A FLY.

—The *Germantown Telegraph* of this week says:—"Several parties have gone down to the Potomac to try their hand at taking black bass with the fly, and we will report results as soon as they are ascertained. Our private opinion is, though it is in opposition to far more experienced people in the matter, that it will prove a tedious diversion. In the Susquehanna, in the vicinity of Harrisburg, where the bass are taken in great numbers, in no one instance reported, have they yet been known to break the water. The fancy professionals will have to resort to young frogs, crawfish or minnows to fill their creels, or refrain from fishing altogether. We shall be sorry for them, should this turn out to be true, for this, one of the gamiest fish swimming, ought to take the fly."

Strange persistence some anglers have in the doubt that black bass will not take a fly. It may be that by some natural whim, or peculiarity of variety or locality, these fish will take the fly in some sections and not in others, or it may be that the anglers have not full opportunity to study and learn "their tricks and their manners." We have taken black bass repeatedly in the "Narrows" at Lake George, but only by trolling, while at the deep water at the north end of Fourteen Mile Island, we have repeatedly taken them with a fly. One day we remember that C. L. Brace, who used to spend his summers at this quiet resort, had tried in vain to tempt the fish, and other anglers from Bolton took their hand at it, when observing that the bass were exceedingly coy, darting furiously at the fly at first, and then stopping dead-short when they detected the deception, the water being very clear, we agreed to hook the rascals if the gentlemen would allow the place a half hour's rest. Then taking a small scarlet ibis fly, we whipped the body with a fine thread of sheet lead to give it weight, and after a lapse of time, waiting until the shadow of the ledge darkened the surface of the water, we approached as cautiously as if educated trout were there, and tossed in. Instantly three black bass responded, when suddenly checking the motion of the rod to let the fly sink ever so little, and as quickly drawing it forward again, we succeeded in fixing the hook in one of the fellow's lips. Afterwards, we took thirteen more. Again, last August, at Lake Giles, Blooming Grove Park, Pa., where the bass are by no means abundant, we took two with a fly on a split bamboo rod, likewise with red ibis fly. We observed that we raised them at only one particular spot. This time we were in a skiff, and lying well out from shore, threw in toward a pad of scattered lily leaves whose thread-like stems found root between the interstices of the stones and boulders that lay on the bottom. There was a shelf just on the line of growth with six feet of water on it, and just outside a depth of twenty-eight feet. In all kinds of fishing, we have found it best where practicable to throw *in toward* a shore rather than *out from* the shore. The reasons are obvious. The angler is not so easily seen through the greater depth of water and the ripple that usually ruffles its surface, while the fish find their small fry and other food along the edge of the channel more than in its centre. We have also taken black bass in Minnesota lakes and in the lakes of Canada, but never in any water later than the 13th of August or earlier than the first day of July, though one of our correspondents speaks of bass taking the fly with avidity in the Maumee in May and June. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that they will not rise to a fly at all times, for this peculiarity belongs to other fish as well, and notably to the lake trout (which by the way, is a northern fish that some anglers affirm will never take a fly, although we have taken them in this way repeatedly). In Florida, during December, we have also taken the black bass with fly opposite Palatka, on the St. Johns. See letter from Ohio in our Fishing Columns.

JOHN C. HEENAN.—There died last week at Great River, Utah, John C. Heenan, the well known pugilist. The leading event of his life was his fight with Sayers in Devonshire, England, some thirteen years ago. If it be possible to lift the Prize Ring from the low brutality which always characterizes and attends it, Heenan certainly used his influence to do so. He was said by those who knew him to have been more straightforward and correct than most of his class, and in the latter days of his life to have held the fraternity in contempt, never allowing any allusions to be made in regard to his former career. His death, at thirty-nine years of age, was induced by pneumonia.

—Some weeks ago, when we introduced the story of a "Manatee Hunt in Mexico" as coming from the pen of Mr. Charles Lanman, we committed an error. In a note transmitting the essay to us he stated that he had received it in a letter from a friend. Mr. Lanman, it would appear, has been everywhere, but not in Mexico.

—If all the streets of London were joined end to end, they would reach in a straight line from England to Ceylon. London's population some 4,025,659 souls, lives in 528,749 houses.

—George Francis Train has the asthma, and his once clarion voice now resembles the sound of a hammer striking a green pumpkin.—*Danbury News*.

—A tract of land containing 107 acres, located within the limits of the military reservation of Fort McPherson, is to be laid out as a National Cemetery. This is another way for preparing for war in time of peace; yet it is one of the saddest. Just think of over a hundred acres of land, away out on the dreary plains, being especially devoted to graves! Let some calculating member of the Engineer Corps estimate the number of little mounds it will take to fill one hundred and seven acres.

OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.

THERE are fashions of forest and stream and of the field and course, as well as of the carriage, promenade and ball room, and it becomes the mission of this journal, in its own peculiar province, to instruct its lady readers and their devoted husbands and admirers in the selection of costumes for out-door recreation which the fashion leader of the woods has decreed are suitable for the purpose and becoming to the wearer.

In this department even more than in house dressing, sound practical taste is required, as well as judgment in selecting the material, which must be healthful, serviceable and graceful; and in attempting to give some hints of instruction we fear that our rough hand, used to rifle and rod, may make a mess of all this delicate female drapery. Yet possibly we can suggest to our lady friends how to make the skirts of their riding habits flow more gracefully, or to give a cut of sleeve that shall be better adapted to display the charms of the rounded arm which launches the arrow from the twanging bow.

In an old-fashioned chateau on the Belgian frontier is the portrait of that noble huntress, Charlotte de Laurenton, the Baronne de Dracek, who died at the age of eighty years, about the beginning of the present century. She kept eight horses all for her own riding, and hunted all the year round. The lady is mounted on her favorite gray horse, prepared for a hunting expedition. She wears a green coat with a gold belt round her waist, hat with a high crown, having a small gold band round it; her hair is powdered and appearing behind in small curls. By her side hangs a *couteau de chasse*, and all the buttons of her coat have wolves' heads stamped on them. As to her prowess, she was known to have killed six hundred and seventy wolves in her time, besides hundreds of deer and other game; her boudoir, too, showed her hunting taste, for there in a row stood her saddles, seven in number, also the brackets for her eight guns, and instead of flacons with *eau de luce*, her toilet stand was garnished with powder flasks and shot pouches. To be truthful as to the portrait of this lady, we must add that the chronicler relates that she was fond of cock fighting, though he affirms, rather apologetically, that "no cock fighting was allowed in the chateau, but in an out-house, and only when the weather was too bad to allow of field sports."

RIDING HABITS.

The simplest of all female costumes, and yet the most elegant and perfect, is the riding dress. Yet we seldom see one that, in spite of extravagant outlay and the handsome form which it envelopes, is exactly satisfactory. A handsome woman and a fine horse are the crowning works of nature. To the casual observer the attire of an equestrienne appears the same, yet through the reform as well as the fickleness of fashion, it has been very much improved. A dark-brown or blue-black cloth habit is very stylish. The skirt is now worn much shorter than formerly, the going of the breadths taking away that superfluous fullness around the waist, gives a graceful flow to it, which cannot otherwise be obtained, and entirely does away with shot to keep it down. The pantaloons, made of flannel or some loosely woven material of the same color as the habit, faced with chambray, ought to be long and strapped to the feet. This masculine appendage ignores underskirts and unburdens the rider with any unnecessary clothing. The art of the habit maker lies in the jacket. This should set as though it grew on a well-rounded form, giving the effect of broad shoulders and hips and a tapering waist. It is cut high at the throat, the buttons down the front are small, and it is destitute of any kind of trimming. Piccadilly collar with small gray or white bow, and cuffs, easy fitting gloves of three or four buttons, laced boots, English riding hat and cane equip a lady for a *promenade à cheval*.

Ornaments of all kinds ought to be left at home, if we except a tiny pair of ear-rings, those that screw into the ears having the preference. Superfluous hair can keep the jewelry company, otherwise it may be lost on the road, and that which has a legitimate right there fixed close to the head. The "jockey is *en règle* for a morning run, the "Dic Vernon" gives piquancy to certain faces; but the English hat, with the veil tied carelessly around it, is suitable to ladies of all ages, and is incorporate with horse-back riding.

In riding, the throat often becomes dry; a cup made of Russia leather, so that it folds up and can be placed in the lining of the hat, is very convenient. It is not advisable to go on horse-back after a hearty meal; the jolting of the animal is apt to cause nausea, especially as the aristocratic trot has entirely superseded the easy canter.

FOR CROQUET.

A croquet dress admits of length that is of the demi-train order. As the fair contestant walks over the boundary line from wicket to wicket, the graceful flow of the skirt sweeping over the grass has a very pleasing effect. Of course no one in this nineteenth century conversant with the laws of health, would attempt to play croquet unless the earth be dry. A muslin dress of white ground and delicate figure, neatly made, with a sash to match, a white jockey hat trimmed with black velvet and a few wild flowers, and the neatest kind of a kid boot complete a toilet for this favorite out-door game. Be very particular about the feet, for as every one knows how often it is required to croquet the antagonist's ball, remember that *bien chaussée* is one-third of your attire. Though gloves protect the hands from being tanned and blistered, yet they are not to be recommended, because they encumber one, and not having free control of the mallet, in nine cases out of ten the ball aimed at is missed.

THE YACHTING HABIT.

Whether on shore or afloat nothing adds more to the agreeableness of a pleasure party than lovely woman—sprightly, jolly, stylish, and wherever she goes a dress suitable to the occasion should always be worn, as it is the greatest compliment to the gentlemen. A blue cashmere jacket *à la Garibaldi*, with sailor collar trimmed with white braid and an anchor embroidered on each corner. A scarf tied under the collar in a careless knot, skirt of same material as the jacket, and trimmed with two or three flounces about a quarter of a yard in depth, and white silk braid. Woollen fabrics keep off any dampness and are recommended on that account. The hat *à la marine*, the rim of which is always flat and stiff.

The dress of the sailor is as positive in its characteristics as any point in law; the ladies' dress must approach this peculiarity of the sea, because any direct departure from it is a defect in the style.

FISHING.

What pleasanter pastime than to join in piscatorial sports with the sterner sex, especially as the ladies depend on the gentlemen to bait the hook and draw up the line, should they chance to get a bite. If you really enjoy seeing a poor little fish "wriggle" on a hook, go prepared with a dress from which a few spots of mud can be erased with soap and water. Nothing is better than a brown linen fresh from the laundry, colored collar and cuffs, a large sun-down that old Sol's rays will not make you look like a broiled lobster, stout shoes and a woolen shawl. Lisle thread gloves are recommended, or if they put your teeth on edge and make you feel like a bundle of nerves, wear an old pair of kids—and, by the way, it is a good plan to save last winter's for summer excursions.

SHOOTING COSTUMES.

Though not yet introduced into this country, "gunning" is becoming quite a fashionable sport with the ladies of the French nobility. The young Dianās go to the forest with their escorts in a most charming toilet, and though the game has a very good chance to escape when the tiny hand points the gun at the bird, yet willingly do their beaux give them the lion's share, so delightful is it to have their sweetheart's company.

A pretty velvet blouse fastened at the waist with a Russia leather belt, which is secured by an oxidized buckle, zouave pantaloons of velvet, buttoned at the knee, a brigand hat, falling shirt collar, and jack boots.

Is this merely a pastime, or has it risen, phoenix-like, out of the late war? and are the French women preparing to fight the Prussians at no distant day, redeeming their country by their own blood?

MINING.

"To do a mine" is now *à la mode*. The great copper regions of Lake Superior during the last few seasons have been visited by parties of ladies, each year increasing in numbers. In descending a mine the suit of a miner is substituted. This consists of pantaloons made like overalls, loose jacket, and hat with a flat brim, all made of canvas. In the hat is a hole large enough to insert a candle, in which one is put and lighted, both in descending and ascending the mine. Heavy boots should be worn. The reason why a male attire is adopted is because going down in a kind of scoop there is not room for many flounces. As canvas material is impervious to water, which is constantly dripping down in the mine, it is therefore used.

ARCHERY.

Archery was revived by Mr. Ashton of London, in 1776, as an out-door amusement. From that time it has been popular in England, being one of the few games of the kind in which ladies can indulge.

It is best to wear a dress similar to a gymnasium suit, loose about the shoulders and waist, so that free scope can be given to the arms.

PEDESTRIANISM.

To roam through the woods or climb up a mountain there is no more suitable material for the pedestrienne than the American water-proof cloak. It is not so heavy as the English, consequently less burdensome. A neat snit trimmed with bands of the same edged with braid, fancy linen collar and cuffs, chamois gloves, a pair of broad-soled, flat-heeled boots, a long stout stick, and a rough and ready straw hat, fit one for any amount of walking, provided the weather be favorable. Let the waist of the dress be loose, otherwise it prevents circulation, and the lady gets fatigued before the first half-mile is gained.

BATHING DRESS.

A Venus de Medici in an ordinary bathing dress resembles a "Meg Merrilles." Modistes have racked the brain from the time bathing came in vogue up to the present day to make Helen appear attractive in the eyes of Paris, and sad to say, their efforts have not been crowned with laurels. We have searched through the city of New York, in every fashionable establishment in vain.

While sitting on the piazza of one of the fashionable hotels at Long Branch last summer, a young lady came tripping up the lawn, just out of old ocean's arms, in a pale green flannel jacket and pants; these were trimmed with white cloth. Her blonde hair was waving with the wind and her little feet were bare. She created a great deal of excitement, but disappeared before any one could discern her features.

The blue flannel blouse, made with a yoke and belted in at the waist, Turkish pantaloons opened a little at the calf of the leg that the water may have an outlet, a pretty pair of moccasins, an oil-silk cap to keep the hair dry, and a large straw hat, cannot be improved upon for bathing purposes. Many different materials have been tried, but a soft

woollen fabric has the supremacy, as when wet it clings less to the form than any other kind of goods.

SKATING COSTUME.

When the ground is covered with snow, and river and rill are congealed into one icy mass, what brightens the eye or gives color to the cheek quicker than the healthful, graceful exercise of skating? With its whirls and curves and curls it is the very poetry of motion.

A black velvet skirt reaching to the ankle, an over-dress of the same material trimmed with seal skin fur, a seal skin jacket, tippet, muff, and gloves, heavy laced boots and elub skates. With these a young lady is ready to face old Boreas and enjoy this most delightful of out-door winter sports.

SYBILLINE LEAVES.—II.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

NO party should attempt to camp out unless one at least of their number is thoroughly conversant with woodcraft, and able to devise and direct so as to secure the general comfort under all changes of circumstances and vicissitudes of weather. One great essential to thorough enjoyment is an equitable division of labor and a faithful observance of the duties assigned to each member. This is especially important where no servants are employed. Four persons constitute a large enough party. One should be a fair cook; another should be able to keep the camp supplied with wood and make a fire, which is a task by no means easy; a third should be a fair shot and a good pot-fisherman, for a variety of food adds much to the charm of camp life; and the fourth should be apt at building a shelter and pitching a tent, and a good boatman withal. Thus organized, a party is ready to start for the woods.

In the first article of this series we designated suitable outfits for special occasions, and the importance of traveling as lightly as possible. We cannot too earnestly urge the advantage of taking the various kinds of condensed food which modern ingenuity has devised, for they not only greatly reduce a load, but add much to the ease and comfort of all, and materially lighten the labors of the cook. Borden's condensed milk, coffee and beef are a great acquisition. A single can of coffee will serve a man for thirty days, and really needs neither milk nor sugar. Put a part of a teaspoonful in hot water, stir it, and your beverage is ready for use. The beef will make a variety of soups, if used according to directions, and the milk is useful in compounding various dishes. The self-leavening flour prepared by Jewell Brothers is another indispensable. It has only to be mixed with cold water or milk, requires no salt, and with slight change in preparation will produce bread, biscuit, cakes, &c., in a very few minutes. We have already recommended the portable camp-kit, and there is a small and compact cooking apparatus which we could recommend if disposed.

To carry the camp stuff most easily, back-loads should be so made up that the softest parts should rest upon the shoulders and neck, and when adjusted and supported by a strap that passes across the forehead, boxes and cumbersome articles may be packed on top; by this method fifty pounds may be carried with comparative ease. Fishing rods, paddles, axes, &c., should be tied together in bundles in two places at least, and when shouldered, boots, kettles, and the like, may be slung over their upper ends. Where a canoe or boat is to be carried, lash the paddles lengthwise one foot apart across the bars or thwarts amidships, turn the canoe upside-down, rest one end upon a convenient projecting branch of a tree at such a height that you can easily pass under, and then thrusting in your head so that the paddles will rest upon the shoulders, raise and balance it and proceed on the journey. If the canoe is too heavy for one person, it should be shouldered by two men, one at each end, and carried right side up. There is a knack in walking, too, which should be acquired, namely: always run your eye along the trail at least a rod in advance, so that you may not only see soft places, rocks, roots, and other obstructions, but calculate to a nicety just where your steps are to be made. This practice will prevent stumbling; it also enables one to discern a blind trail easily, and teaches him to observe any strange signs which might otherwise pass unnoticed. If you are thirsty by the way-side, and have no cup handy, bend up a portion of the brim of your felt hat so as to form a cup, and drink out of that. It is better than lying flat on the stomach to drink from a pool or spring.

Of course every one knows that camp sites should be selected for access to wood and water—wood first; but there are many other considerations to take into account, such as shelter, immunity from insects, or proximity to game. A high open knoll away from water is preferable, in fly time, to a location on a river bottom. Sandy beaches or gravelly points are liable to swarm with midges or punkies, and the thicker woods with mosquitoes. Points where a breeze draws up or down a stream are the most desirable. Black flies do not molest between sunset and sunrise. The camp site being chosen, the first duties are to fix the shelter, cut wood, and get the kettle boiling. A letter A tent is the greatest luxury in camping, but in fair weather a tilt or half tent of canvas or blankets, or a "rough slant" of bark or boughs laid on poles supported by crotches, are comfortable enough when a good fire is kept up. Or, for the matter of a night, a screen of spruce boughs to windward, or the canoe turned over to protect the chest and shoulders, is a good make-shift. The lee of a protecting ledge, with a brush screen is a dry and comfortable camp. A permanent shanty is made with sides four logs high and a peaked roof

of poles covered with bark or split shingles four feet long, with a hole at the top for smoke. In this way also a conical wigwam can be constructed, Indian fashion. Make the bed of evergreen boughs—balsam and hemlock are the softest—place them in layers with the butts all one way, and shingle the butts of the first row with the tops of the second, and so on successively. Fires are made in various ways. For a good cooking fire, a back should be made three logs high, supported against upright stakes driven into the ground; two logs at right angles, or two stones placed in front to lay fuel on, will raise the latter from the ground sufficiently for a good draft. Another mode is to lay two eight-inch logs on skids, say two feet apart and parallel, filling in the space with small fuel. The Indian fashion is to lay the sticks in a circle, with the butts in the centre, resting on one another, making a conical pile. A tree should be felled, the trunks cut into logs, and the branches chopped up for fuel. In almost all woods are logs, some time cut and seasoned that furnish dry fuel and kindlings. To peel bark, girdle the tree at intervals of two or more feet and split the sections with an axe longitudinally. In fly time, when the air is still, make the camp fire so that the smoke will not blow into the tent or shanty, but at all times, and especially at night, guard against changes of wind and flying sparks. Clean greasy plates with moss and scour them with sand. To clean knives and forks, simply thrust them two or three times into the ground. At night, tuck your trousers into your woollen socks, and tie them at the ankles. Never sleep with boots on. Use moccasins if you have them. Keep your feet to the fire, but don't let them burn. See that there is a sufficient supply of fuel for the night, and learn to wake at proper intervals to replenish the fire. Early mornings are always cold at any season of the year. A compound of tar and sweet oil applied to the face and hands is the best protection against gnats and flies. Buckskin gloves may be worn without discomfort at night. When an A tent is used, a cord drawn through the apex with its ends stretched to convenient trees, supports it better than two crotches and a ridge-pole, and will prevent its being blown down by a gust of wind. The sides should be drawn down tight and fastened to the ground. Never sit up after nine o'clock at night, and rise at daylight in the morning. Never omit a good wash, at least of the face and hands.

In our next paper we shall speak particularly of woodcraft, giving instruction how to travel understandingly by forest and stream.

Sporting News from Abroad.

Coursing and cub-hunting are what our English sportsmen have been engaged in to their heart's content for the last fortnight. If the latter amusement were possible in the United States, the former we can not encompass from the very good reason that we have no hares in this country. The antiquity of coursing is immense, and if we are to believe Arrian, it dates back to the earliest period of English history. Queen Bess was fond of it, when maids of honor galloped away all day, after hare and hound, and were wont to recuperate their failing strength by lunching on sirloins of beef and brimming tankards of ale. Rules and regulations in regard to coursing may be as little changed as the British constitution, and the Magna Charta, which lays down the law of how to kill a hare, comes back with hardly a change from the sixteenth century. Coursing is not to be regarded as an effort to hunt the hares *per se*, as a trial of speed and endurance of dogs. Two dogs are run together, and the winner, or he who catches the hare, is then again pitted against another winning dog, until it is narrowed down to a contest between two dogs, who have beaten all comers in the stakes. For instance the South Lancashire Derby meet for dog puppies commenced with thirty-two dogs, then sixteen of the winners ran against each other, which reduced the number to eight, and so on until two dogs, Kingstone and King Ben by name, were left. The endurance of the winner must be immense, as he has to run in no less than five courses. The hare has very often a fair chance to escape, not, however, from her speed, as a well bred gray hound can invariably catch her on the flat, but where the hare has the advantage is in his turns and doubles. It is not unusual to see a gray hound launched at full speed get thwarted by a clever dodge of puss, and take a complete summersault, in his endeavors to turn rapidly.

"Never," says a leading journal, "in any previous season have deer been more numerous, nor in better condition." If grouse or partridges are scarce, at least in lieu of feather, fur is in plenty. We read of fifty, sixty and seventy stags, as the result of a season shooting. We happen to have just concluded reading the most charming of all books, St. John's trip to Sutherland, and the delights of stag-hunting in the Highlands is one of the most interesting chapters in the book. Long range guns have of course rendered the sport more destructive, but still a good deer stalker must be a thorough sportsman, not only a good shot, but capable of enduring no small amount of fatigue. Except under extraordinary circumstances the stag or red deer is a most wary animal, and requires all the skill of the hunter to follow and kill.

—They still race on velocipedes in primitive England, and matches and handicaps are in vogue. We notice a mile made in four minutes and twenty-two seconds, and four miles made in fourteen minutes and twenty seconds, which is quite rapid *bycycling*.

—It is perhaps too early for us yet to have Piscatorial societies in our midst as they have in England; that is societies where awards are given for the finest and largest

fish raised in fish-ponds. Such a society with us would undoubtedly be the means of creating a rivalry between our fish raising friends, and would give greater publicity to their enterprise. The time will come, however, when displays of this character will be made, and when a prize trout will give as much distinction to the fish-breeder, as a prize calf does now to the agriculturalist.

—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker are in London to-day. The brave man and the plucky woman are once more safe and sound. We all await with the utmost curiosity, an account of their adventures, and how they fought their way back from Massoudi to Unyoro through mud and water, disputing their ground step by step. Of course the geographical researches will be secondary to the detailed account of their adventures. Native information however in combination with European discovery seems to point to the fact that the Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nianza, are one and the same body of water. Cars to Khartoum will be next in order, and at last a permanent foothold will be had into the interior of Africa. The Khedive of Egypt, is a great man, and so are his lieutenants Sir Samuel and Lady Baker.

Their gracious Majesties the Emperor of Brazil and the King of Sweden, having intimated their august intention of showering down a rain of orders, decorations, ribbons, &c., for the gratification of the Englishman of science, the learned Britton of to-day is quite generally exercised, whether he can take the much coveted honors at all. The English foreign office has some stringent regulations respecting foreign orders, which interfere sadly with the decorative hopes of those gentlemen, who would have liked to have sported knots of variegated ribbons on their dress coats at scientific dinners or have upholstered their manly bosoms with dangling crosses on the occasion of a paleontological *conversazione*.

"Nature" is quite sad over hopes dashed, and pathetically observes: "It seems so unjust, so cruel, that men of science to whose labors it is mainly owing, that our country and the world generally are mounting rapidly higher and higher in the scale of civilization, should be practically debarred the few honors that come in their way."

This partakes somewhat of the character of a plaint, which we do not think emanates from the true man of learning, and we feel certain does not represent true English feeling. Would the order of the Boot Jack in diamonds have given great Michael Faraday any more distinction? Would Mr. Tyndall be any more impressive with a brass Sun—an enameled Lion or a pinchbeck Eagle plastered on his person?

Recognition of merit comes from sources mightier than monarchs possess. Great illustrations of science shed luster on the age they live in, and it is they who give distinction to Kings and Emperors.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLST'N.
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h. m.
Oct. 30.....	6	27	3	13	2 27
Oct. 31.....	7	34	4	19	3 34
Nov. 1.....	8	32	5	17	4 32
Nov. 2.....	9	26	6	12	5 26
Nov. 3.....	10	16	7	2	6 16
Nov. 4.....	11	5	7	47	7 5
Nov. 5.....	11	50	8	33	7 50

—There seems to be no doubt but that James Gordon Bennett, Esq. is making preparation for fitting out an expedition to the North Pole. What we believe to be very certain is, that should Mr. Bennett organize such a voyage of exploration, every detail will be perfect. We must needs admire not only the liberal spirit of Mr. Bennett, but the pluck of the men, who are willing to undertake this perilous voyage. May it be successful.

—The New York Yacht Club held their regular monthly meeting at the club rooms, on Twenty-seventh street, Vice Commodore Wm. P. Douglass in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members: John A. Burnham Jr., George W. M. Sturgis and Arthur Lumley.

Mr. Arkwright, of Savannah, Ga., has offered to give the club a tract of land for the purpose of making it a winter rendezvous. The gift was accepted. The following letter was then read:

C. A. NEWTON, Esq.
 DEAR SIR: I beg, through you, to tender my resignation of the office of Vice Commodore of the N. Y. Y. C. While naturally reluctant to resign so honorable a position, I feel it my duty to do so inasmuch as I am persuaded that the flag officers of the club should always be active members. For two years back the Sappho has not been in these waters, and it is very uncertain whether I shall put her in commission next summer. While placing my resignation in your hands, I desire to thank the yacht owners for the honor which they have conferred on me in selecting me as their Vice Commodore, and to assure them that although relieved from office, my interest in the welfare of the club shall never flag.
 October 23, 1873. W. P. DOUGLASS.

The members of the club asked the Vice Commodore to reconsider his determination to withdraw as an officer of the club, which at length he concluded to do, and afterwards tendered to the club the die for the new medal, which was struck some time since in commemoration of the victory of the America in winning the Queen's cup.

—We are pleased to aid in extending the publicity of a most signal act of benevolence, as well as of graceful courtesy, which has grown out of the Cape May Yacht race. It seems that Mr. A. B. Stockwell, of the Dreadnaught, sent his check for \$1,000 to the Regatta Committee of the N. Y. Yacht Club, in payment of the bet won by Mr. J. F. Loubat, of the Enchantress, which the latter gentleman, instead of accepting, immediately endorsed over to the order of the Committee with the following note:

UNION CLUB, NEW YORK, October 25, 1873.

Fletcher Westray, Esq., Chairman N. Y. Y. C. Regatta Committee:—

SIR: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your official communication of the 22d inst., with check of Mr. A. B. Stockwell for \$1,000, our bet upon the race you decided won by the Enchantress.

Inclosed please find that check indorsed by me to the order of the New York Yacht Club, as well as my own for the same amount.

I beg the Regatta Committee to hand one to the Treasurer of the Sandy Hook Pilots' Charity Fund (care of J. W. Avery, No. 309 Water street), and the other to the Treasurer of the New York and New Jersey Pilots' Benevolent Society, (corner South and Fulton streets). I remain, sir very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed),

J. F. LOUBAT,

Captain Yacht Enchantress, N.Y.Y.C.

—The Atalanta and Nassau Clubs held their four oared shell race October 23, on the Harlem river. A large number of the friends, invited guests and members of the Atalantas, Nassaus, Argonautas New York Rowing Clubs, were on board the steamers Catlin and Winants to witness this exciting contest. The water was as smooth and placid as a mountain lake in July, and the arrangements were carried out with decision and fairness. The course was three miles straight away, from the Powder Schooner anchored in the stream, to Morris's dock. The Nassau's shell was built by Jewett of England, and the crew consisted of the following: F. G. Brown, bow, 144 lbs.; John Walker No. 2, 157 lbs.; A. W. Montgomery, No. 3, 168 lbs.; O. T. Johnston, stroke, 157 lbs. The Atalantas' shell was built by Biffen of London. The following were the crew: Edward Blake, bow, 130 lbs.; William Spear, No. 2, 145 lbs.; Theodore Van Raden, No. 3, 150 lbs.; Russell Withers, stroke, 55 lbs. They had never rowed in a match before, and had only been in training ten days. They started at a quarter to eleven, both crews getting away evenly. The Atalantas pulling a long stroke of about thirty-nine to the minute, the Nassaus nearly the same, but not as long a reach. It was a very handsome race for the first mile. The Nassaus steered badly, losing at least two lengths, while the Atalantas course was so true that it could not have been steered better by a coxswain. The Atalantas on approaching McComb's Dam Bridge started and were a boat's length ahead, the Nassaus still keeping too much in shore, but rowing well. On coming up to High Bridge it was apparent that the Atalantas must win, bar accident, as they rowed with almost mechanical precision from end to end and finally won passing the dock about three lengths ahead in 16m., 20sec. This time is not very fast, but it must be borne in mind that the water was very dead, and the course fully three miles. A foul was claimed by the Nassaus, but afterwards very properly withdrawn. The referee was Mr. Charles Roosevelt. The judges for the Atalantas crew were George B. Springstein and George Rooker; and the judges for the Nassau crew were J. C. Babcock and J. H. Willis.

—The great race is over, and it is safe to say that every man on the Nassau steamer was willing to acknowledge that his crew was fairly outrowed. Individually, the men were physically superior, but the style of stroke, the hold on the water, and that regular uniformity which has always marked the rowing of the Atalanta four put them in the eyes of rowing men much farther ahead than they showed at the finish.

The Nassaus now paddled back to their boat house, and the steamboat with the members of the club and their lady friends on board turned and went down the river to get ready for the next event, the single scull race from the powder sloop to McComb's dam; distance, one mile; for a prize. During the passage lunch was served, and the band exerted its powers to dispel the shadow of disappointment which had become visible on the faces of some of the members.

For the single scull race the following members entered: John H. Walker, Lindsay Watson, John H. Abeel, Jr., Grinnell Willis, and E. S. Gilley. The men were soon got in line, and all started off fairly at the word, Willis slightly leading. He was, however, soon overtaken by Abeel, and as he was evidently pulling stronger with his left arm, twice ran across Abeel's bow, finally compelling him to stop dead and get on the other side, thus practically spoiling his (Abeel's) chance of winning. In the meantime Walker and Watson were having a close race on the other side of the river, and at the half mile it was hard to tell which was ahead. Abeel now having a clear course was trying hard to make up for lost time, and Willis and Gilley had disappeared in the grass which lines the river's bank. After a hard struggle Walker came in first, half a length ahead of Watson. Time, 5:55.

The third and last race was between the six-oared barge and six-oared gig of the Nassau Club; distance, one mile; for prizes. Of the twelve men selected to row, the committee placed the six heaviest men in the barge, as it was the heaviest boat, and arranged the crews as follows:—

Barge—Bow, Frank Brown; 2. George Scott; 3. Lindsay Watson; 4. Montgomery; 5. Frank Bacon; stroke, Grinnell Willis; coxswain, Foster.

Gig—Bow, M. D. Parker; 2. Giffin; 3. George Floyd Jones; 4. Chris. C. Gunther; 5. John H. Babcock; stroke, J. H. Miller; coxswain, E. S. Gilley.

This race was rowed from McComb's dam to the powder boat, and resulted in an easy victory for the barge, the superior weight and experience of the crew more than compensating for the difference in the boats. In fact, it was no race at all, as the gig never once showed to the front. Time not taken.

The men were now taken on board, and the Fletcher steamed back to the city. The deck was cleared, and dancng was indulged in, much to the delight of the ladies.

This closes the season on the Harlem river, and while

the Nassau club have no reason to be ashamed of their defeat, the Atalantas certainly have reason to be proud of a victory so hardly won.

—The Palisade and Vesper boat clubs of Yonkers, on the Hudson river, rowed an eight-oared barge race on October 23d. The steamer Virginia Seymour left the Gas House Dock at three o'clock with a large number of friends of both clubs on board. The course was three miles straight away. The Palisades were pretty confident up to within a week of the race that they stood a fair chance of winning, but on learning that the Vespers had put sliding seats in their boat the race lost much of its interest. The stroke of the Palisades was, however, by no means as telling as the Vesper's long steady pull, the Vespers finally winning in about eighteen minutes.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, October 18th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The Fall Regatta of the Cornell Navy took place, as per announcement, at the corner of the lake, Saturday, October 11th, A. M. The weather was all that could be desired, with the exception of a slight south-wind, which roughened the water somewhat. Every exertion had been made by the Regatta Committee to have the regatta a success, and they were ably seconded by all interested. But an unforeseen accident occurred a day or two before the races, by which one of the six-oared shells was rendered useless, for the time being, and two crews were in consequence not able to row:

The two single-scull races were merged into one, on account of Courteney's shell having been disabled. So that, instead of four there were only three races.

The first race was for the "Tom Hughes Challenge Cup," open to crews belonging to the "Tom Hughes B. Club." Classes 75 and 76 entered crews. The race was well contested throughout, both boats keeping near together over the entire course, which is two miles straight away along the shore of the lake. But 76 proved a trifle too much for 75, and won the race in seventeen minutes, having rowed considerably over two miles. The starting Signal Officer starting them from a position too far down the lake, mistaking the two-mile post. The following is the crew:—F. O. Young, bow, G. M. Jarvis, 2d, N. R. Roy, 3rd, T. A. Murray, 4th, G. P. Sturgis, 5th, A. M. Ensign, stroke.

The second race was for single sculls for a prize of a silver goblet, three entries. R. H. Robinson, U. S. R. C. W. J. Thompson, 74, C. F. Tweet, 74, won by R. H. Robinson, of Union Spring, in 17½ minutes. Thompson second. The third and last race was for the championship of the University, and the Cluck Champion Silver Cup.

Great preparations had been made for this race, since it was the occasion of the first race for the challenge cup, which had only been finished lately. But on account of the before mentioned accident, only 74 and 76 entered crews. They started well together, and for a time rowed bow to bow, but soon the better and longer training of the 74 men told, and they drove their boat into the lead, which they maintained throughout, winning the race in 14 minutes 50 seconds; 76 about 30 seconds behind.

The following are the champions:—R. B. Foster, bow, L. F. Henderson, 2d, F. B. Alexander, 3rd, D. G. Derin, 4th, G. B. Upham, 5th, J. H. Southard, stroke.

Notwithstanding the accident, the large crowd in attendance considered the regatta a success, and enjoyed themselves much. They pronounced the ears provided by the committee to follow up each race along the shore, a decidedly useful novelty, and a means for viewing the races, which it is to be hoped will be continued at all future regattas. J.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

COAST FISH. Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Black Bass, (Mora moro) (Temnodon saltator), and archigan.) (two species, thus.) Weakfish, Squetang (Trout) Otolu, Pickerel, (Esox reticulatus.)

BAYS AND ESTUARIES. Striped Bass, Rockfish. (Labrax lineatus.)

—Anglers who propose to continue their favorite pastime after the first of November, should go to the Potomac and regions more southerly.

—Rods to be laid aside for the winter should be carefully examined now, and all defects and damages repaired, the ferules and bands thoroughly cleaned, new plugs fitted to the joints, and rings supplied where missing. Where a joint has been fractured or broken entirely, the parts should not be patched or spliced, but a new one obtained. Negligence in this matter will be found a poor winter's investment when the rod comes to be used again in the spring. Take the rod apart, wipe the joints dry and lay them away in their case in some apartment where the temperature will be uniformly as near 45° as possible. By no means let the rod stand near a chimney or furnace flue; and the other extreme of cold in a garret or outbuilding should be avoided. Changes of temperature destroy the pliancy and stiffness of the rod. Where the rod has no leather-case, but is kept in a bag, never tie the parts together tightly, as it subjects some portion to an extra strain, thereby impairing the equal distribution of strength throughout its entire length. For the same reason a rod should be laid flat on a floor if possible, instead of being stood on end in a corner, and under no circumstances, either when in use or in ordinary, should it be left jointed and hung on pegs. Really, the best way to keep rods perfect is to put them in

a shallow box, wide enough to hold them when laid side by side, and two or three inches longer than the longest. There is always some spare room in the house where this case could be laid along the surbase and not be in the way or seem unsightly. As regards tackle, all lines should be reeled off and stretched from one end of the garden to another on some bright and sunny morning, and left an hour in the air to dry. They should then be over-run lightly with a bit of woollen cloth or chamois to remove any taint of mildew, sand, sea salt, or other extraneous matter, and then be wound upon the reel not too tightly and put away with the reel nicely cleaned. If frayed portions are discovered they should be condemned, and the good parts kept for miscellaneous uses, which will be found frequent enough. With respect to leaders, flies, ground tackle, &c., it is admissible to defer immediate attention until some fine evening when a cheerful blaze and indoor comforts are heightened by the blustering weather without, and then with his stock spread out upon the sitting room table, one can summon the aid of the litt'le folks to assort the several varieties. What a wealth of curiosities will be opened to their wondering eyes! How many interested questions they will ask, and how much impracticable knowledge of entomology they will acquire, keeping themselves awake till long past regulation hours for "little folks to go to bed!" As in the case of lines, all worn and imperfect flies, all frayed leaders, and half broken gut lengths, should be rejected as past service, for the great desideratum with a careful angler is to keep his gear in as perfect condition as possible, that at no time he may be aggravated through negligence by an untoward loss. Bait boxes and creels should be thoroughly cleansed with warm soda water, and when dried it is well to sprinkle them with a little carbolic acid, or a wash of carbolic soap can be used. Never keep your fishing and shooting gear in the same drawer or chest. Have a place for every thing and keep every thing in its place, and when the spring time comes you will be happy and prepared for work.

—We learn of a string of 18 speckled trout being taken in the Nepigon a week ago Tuesday, which weighed 57 pounds, over three pounds average! They were captured for scientific purposes, and were on exhibition two days ago at Andrew Clerk's, Maiden Lane. The largest weighed 5½ pounds. This string, for average, rather takes the rag off the Rangely samples, away down east in Maine.

—Some lively specimens of California salmon, *Salmo ginnnet*, are on exhibition at Andrew Clerk's fish pond, Maiden Lane. They were hatched by Dr. Slack from eggs obtained by the Government. There is also at the same place a capital painting of trout by that clever artist, Wm. Holberton, which best critics say possesses unusual merit.

—One of our friends wishes us to state that a ten pound salmon was caught in a shad net last summer at the State dam, near Troy.

—We don't intend to meddle with *every-body's* business, but wish merely to remark that Mr. M. T. Avery, of Chicago, burned or buried *four hundred pounds* of speckled trout that he caught and couldn't use, while on a visit to the Nepigon river, Lake Superior, last August! We have this from authority which, unfortunately for Mr. A., is reliable.

—A Maine correspondent writes from Piscataquis county: The railroad now building to Moosehead lake will bring that sheet of water, forty miles in length by five to twenty in width, within an hour's ride of Piscataquis, a pleasant summer resort.

The Commissioners of Fisheries for Maine, aided by the Commissioners of Massachusetts and Prof. Baird of the United States Commission, selected a beautiful lake within four miles of us for the artificial ponds and hatching houses which have been already completed near the mouth of some of the beautiful mountain streams that come tumbling along to form this lake, which is twelve miles in length by one to seven in width. Some thousands of dollars are being invested here that the beautiful land-locked salmon may be largely increased in New England. These beauties are now caught in this sheet of water in large numbers, weighing from one to three pounds. There are also some of the finest pickerel of the American continent, while a couple of miles only north, a small pond contains lake trout.

The speckled brook trout are truly at home in northern Maine, one half to two pounds in weight. Many "strings" of ten to twenty in number were brought to the hotels at Greenville, Moosehead Lake, from Wilson's pond, last summer.

NEW LISBON, OHIO, October 20, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Noticing an article in your paper of October 9th in relation to fly fishing for black bass, signed "Kirby," induced me to give my opinion in the matter. My experience is similar to that of "Kirby's," and I have concluded that black bass will not rise for a fly, no matter how carefully thrown or what fly is used. I have thrown into a school without disturbing them, and immediately gave them a minnow when the whole school would rush for it. In a conversation with a friend of mine who is an old hand with the rod, he says he has tried the fly and never saw a black bass rise to a fly. The bass fishing is good with us at present, although two pounds is the average weight. I succeeded in fooling thirty-eight the last two times I was out. Quail shooting was never as good in this section as now, thanks to the game law, and the example of the better class of our hunters. While out on a business trip a day or two since with my friend Bob S., we took a couple of hours with the "rod and gun," and returned with squirrels, quails, pheasants, plover, black bass and perch. If we had devoted the day to sport, no doubt we would have had something to write about. We have not commenced our "sport" yet, but expect to bag a few before Christmas. The FOREST AND STREAM as many admirers in this section, and we hope for continued prosperity in your undertaking. Yours, H. W. B.

—The *Tribune* correspondent, who accompanied the Hayden Expedition, writes thus glowingly of the first trout found in Colorado: "In the Eagle river we find at last the trout, long promised and long sought in vain—great, splendid fellows, with red lines on gill and fins, averaging a pound apiece or near it, and rising to two pounds. We are ill-provisioned with tackle that will pull out those still larger, all ready, too, to snap at the enticing bait. The day we turned to go up the mountain flank, four of the party stayed behind a few hours to fish, and came into

camp at evening with a hundred pounds (deduct, if you choose, a quarter for the usual over-estimate of fishermen). The biggest of those caught the day before had been an interesting entomological collector, a considerable variety of insects being found in his maw; but his predilection was grasshoppers, of which he contained nearly thirty undigested, beside apparently twice as many no longer distinguishable as individuals. The value of trout as repressors of the plague of grasshoppers has perhaps not been properly appreciated, we shall have them by and by protected by act of the Territorial Legislature. This afternoon we have about 50 pounds more.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Macchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Caricus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Ophyx Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scolopax rusticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Pigeons, and all kinds of Wild Fowl

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

X—We have made most thorough inquiry, through circulars sent all over the country, for vital statistics concerning the common red deer, and gather the gratifying information that the country at large shows a decided increase in their number over the previous year. This is especially true of the Cumberland Range and of the Lower Raquette river, Adirondacks. In the vicinity of Winchester, Va., deer seem to be unusually numerous. If we could find figures upon which to base a comparative estimate of the relative loss and gain in other years, the statement would be valuable. As it is deer actually seem to be increasing, no doubt due to an observance of the close season and a general disposition to be sportsmanlike in the mode of capturing the animals. Justin Roc, of Patchogue, Long Island, informs us that *fifteen* deer were killed near Islip in one week. Old settlers did not suppose there were so many deer on the whole Island. From all indications the number is very considerable, and the "sign" abundant. But isn't it deplorable to slaughter these creatures by the wholesale? If it were possible to forbid the killing of more than one deer at a time, whether to a single gun or to a party of half a dozen, it would be very proper to do so. To be able to claim a single Long Island trophy is something to be proud of, while it is most important to maintain a shooting presence so accessible to New York as this is. It is a most short-sighted folly to glut one's self with venison for the mere sake of counting coups. We respectfully commend this matter to the attention of some gentlemen of the South Side Club, and give no offence in doing so, we hope.

—As to general habits of sportsmen in quest of game of any kind, they make the mistake of *hunting too much*. Moving about through the woods has the effect to scare the game away, and in consequence a man may often cover a large tract of good ground and see absolutely nothing. The less "hunting" the more game usually. A dozen squirrels can be shot from the same stand oftentimes, if one will only be content to remain quiet. In deer stalking, too, it is not necessary for a hunter to run the animal to earth as he would a fox. Let him but stand still as soon as he discovers the deer and perceives that he is discovered in turn, and the deer, if not much frightened, will not run far. After she breaks cover she will make a few wild leaps and then stop and turn to ascertain the cause and character of the alarm. She will not run far if not followed, and will remain in the vicinity until her curiosity is satisfied. There is a natural inquisitiveness about animals. They don't become frightened as much through the sense of sight as through the senses of smell or hearing—particularly the first. The antelope of the plains is notoriously attracted by anything red, and the moose is especially distinguished for his curiosity. The moose is much more easily killed than the deer. If he has your wind you may follow him till doomsday and save your powder. But if you remain quiet—perhaps it may be for hours—nevertheless the moose will not rest until he has made his detour and come around to satisfy his curiosity. We have known an old hunter on one occasion to follow a moose *three times over his own trail*, having stalked him so cautiously as merely to interrupt his occasional attempts to browse. His route was almost a circle.

Naturalists are the most successful hunters, for in their search for information it becomes necessary to lie perdu for hours, in order to pursue their investigations of the habits of the animals and birds they study. That which is to be most guarded against is giving the animals your scent. It is all important to hunt up wind.

The first light snow of the season gives the hunter a great advantage over the game, and in the case of caribou one has only to dress in white clothes to approach to close range and ensure his success; and the same is true of grouse and rabbits, both of which are readily tracked.

X—Although the woodchuck can scarce be called game, yet the sportsman who is fond of rifle shooting can do the farmer a good service by knocking over these pests as they sit at the entrances of their burrows. They are very fat at his season, for they are about to retire to the depths of their holes, where they remain all winter; they are there-

fore not bad eating, but the peculiar glands which lie under the fore legs must be carefully removed before cooking, else they impart a disagreeable, rank flavor to the flesh, which otherwise is as delicate as that of the rabbit. The woodchuck is one among a few of our mammals which hibernate. The long-tailed jumping mouse (*Jaculus Hudsonuses*) is the smallest species that passes the winter in this way. C. J. Maynard, the naturalist, writes: "I have taken this little animal during the cold season from a nest which was buried in the ground to the depth of five or six feet. I found it perfectly dormant. Circulation was apparently suspended and the mouse did not seem to breathe, but when placed near a fire it recovered, becoming quite lively; then, when removed to a cold spot, it almost immediately returned to its previous condition. If again brought to the warmth the effect was as before, but the little creature was uneasy and invariably sought some cold spot, where it crept beneath some article of clothing and returned to its state of lethargy."

The common striped squirrel also remains beneath the surface of the earth all winter, but I do not think they become dormant, or at least do not remain so for all that time, for they lay by a large supply of food in autumn, in anticipation of the coming cold season. Bears are the largest animals which hibernate."

—The Germantown Telegraph says:—

"We have the most remarkable rail-shooting to report that has ever occurred. It happened at Port-Penn on the Delaware, two weeks or so ago. A party of sportsmen from this city, with ten guns, bagged in two tides three thousand six hundred birds! The marsh was literally alive with them. They rose in flocks and were slaughtered by wholesale. One gentleman, not of this party, on the same day shot nine without moving his boat, running on the broken down reeds, and they could be seen on all sides as thick as blackberries."

—Robert Sixbury died on the 22d inst., at the house of his son, Isaac Sixbury, in the town of Le Roy, Jefferson county, N. Y., at the age of 110 years and 7 months. Mr. Sixbury had acquired great reputation as a hunter on John Brown's Tract in Northern New York, where he had slain over 2,200 deer.

—Mr. Louis A. Leland, of St. Joseph's county, Michigan, has just sent 150 wood ducks to Europe. These beautiful fowls are very abundant in that section, Mr. Leland having netted as many as 800 in a single season.

—The Baltimore American, speaking of a collection of guns in a store in that city, says:—"Two of these are unique affairs, brought home recently by our worthy citizen, Mr. T. H. Oliver, who spent twelve years traveling in all parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. They are of great length, and of the most antique construction. One of them has a barrel five feet long, made of the finest steel, curiously carved and inlaid with gold and platina. The inlaying is elaborately and beautifully done. The stock of this gun is of ebony, inlaid with silver, pearl, and ivory. The flint lock, of antique pattern, with springs and works all outside the plate, is finely inlaid with platina. The barrel and stock are bound with six silver bands, and all the mountings are silver or gold. The stock is affixed to a but plate of ivory, very handsomely inlaid. The bore of the gun is five-eighths of an inch. On its side is an elegantly written Arabic inscription that nobody has yet been able to decipher. The gun was made in Morocco, where there are twenty-five gun-makers, who, with the crudest implements, turn out guns that have great reputation in all Northern Africa. Such a gun as this one brought home by Mr. Oliver as a curiosity could not be had in this country for less than \$1,000. The other of the two guns that he brought home was made in Algiers, has a similarly immensely long barrel, flint-lock inlaid with platina, an ivory and steel but-plate, and a stock inlaid with silver and coral. This gun is not so fine as the other, but is very curious."

—That popular and brilliant Canadian author J. M. Le Moine, tells us in his "Maple Leaves" of shooting in Canada, writing thus pleasantly:

"What clouds of sand pipers, curlew and plover, September brings forth from their breeding places, in the barren wilds of Labrador, the secluded lakes and solitary islands of the north, up to the frozen ocean! Look at that dense vapor hovering over that long sand bar, *La Batture aux Alouettes*, a breast of Tadousac. From afar, you might take it for a cloud of hail or rain; but wait a minute, until the sun's rays light up the picture. Now, see the snowy breast of myriads of chubby little northern strangers, the ring plovers; look out for them as they settle by thousands, on the sand; now is your time. Enfilade their serried ranks, fire low; bang! One shot suffices, you have one hundred victims; to fire again would only cause unnecessary carnage. Father Point, lower down than Rimonski, during strong easterly winds, affords capital sport. Canada geese, Brent geese and ducks are perpetually hovering over the extreme end of the point: the fowler carefully concealed, pours a deadly volley into the flock, and his faithful Newfoundland dog springs into the surf and fetches out the dead and wounded birds. You can either continue to beat the shore or cross over with us to Seal Rocks, opposite the Traverse, a delightful small game preserve, so bountifully stocked with ducks, teal and plover, that a club of *chasseurs* of St. Jean Port Joly have leased it from government. A rare thing in Canada for natives to pay for the privilege to shoot game; it is so plentiful everywhere. We are now at Crane Island. *Quadrum mutata ab illa!* Night shooting has effectually scared the ducks from their resting places. Of swans, Lord Dalhousie seems to have had the last. As to cranes, two only have been seen of late years. This wary stilted stranger, *Gruem advenam*, can only be an accidental visitor, as its range is considerably more to the west. How often have we seen its solitary figure looming up at low tide, far beyond the range of a gun? Where is

the time when a Crane Island *chasseur* thought he had had a poor season if he had bagged less than one hundred *outardes* (Canada geese), together with a few dozen snow-geese? Wary in the extreme are those noisy swamp-feeders, who during the summer months, wing every alternate day their wedgelike flight from the St. Joachim beaches, to the Crane Island flats, where they congregate at low water mark, some 3,000, feeding beyond a rifle's range. We know of a hunting ground not one hundred miles from Quebec, in which the protection of game is strikingly exemplified. None but the proprietors have access to this preserve, in which *outardes*, wild geese, and ducks assemble in astonishing multitudes. Recently two men shot fifty wild geese there in two days. The place is a source of revenue to its owners, and those birds, which are not sent to market, are salted and preserved for the farm servants' daily use.

Athletic Pastimes.

—The month of October closed the cricket season of 1873, and locally, it has been one of the most successful for many years past. The season of 1873 has seen the St. George and Manhattan Clubs of this city, the Prospect Park of Brooklyn, and the Staten Island Cricket Association, in successful operation, the two former as regular cricket clubs; the Park Club as an organization of journalists for afternoon recreation, and the latter as a club combining cricket and base ball. These clubs have the advantage of having excellent grounds, the Park Club especially, the latter playing upon the finest cricket ground in America.

—The St. George Club closed their regular season on Oct. 18th, on the occasion of the match, which was fully reported in the last issue of this journal. Their record for the year is as follows:

- May 30.—St. George vs. Staten Island; at Quarantine; won by 22 runs.
- June 4.—St. George vs. Manhattan; at Hoboken. Won by 51 runs.
- June 11.—St. George vs. Staten Island; at Quarantine. Won by 55 runs.
- July 3.—St. George vs. Germantown; at Philadelphia; drawn game.
- July 4.—St. George vs. Merion; at Philadelphia; won by 52 runs.
- July 17.—St. George vs. Waltham; at Hoboken; lost by 7 runs.
- July 30.—St. George vs. Manhattan; at Hoboken; lost by 9 runs.
- August 6.—St. George vs. Manhattan; at Hoboken; won by 24.
- August 12.—St. George vs. Staten Island; at Quarantine; won, 1 inning, by 34 runs.
- August 16.—St. George vs. Staten Island; at Quarantine; won by 53 runs.
- August 29.—St. George vs. Boston; at Boston; won, 1 inning, by 57 runs.
- August 30.—St. George vs. Waltham; at Boston; won, 1 inning, by 24 runs.
- September 9.—St. George vs. St. Louis; at Hoboken; lost by 36 runs.
- October 4.—St. George vs. Germantown; at Hoboken; won by 71 runs.
- October 18.—St. George vs. Field Eleven; at Hoboken; won by 53 runs.

It will be seen by the above record that out of ten first eleven contests, with strong teams, the St. George Club were victorious in six, and in all the games played they won eleven out of fifteen.

The following are the averages for those who have played in five games and over:

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Most in Matches.	Times not Out.	Average.
W. R. Bowman	9	14	167	34	34	5	18.5
J. B. Cashman	9	14	223	31	31	1	17.2
Smith	13	19	256	54	61	1	14.4
W. Lemon	11	15	150	42	53	0	10.0
Basset Jones	12	19	184	27	33	0	9.13
E. H. Moran	10	17	147	35	36	0	8.11
J. B. Sleigh	10	18	114	27	31	0	6.6
J. Harcom	9	12	77	25	25	1	7.0
F. Satterthwaite	5	7	30	15	15	2	61.0
Talbot	13	20	72	9	11	2	4.0

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.	Names.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Jones	243	56	4.18	Moeran	173	26	6.17
Smith	305	69	4.25	Cashman	82	11	7.5

Messrs. Bruce, Souther, and Gibbs played one match each, scoring double figures.

—The Base Ball championship question is practically settled, and the well-trained and honest players of the Boston Club win, as they deserve to do, the championship honors. The Professional Championship season closes Oct. 31st and up to Oct. 28th—the day of our going to press the record of the five leading clubs stood as follows:

Clubs.	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Won by forfeit.	Yet to play.	Total won.
Boston	34	39	15	0	0	39
Philadelphia	43	32	16	4	2	36
Baltimore	49	27	22	3	1	30
Athletic	48	25	23	3	3	26
Mutual	49	25	24	4	1	23

—The Washingtons by retiring from the arena before the close of the season lose the remaining games they yet had to play. It will be seen that the Bostons have a winning lead even if the Philadelphians win their remaining games.

—The record of games played in the professional arena since our last issue, is as follows:

Tuesday, Boston vs. Baltimore	18—13
Tuesday, Mutual vs. Athletic	15—3
Wednesday, Boston vs. Washington	11—8
Wednesday, Atlantic vs. Athletic	4—4
Thursday, Boston vs. Washington	9—8
Friday, Athletic vs. Boston	5—4
Saturday, Athletic vs. Boston	10—6
Saturday, Atlantic vs. Mutual	14—4

—On Monday a rain storm prevailed, the effects of which will probably leave but two days wherewith to finish the season's games.

—Election day will be observed as a ball-players' holiday, and both amateur and professional players will be on the field. The Knickerbockers will make a day of it at Hoboken on that day.

—The game of Foot Ball is truly pleasing, not only for the spirit and amusement which it affords to the mind, but the good results which the constitution derives from such active exercise. There is no game, not even base ball, which combines so much bustle, so much "hurrying to and fro," or healthful pastime for the young men of our Universities and Colleges, as foot ball. In fact, it is one of the prettiest of all athletic pastimes, and quite exciting to see forty of the flower and youth of our country combating on a bright November morning in this manly and much to be respected game.

—The Foot Ball season opened on October 18th. The following Colleges sent delegates to the convention which was held in this city, namely—Rutgers, Yale and Princeton. Harvard College having adopted rules of their own, it was useless for them to send any members to the convention. Columbia College was not represented. The first match of the season was played on October 25th at Hamilton Park between Rutgers and Yale. The following are the names of the players, being twenty on each side:

Rutgers—Lydecker, Captain; Allen, Martine, Davis, P. Fuller, Staats, Hendrickson, Vreeland, Watson, Nevins, Hauxhurst, Van Aken, H. Fuller, Pomyca, Anderson, Kemlo; Walser, Cutler, Ross, Fischer.

Yale—Halsted, Captain; Deming, Bowers, Bushnell, Henderson, Porter, Scudder, Stokes, Avery, Hotchkiss, Peters, Bristol, Dunning, Melick, Robbins, Sherman, Osborne, Grinnell, McBirney, Ferry.

The first game was won by Yale, the second game was won by Rutgers, the third and fourth games by Yale. Time occupied in playing games—two hours and forty-five minutes. Referees—Messrs. Searing and Babcock. Judges—Yale, Mr. W. Kelly; Rutgers, Mr. Johnson.

—Princeton vs. Yale play on Saturday, Nov. 1st, at New Haven.

—Rutgers vs. Princeton play at New Brunswick, New Jersey, Nov. 5th.

—The following laws are those which bear the impress of the Football Association, and are not only very extensively employed in London, but most universally in the northern counties. The object of this code is to encourage "dribbling," or working the ball with the feet to the exclusion of all usage of the hands, and simplicity has also been carefully studied by the abolition of all clauses and technicalities calculated to prevent an easy comprehension of the rules:

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

1. The maximum length of the ground shall be 200 yards, the maximum breadth shall be 100 yards, the length and breadth shall be marked off with flags; and the goals shall be upright posts eight yards apart, with a tape across them eight feet from the ground.
2. The winners of the toss shall have the choice of goals. The game shall commence by a place kick from the centre of the ground by the side losing the toss; the other side shall not approach within ten yards of the ball until it is kicked off.
3. After a goal is won, the losing side shall kick off, and the goals shall be changed. In the event however of no goal having fallen to either party at the lapse of half the allotted time, sides shall then be changed.
4. A goal shall be won when the ball passes between the goal-posts under the tape, not being thrown, knocked on or carried.
5. When the ball is in touch, the first player who touches it shall throw it from the point on the boundary line where it left the ground, in a direction at right angles with the boundary line; and it shall not be in play until it shall have touched the ground, and the player throwing it in shall not play it until it has been played by another player.
6. When a player has kicked the ball, any one of the same side who is nearest to the opponent's goal line is out of play, and may not touch the ball himself nor in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so until the ball has been played, unless there are at least three of his opponents between him and their own goal; but no player is out of play when the ball is kicked from behind the goal line.
7. When the ball is kicked behind the goal line it must be kicked off by the side behind whose goal it went within six yards from the limit of their goal. The side who thus kick the ball are entitled to a fair kick-off in what way they please without any obstruction, the opposite side not being able to approach within six yards of the ball.
8. No player shall carry or knock on a ball.
9. Neither tripping nor hacking shall be allowed, and no player shall use his hands to hold or push his adversary, nor charge him from behind.
10. A player shall not throw the ball nor pass it to another, nor shall any player handle the ball under any pretence whatever.
11. No player shall take the ball from the ground with his hands while it is in play, under any pretence whatever.
12. No player shall wear projecting nails, iron plates or gutta percha on the soles or heels of his boots.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

- A place-kick is a kick at the ball while on the ground, in any position in which the kicker may choose to place it.
- Hacking is kicking an adversary intentionally.
- Tripping, is throwing an adversary by the use of the legs.
- Knocking-on is when a player strikes or propels the ball with his hands or arms.
- Holding on includes the obstruction of a player by the hand or any part of the arm below the elbow.
- Touch is that part of the field on either side of the ground, which is beyond the line of flags.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, October 20th.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Notwithstanding the disastrous defeat which "Williams" sustained at the Springfield regatta, there seems to be an unusual interest felt here in athletic sports. The term was opened by a very spirited game of football between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, which resulted in a victory for the former in four straight innings. Last week occurred the grand College tournament on the grounds of Hoosac Valley Agricultural Association. The contest embraced those in running, jumping putting the weight, &c.

The first thing on the programme was the vaulting with a pole; but two entered for this prize, a silver cup: Gunster, 74; and Rankin 76. The vaulting of both was good, but Rankin succeeded in clearing 18 feet, and thus taking the prize. The next feature of the entertainment was a jumping-with-weight match, which was won by Barnhart, 74, who cleared 10 feet 8 inches.

Gunster was successful in putting the weight some 33 feet out of his way in a manner quite calculated to discourage his unsuccessful rivals. In the half mile race eleven started, but only one came in first, Ballard, who won the cup in the remarkable time of 2 minutes 7 seconds. Smith then threw the base ball 276 feet, taking another cup. This was followed by the scrub races, Siamese twins, three-leggeds, &c., which of course caused much sport. The event of the day, however, was the mile race for the junior cup. The entries for this race were Wood, 74; Gould, 75; Whitcomb, 76; Hallock and Wilder, 77. Hallock and Gould were the favorites before the race, but both spurted too soon. It was an exciting contest throughout, and was finally won by Wilder in 5 min. 21 sec., very excellent time considering the small amount of practice had by the contestants.

—Loulter Loomis, a young man residing in Somerville, N. J., walked a mile on Saturday last in seven minutes and thirteen seconds, for a purse of \$50. Loomis is six feet four inches high, and as slim as a rail, weighing only ninety-four pounds.

—The National Amateur and Gymnastic Tournament will take place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, November 8th.

—Secretaries of Athletic Pastimes in Universities and Colleges will please mail their reports not later than Monday of each week.

Art and Drama.

A NUMBER of the most prominent Italian gentlemen of the city on last Friday evening gave to Signor Salvini a dinner, as a mark of respect for him personally, and in admiration of his genius as an actor. The introduction of the best material of the French and Italian schools of dramatic performers within the last few years has done much to enlighten our theatre-goers regarding foreign standards of excellence. The Bateman Troupe, that performed so satisfactorily in opera bouffe, created the most marked admiration for the finish of their performances. The attention paid to the minutest details was in singular contrast to much of "our management," where the actors may be slovenly and inattentive to their heart's content, provided the scenery is gorgeous, and its mechanical movements unexceptionable. The effect was good, at least for a time, and more study and elaboration was perceptible in many of our popular actors, which result proved to be a great comfort to the audience and a decided advantage to the gentlemen who were willing to learn.

The Italian troupe which, under the guiding star of Salvini, has just closed its advertised engagements, has shown to the careful observer that the Italian stage has the grandest characteristics, and that its spirit is broad, comprehensive and worthy to be ranked as a lineal representative of the days of Roscius, being entirely different from the French school; in fact, closely resembling the best American standard. This is after all quite natural, and to be expected, for the Italians have at the bottom a grave and subdued nature, with traditions of greatness that chastens the minds of the living, making the wonderful past and the struggling present harmonious and most thoroughly characteristic.

What we most particularly wish to notice at this present moment is the fact that Signor Salvini made his best impression in *Othello*. The English version was so closely followed that all persons familiar with the original could understand the action of the play, though the words were in a foreign tongue. The "new readings" struck most of the critics with surprise, confounding them at first, and then compelling admiration. The result was that the popular sentiment encouraged Salvini to play nothing else but *Othello*, and he could with perfect ease, and with better receipts possibly, have fulfilled all the nights of his engagement with a specialty.

But this was not in accordance with his ideas. "The continental" audiences have not yet become reconciled to a season occupied by one play, however excellent that play may be, and he went through the entire selection of his best pieces, at first much to the regret of some of his friends, but to be crowned at last with a greater triumph.

We have spoken of his *Othello* as in many respects unsurpassed; we may heartily record that his comedy is equal to his tragedy, and that he may be justly ranked with Garrick, whom Reynolds properly painted, Garrick standing undecided between tragedy and comedy, hesitating to give preference to either. It is a great misfortune to the mass of our play-goers who have been compelled to see Mr. Sothorn's *David Garrick* for weeks at a time, that Salvini could not give his version in the English language. Salvini, in his rendition, is throughout a most delicate and refined gentleman; the absolute pain he shows on his face at the part he is playing before the poor girl "to disgust her love" is the very perfection of the highest sentiment, and at no time, intoxicated as he is presumed to be, does he leave the impression on the audience that he is doing else than a most offensive act from the keenest sense of duty.

Mr. Sothorn, on the contrary, over-does the scene; the young lady is disgusted thoroughly at sight, and all of his subsequent maudlin, rolling about in the old womens' laps, upsetting the table furniture, and suggesting at times that he is in the preliminaries of a first-class sea sickness, absolutely produces on the ladies at his presentation the same impression that he diametrically desires to effect on the infatuated young heiress.

On Monday evening Mr. Lester Wallack returned to his theatre, and commenced the event by the popular comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." The "mounting" is most perfect, and what makes the scenery particularly genial is that its vernal effects are so naturally imitated that our "stay at home in the summer denizens" can view English landscape and enjoy a trip into the country and get acquainted with the internal arrangements of *Mr. Hardcastle's* stately home at the same time. Mr. Wallack's young *Murrow* and Mr. Gilbert as *Mr. Hardcastle* are a conjunction that cannot be equalled on any other stage than Wallack's. The play throughout was thoroughly satisfactory, and the patrons are turning out in the best attire and most delighted faces.

Mr. Daly has set the example of putting down the price of admission to the theatres. It was a necessity at the Grand Opera House, for the venture may hereafter fill the house, and thus redeem it from its heretofore constant interior expression of empty seats. "Popular prices," however, carry

with them a certain kind of imperative patrons, who want, in addition to popular prices, popular plays. Twenty years ago anyone could have marked out this now "equivocal line." The time was when something patriotic was absolutely necessary; when the American flag was a regular star and had to be unfurled, not only over a man of war, but over a country wedding. This feature has passed away. Now what is to be a popular play? If "Round the Clock" is a success, then we are going from bad to worse. With the "New Magdalen" served up to the exclusives at the Fifth Avenue, and portrayals of the lowest city life on Eighth Avenue to the populace, certainly our theaters, at least many of them, are not setting moral lessons before either the refined or the commonplace of our population. Our idea is that dramatic exhibitions have, as a rule, become so entirely without any real standard, so thoroughly addressed to the eye and to the sensational emotions, that a new generation must be trained and brought back to admire what is admirable in the mimic life on the stage.

Again on the subject of theatres, with low prices, have we among us a community or population that agrees in sentiment sufficient to afford steady patronage to a theatre that addresses itself to popular taste? We know of none. New York with its 800,000 inhabitants, has thousands of different communities, still distinct, and will remain so, for two or three generations at least. The influence of naturalized citizens has brought all the peculiarities of European civilization, and though this polyglot people are within one corporation, it is a unit in nothing save in being robbed by high taxes, and oppressed by an extravagant and heartless municipal government. In dramatic taste certainly there is no contiguity.

We have no good natured working classes composed of prosperous young mechanics and jolly apprentices. Thirty years ago the "fire boys" and their companions ruled, but they did not possess any characteristics of cruelty and ruffianism that now distinguishes our impecunious young men. In their way they were chivalrous, and respected helplessness, and had a code of fair play in their dealings with each other. From among them came many of our best citizens, some grew rich and all had the chivalrous idea of loving the old city. In this useful class of this population, Mitchell found his warmest patrons of the Olympic, and before his day, they supported the old Bowery, when it was really a school of good acting—giving the elder Booth his most glorious benefits—and worshipped Forest, not only because he was their favorite actor, but also because he was one of the "bhoys."

We can see no material to steadily patronize a popular play-house with popular prices. The very suggestion will drive away hundreds of good people who can afford to pay a little more and have a select audience. We shall therefore look upon the experiment with interest. If it ends in keeping such monstrous productions as "Round the Clock" before the footlights, then it were better to have our great dramatic buildings turned into concert saloons, giving the visitors good music, and let them from conversation and their own resources furnish intellectual excitement.

London has poured upon us almost its entire force of novelists, readers, lecturers, and "bohemians;" in fact, this sort of material comes to our hospitable shores in quantities only less in volume than the flood of immigrants that daily land at Castle Garden. The result is, that the modern Babylon is now enjoying a sort of healthy literary reaction—that comes to an overtaxed stomach when relieved of its surplus and pernicious food. Taking the men who have come among us in this strange exodus as a body, or in single specimens, we do not think them, with one or two exceptions, remarkable for any extraordinary talents, their chief availability for drawing audiences being in the popular taste for novelties. Not one of them now holding forth from the rostrum or lecture hall could maintain himself for two consecutive years if a permanent resident. We therefore suggest to our American lecturers, thrown out of work by these importations, that they immediately commence a general removal of themselves to Great Britain to fill up the aching void which is really felt to be a relief in London, yet not wholly appreciated, because the literary appetite is vitiated and requires a constant supply of stimulants of some kind—good, if possible, bad, if nothing else is at hand.

Dickens was a success, his novels made him a real lion. To see the author was worth the "price of admission," for in his person centered the recollection of so many simple and kind-hearted characters, the recalling of which sheds a bright light over benighted human nature. But Dickens was as an actor only second to his great genius as an author, and hence we had a combination of the most rare qualities that ever centered in one person.

Wilkie Collins, on the contrary, brings us a literary past, that is only peculiar for the intricacy of its plots; no remarkable literary ability, no humanity, cold, rude, but ever fascinating, as polished steel machinery is fascinating. His manners are consistent with the developments of his mind. He is stiff, has no faculty for story telling, and no dramatic power as an elocutionist. So stand by contrast these extremes of modern English writers of fiction. London has yet to furnish us with a truly great lecturer—we have men by the dozens who are his superiors in this line—he is a fine example of what can be done by judicious advertising—a voice that is of the canting order, and mental training, that enables him at every desired moment to assume the "ministerial tones" which make Gough so invincible before suburban audiences. In viewing the field, we have reason to congratulate ourselves, nationally and intellectually on our home talent. It "scatters" terribly,

but our magazines are evidently full of ammunition. Up to date, this exodus of foreign literary laborers, Dickens excepted, has not by comparison belittled our own achievements, or by contrast, in the slightest degree caused the suspicion in the public mind, that the people of this country are not very wonderful, especially in paying out their money for second-hand foreign wares.

"Mrs. Burnham," a correspondent of a western paper has heard Mr. Beecher "hold forth" at Plymouth Church. She seems to be very much struck with his "worldly success" and his talents as an actor. Among other things she says: "On Friday night I saw an audience of sixty-three in the Broadway Theatre. Saturday night twenty-three persons occupied the lower part of the Grand Opera House, but Sunday night 3,000 people waited the rise of the curtain at Plymouth Academy." She then goes on and repeats the story of the Prodigal Son as told by Mr. Beecher as follows: "I'd rather of the two boys have been the prodigal. The other son was a miserable creature. There was a good deal to admire in the prodigal. He went off to have a good time, and he had it and got through with it. He reached the ground and made a rebound. He did not say when in his trouble, 'I'll go to my father and state the circumstances.' He called his performances sins, and he went and confessed 'em and was joyfully forgiven."

Referring to the other brother, he described him as hearing the singing and dancing and refusing to go inside, being "too stingy to get drunk; too cautious, too cold, too unsympathetic to sin lasciviously. He was mean, stiff, and proper, and was going to Heaven as a mummy," and Mr. Beecher made himself as much like a mummy and walked as stiff as a ramrod across the stage on his road to Heaven, in the style of the prodigal's brother. The assembled three thousand roared.

For drawing an audience, detailing a story with most thrilling action, Mr. Beecher has no superior on the dramatic stage.

TAHITIAN HOSPITALITY.—Half-way to Kuloa we stopped at a native hut. The men were absent and were working in the fields. A woman of fully forty, immensely stout, as are all native women at that age, welcomed us. She made us sit down while our servant unloaded our tired horses. After the customary questions of whence we came from and whither we were going, she asked if we were not hungry. On our replying that we were almost famished, she called for her husband, who was in sight. He came very quickly. He was a magnificent specimen of humanity and elegantly proportioned. In a little out-house attached to the hut was a canoe made of palm wood. He picked it up as if it was a feather, and carried it to his fish pond, which was within a stone's throw. The canoe was launched, a stroke or two of the paddle carried him into the middle of his pond, and throwing in his net he caught a dozen mullets. He selected two, the largest weighing three pounds fully, and threw back into the water the smaller fry. His wife then took the fish, wrapped them up nicely in the leaves of the Ti (*Dracana terminatis*) placed them in a hole in the ground lined with grass and herbs, and then baked them over red hot stones. A quarter of an hour afterwards the most delicious aroma exhaled from her exterporized oven. We did not fancy poi, but eat the boiled taro, and with the fish made a delicious meal. We wanted to pay the good woman, but she refused to take our money. After saying good-by, we went on our journey, delighted with the kind hospitality we had received from these good people.—*M. C. de Varigny, Tour du Monde.*

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF FAVORITE SONGS: Edited by Dr. Holland. Boston: George M. Smith & Co.

As this rare book can only be had of agents, our friends should send their orders at once. These songs are of such a character as to recommend them to all readers, old as well as young. In this work may be found songs of home, of the heart, of life, of nature, by the wayside. These are no longer waifs on an uncertain sea, and liable to be lost or lost sight of, but are presented for future preservation and reference, in a form more worthy of their real merit. Many of our first American poets speak through these pages, and their effusions are finely illustrated by our best American artists. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

ROMAIN KALBRIS. Phila: Porter & Coates.

This is an interesting story of rather a nautical style, often suggestive of Captain Marryatt, whom the author could have copied in a still closer manner with good effect. It is rather a free translation, intended for the special perusal of our American readers, and Mrs. Wright has made it quite a readable work. The adventures of Romain upon the coast of France, by sea and land, make the subject of this pleasing story. There is simplicity and naturalness about the narrative that much enhance its claims to our kind consideration. Porter & Coates deserve much credit for the beautiful style in which it is printed, the fine illustrations making it doubly attractive.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF FAVORITE SONG. Boston: G. M. Smith & Co. To be sold by subscription. A splendid book and will find a ready sale.

WORK. By L. M. Alcott.

We have received from the New England News Company this interesting work. Also, several others which will hereafter receive attention.

LADY GREEN SATIN, and her Maid Rosette. From the French of the Baroness E. Martineau des Chesney. Porter & Coates.

The beautiful engravings of birds in Avilude cost hundreds of dollars and the fine and instructive descriptions many weeks of labor. Every family ought to have it. For sale by all booksellers and toy dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.

"An excellent addition to our home amusements."—*Christian Union*

Forest and Stream.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The first number is a model of typographical neatness, and its contents are sufficiently varied and interesting to secure for the paper a cordial reception from that class of the public to whose taste it caters.—[New York Times.]

It is a handsome sheet of sixteen large pages, and is filled with a variety of very interesting reading.—[New York Sun.]

There is need for a new advocate to make the American people more in love with outdoor life, and FOREST AND STREAM promises to do the work admirably. The various departments are edited with knowledge and skill.—[New York Journal of Commerce.]

The publication of a new sporting journal, FOREST AND STREAM, is another evidence of the increasing love of our people for the sports of the field and athletic exercise. There is every evidence that good fortune awaits the new-comer. That this should be so is a source of congratulation.—[New York Express.]

The first number promises well, and its prepossessing appearance is no slight confirmation of its claim to a high and manly tone in its conduct.—[Home Journal.]

It is tastefully arranged and handsomely printed, and seems to be well adapted to persons of cultivated tastes.—[New York Tribune.]

Mr. Hallock is an enthusiastic sportsman, a good writer, and competent to make a "sporting paper" fit for household reading.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

We commend with special earnestness the claims of FOREST AND STREAM to favorable attention.—[The South.]

We may safely predict its success.—[New Orleans Home Journal.]

It is neat as to typography and varied and interesting as to contents.—[Hartford Times.]

The matter of the sample number is both appropriate and interesting.—[Brooklyn (E. D.) Times.]

It is a necessary publication, and we welcome its birth with open arms. It occupies its own position, intruding upon no pre-occupied ground, but it is in an elevated position. To sportsmen of the gun and fishing-rod it will be invaluable.—[Brooklyn Review.]

Got up in a handsome manner, both as to presswork and arrangement of contents.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

It is decidedly the most *recherche* thing of the kind ever issued in this country, and so far as we know is the peer of anything similar in England. All its departments show a practical and intellectual filling up which challenges general favor.—[German Telegraph.]

Judging by the number before us we can unhesitatingly recommend the FOREST AND STREAM to all who take an interest in out-door recreation and physical culture. It will no doubt merit the patronage of our sporting gentlemen.—[Every Evening, (Wilmington, Delaware).]

The terms are very reasonable for such a large and necessarily expensive paper. We commend it to our sportsmen friends most heartily. We like the ring of its editorials, evidently written by the true lover of nature in its multiplied and beautiful forms.—[Niagara Falls Gazette.]

There is a standard of excellence and usefulness not yet attained by any sporting paper in the country, and FOREST AND STREAM will find its success at the top of the ladder.—[New York Graphic.]

It covers ground not occupied by any other journal.—[Waterloo (New York) Observer.]

Sincerely hope it will live long and prosper. It certainly deserves success.—[Springfield (Mass.) Union.]

Health, longevity, and happiness largely depend upon such open air pursuits, and a journal like this is the best means to effect the object.—[Portland (Me.) Argus.]

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

I hope you will meet with entire success in your project. My days of active life in the field and forest have gone by, but I recall my experience with pleasure, and I feel that I owe my health in a good degree to early habits of free exercise in the open air in forests and along our streams.—[Horatio Seymour.]

There is a demand for just such a paper as this. It will give me very great pleasure, indeed, to do all I can to help your journal.—[Professor S. F. Baird, Smithsonian Institute.]

I have no doubt that FOREST AND STREAM will have a large circulation. Consider me a subscriber.—[George A. Boardman, Naturalist.]

Such a journal, conducted upon the principles and with the spirit which you announce, will certainly find warm support.—[Rev. J. Clement Franch.]

I have no doubt you will make it a marked success.—[Hon. J. D. Catton.]

I wish you the best sort of success in your effort to make a journal of out-door sports such as a gentleman can read and write in.—[Charles D. Warner.]

I doubt not it will be a great success. It is wanted, and must be called for.—[Major John H. King, U.S.A.]

I have long wished just such a journal to receive into my family, that my boys may learn from a better teacher than myself the best way in which to follow the sports that in years past have given me so much pleasure.—[Henry W. Abbott, Boston.]

Under your management it ought to be a success.—[W. H. Venning, Inspector Marine and Fisheries, Canada.]

You shall have all the aid and comfort I can give you in your enterprise.—[Com. L. A. Beardslee, Washington Navy Yard.]

I must congratulate you on the very attractive appearance of your paper. Keep it up to the standard you have marked out for it, and it will become an assured success.—[Rev. Charles F. Deems.]

Nothing but the exigencies of my roving life have prevented me from starting, or trying to start, just such a journal as yours. You shall have my hearty co-operation.—[Professor Elliott Coues, Smithsonian Institute.]

Your paper is just what we have long wanted, and will take well in the Southern States.—[Dr. R. P. Myers, Savannah, Ga.]

The editorial matter, the contributions, and the make-up and general appearance of the paper are just such as Fishrod and Nimrod admire.—[Genio C. Scott.]

I am glad to hear of your literary enterprise. It will give me pleasure to put you, or any one else representing the FOREST AND STREAM, in the way of getting information for your paper.—[Andrew H. Green, Comptroller, and Central Park Com'r.]

"I take the heartiest interest in FOREST AND STREAM. I have always thought that an American "Land and Water" was needed, and that many valuable observations are yearly lost, through the want of some such medium of communication between field-naturalists."—Prof. G. Browne Goode, Middletown University.

I wish the FOREST AND STREAM every success, and will be most happy to lend any assistance in my power to make it so.—[Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt.]

Don't let your children spend their money for trash, but let them get a game of Avilude. If the pictures and descriptions comprising this game were in book form they would cost many times the price of the game. Sent post paid on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.

"Must have a large sale, and deserves it, too."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Hotels.

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BUTTERFIELD HOUSE,
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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognized medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognized throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented *Downing* for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even *clamor* for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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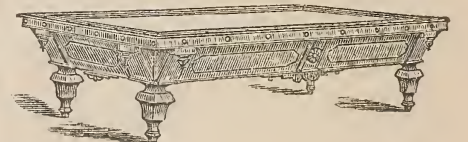
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1873.

Volume I, Number 13.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.
**THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL TO
LABRADOR.**

SOFT the balmy south wind blows,
Swift the brimming river flows;
Now a ruffling ripple sweeps
O'er the shallows and dusk deeps;
'Tis a glorious time to try
With the salmon rod and fly.

Now a shade obscures the stream,
Now a sun-flash casts its gleam,
Now the dark tides darker flow,
Now the bright waves brighter glow;
O'er the checkered river's face
Shade and sunshine run their race.

See, by yonder sandy bar,
Where a rock juts black and far,
See, in yon undimpled pool,
Deep, unfathomable, cool,
See, where wheeling eddies gleam
In the centre of the stream,
Flashing fin and flukes display
Where the spangled salmon lay.

Sweep with careful rod the flood,
Cast the light fly many a rood;
Ha! the salmon from the deeps
Like the nimble lightning leaps;
Now he feels the barbed steel,
Singing, humming goes the reel;
Soon the captive comes to land,
Gasping on the yellow sand.

Swelling floods of Labrador,
Pouring rivers, torrents hoar,
There's a sorrow at the heart,
As we linger ere we part.
Far away, on winter nights
We will dream of your delights,
Longing to return again,
To your desolate domain.

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Wild Life in Florida.

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BY the treaty of 1842, the few Seminoles remaining in Florida after the war were confined to the southern portion of the peninsula. There they still remain, between two and three hundred in number, leading a peaceful life, cultivating their fields, and hunting. They are governed by two chiefs; those around the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee by "Tustenuggee," and those east of that great lake by "Tiger Tailer." Their intercourse with white men is limited to occasional trading visits to Indian River and the Keys. Though they have existed as a nation for one hundred years, very little is known regarding their language, customs, and social life.

It was with the avowed object of studying the Indian in his native wilds that I left Indian River one beautiful spring morning in '72. I had provided myself with an ox-cart, oxen, of course, and a guide—though just what he was a guide of, and to where, I've not satisfactorily determined to this day—and the usual amount of hunters' traps. There was also a colored individual, who had charge of the frying-pan and coffee pot. Well, we progressed favorably enough, till the second night out found us fifteen miles from my camp on Indian River, thirty miles from Okeechobee, and further travel apparently stopped by a long line of cypress swamp. So we camped on the "Alpattiokee." Alpattiokee is Seminole for Alligator Creek. Game was abundant; deer in herds on the savannas; turkeys in flocks in the "hammoeks;" the half-dry creek-bed swarmed with ibis and heron of every hue, and alligators were in abundance. They crawled upon the banks of the creek, reposed upon its sand bars, and swam its waters,

They made night hideous with their bellowings, and kept our mastiff in perpetual dread of being devoured by assailing him while he reposed by our camp-fire. Every inducement for the stay of hunter or naturalist was offered, and every tramp and hunt would bring new additions of rare plants and birds to my collection.

While hunting along the various creeks I discovered signs of Indians—in the sand of the dry creek-bed the impressions of moccasined feet; on its banks a "cabbage palm" with its terminal bud torn out and the leaves scattered. An old Indian camp, strewn with bones of deer, turkey, and tortoise showed that the place was a favorite hunting ground. There were fresh tracks of three Indian hunters, beside fainter ones of a woman and child. One day Jim came in with the pickinny's playthings—an alligator tooth, two or three grotesquely-shaped pieces of briar root, and a walnut. While we were examining them we heard a faint tinkling in the distance, and a preliminary reconnaissance revealed three Indians approaching the ford in the creek near our camp. Affecting to be employed with our duties, we only looked up as they appeared, and they, taking no notice of us, marched on with heads erect till brought to a halt by Jim, who ran forward with extended hand and a hearty "Howdy." Then their swarthy faces displayed grins which grew broad and loud as we summoned unhappy Tom to prepare a repast for the weary aborigines. Removing from their pony a huge pack, upon which was a tin kettle, which had made the tin-tinabulation we had heard, they hobbled his feet and sat down. While they were demolishing the huge piles of flapjacks which Jim set before them, I had an opportunity for studying their dress and features.

"Tiger," the oldest, was about seventy years old, and had fought in the Seminole war. He was rather above the medium height, broad shouldered, massive arms, and legs like mahogany pillars, worn smooth and polished by many a brush with thicket and briar. His nose and lips indicated a trace of negro blood. His iron gray hair straggled over a greasy bandana bound about his temples. His broad shoulders were artistically draped in two ragged shirts of "hickory," or striped homespun, the inner one about a foot longer than the outer, and reaching nearly to his knees. A breech cloth and moccasins completed his attire. "Charley Osceola" was a young man of twenty, claiming to be a descendant of the famous chief Osecola. Over six feet high, with broad shoulders and finely-shaped limbs, erect and straight, he was my *beau idéal* of an Indian brave. His eyes were small, black, and keen, his voice was musical, and he spoke in a firm, gentle manner that won my heart at once. His hair was thick, coarse, and black, with the changeable purple of the raven's wing. It was shaved close at the sides, leaving a ridge on the crown, spreading toward the neck, and hanging in braids over the shoulders. His dress was similar to Tiger's. The pickinny was hardly worth a description. Each carried a rifle, a reserve supply of bows and arrows, and a pouch for ammunition, etc.

They obstinately refused to talk "Yankaistahadka," or Yankee talk, but used their own language. It was a long time before I could be made to understand that "shatokanowa humkin" meant one dollar, the price of a set of bows and arrows, but after much labor I mastered their system of numeration up to a thousand, though I will now admit that I was much exercised at "chopkakolehokolin," and gave it up.

While Osceola was making me some talipikahs, or moccasins, Jim was endeavoring to extract from Tiger the proper route to Lake Okeechobee, and whether we could reach it with our ox-cart. Jim had mingled with the Indians in his youth, and prided himself upon his accomplishments in the manner of dealing with them, and speaking their language. Tiger sat upon his haunches beneath the spreading branches of a live oak, looking like some ragged Turk.

Jim (in a loud voice)—"Okeechobee; you savez?"
Tiger—"Eucah," (yes).

Jim—"Okeechobee; me go; walkah (oxen) go; Yankaistahadka go; hey?"

Tiger—"Eucah; walkah, me eatum; good!"

Jim—"No, you old fool, (emphasized); you know more'n you pertend; walkah no slumpy, slumpy, no sticky, icky in the mud; that's what I mean."

Tiger—"Haigh!"

Jim—"Oh, you old black leg; you consarned old manatee! Can't you talk Istachatta (Indian), or do yer mean to go back on yer native tongue? Come, now, talk Yankee talk; none of your dog-goned nonsense and hog Latin. Okeechobee, me go; walkah go; cartah go; Istalusta (mulatto) go; no get stuckah, no have to come backah; hey?" [This in fearful tones, for Jim held, with many others, that you could make any foreigner understand, provided you spoke loud enough].

Tiger—"Istalusta; shookah, me give um; pahlen!" and he looked wistfully at Tom.

Jim—"Ten hogs for that nigger! There, I'll give up; the—something—heathenish old chattymico don't know Injun no more'n a cracker!"

A peculiar twinkle of Tiger's eyes convinced me that he "knew more'n he pertended," but what his reasons were for baffling Jim's curiosity I didn't know till later.

That night we left our camp on the Alpattioke, and made our fire at the foot of the "forked cabbage," on a branch of the Alpattie. The Indians accompanied us, though unasked. It seems that Tiger had divined Jim's meaning, and had determined to prevent us from reaching our destination. He had concocted a fearful scheme to prevent our departure—it was to *eat us out*. I didn't know it at the time, or I shouldn't have aided them as I did.

The shades of night and the time for our evening repast drew near. In honor of our guests, Tom had cooked just four times the usual quantity of flapjacks, besides our last steak of venison. I had devoured but one flapjack, and was about securing another, when, lo! they were not. Tiger sat dignified and sad; Charley dignified and serious; "Fistilokeen" dignified and dirty. The corners of their mouths ran hog juice, their faces and hands were unctuous with it, yet there they sat, patiently waiting, sad and serious; grieved, even, judging from their countenances.

Tom refused to cook any more.

"Is-ta-lus-ta lazy; ho-la-wan-gus!" said Tiger.

Thus taunted, Tom broke open our last package of flour, and busied himself, cursing the Indian the while, till they all united in a satisfied "me full!" These untutored "sons of the forest" soon left us with their customary "me hiepus j" (me go), and we were not very sorry that, to use their own expression, they were "sui-eus j" (gone). From Tom's quarters that night I heard a muttered blessing upon the "Is-ta-chat-tas." In the morning they brought a peace offering of venison, and that night we had an alligator hunt by moonlight.

I shall never forget the weird aspect of the scene spread out before us, as we assembled silently upon the banks of the creek. The creek-bed could be traced through the vast plain by the occasional clumps of palms till lost in the swamp far beyond. The bright plumaged herons, that told of its meanderings as they hovered over it by day, were now gone, and silence, as of the grave, reigned over us. The creek-bed was dry and exposed, except at intervals there were great holes full of alligators—rightly called "alligator holes." Here, crowded together, they were patiently awaiting the setting in of the rainy season, which would set them free from their narrow prisons.

The "gaitors" seemed to have had notice of our coming, as, when we gathered upon the steep bank, not a head was visible. "Ump, ump, ump!" said Fistilokeen, imitating the grunting of a young alligator. Soon a dozen knotty heads showed themselves, peering anxiously above the water. At the slightest motion they would disappear.

"Ump, ump, ump, ump, ump!"

The evil-looking eyes again appeared, and the round noses gave utterance to similar though louder sounds. Up they came, silently, cautiously, till I counted twenty-seven above the water of the little pond.

Jim launched the harpoon at the side of the largest. True—as his aim always was—the sharp head pierced the reptile's side in its most vulnerable part, just behind the fore leg. A rush, a roar, as though all the bulls of the prairie had united in one grand outburst, and this king of Alhattiokee sped from one end to the other of his small kingdom, making the water boil, and leaving a bloody wake behind him. I have seen the dolphin and porpoise cross and recross the bow of a steamer at full speed, I have seen the shark and bluefish in their most desperate rushes, but it did seem to me, standing by that solitary creek in the soft moonlight, as I slackened and tightened the line as the alligator alternately sulked and darted, that the remarkable speed of those fishes was paralleled in the lightning-like rapidity with which that huge serrated tail clove the water and forced its owner onward. After a little while he got to be somewhat exhausted, and I passed the line to the rest of the party and seized the axe, to be ready for him as he was drawn ashore. It was hard work even then to land him on the soft sand, and he would throw that huge tail around till it nearly touched his nose, and snap his jaws till the night air resounded again. But, watching my chance, I sunk the axe deep in his skull, and his struggles ceased as the quivering paws clawed the sand convulsively and then relaxed. We finished eight more before midnight. A ghastly spectacle they formed, lying upon their backs, their white bellies and mailed sides glistening in the moonlight. "Umph! alpatah fight heap!" was the only exclamation our red brothers made.

A few days later we parted from our friends, and, after sending Jim into the river, I hired another guide and set out for the Indian settlement. The man I now hired was an old "cow herder," having charge of several hundred cattle which roamed in a half wild state through the woods and over the vast prairies. His house was the only one between Indian River and Lake Okeechobee, a distance of nearly fifty miles. We left the cabin, mounted upon two stallions trained for cattle hunting and following narrow trails. Each horse carried a pair of saddle-bags, bag of corn, pair of blankets, and a man. Each man had a gun, pint cup, and big knife. Leaving the cabin early one day, we reached the Indian settlement late the next. Our only guide was a narrow trail across the vast flats, following dry creek-beds, through cypress swamps and saw-grass jungles, beneath gigantic pines and through thick palmetto scrub. We followed this trail, made by the Indians, in a southwesterly direction till we struck the saw-grass bordering the "Big Cypress," a belt of cypress swamp nearly forty miles in length. Through this swamp there was but one narrow, blind trail, carefully concealed, lest the white man should find it. But my guide was an old "tracker" during the Seminole war, and struck it just where it entered the swamp. Dismounting, we attempted to lead our horses through. Bleeding and torn we emerged from the saw-grass to enter the blackest looking swamp it was ever my lot to behold. The tall cypress grew high above our heads, shutting out every ray of light; long vines and hooked briars hung from the limbs above and festooned every tree. The mud beneath was of the blackest and softest; stagnant pools of water, covered with green slime, gave hiding places to numberless alligators and moccasin snakes, numbers of which unbound themselves from the gnarled cypress trees and wriggled silently away after darting at us their forked tongues. While carefully avoiding these noxious places a long vine would come athwart my horse's back, sweeping blankets, saddle-bags and all into the mud. To describe the rage of my guide at such a juncture would be impossible. I was mad, but he was even more so, and swore and stormed in a way that was perfectly frightful, causing the innocent snakes and alligators to flee in terror still farther into the black fastnesses of the swamp. My rage died away as his increased, for I was convinced that, black as was the picture, he was doing it justice. At every leap our poor beasts sank above their knees, and it required much dodging to lead them through the narrow apertures and escape being struck by their fore feet. Never was daylight hailed more joyfully than when we emerged from the tangled thicket and at last reached solid ground. The Big Cypress was passed, and we were in the Indian country.

A few miles over a level prairie and we saw the first habitation. A little further, and we caught sight of a squaw running rapidly to apprise the men at work in the swamps of our arrival. They couldn't have chosen a locality more favorable to their mode of living than this. A swamp bounded it on the north and east, and a forest of pines south and west. The scene presented was one of peaceful rest and happiness. What wonder that the Seminole fought for his chosen land as he did! The meadow lark trilled his clear notes from the grass, where, also, we heard the mellow whistle of the quail. Woodpeckers and paroquets flew screaming by, and the wood ibis winged his silent way overhead.

Soon the entire population came forth to meet us, with the exception of the women, and we were welcomed to the village. There were sixteen shanties grouped together, with that of the chiefs a little ways off. Four posts supported a pitched roof, thatched with palmetto leaves. The shanty was open at the sides and ends; a raised platform of logs the whole length and breadth was used to sleep upon by night, and as a table and chairs, etc., by day. We were much annoyed by the dogs, who would come about us examining everything we had. They were nasty little curs, most of them, who would creep carefully up to us, with noses extended and tails between their legs, and who would scurry away at the least motion. I am prepared to

vouch for the statement of the old sailor, Romans, who, in 1770, says: "They (the Creeks) are very fond of dogs, inasmuch as never to kill one out of a litter; and it is not uncommon in the nation to see a dog very lean, and so sensible of his misfortune as to seek a wall or post for his support before venturing to bark." (Another "old joke.") I mention things in their natural order of affection in the Indian estimation—dog, hog, squaw, and pickaninny. The hogs were black, as all Florida hogs are, and numerous. The children were brown, and numerous. The girls and young squaws were much superior to their degraded sisters of the west in point of beauty and cleanliness. Of medium height, with small hands and feet and well-shaped limbs. Their heads were small and well-shaped; eyes black and lustrous; nose small and straight; mouth small and full-lipped. Their hair was long, black and abundant. The older women were less prepossessing, as older women usually are. All, however, had the same low, musical voice, excepting the old hags and habitual tobacco chewers. The women wore a short cape over the shoulders, and a petticoat. These two articles, with a profusion of beads, completed their attire, with, of course, moccasins. The only exception to this style was a young widow, who, being in mourning, was allowed to wear but a single apron, and was forbidden by their law to leave camp for two years. The squaws are very careful of their master's health. Pickaninnies under twelve, or thereabouts, were in a "state of nature;" boys over twelve, and under sixteen, wore a shirt, and girls a petticoat; women as described. Upon great occasions both sexes ornament themselves with beads, ribbons, and silver.

At first the maidens were coy and bashful, but they soon overcame their natural diffidence, and sweetly insinuated that "iehee" (tobacco), or "on-mee" (whiskey), would not be unacceptable.

After a short stay at the village we all went over to Indian Parker's cornfield, a mile away in the swamp. Parker, his wife and children were all at work when we arrived, but soon washed themselves, and set before us great milky ears of corn, roasted in the ashes. He had corn over six feet high, pumpkins, beans, etc., all growing finely—this in April. Next, we visited Tiger at his plantation. I met with a warm reception, and was introduced to his squaw. In the course of our conversation he said: "You hum-bux-j?" I told him I thought not; I never had to my present knowledge. He then repeated more earnestly, "You humbuxj!" This time I got vexed, and told him I wasn't. A third "humbuxj," accompanied by a gesture, directed my attention to a small palmetto shanty, beneath which were three iron pots, around which were three hungry Indians, and from which (the pots; not the shanty) they were "humbuxjing" after the most approved style. As I was extremely hungry I *humbuxjed*. Here was an opportunity! Tiger had eaten me out at Alligator Creek; I would now pay him back in kind. I looked for my guide; he had disappeared. I unbuckled my belt, laid aside my revolver, and joined the band of revelers. "How romantic, thought I; to be sure, things aren't just as I'd like to have them, but then, when you're in Rome, etc." The pot nearest me contained a dirty looking liquid, which, as near I could remember, not having seen any for six months, looked exactly like dish-water, boiled over twice, with the dish-rag left in. It was corn and water boiled. A huge wooden spoon was employed to convey this delectable nourishment to its proper receptacle—the mouth. The bowl of the aforesaid spoon was as big as a baby's head, and while I was wondering how 'twas used a shock-headed urehin inserted it, drew it forth full, elevated it till the handle pointed toward the zenith, when presto! the dish-water disappeared, the spoon was returned to the pot with a swoop of satisfaction, and Injun number two proceeded to do likewise. Number three did even so, and I was expected to ditto. I was hungry; I knew it; I'd eaten nothing but the roast corn since sunrise, and had ridden near thirty miles that day. But, strangely, my appetite was gone. I forgave Tiger for eating all my flapjacks; I promised myself to forget it. After all, he hadn't done so very badly. But the eyes of all were upon me. I must eat, or lose my influence. Gently I grasped the spoon, coyly I fished for a few kernels of corn, and very little of the dish-water. I shut my eyes, opened my mouth, shuddered, gulped—lo, 'twas done! The second pot contained pieces of boiled meat about an inch square, which proved very good eating. So, inserting my fingers, *à la Indian*, I drew forth a piece and ate it. The third vessel contained about thirty feet of sausage, looking so natural and life-like that I instinctively recoiled. One of my brother revelers would seize one end of the membranous rope, and, after storing away as much as his mouth would contain, would sever by a dexterous cut the adipose tissue and pass it to the next. When my turn came I begged to be excused, and I've never hankered for sausage since.

I stuck to pot No. 2; my appetite returned. I yet cherished revengeful feelings towards Tiger, and did my best. The meat was tender and juicy; moreover, it had a delicious flavor that I never had found pork possessed of. Of course it was pork; it wasn't venison, nor bear, nor coon; and I vowed I would get the receipt, and that the next stray pig should be offered up. To be sure that it was a pig, I said to "Charley," imitating the Indian manner, "Um; good; too much; 'Shokocalika?" A negative shake of the head, and a single word, "Efab," (dog) terminated the repast. In my sleep that night came visions of fearful Indian curs, chopped into small pieces, yet having the power to bark and bite.

As a special honor, I was assigned the chief's shanty to

sleep in that night, he being away. It differed in no way from the rest, and probably the round logs which made my bed were just as hard as the others.

The next day we visited the corn fields, and a rain coming up accompanied Parker and Tiger to their shanties. My guide having offered his horse to Parker's squaw I could do no less than offer mine to the old squaw, which Tiger accepted in behalf of himself. I hoped he would break his neck. It was an unique procession that wound through the shady cypress swamp and over the prairie. First, there were Parker's two daughters—young ladies of sixteen and seventeen respectively—who had captured one of papa's colts, and, mounted upon its back man fashion, led the cavalcade. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, and their musical laughter would come floating back at every leap and kick of their half-broken steed. Next came Parker's wife, astride my guide's pony with a solemn-looking pappoose on her back, holding up her scanty skirts with one hand, while with the other she guided the beast. Next came Tiger, with my rubber blanket over his head, a tin kettle on one arm, an iron pot on the other, and a lap full of corn. He didn't see the comical figure he cut, but treated the whole matter as a thing of serious moment. Parker, a host of pickaninnies, eleven dogs, a young colt, and a hog or two came next. My guide and I came last. The procession started; the girls had stripped, and were clinging to the pony and each other for dear life. We had gone but a few rods before the pony suddenly elevated his heels, landing the girls—a confused vision of arms and legs—rods away in the mud. With another flourish of his heels, and a snort of defiance, he then scoured away over the plain. That started the rest; my guide's pony vainly strove to throw his burden. Tiger had his hands particularly full as the bay stallion sped away with the blanket flapping and pail rattling. I shall never forget the desperate expression of Tiger's face as he went off, clinging to the horse and shouting broken fragments of Seminole, such as "Che-la-koa (horse) ho-la-wan-gus (bad); cha-high-wagh (squaw), ho-la-wan-gus—dam!" The colt now went for the scene, upsetting a whole line of dogs, and extorting profane exclamations from the patient Parker. After we had reached the shanties they came in, one after another, and, removing their wet garments (such as had any), we squatted around the cheerful blaze of pine knots, placed Indian fashion, with the ends toward the centre of the flame.

According to promise, Charley was to pilot me to Lake Okeechobee, but as several days elapsed, and no offer was made, I became impatient, and anxiously sought for information regarding it. The only satisfactory replies I received were as to its size:—

"Okeechobee, aeliska pahleorstein, heap long; aehiska pahlehokolin."

This intelligence was very gratifying, as it settled many misgivings I had indulged in. FRED BEVERLY.

(To be Continued.)

—THE SIERRA NEVADA OBSERVATORY.—Mr. Lick, after a long, laborious, economical and successful business life, has the laudable ambition of doing something to advance the cause of science and thus benefit mankind; and the agent which he has selected to render the chief service, if the rumors which have reached us be correct, is to be an observatory, placed in a better situation than that occupied by any similar institution, provided with instruments superior to any now in existence, founded on principles that will secure the greatest scientific ability and fidelity. The details of the plan are not yet worked out, but the announcement is made by authority that there shall be such an observatory. The summit of the Sierra has been selected after careful consideration. It is well known that the lower strata of the atmosphere are constantly filled, even in what we call clear weather, with particles of dust; and all the most noted observatories are in countries where the air abounds with a moisture which greatly obstructs astronomical discovery. When we reach an elevation of 3,800 feet on the summit of Monte Diablo, on an ordinary summer day, we are astonished to perceive that, while the valleys within ten or twenty miles may be rendered indistinct by the haze, we can distinctly see Mount Lassen and Mount Whitney, several hundred miles distant, but above the level of the floating dust. Travelers who go to Yosemite are generally astonished at the intense blueness of the sky, and as we ascend it increases, indicating the lack of moisture and dust. Scientists on the Sierra and on the Rocky Mountains have, by instrumental observation, found that the telescope and spectroscope would give them much information not obtainable on the sea-shore. The announcement, therefore, that an observatory, to be built on the most approved plan, supplied with the best instruments, and placed in charge of the most competent men, will be received with interest and gratification by men of learning and intelligence in every land where civilization has established her blissful sway."

From the San Francisco *Bulletin*, we have additional information about this observatory, which has been announced by President Davidson of the California Academy of Science. In a most impressive speech, from which we make the following extracts, Mr. Davidson said:—

"With a telescope of the largest size and most consummate workmanship that American skill can devise, properly located ten thousand feet above the sea in the clear skies of the Sierra Nevada; with every variety of apparatus commensurate therewith; with masters of observation and ingenuity in research; with ample funds reserved to devise instruments and methods which those instruments and the highest genius must suggest, we hope at no distant day to see solved the mighty problems of creation that are yet beyond our grasp."

"A thousand years hence, the James Lick Observatory, endowed with perpetual youth, will continue to unfold the mysteries of the cosmos, and to search for new worlds to conquer."

WILL BLACK BASS TAKE A FLY.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

I observe some discussion on this point in FOREST AND STREAM. Over thirty years ago I was in the habit of taking the black bass in this way in western waters. I found, however, that it was only in rapid water that they could be taken by casting. In lakes and still rivers I trolled with three gaudy flies of a large size. In the Rock and the Fox river in northern Illinois and in a small stream in Waukesha County, in Wisconsin, called Back river, I have taken both the black bass and the rock bass by casting with bright colored flies. In the Calumet, a river twelve miles south of Chicago, which winds through extensive marshes of wild rice, I used to have great sport, trolling for bass and pickerel along the edge of the weeds. That was before the introduction of the spoon, and my favorite bait was a strip from the white belly of the dog-fish, (*amia calva*), which being as tough as leather, would resist the teeth of the pickerel.

In July, 1841, two of us killed in that river in one day's fishing, 110 bass and pickerel, weighing 250 lbs. My largest bass weighed six and three quarter pounds, and being taken on a fly rod, gave me great sport for ten or fifteen minutes. My largest pickerel was about eight pounds, though I have encountered them in that river of much larger size, and have repeatedly had twisted brass wire bitten off by them. Although this river has Lake Michigan for a reservoir, it has been depopulated by thirty years' fishing and netting, and three years ago I fished it carefully for two half days, and only got half a dozen small pickerel and bass and two or three dog-fish.

In 1840 I used to anchor a skiff a short distance up the north branch of the Chicago river, and catch a mess of black and rock bass there in a very short time. One day while fishing along side of a sunken wreck in that river with small frogs for bait, one of them escaped and swam to the wreck, and climbed upon a part of it which was above water. He had not sat there long when a black bass rose from under the wreck and lifting his head from the water picked off the frog and descended with him to the depths below. At the present time not even a dog-fish could live in those fetid waters.

There is a fine sheet of water in McHenry County, Illinois, which is known as the Crystal Lake. About 1840 I visited it; there was then only one house near it, and there being no boat upon it I could not fish it. The next winter I sent out a skiff upon the sled of the nearest inhabitant, and in July, 1841, my friend and I drove to the lake and had a day's fishing. We trolled all round the lake, which is perhaps three miles long, and we killed fifty black bass, averaging three pounds each, two fine specimens of the northern pickerel of about five pounds each, and a half bushel of rock bass and perch—about 200 lbs. of fish. Now there is a village of 2,000 inhabitants on the banks of the lake, and a row of tall icehouses, from which the Chicago people cool their summer drink by the aid of a branch railroad to that fair city.

My greatest catch of bass in numbers, was made in April, 1842, in the Fox river, near Ottawa. In company with Delano, mine host of the Fox River House, the greatest sportsman of that region, I went to a part of the river about four miles from the village. We brought home that evening over a hundred black bass, all of one size, about a pound weight, taken with a minnow. The next day we set out again, followed by half a dozen fishermen, who were anxious to learn where we caught the bass—but Delano drove out of town in an opposite direction and baffled his pursuers. We got rather more that day than the preceding, but of the same size. When we returned that night with a wagon box full for the second time, half the men and boys of the village were waiting to see our fish, and the third morning they followed us so sharply that although we outdove them and got to work on our old ground before they arrived, yet, they found us out, and a cavalcade of fishermen appeared, headed by the County Judge, who, if I mistake not, adjourned court to find out where "old Delano" caught his bass. Of course our fun was over, and we packed up our tackle and departed. Our score for the three days was nearly 400 bass, all of one size, and all taken with live minnows—and they would touch nothing else.

I agree with your correspondents who believe that it would be a dangerous experiment to introduce the black bass into trout streams. I think it is as rapacious a fish as the pickerel, but more particular in its food. I have often found the bass would only take a live bait, paying no attention to a dead one; while I never observed that it made any difference to the pickerel; they would run at a piece of fish or pork as readily as at a live minnow. So, appreciating the difference between a young trout and a shiner or chub, Mr. Bass would probably take the more delicate fish. The bass can hold their own against the pickerel. Before the waters in the West were much fished, we used to find the two species in about equal numbers; but of late years the bass being the more choice fish, are more pursued, and are soonest exhausted. In game quality, and long resistance to capture, I think the black bass is equal to any other fresh water fish—pound for pound. I think he is a harder fighter than the trout or salmon.

The naturalists have so much the habit of re-naming our birds and fishes every few years that it is hard to keep up with their nomenclature, even if one knew which Professor was right. We used to know the black bass as *Centrarchus fasciatus*, following Cuvier and DeKay. Then Agassiz, I

think, named it *Grystes nigricans*; and now Professor Gill calls it *Micropterus achigan*; and presently some other ichthyologist will hunt his Greek Lexicon for a still harder name. How are we simple anglers to decide when Doctors disagree? * * *

[This question promises to become as interesting as the one respecting snakes swallowing their young. We presume that after a little more testimony in the affirmative, doubters will surrender. ED.]

71 BROADWAY, N. Y., Oct. 31.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I see by your paper that some of your readers seem to doubt that "black bass" will take the fly. I have been in the habit of catching them many seasons in Canandaigua lake and outlet, and never took one in any other way than with a light trout rod and fly. They run from, say half a pound up to five and even six pounds, and as you can imagine, afford most exciting sport.

The large ones are taken in the lake from a boat, and it is very exciting to play a three or four pound bass with light tackle. In casting it is necessary to allow the fly to sink about two feet under water and draw it gradually toward the boat. The season is from June 1st, until August 1st. In the outlet, we wade and fish the same as for trout, using brighter flies. The season there lasts until October 1st. After August 1st they retire to very deep water which is the reason they will not take the fly in the lake.

Yours truly,

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

AUTUMN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

AS the season progresses, the waters surrounding this almost insular Province, lose their arctic chill, and the cool airs of early fall do not become charged with the dense fogs that so often at other seasons hide earth and sky from the eye of the tourist. Visited at this time of the year, when almost every variety of game is in full fur and feather, and many fish are still excellent, there is about the hunting camp, as tempting a section for rod or gun, and as satisfactory results for the cuisine as are to be found in any district that is as easily and rapidly reached. The Intercolonial Railway now bears the sportsman and his impedimenta, by the head of the Bay of Fundy, under the shadows of the Cobequid Mountains, by many a charming vista of woodland, ponds, and streams suggestive of salmon, to Halifax, or by its branches to Pictou and Shediac, from which points steamers of safe size and reliable management convey tourists to many points in New Brunswick, where a coast swarming with waterfowl, rivers with fish, and forests abounding in game, offer at each season some peculiar temptation to the sporting tourist.

From Halifax the all-rail route to Annapolis, reaches many points from which access to "The Forest Primeval" is easy and immediate; in the phraseology of the country, the stations are handy to the woods, while a good road renders a drive down the sea coast a most tempting excursion. This route alone passing between the spruce clothed highlands, with mountain scenery on one hand, and every variety of sea coast and estuary on the other, would require a separate letter to describe, with mention of the salmon rivers, the trout ponds, the seal ledges, and the broad surf-swept beaches of glistening sand, that are reached in pleasing variety.

Delightful recollections come before us of days passed along this road, but let them remain, a valued companionship of agreeable associations, to be shared perchance with some of your readers who have lingered among the same attractions, while our wandering pen abandons its divergent ways, for a few bits of informal gossip about the trout lakes among the mountains.

Landed in early September at Thompson's Station, on the Intercolonial, with rod case, gun case, camp pails, and the paraphernalia that would not fit one for Saratoga or Cape May, we were delighted to have a fine, hearty man pointed out in response to the query, "How will we get to Purdy's?" and to find our host himself, to our good luck, at the station. We surrendered ourselves to him, and care was at an end. His strong horse and wagon would carry us, but not our traps; and could we leave our things, our carefully-chosen odds and ends; selected from half the sporting stores of New York and Boston? rods from Clerk, Conroy, and Bradford & Anthony; guns from Read & Son; lines and flies from every shop from Marquette to Enterprise; and little inconveniences that had been made or bought with heart and mind full of the charming anticipations that gather about one's preparations for the woodland camp? Could we leave them until the next day? Not a bit of it; we must sleep with them under our pillows, like children with new toys. So said we to Purdy, while he replied, "All right," believing there was not a charterable horse nearer than River Philip, but smiling with the confidence of one who reaches port with wind fair or foul. Just at this moment of uncertainty the rattle of a wagon was heard, and a conveyance halted at Purdy's hail with a promptitude that endangered its surrounding framework, rope lines and general structure, and after a cherry salutation our host said, "Now, Cusped, turn around lively and take this luggage home for me." "Can't do it, Mr. Purdy; sorry, sir, but must sell my blackberries and a leg of mutton." "Just what I want," replied Purdy, "berry pies and mutton, just what I need. I will buy them, so turn around." "But, Mr. Purdy, I just want to do a bit of trading," replied our half-willing recruit, as he fumbled in the straw that carpeted his wagon and finally developed a black bottle with a broken neck, "I just

want this filled." "Chuck it in the bushes," responded Purdy with unfailing promptitude, "my cellar is full of better bottles, and you need not take home an empty one." Cusped fondled the black bottle; evidently it was associated with some genial hours, but slowly his eye twinkled, and not wishing to be the only man who could resist Purdy's rapid resource and winning tones, he carefully deposited the broken bottle in a bush, and soon our traps were loaded, hung and tied on his groaning conveyance, which said in many tones that another straw would break its venerable back, as Cusped seized his whip and strode by his horse, while we spun away behind as good a roadster as one often finds.

Before us to the southward were the forest clad Cobequid Mountains, with a round, high dome crowning the pile, known as the "Sugar Loaf," the highest land in the province, and a landmark for many a mile of wilderness, guiding weary hunters from Moose Barrens to Caribou Plains even as far east as Cobequid Bay, whence the eyes of the settlers of Grand Pie gazed upon it in the days of Evangeline. Our road, like the roads of almost all the province, was good, and all about were the characteristic features of the country that has so long furnished haunt and home for the noblest game of the continent.

From a bridge just west of Thompson's Station we looked down upon River Philip, a famous salmon and trout river; a superb stream, that is being ruined by the usual effectual means of badly-guarded mills, netting, spearing and fall fishing. Here and there on our way we passed streams that are still full of fair brook trout, and as we gained elevation our way was by the half mossy plains, with a low growth of dwarf shrubs, where moose and caribou are still seen, and these dreary expanses of grey, sullen looking land were bounded and broken by hardwood forests and full of fur-bearing game, and still sheltering many animals of value for their game nature, and fur-bearing character. As still greater elevation was reached the black spruce and balsam became frequent, giving with their sombre color and pointed form a new aspect to the same, while as we approached the summits more and more extended rivers opened to the northward. Prince Edward Island was visible, and the water about it like a ring of silver. The cool twilight found us still upon this upward road, but as the chill was forcing its way despite our wraps, and our eyes were becoming weary of tracing the strange outlines in the deepening gloom, we drove up to our ample homestead, and in a moment were toasting by a huge open fire, enjoying the snugness and comforts of "Purdy's." All ramblers know how welcome is a hot supper and a rest under snowy counterpanes; all of which were ours, with dreams of midwood ponds that may find realization in our next.

L. W. L.

HEDGE HOG SHOOTING.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In the fall of 1861 I took a ramble over on the north side of Ossipee Mountain, for the purpose of having a little sport shooting hedge hogs. We left our home bright and early, and after a rough tramp of three miles arrived at the base of the south side of the mountain. The scramble up its side was toilsome in the extreme, over yawning precipices and broken granite slabs, which if near our large cities would be a mine of wealth for building purposes. Among these vast piles of broken granite the rattle snake makes his home, and after a long dull spell of weather they come out and lie on the rocks for the purpose of sunning themselves. We were so lucky as to miss seeing a single one, and arrived at the crowning peak. The trees were so thick we could not make the observations we wished, so we climbed to the top of an ancient spruce tree. What a splendid panoramic scene burst on the eye, one that well repays any one for the toils of the way. Hills and mountains, lakes and rivers were all around, and the forest foliage touched by the early frosts flamed out magnificently. After a long look we descended the north side, and as we progressed the trees grew larger, mostly spruce, and oh! what spruces, running up straight as a gun barrel to the height of eighty or ninety feet. We soon began to see indications of hedge hogs. The "quilling" of spruce trees seems to be their delight, if we could judge by the number of dead ones. As we stood listening to the chirping of the squirrels and drumming of the partridges, we heard something scratching up the side of a spruce, and turning round there was a hedge hog of large size standing on a limb looking down at us. We got a rest for our rifle, and let her sliver; down he came with the top of his head gone. I had barely loaded when I saw another, and popped him over, and I kept shooting as I descended the mountain, until my tally counted ten. I emerged from the forest into what is called the Perkins settlement, and it being nearly night, we directed our steps to the home of John Evans, and received a kindly welcome, and tarried over night. Evans said the hedge hogs had destroyed his crop of corn, and in the morning we took a look at it; it was all torn down. He said they came to his apple trees, climbed the trees, shook off the apples, then came down, rolled over on the apples and stuck them on their quills, and went for the woods! We did not see a single porcupine on our tramp, though many say the hedge hog and porcupine are all one, but I consider there is a marked difference in size, color, weight, and food. On our return tramp we shot five more, making fifteen. When on the ground and tackled by an enemy, they roll themselves up like a ball, placing their tails up against their side, and when the dog or any animal comes up to smell of them they strike round their tails suddenly, filling whatever it hits with quills, which if not pulled out immediately will work through flesh, bones and all.

J. L. HERSEY,

THE OLD BARN.

THE ghostly old barn, with its weather stained frame,
 How often it rises to view!
 In its narrow, green lane, cut in parallel tracks,
 Where the heavy farm wagon rolled through,
 Its broad folding doors, and the stable door next,
 And the roof soaring upward in gloom,
 Save the network of light from the knot holes and chinks,
 Which scarce could the darkness illumine.

The hay mow, how fragrant and welcome its scent!
 How soft and elastic the hay!
 The nooks, what safe coverts for "hide-and-go-seek!"
 The floor, what a platform for play!
 On that floor, like the beat of the pulse went the flail:
 And the huskers, the corn how they hulled!
 And, when ceased the husking, how merry the dance
 Till the stars in the daybreak were dulled!

Next the yellow brimmed oat bin the straw cutter stood,
 The barrel of chaff by its side:
 And a cast-away plough, broken off at the top,
 With clay stains all over it dyed.
 A space, a cleft grindstone, a saw buck and cask,
 With a brace of bright pitchforks, stood near;
 And I envied the strength that the loads to the loft
 With their crescent bent handles could rear.

The old barn is gone, like the past with its dreams,
 Which crowded, chaotic, my brain:
 All are gone—all are gone! and yet often I wish
 I could live in their Eden again,
 Though the barn, low and dark, is a dwelling of mark
 And the lane is a street wide and bright,
 Yet I long to go back to that paradise track,
 All flashing and living with light.

All are gone—all are gone! the soft pictures I draw
 Not one has Time's cruelty spared:
 All are gone; and I wonder and smile to myself
 That for such things I ever have cared.
 Yet, somehow they bear in their presence a glow
 That the present can never display;
 'Tis the light in the urn alabaster of youth
 That soon fades forever away.

And in that sweet light the heart grows pure and bright
 In the paradise smiling around;
 And we wish, o'er and o'er, we were children once more,
 And roaming that magical ground.
 Its scenes, how grotesque, and how trivial and tame!
 And yet, as upon it we dwell,
 Like the pool of Bethesda, it refreshes the heart,
 And brightens our thoughts with a spell.

ALFRED B. STREET, in *Appleton's Journal*.

A DAY WITH THE SAGE GROUSE.

THE cool mists of an October night are still hanging heavily over the valley, and rosy fingered Aurora, hastening from the East, is only commencing to paint the leaves with the glowing tints of approaching day. A solemn stillness seems to fill the air. The varied sounds of animal life have not yet commenced to make themselves heard; the very brook by which we stand babbles with a subdued murmur which serves to make more impressive the universal calm.

We are camped by a pleasant stream among the Uintah Mountains in Wyoming. North, south, east and west the eye rests upon mountains piled on mountains. Some covered to their summits with dark, green conifers, others ragged and rough with immense masses of rock, and seamed with deep cañons, between the precipitous sides of which hurry in spring the melted snows which gather to swell the volume of the mighty Colorado as it sweeps toward the Pacific. Still on every side, but farther away, lofty and now glistening, as one by one they are touched by the growing light, rise others, crowned with eternal snows. Untrodden as yet by the foot of man, they know none of the larger forms of animal life, save the sure-footed mountain sheep and the snow-loving ptarmigan. Truly it is a grand scene, and a lover of nature may well be exercised if, for the time, he forgets all else in contemplating it.

But my reveries are soon rudely disturbed by the clatter of dishes, and turning I see that Joe is commencing to prepare breakfast. And here let me tell you who Joe is, and how I happened to be in the Uintah Mountains.

Four of us, members of one of the numerous scientific exploring expeditions of the last few years, tired of continual "bone digging," had determined to devote a short time to pleasure alone, and our chief, Prof. M., assenting, had started off to have a day with the sage grouse.

Jack N., Johnny G. and Jim R., three royal fellows, with myself made up the quartette, and we had taken Joe along to cook and keep camp.

Joe—or to speak more respectfully, Señor José Alleyo Felemanches—belonged to that much despised class designated in frontier parlance, as "greasers." Born in California long before it became a part of the United States, he had on reaching manhood commenced a series of wanderings which had finally brought him to a point near Church Buttes, in the Rocky Mountains. There he dwelt with his squaw and two or three half-bred children, and tended half a dozen horses and as many cows, which constituted his sole possessions. He was a merry, good-natured fellow and a very favorable specimen of his class.

We had left the main camp on the afternoon of the previous day, and travelling fifteen miles before evening, had reached a point about ten miles from our shooting ground. Our outfit was of the lightest, as we expected to be away only for a day or two. Rifles had been laid aside for the time, and we carried only our double-barrels with a sufficiency of No. 6 shot and C. & H. powder. Tents had been left behind as an unnecessary luxury, and a single pack mule employed instead of a wagon, on account of the roughness of the trail, sufficed to carry all our effects.

A shout from Joe soon aroused the remaining sleepers, and a few minutes were devoted to a hasty toilet. Then comes breakfast, consisting of trout caught from the stream the evening before, and ducks shot on the march. That over and the pipes lighted, we collect our horses, which have been grazing over the creek bottom, and saddling them and packing our mule we are soon under way.

How delicious is the fresh morning air, how invigorating and exhilarating! Some one has said that each breath of that mountain air is equivalent to one glass of champagne in its effects on one's spirits, and I think the comparison not inapt. Be that as it may, I know that our little party was in a most hilarious frame of mind, and laugh, jest and song enlivened the march as we rode briskly on, while Joe and the pack mule followed gravely in the rear.

Our destination was a little park in the mountains on the banks of the same creek on which we had camped. At this point the bottom was wider than usual, and the bluff which bordered it, instead of forming merely the lowest benches of the foot-hills, stretched out in a plain several miles in extent. On all sides, except where the stream entered and passed out, the mountains rose in a stately wall, forbidding and impassable. This plain, intersected by one or two small brooks and covered with sage brush, was where we expected to find the grouse.

To reach this park the trail followed the bed of the creek and unfolded to our delighted gaze new scenes of beauty at almost every step. At times the creek widening would spread out into a placid lake, fringed with tall cottonwoods, whose glossy frondage glistened like silver in the morning sun, and disturbed only by the movement of some water bird startled at our approach, or the spring of a trout after his prey. Again the mountains would close together, and we would pass between lofty precipices so near to one another as almost to shut out the light of day.

The stream murmured pleasantly over its stony bed, the sharp cry of the Western flicker (*Colaptes Mexicanus*) and the grating note of the Clarke's crow (*Picicorvus Columbianus*), mingled with the hoarse croak of the sand hill crane (*Grus Canadensis*). No sounds but those of nature broke the peaceful quiet of that happy valley.

Entranced by the beauty of the scene, our boisterous humor soon softened into a more contemplative mood, and we rode silently along until we reached the park, where we made camp and prepared for action. Dividing our forces we started off in opposite directions. Each pair was to follow the plain along its edge, skirting the base of the mountains until they reached one of the little brooks that entered it at various points. This they were to follow down, beating on both sides until they came to the main stream. Jack and Jimmy went south and John and myself north. And now, before we start our game, let me give you some idea of one of the finest and at the same time one of the least known of our game birds.

The sage grouse (*Centrocercus Urophasianus*), which is the largest of the North American *Tetraonidae*, is found only west of the Rocky Mountains, and then only upon those sterile plains which produce the wild sage (*Artemisia*). Upon this plant it feeds, and from this fact its flesh is frequently so bitter as to be almost uncatable. In the fall of the year, however, they frequent the borders of streams and feed upon berries, insects, and the leaves of various plants, and at that time the flesh of the young birds is tender and is most delicious eating. The very old birds are always tough, bitter and unpalatable.

The birds congregate in packs of from ten to fifty, get up rather hurriedly, and when fairly started fly with great swiftness and for a considerable distance. After being put up once they prefer running or hiding to flying a second time, and will lie very close. I have never known of their being hunted with dogs, nor indeed do I believe that any dog could or would face the sage brush and cactus among which they are found.

The male bird is over two and one-half feet long. The upper parts are variegated with black, brown and yellowish gray; the sides of the lower part of the neck are whitish and are furnished with curious stiff feathers, each of which terminates in a long hair or bristle. The lower part of the breast and the abdomen are black. The females and young males of the first autumn are smaller and lack the stiff neck and feathers of the old males. Such in brief are some of the principal characteristics of this fine grouse.

A brisk walk of two miles brought John and myself to the foot-hills and to the locality where we might expect to find birds. The numerous ravines which run down from the mountains, bringing the waters of winter and spring from the high ground, were still moist and were filled with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Here were occasional pools frequented by ducks, and on the margins of which we noticed the tracks of deer, elk and bear.

The first of these pools which we approached was covered with mallards (*Anas boschas*) and black ducks (*Anas obscura*). Carefully drawing near, we had advanced within easy gunshot before being perceived by the birds, and as they sprang up were enabled to give our four barrels, dropping two in the water and two more in the high grass. To have lain in wait here for the ducks that were continually flying would have been grand sport; but eager to get at the grouse, we merely stopped to pick up our birds and then pushed on. As we walked along the faint echoes of distant shots saluted our ears and notified us that our comrades on the other side of the valley were already at work.

We reached the brook, and John, pushing aside the willows which at this point lined its banks, was stepping across it, when almost from under his feet sprang a pack of ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) which with much hustle

flew off toward the mountains. Not swiftly enough, however, to escape his ready gun, for snapping at them as soon as his feet touched the opposite bank, the last bird turned neatly over to the shot, while his companions with hurried flappings disappeared up the ravine.

Before proceeding far down the stream we came upon the first flock of sage grouse. There were only about a dozen of them, but beckoning John over, we went toward them. They paid little attention to us until we were within forty yards of them, but then seemed to avoid flying and would have crept off through the bush. As soon, however, as they lost the hope of escaping unobserved they got up with a good deal of noise, uttering a clucking cry, not unlike that of a hen when frightened.

The old cock that flew first fell to John's right barrel, and the two next I stopped before they had got far, while John, who shot beautifully all that day, made a long shot at a fourth, killing it clean at about ninety paces. The flock had scattered badly, and as we knew the futility of trying to find the birds when once frightened, we kept on down the stream looking for a fresh lot.

Two more flocks had been found from which we had secured five birds, when noticing that it was long past noon, lunch was suggested. It was a scanty meal, consisting of the remains of our breakfast, but it was heartily enjoyed and at its close a pleasant lazy half hour was spent in the enjoyment of a cigarette. At length we rose to our feet about to resume our guns, when a splash was heard in the brook below which we knew must have been made by a beaver. Stepping quietly down to the water's edge we were looking about for it, when suddenly I saw John throw forward his gun and fire into the water, and then stooping down draw forth a little beaver kitten about eighteen inches long. John had fired at it as he saw it swimming under the water without exactly knowing what it was he shot. With a sigh for his untimely fate the little fellow was added to our bag and we hurried forward.

The birds seemed to become more numerous as we approached the main stream. We no longer crossed over when a flock was discovered, but each shot what he could of those on his own side. At last when we reached the creek and sat down to rest and count our birds, we found John's bag to consist of seventeen sage grouse, two ducks, one ruffed grouse, and the little beaver. I had not done quite so well, having only sixteen sage grouse, two ducks and a snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*), that scared by John had flown from the brook and crossed before me within easy gun shot. The thirty-nine birds made a pretty heavy bag, and with what we expected our companions to bring in would be enough to supply the main camp with birds for some days.

As we were gathering up our game we heard a faint shout, and turning saw Jack and Jim hastening toward us. They were fairly loaded down with birds, and in answer to our inquiries, produced twelve mallards and black ducks, twenty-one sage grouse, three ruffed grouse, and five blue-winged teal (*Querquedula discors*). The teal had all fallen at a single shot which Jimmy had fired into the flock as they rose from the water. The numbers of ducks that our friends had seen at the head of the stream had caused them to linger there so long that they had finally been forced by the approach of night to hurry toward camp, rather neglecting the grouse, although from their account these must have been as plentiful on their ground as on ours.

We were soon in camp, where we found Joe, who had not passed the day in idleness. A dozen or more silvery trout lay upon the grass, and near them the saddle and hams of a yearling buck, which Joe had killed while on his fishing excursion down the creek. He had prepared everything for supper, and ere long the savory odors that rose from our camp fire would have attracted men less hungry than we were.

Fish, flesh and fowl, together with the little beaver—a sort of *mélange* of the two former—combined to allay the "rage of hunger," and we sat around the fire talking of the day and its incidents, of by-gone years and future plans. From time to time college songs, so well known 'neath the grand old elms of New Haven, but new to these regions, broke the stillness of the clear night air and were echoed back from the mountains in a grand refrain. But at length the camp grew more quiet, the fire burned down, and knocking the ashes from our pipes we wrapped our blankets around us and one by one lay down to dream of our day with the sage grouse. ORNIS.

NARROW ESCAPES.

HAPPENING to be conversing with some friends on the narrow escapes from death which are continually occurring among men, I was induced to narrate the subsequent incidents in my own experience.

The first occurred when I was a boy in Michigan, and was to this effect. With a view of punishing me for some disobedience, my father had sent me to one of his farms, where, under the instruction of a worthy Englishman, I was expected to become learned in the science of agriculture. For one week I had devoted my evenings to the story of Eugene Aram, and my days to the free and healthy employment of driving two yoke of oxen; (attached to an immense harrow, ornamented with thirty iron teeth,) across a newly plowed field. It was about noon, and the old tin horn had summoned me and the other workmen to dinner. Having often seen teamsters step in between yoked oxen for the purpose of unfastening the chain that hooked them to a wagon or plow, I thought I could do the same thing

with my cattle. I attempted the task and frightened them; they came together, and as I endeavored to free myself they became frantic and started to run; they kicked me under the harrow, where I became wedged between the iron teeth; in this position I was dragged perhaps fifty yards, and was only extricated by the interposition of a clod or stump, which sent the harrow flying some ten feet into the air, and left me "master of the field," but apparently dead. One of the cruel iron teeth had gone entirely through one arm, and another had made a hole in my head. The overseer, who chanced to witness the accident, rushed forth to pick me up; he and his wife were confident that I must die, she insisting that I should be sent to my mother. So in the arms of a man, seated in a small wagon, I was taken in less than an hour to my home, where I spent two months in bed, since which time I have studied agriculture in the abstract and not practically.

But the hair-breadth escapes of my boyhood were not connected only with my waking hours, as the subjoined particulars will prove. I had gone to bed on a certain evening in my usual health, and excepting the harrow scar, my limbs and body were without a blemish. When summoned to breakfast the following morning, I uttered an incoherent reply, but made no attempt to get up. The more I thought "the more my wonder grew." Instinctively passing my hand to my hip, I found there a flesh wound which was altogether a new experience. The bed clothes all red with blood now caught my eyes, and a kind of mysterious horror took complete possession of my mind. I shouted for help, and the whole family were immediately in attendance, when a small chair, the back of which had been broken the day before, was found near my bedside, with the top of one of its splintered pieces covered with a crimson stain. The truth was, I had walked off the bed in my sleep, had fallen upon the chair, and inflicted a wound more than an inch deep in my hip, and had resumed my position in bed without being conscious of the accident. The recollection of this accident always filled me with wonder, and I do not know that a similar one has ever been recorded.

Another incident to which I would allude, was as follows, and I hope the reader will forget my egotism in thinking of my novel predicament. It was in the year 1836, and I was a boarder in a house which then stood at the corner of Broadway and Morris street, in New York. The house was five stories high, and had a flat roof, and while my fellow boarders were in the habit of resorting thither to smoke their cigars in the cool of summer evenings, my only visit to this roof was performed at midnight in a deep sleep. Clothed in my morning gown, I had strangely found my way upstairs, and whilst looking out upon the Bay of New York, and watching the play of the moonlight upon the waters, I was suddenly awakened, and found myself standing within five feet of the edge of the roof, from which two steps more would have precipitated me to the pavement below. The terror which overcame me on making this discovery can hardly be imagined.

Two other narrow escapes which I can never forget, occurred among the Catskill Mountains. On the first occasion I was alone. After having scrambled to the top of a very large boulder, lying in the bed of the Plauterkill stream, and overhung with foliage, for the purpose of sketching a particular view, I suddenly heard a crunching noise, felt myself moving, and by the time I had seized a limb above me, the great rock had tumbled into a basin several feet below its previous insecure foundation. Had I remained upon the boulder, instead of jumping as I did, I should probably have been crushed to a jelly. On the other occasion alluded to, I was the guest of three very dear friends with whom I performed my first tramp through the wild scenery of Plauterkill Clove. In our upward passage, we were obliged to scale a precipice which was well nigh a thousand feet high, and in doing this it was necessary to turn a corner, where the passage between an upper wall of rock and the abyss was not over twelve inches wide. At this particular point there grew a small cedar bush, the roots of which had hitherto afforded a needed projection for the foot of the climber. With this locality my companions were quite familiar, and after they had scaled the precipice, or rounded the corner, and stood upon a secure rock beyond, the three "rascally sprigs of divinity," as I subsequently called them, began to yell and howl as if for the very purpose of frightening me out of my wits. If they did not succeed in that they certainly did in reducing my nerves to the consistency of rags. Vowing that I would not budge until my tormentors were out of sight, I rested for a while, and then passed around the dangerous point in safety; but in doing this my pressure upon the cedar bush was so great that it gave away and disappeared in the abyss below. During the night which followed this day of mountain climbing, while my three friends were quietly in a huge room which we occupied together in a Dutch farmhouse, they were suddenly startled by a most horrible and unearthly moan, only to discover the deponent in mortal conflict with a *nightmare*, born of the Devil's Chasm in Plauterkill Clove.*

Another, and last incident worth mentioning in this connection, occurred on the lower St. Lawrence in 1852. In this escape, however, there were no less than six persons interested besides myself, viz., one of my Plauterkill friends, with our wives, and the three Canadian sailors who managed the noble little schooner in which we were voyaging to the river Saguenay from Quebec. The day

*As all these friends have since then acquired considerable reputation as Episcopalian clergymen, a spirit of harmless revenge, as well as the truth of history, compels me to give their names as follows: Rev. Louis L. Noble, Rev. John S. Kedney, and Rev. A. Frank Olmstead.

had been bright and beautiful, but the sun went into a cloud as if unhappy. A cooling breeze gathered over the waters, then came a fog and after it a series of ugly gusts from the northeast. At midnight something like a hurricane swept across the waters, but our splendid little vessel shook herself like a duck, and then dashed again into the opposing billows. The wind and the waters had it all their own way, and the only voice that was heard in our vessel came from our captain, and his words were: "Don't fret, don't fret." In answer to one of my questions he did reply: "I think we are near Saguenay," and as I thought of the terrible rocky reef and interminable sand-bar which I knew were coiled under the waters, ready for our destruction in that treacherous place, I felt myself growing pale as death. We threw the lead and the cry of "thirty fathoms" caused a glorious smile to beam from the face of our captain; another swing with the sudden shout of "three fathoms" made each one hold his breath. At that moment I felt that our doom was sealed. I flew to the little cabin, and to my astonishment, found the ladies comparatively quiet. They were sick and also ignorant of our real situation. They asked me why I trembled so, and I told them I was *cold*. That was indeed almost a lie, but the thought that all these precious lives had been brought to such a dreadful end through my instrumentality, distracted me beyond measure. In this condition did we continue for about an hour, when the light of day began to appear, and in thirty minutes more we were snugly and safely moored in the little harbor, just within the mouth of the Saguenay. Our heroic captain, with the help of Providence, had fought his way against the wind into the secure haven; and we subsequently heard that during this dreadful storm no less than sixty vessels had been wrecked on the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Gaspe and Quebec.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

NO IX.—THE OSAGE ORANGE.—*Maclura*.

"The shady nook
Of hazels and the bright leaved maclura
Intermingle in hedge row trim."

THE *Maclura* is found growing in great abundance, perfectly rampant near what is called the "Red River" plantation in Texas and Arkansas, and it is also to be found very abundant in all the country east of the Rocky Mountains. This plant or tree, is found as far north as the thirty-fourth degree north latitude.

This plant will grow perfectly well in all parts of the United States, as has been most satisfactorily proved by numerous well tried experiments. The question: "Will the *Maclura* grow and make a good hedge in the United States?"—no longer needs an answer, for every experiment has given its testimony in the affirmative.

This very interesting tree in its favorite localities, the Arkansas River, and the western tributaries of the Mississippi, attains the height of 50 or 60 feet. The Osage orange is in its branches a light-colored wood, and is armed with sharp spines at every joint, a very formidable armor, or self-protection; these spinal points being very strong and sharp are about an inch and one half in length. The leaves of this plant are long and ovate, and acuminate, or pointed at the extremity; in color deep green, very glossy and of brighter color than the true orange leaves. The blossoms of this plant are of a greenish color, and the fruit about the size and shape of an orange, but the Osage orange possesses a very rough skin or outside covering much more tough than the orange of Florida.

Previous to the year 1858 but little compared with what is now known of this plant, was then known. It was at that time regarded as a sort of curiosity, having been first introduced into the American gardens from seeds procured of the Osage Indians. From this circumstance the plant derived the common name of Osage orange.

The final introduction of this tree as an aid to the horticulturist may be said to be due to Lewis and Clark's expedition. By them it was called *Maclura*, in honor of Wm. Maclure, President of the American Academy of Natural Sciences. The Osage orange is one of that peculiar class of plants called the Monoecious; it does not perfect its fruits unless both male and female trees are growing in the same vicinity. The Osage orange cannot be called very beautiful as an ornamental tree for the reason of its looseness of habit, or inclination to throw out many and widely spreading branches. Its bright, glossy, shining leaves, and the very unique and peculiar appearance of the full grown tree compensate in a good degree for what would otherwise be called defects in its character.

This tree when covered with its large orange colored fruit, is indeed a beautiful sight to behold, and was justly styled by Mr. Downing "one of our most interesting and valuable ornamental trees."

One of these trees introduced upon a small lawn where but few specimen trees are growing, gives a decided and rich variety to the grouping that cannot be obtained from the use of any other kind of tree. As a combination tree, we call it first-class, and by no means to be omitted from the selection of trees for a beautiful garden. It is one of the finest of our shade trees, a hardy growing, clean, desirable wood. By many amateurs the stout growth and formidable thorns have been thought admirable qualities, adding much to its usefulness as a plant well adapted to hedges. These are undoubtedly qualifications in its favor,

and this plant has, as is well known, made a steady advance in securing the public confidence as a very useful and cheap live fence plant. In all our middle and southern states the Osage orange has been adapted as a hedge plant, and as far we can learn has always given entire satisfaction. This plant requires, to grow well and fully develop itself as a tree* a rich, deep loam. As it is quite tender when young, the soil should be also somewhat dry; perhaps a dry soil is preferable to a very moist one.

One of the best ways of procuring this hedge plant is raising the same from the seed. And in this more of care than real difficulty occurs. The ground for the reception of the seed must be prepared in the most thorough manner; deeply trenched and well pulverised; the seed when prepared for sowing is to be planted in drills, eighteen to twenty inches apart, with about twelve seeds to one foot in a row, or the seeds as near as you can drop them one inch apart. October and November the planting months of the fall.

For the fall planting the seeds are to be planted soon after they are gathered. It is always best when one can (say many authorities) to plant the Osage orange seed in the fall. For spring planting you will be quite particular to observe the following directions:—

Your seed must always be frozen or soaked. If you prefer to plant frozen seed it should be well mixed with sand and placed in boxes that will not hold water, and then exposed to the cold freezing weather of the winter months. These seeds can then be planted in the spring as soon as they begin to sprout. If you wish to soak your seed, as soon as first of April put the seeds to be soaked in a tight vessel, and cover them with hot (not boiling) water and let them soak in warm water about seven days, changing the water thrice or more times to prevent fermentation, which is to be avoided. Then put these seeds in boxes of four to six inches in depth, and mix well and intimately with sand. These seeds are to be kept moist and warm until they show signs of sprouting, which in most cases will be in a few days; then plant your seed as before recommended: If your ground is good and friable and does not crust or bake as it is termed, you may be sure of soon seeing the seeds peeping up under the form of the hedge plant. If the above directions are fully carried out you may rest assured of success in the future.

To set out the young plants in the hedge row in which they are to stand is the next consideration for the gardener or the proprietor to consider. We pre-suppose the ground to have been before this deeply ploughed and thoroughly pulverised and broken up. A line is now to be stretched, and the plants to be carefully taken from the nursery and selected with much care as to size and distances apart. The Osage orange is reckoned in the catalogue of hedge plants as a third rate forest tree—and all such trees when used as hedges require natural or artificial dwarfing. We recommend in all cases the natural system as being always the best, and our own treatment of hedges in this manner has given us the utmost confidence in the utility of this method.†

We do not like to cut the *Maclura* when we can help it, and have found when the same has been set six inches apart in single row it has almost invariably taken on the dwarf form, growing nearly into a fine shrub, still retaining in a singular degree all its wonted health and vigor, and making a good firm protection, sooner, and at a much less cost of time and money, than any other mode of planting that I am conversant with.

The cultivation of a hedge of this kind for the first two years is mainly keeping the ground about the same clear from all weeds and well pulverised.

In some sections of our country these hedges sometimes suffer the first winter from the "heaving of the frost," as it is called. This will not occur on well drained grounds. Every one knows, or should know, that the process called hedge draining, is formed by turning a furrow towards the plant on each side late in the fall to carry off the winter rains. The Osage orange in two years generally acquires a strong vigorous root, and is now to be cut down and put in, trimming for future use. This is the heading down and training.

In the spring of the third year the trees should be cut down to the surface of the ground. Each root will then send up a number of strong thrifty shoots, and when these have grown to be one foot in height they should be like the old plant, cut down to within two inches of the ground. These shoots—for the roots have become strong and vigorous—will in their turn again send up an abundance of shoots from the place of the former cutting. When these last have grown to ten or twelve inches, cut them off down to within two inches of the last cutting, pruning several times during the season, for—these plants having got good soil rapidly approximate towards a good hedge—being quite particular to keep in view the final shape and appearance of your hedge. In order to have a fine hedge you must keep in your mind as a fixed fact, that no hedge can be called good which is destitute of proportion and regularity of form from the beginning.

*A fine effect may be produced by a peculiar mode of pruning called "cutting back." Mr. Downing showed us the effect of this mode of pruning upon a fine specimen near Baltimore. The English call this method of pruning "stalling," compelling the plant to send out a dozen leading shoots instead of one. A plant thus treated becomes in a few years a gigantic bush, perfectly round headed, and very luxuriant, as was the one we saw at Dr. Edmondston's. The plant was twenty-four years old, and measured in circumference one hundred and sixty feet, the growth of the limbs being perfectly wonderful to behold. Had we not had the pleasure of seeing this wonderful specimen of the gardener's art we could scarcely believe it to have been a fact.

†Planting the plants within six inches of each other when they are of equal size gives all an equal start, and consequently they take the shrub form alike.

Your first and greatest care is to secure a good wide base at the start; then let your beautiful green, compact hedge fence rise gradually and evenly, and train it into whatever form your fancy or taste may suggest—always avoiding the system called the "topiary trimming."

By the use of the foregoing rules and observations, any skillful farmer can have a splendid hedge of the above named plant. It is not necessary for him to raise his seed plants, for he can secure them ready to his hand of any responsible nurseryman. But as all may not be able to procure plants, who can procure seeds, we have given at considerable length our own experience and knowledge of this hardy, reliable plant and our manner of handling it.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

BEST TIME FOR EXTERMINATING BUSHES.

A FARMER in Western New York says:—"Having been brought up on a farm I used to hear much said by farmers in regard to the 'best time for cutting bushes,' etc., and remember well the many uncertainties that existed and the various opinions given on the subject. Some recommended to cut at one season, some at another; some regarded the 'moon,' others the 'signs,' etc. I also remember that the same kind of underbrush, if cut at one season, would start again and grow luxuriantly, but if cut at another would be completely used up. I have also, within the past few years, had opportunity to notice the same facts, and the conclusion that I have arrived at is, that different shrubs may be cut at different seasons. Some are killed by cutting at the first of August; others in October or November. The rule is this: 'Cut any plant or shrub about the time it has done growing for the season, and its destruction is almost certain.' If cut before this it will generally start again the next year. The exceptions are few. So much for the fact; now for the theory. First, in the spring of the year all roots are vigorous; hence, if a tree or shrub be cut at this time, or while in full growth, the root will send forth a new set of shoots. The exceptions are—first, evergreens generally, as pine, hemlock, spruce, etc.; second, those that have a copious flow of sap in the spring, as the maple, birch, etc. Yet even some of those will start again if cut soon after the buds have opened; that is, after the spring flow of sap has ceased, except in the case of old trees, in which the root appears not sufficiently vigorous, or the evaporation from the new stump too rapid, to allow of the formation of new shoots. Second—in autumn, when a shrub or tree has done growing for the season, the active energies of the root cease, being perhaps somewhat exhausted by its summer action. If, then, the bush or tree be cut, after it has done growing, but while the stem and leaves are fresh and full of sap, the vital force of the root will scarcely be sufficient to cause a new growth; but if left till the foliage is dead or dying, the energies of the root are restored by the return of the sap, and are ready for action as soon as the season of growth shall return. Hence, too early or too late cutting will be equally unsuccessful. Cut your underbrush, then, at the time above specified, and it will rarely start again. If it does, the growth will appear stunted and sickly, and soon die of its own accord, or a second cutting at the proper time will insure success. The same rule applies to all plants, as Canada thistles, milk weeds, etc., with greater or less certainty, according to the greater or less vital force or tenacity of life peculiar to the root of each kind of vegetable. The 'proper time' can easily be determined by observing whether new leaves continue to appear at the ends of the prominent branches. If deferred long beyond this time, or till the leaves begin to turn yellow, or fall, cutting will be of little use, as the root will be 'strong' for a new start on the opening of a new spring.

NATURAL GROWTH ON THE PRAIRIES.—A correspondent to *Appletons' Journal*, writes as follows:—

IRVING, KANSAS, October, 1873.

"Having read in the 'Scientific Notes' for the issue of October 11th the opinion of Dr. Newberry, of Ohio, that prairies are the result, and not the cause, of a diminished rainfall, will you allow me to state what I have observed, during a residence of four years, in the heart of the district put down as having the minimum rainfall, and lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains?

1. Hundreds of magnificent oaks, from one to three feet in diameter, far from any perennial streams, but protected by a rocky hill-side from the fire.

2. Many groves of cotton-woods (preeminently a water-loving tree), the product of chance seeds blown up on the high prairies, and which now are often to be found thirty feet in height and a foot in diameter.

3. Groves of young trees, oftentimes covering an area of a hundred acre and more, and as thrifty as any I ever saw among my native Catskills.

4. Thousands of acres, now covered with tall, long-jointed grasses, which ten years ago produced nothing but the short, wiry buffalo-grass." Respectfully,

LEVI CHASE, M. D.

NOTED ENGLISH TREES.—On the picturesque domain of Sir George Cornwall, of Moccas, a tree known as the Monnington Oak, measures 31 feet in circumference, at the height of 5 feet from the ground, which exceeds by 6 feet the largest growing at Longleat. It is in a somewhat decayed state, but still a splendid specimen of antiquity.

The belief is common in Herefordshire that the true old British Oak (*Quercus robur*) lives upon an average to the age of twelve hundred years, and which is not inaptly expressed in the following somewhat quaint lines:—

Three hundred years the oak expands in growth;
Three hundred years in majesty stands forth;
Three hundred years declines and wastes away,
And then takes three hundred to decay.

Solo, MSS.

A very beautiful elm in the rectory garden, at Stretton Sugwas, near Hereford, 21 feet 2 inches at 5 feet from the ground, and running up as one mass of timber, without diminishing much in size, for 35 feet, and there dividing into two principal stems, it ascends to a total height of 92 feet.

A picturesque elm at King Acre, in the same vicinity, has a girth of 18 feet 8 inches at 5 feet from the ground, and 95 feet high. And a noted elm, very full foliage, at Trevil, near Whitfield, 17 feet 8 inches in girth, 86 feet

high, and with a diametric spread of 93 feet, which is very large for an elm. In old coaching days, both the horses for changing and the passengers awaiting the Hereford and Abergavenny coach were always in shelter under this elm, around which there is a spacious seat, sufficient to accommodate some twelve or fourteen persons.—*Land and Water*.

Natural History.

× FOOLING A COON.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

While hunting on Banana river, one day, I was a witness to one of those episodes in animal life that seem to warrant the belief that many birds are possessed of higher attributes than are generally accorded them, and something more than mere instinct.

My guide had waded a long way ahead in the shallow water and was cautiously approaching a "drove" of spoon-bills, leaving me to follow with the boat.

Not relishing the idea of wading about in the muddy water with stingrays and saw fish, pushing the heavy craft before me, I concluded that such proceedings were not in my line of duty and so sat upon the rail, idly plashing the water with my feet.

My attention was called to a disturbance among the mangroves of a little islet near, and soon there flapped into view, a black duck, a female, evidently wounded. Close in her wake followed a sly looking coon, his attention so occupied with the duck, as not to notice me, till fairly in view. Then he hesitated, but the duck brushed so near his nose that he again took up the pursuit, throwing a glance occasionally at me. It was interesting to watch them; keeping just ahead of her pursuer, the duck would beat the water quickly all the time in evident pain, and would so delude the old fellow that he finally seemed to think of nothing else but catching her. What a puzzled expression his shrewd face wore, when, after nearly placing his paw upon her, she would escape. Then he would stop, look at me as if to say "what the deuce does all this mean?" and arching his back, would again pursue with long leaps. For over a quarter of an hour did the duck play with him, till having enticed him a sufficient distance from her nest, she flew away. If ever the face of a sharp-nosed coon wore a sheepish look, it was the face of that same coon. I accelerated his sneaking trot by a charge of duck shot.

FRED BEVERLY.

RAMBLING MARTINS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

SEVERAL years ago I was going on a steamboat from Green Bay to Little Baie de Noquet, and while sitting on the deck my attention was attracted by two martins. They were winging in their restless way about the boat, now lighting upon the spars and braces, now sailing in circles, easily adapting their flight to the rapid motion of the boat. We were many miles from shore, and as they showed no inclination to depart, I asked the officers on duty if these birds were usually so companionable, and from them learned that these birds were in the habit of going out from Green Bay with the morning boat, and remaining with it until the boat from Baie de Noquet came in sight. This I verified, for when about mid-day the return boat appeared, the birds at once left us, and beyond doubt joined the south bound boat, as I was informed. This would secure their return to Green Bay before dark, after a round trip of over one hundred miles. It was in June, the nesting season, and as ordinarily the martin is a very domestic bird, devoted and courageous in caring for and defending its young, these gay wanderers must have been bachelors trying by change of scene to overcome their grief at disappointments in affairs of love, or to seek a less romantic cause for their wanderings, they may have found their rural home too quiet. It is well known that they frequent noisy bustling places, indeed the merriest family of martins I know, live and revel amid the din of standing engines, and the roar of more than one hundred daily trains.

L. W. L.

× THE HARES AT THE CENTRAL PARK.—On our inquiring of Mr. Conklin, the Director of the Central Park Menagerie, in regard to the English hares imported some time ago by Mr. Reiche for the Park, we are in receipt of the following: "I am sorry to say the hares have not increased so far as I can see, owing, I have no doubt, to the number of wild cats that have burrowed into the lower portion of the Park. They have eaten up the leveres's. By wild cats, I do not mean the *Felis Catus*, but the common domestic cat, which have come from the neighboring shanties which adjoin the Park. We are shooting these pests off as fast as we can. The old hares have not changed their location a great deal from where they were first let loose on the grounds.

W. A. CONKLIN.

Here is evidently an authentic account of a snake swallowing her young:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In the summer of 1860 I watched the movements of a large striped snake, unseen by her. She crawled out of the stone wall into the sunshine, opened her mouth, and out came ten young snakes, four inches long I should judge, and began to play with the old one. I watched them for some time, then made a movement, and the old one gave a hiss, and in dove the young, and before I could get a club she was out of harm's way.

J. L. HERSEY.

CAN TIGERS CLIMB?

THERE is quite a lively discussion going on in England in regard to the climbing capacities of the tiger, and as to whether he should be shot from a high platform or from a hole. We copy an incident of tiger shooting given by a correspondent of *Land and Water*:—

The commissioner of the division and an officer of the Royal Engineers were out shooting, and were beating down a nullah, having, as is usual, stationed men forward in the trees to give notice of the brute's whereabouts, should it get on foot. Of these, a Bunjara, who had taken up his position on a branch 18 or 20 feet from the ground (the exact distance was afterwards measured and was found to be one of the two above numbers) was the first to see the animal stealing along, and immediately began to wave his turban, and to shout to the line, then about 200 or 250 yards off. The tigress, a small one, stopped, as the native afterwards related, looked up, and seeing him, made straight for the bottom of the tree, and began to climb it. Of course the terrified man screamed out, and the line, which had been coming on as fast as possible, being now some 150 yards off, the officer of Engineers caught sight of what was going on, and seeing that the man, who was too paralysed by fright to try to climb higher, would be sacrificed in another instant, pulled his elephant up, and risked a long shot—150 yards measured—and luckily dropped the tigress just in time to save the man. Other instances might be adduced, but I should think the above one ought to satisfy one that tigers can climb; somewhat in corroboration, however, is the following extract from the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*: "After relating an anecdote of a tiger who selected a tree to die in (their resorting to one is not uncommon), and last year, during the rains, Lieut. Nares, of 53d N. I., shot one who had perched himself in a tree to escape being drowned." Of course if anybody chooses, he may say these tigers sprang into the trees, and did not climb; but the mere fact of their being so commonly found in them would be strongly in favor of their being able to climb when requisite, even were there no other evidence on the subject.

PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS AS DESCRIBED BY THE FRENCH SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS.—From the *Revue des Deux Mondes* we take the following interesting account of an exploration in search of pre-historic remains, made by various members of the Scientific Congress, on the occasion of their late visit to Lyons:—

"Salutrè is a small village some twelve kilometres from Mâcon. Our expedition was under the charge of several scientific people from Mâcon, assisted by members of the Conseil General of Saône de Loire. Under the guidance of the Maire of Mâcon we soon got to Salutrè. The lamented M. de Ferrè first explored this region and brought to light its treasures. Here we found in hollow trenches of three to four metres in depth, stone flaggings, such as are usually discovered in researches of this character. Whether these stone platforms were used as hearths, or as sepulchres no one can tell. Near these platforms we found innumerable utensils made of flint, such as arrows and lance heads, all neatly cut, either lozenge shaped or resembling in form the leaf of the willow. Here were knives, scrapers and the broken remains of innumerable tools. No hatchets nor saws were upturned. The bone instruments were evidently used as polishers (for dressing skins—Ed.) or as bodkins, or for the handles of their flint implements. Any objects of art distinguishable by the least idea of design were wanting. Near the remnants of this early civilization, we found an enormous quantity of bones belonging to the horse, the rein-deer, the elephant, the stag, the ox, the bear and the hare. The remains of the horse and deer were in the greatest quantity. Solutrè is quite remarkable for the enormous accumulation of horse bones, which are all splintered and broken, or have been partially burnt, and which are found covering an area of several metres in depth and breadth. Calculations seemed to prove that no less than the bodies of forty thousand horses must have been brought together and slaughtered at this particular place. In vain all kinds of suggestions, some of the most curious character, were advanced by members of the Association, to explain the presence of this mass of animals. Human remains were by no means rare. They were disinterred before our eyes. The skulls brought to light seemed to prove that two different races must have died at Solutrè, the older of which was dolichocephalus and probably existed at the close of the quaternary period.

STRUCTURE AND ACTION OF FUR.—"A fur is so arranged that its fine hair projecting into the air intercepts all the heat which flows from the surface of the body by radiation and conduction, and distributes this heat through the air which circulates between the single hair-cylinders. Thus the air, however cold it may be, reaches the nerves of our skin as a warmed air. Furred animals in winter, when touched superficially, give a very cold sensation; it is only near the skin that their hair feels warm. In a severe cold, certainly little of our animal heat comes as far as the points of the hair, from which it would escape by radiation or conduction, as the current of the air in the fur cools the hair from its points towards its roots, and a severe cold penetrates only a little farther into the fur, without reaching the skin of the same. This can take place only at an exceedingly low temperature, or when a very cold air is in violent motion. In a well-furred animal the changes of temperature in the surrounding air only change the latitudes at the cold and warm zones in the fur; the place where the temperature of the body and the air equalise each other, moves between the roots and points of the hair, and for this reason a furred animal is not warmer in summer than in winter. In summer its heat leaves at the points, in winter near the roots of the hair."

—Some months ago a Lithuanian lynx escaped from a traveling menagerie at Altona, Hoistein, and \$20 reward was offered for its capture, but in vain. Not long ago a sentinel at Kiel observed a strange looking cat-like animal coming out of the mouth of a large cannon on the ramparts, and after a short time returning with a duck in its jaws. The man got assistance; a net was spread over the muzzle of the gun, and the missing lynx was recaptured, together with a domestic cat and a litter of three young ones. These curious kittens have been transferred to the botanical garden of Hamburg, where they have been visited by many naturalists.

The Magazines.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ECCENTRIC SPORTSMAN.

THE recurrence of another 'Second October' recalls the remote days when the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire were unknown names, and when even the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas Stakes did not exist. Few will remember that it is little more than a century since the distinctive names of the various Newmarket meetings were invented by the Jockey Club when in its feeble infancy. Students of *Bailey's Racing Register* will discover that the First and second Spring, or the First and Second October, were unknown titles to the sportsmen of the first two Georges, and that 'the Houghton' appears for the first time in the calendar of 1777. Unconsciously our modern frequenters of Newmarket are celebrating the memory of a Lord of Houghton who was one of the most eccentric characters that the Heath ever saw. No man, said the *Sportsmen's Cabinet*, in an article that appeared shortly after his death, ever sacrificed so much time or so much property to practical and speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport, and of new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius and enthusiastic zeal than any man before him, or than any will ever employ again. It is indeed hard to disguise that George, the third Earl of Orford, although grandson to the great Sir Robert Walpole, was little better than a madman. His chief mania was for greyhounds, of which he had often 100 couples in training, and which he crossed with every variety of dog. But the freak with which his memory was identified long after he had passed away was his habit of driving a four-in-hand team of red deer-stags, which he reduced to such perfect discipline in his own park that he was at last tempted to make an excursion with them to Newmarket. The incident that befell him is well known to sporting antiquarians, and excited no slight degree of amusement among the then Prince of Wales's set, of which Lord Orford was an *habitué*. As the phaeton, with its strange team, approached Newmarket, the cry of a pack of stag-hounds was suddenly heard in the rear. The huntsman of the pack had been exercising his hounds in the neighborhood of the heath, and was astonished, on crossing the road, to see his dogs put their noses to the ground and give tongue in full chorus as they set off in pursuit. The scent left by four stags was naturally breast high: nor was it long before the deep-voiced music of the eager pack smote upon the sensitive ears of Lord Orford's team. Fear prevailed over discipline, and, in spite of all the efforts of the noble charioteer, the stags dashed off at lightning speed, and whirled the light phaeton after them with the celerity of a whirlwind. In vain did the trained grooms on horseback take part in the head-long race. The stags rushed along the main street of the little town, and never stopped until they turned at full speed into the open portals of the Ram Inn. The doors were slammed just in time to exclude the foremost hounds, and this singular circumstance, adds a contemporary writer, although attended with no accident, effectually cured his lordship's passion for deer driving."—*London Telegraph*.

A HIGHLAND FOX.—A tremendous traveller, and always in prime wind and condition, with a ravenous appetite that never fails, he will cover almost any distances of a night with that long, easy, slinking canter of his. As you catch a glimpse of him as he goes by in the gloaming you might easily enough mistake him for a wolf. He preys on everything, and delights in variety just as much as you yourself do. He snaps up the little blue leverets while looking out for a more serious feeding on their full grown relatives, scatters death wholesale through a brood of young grouse or ducklings after he has sprung upon the setting mother and made her ready for plucking. When you have been out for a long day with your gun he will take note of your beat, and then make a cast round the ground in the evening, picking up the wounded game that may have escaped your retriever. He thins down the young roe-deer too; and roe are not very plentiful in your birch woods. No wonder the sportsman regards him as his natural enemy; yet the feelings of the sportsman are mild compared to those of the shepherd. For with the exception of the eagle, who will occasionally swoop on the new-dropped lambs, the fox is the only animal that takes serious liberties with the flocks. Everyone's hand is against the fox; but when he is full grown and fairly launched on his career of crime he is as hard to corner as a Greek brigand. The best chance is to follow the vixens to their strongholds, where they have their litters of cubs early in the season; and then you often have grand Highland field-days that remind one of the immortal fox-hunt in Guy Mannering.

A SPORTING ECHO.—Jean Paul, of the *Tribune*, is at Canandaigua Lake, and tells the story of an echo there: "There are famous echoes on the lake. Last evening Thompson piloted us to one; resting on our oars in mid-channel, he drew his horn from its case and sounded the various bugle calls. No response from the rocks. Another round. The hills were voiceless. Yet again. Not a sound from the shores. "Surely this is just where the echo should be," remarked Thompson, and he blew a tremendous flourish. Never a note came back. "W-h-y d-o-n-t y-o-u a-n-s-w-e-r?" he shouted, putting his hands to his lips like a speaking trumpet and hailing the banks. "Cause I'm a laying here for black ducks, and if you don't clear out with that cussed tin horn of yours, I'll slip a pint of shot into you!" was the return off the shore, and the rushes began to move as though a boat were showing out. We returned to Pine Bank; but Thompson still insists that there's an echo there where he blew, if one can only hit the angles right."

—How many a boy has burned to shoot a bear! How many boys have, after a proper preparatory course of reading, shot bears in the abstract! How many will envy the great good fortune of young Ole Jacobsen of Pelican Rapids, Minn. This noble youth discovered a larcenous bear in his father's corn and destroyed him by sending a rifle ball into his spinal column. The beast weighed 296 pounds, dressed, and by the generosity of this thoughtful child everybody in the neighborhood has had bear's meat for dinner.—*Tribune*.

—Riflemen—pickpockets.

Athletic Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

—The Base Ball season has terminated, and the result is the success of the honorable nine of the Boston Club as the champions, the Philadelphia nine being second on the list and the Baltimores third. But for the action of Cummings, the pitcher of the Baltimore nine, in leaving his Club in August, the Baltimores would probably have been near enough to the goal to have from the Bostons a tussle for the lead. At any rate they would have come in second. Our local club, too, but for the lack of earnest efforts to win on the part of one or two of their nine would have been close to the winning post. Instead, however, they are fifth in the race. The following table shows the number of games actually played, won and lost in the championship arena during 1873:—

Name of Club.	Athletic.	Atlantic.	Baltimore.	Boston.	Maryland.	Mutual.	Philadelphia.	Resolute.	Washington.	Games won.	Best five won.
Athletic.....	5	4	5	0	5	1	2	6	28	4	
Atlantic.....	4	2	1	0	2	2	3	3	17	0	
Baltimore.....	3	7	2	3	6	3	3	6	33	3	
Boston.....	4	8	7	0	6	5	4	9	49	5	
Maryland.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Mutual.....	4	7	3	3	0	4	4	4	28	1	
Philadelphia.....	8	7	6	4	0	4	4	3	36	3	
Resolute.....	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	
Washington.....	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	1	8	0	
Games lost.....	23	37	22	16	5	24	17	21	31	16	
Best five lost.....	1	5	2	1	0	3	1	0	3	16	

The record which will count in the series of legal games won and lost is as follows:—

Clubs.	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Won by forfeit.	Total won.
Boston.....	49	39	15	0	39
Philadelphia.....	54	32	17	4	36
Baltimore.....	49	27	22	5	32
Athletic.....	49	26	23	5	31
Mutual.....	49	25	24	3	28
Atlantic.....	50	14	36	4	18
Washington.....	36	5	31	0	5
Total.....	336	168	168	25	189

—The last championship game of the season was played on Saturday last, the contestants being the Atlantic and Philadelphia Clubs. The Atlantic won the first game of the series in May last, and the last on this occasion when they defeated the Philadelphias by a score of 12 to 1, the latter barely escaping being "Chicagoed." The Atlantics played a fine fielding game, Boyd's play being especially noteworthy.

—On Thursday next the new game of Base Ball—ten men and ten innings—is to be practically illustrated on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, in an exhibition game between the Atlantic and Mutual tens. The following is the record of the champion club with opponents during 1873:—

Boston vs. Washington.....	141 to 59
Boston vs. Baltimore.....	134 to 99
Boston vs. Atlantic.....	121 to 4
Boston vs. Philadelphia.....	104 to 9*
Boston vs. Mutual.....	94 to 7*
Boston vs. Athletic.....	71 to 65
Boston vs. Resolute.....	71 to 21
Total.....	726 453

The Bostons defeated the Philadelphias at Boston on October 29th by the appended score:—

Boston.....	0	2	0	5	3	1	2	1	16
Philadelphia.....	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	2	5

On the 30th, at Worcester, the "Reds" again defeated the "Whites," the score being as follows:—

Boston.....	0	0	3	6	2	0	1	5	15
Philadelphia.....	0	0	4	0	0	2	1	3	9

—The officers of H. M. S. Practice Ship "Royal Alfred," now at Halifax, Nova Scotia, have frequent foot ball matches with picked men of the garrison and of the citizens.

—Maurice Daly plays G. F. Slosson, at Chicago, on November 8th, a match game of French three ball caroms, 600 points up, giving his opponent 100 odds.

—On December 2d Cyrille Dion and Albert Garnier play a match of French caroms at Chicago for the championship of the world.

HARVARD COLLEGE, Nov. 1st.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The Base Ball field is still frequented with unflagging interest. On October 18th the Sophomore nine were beaten by the Freshmen with a score of 16 to 4. This is the second defeat from the same source and shows a demoralization of the nine since its victorious contests with Yale last year.

In looking over the just published records of the University nine of last year I find that they were defeated thrice by the Bostons, once by the Princetons and were twice victorious over the Yale University.

The accidents on the ball field have been numerous, and Captain Perry, of '76, is about to leave college in consequence of serious injury to his eye, from a swift-flying ball at Springfield.

Cricket and Foot Ball are popular and supported by organized clubs, but space forbids any further mention of them here.

HOLDEN.

—Wild pigeons have made their appearance in Canada West. A large flock, flying from the eastward, passed over London, within easy gunshot, last week.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

X., Fulton, N. Y.—*Fur, Fin and Feather*, 61 Warren street, New York.

E. F., Baltimore.—Much obliged for fish; name undecided; came in good order. Write more fully.

DOR. FORSTER., 154 Bolton street, Baltimore.—Communicate with Loring, Brook & Sons, 438 Broadway, New York.

X. X., Poughkeepsie.—It is cruel, and we have no faith in your practice of plunging birds in cold water in order to tame them.

N. H., Buffalo.—Some years ago we think we read of a sturgeon caught in the Tees in England nine and a half feet long.

DUBIOUS, Brooklyn.—1. Address R. A. Fitzgerald, Esq., Secretary Marylebone Club, London. 2. Would be glad to give it publicity. 3. See the *Field* of August 10th.

HAM, Patchogue.—We have heard of brandy used for curing rabbits of the rot. A tablespoonful was a dose. 2. Address *American Agriculturist*.

DALE.—Would not advise your attempting to have your muzzle loader converted to a breech loader; cost you more than it is worth, and possibly be, when finished, unserviceable.

AMSTER O., Watertown.—We must adhere to our rule. We cannot decide on the quality of your gun. No maker, however, stands higher. We never heard of his having made rifles. 2. It will cost you \$125.

ANDREW G., Princeton.—We do not know of any instance of ring doves associating with pigeons. We had a pair; they were quite tame. One day the cage was opened and they flew away, never to return. Do not trust them.

MISS H.—Your chinchilla suit you say you are preparing for winter, and want to know where the fur comes from. From an animal, a rodent, a burrowing animal, living in South America. It digs subterranean homes and lives on vegetables.

JOHN Y., Trenton.—Canvas backs are very uncertain. Go down to Havre de Grace, and you can ascertain the best point there more reliably than we could give you. Be careful not to place too much confidence in the market gunners.

BOBS' BOY.—1. Boil carefully your little animal, and then get out bones. Do not bleach with chlorate of lime; it eats off the enamel. Have found sulphur fumes better, though bleaching under glass alone is the best plan. 2. Too late in the season.

K., Brooklyn.—Difficult to reply to in our limited space. On making any hot or cold impression of vegetable or animal substance, covering it all you can to exclude outside spores, animalculæ will be formed in time. Best authorities—Ponchet, Ebleman, Bennett, Jolly.

FORD, Norristown, Pa.—These are the principal English gunpowders you should experiment on: Pigon & Wilks, Charles Lawrence & Son, John Hall & Son, Curtis & Hervey. Think all of them can be procured here. Inform us about the matter. The idea is quite novel.

L. H., for Club.—Makes all the difference in the world on gun trial as to the character of the paper targets to be shot at. Best way would be to send to Mr. W. W. Greener and get the same paper as was used at the English gun trials and keep it as a standard. See last number.

"JUST A TRYING," Brooklyn.—To make arsenical soap take half pound white soap and melt it over a slow fire, having cut in slices; take quarter pound white arsenic and one and a quarter ounces of white chalk in powder. Melt all together. When cool add a little camphor, keep it securely closed, and label POISON.

DADDY, Brooklyn.—Dr. Boate is the authority for the size of the horns of the ancient Irish Elk. "From the tip of the right horn to the tip of the left, 10 feet 10 inches. From tip to root of horn, 5 feet 2 inches." The head, from such fossil remains as have been found, was not an larger than that of the present elk.

SETTER AND POINTER, Fall River, Mass.—A brace of setters, thoroughly broken, and about four years old, will cost from \$100 up; a pointer dog from \$75. We will import them for you at a much less rate from reliable kennels, or put you in the way of securing them here.

T. S. S., Hartford, Conn.—Certainly not. The only fair way to kill wild geese is over stools and call them; stalk them if you can. Another plan is to send a man out on the lake or bay in a small coffin-shaped boat, the gunwales covered with brush, and so drive them in on the stools, this method requiring great practice and patience. One and a quarter ounce of shot. The charge of powder is right.

H. M., Eve. Mail.—While the varieties of game found in Eastern Florida during winter are excessively numerous; the list for spring is very meagre. The season really closes at the end of February. The only game really in season during March and April are several varieties of plover, namely:—Black belly plover, *squatarola helvetica*; golden plover, *charadrius virginicus*; Wilson plover, *Agialitis Wilsonius*; and piping plover, *do. melodius*.

G. T. U., Andover.—We copy from Holden's Book on Birds, Reiche & Brothers, which is the best practical authority. "Bird's claws grow very long, and require cutting. This is a particular operation, and care should be taken not to cut up into the blood vessels, which can be easily seen by holding the bird's claws in front of a strong light, and then not cutting within a sixteenth of an inch of the red vein."

W. L. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Four drams and a half of powder, and one ounce and a half of No. 1, or B shot. All kinds of duck and snipe. Take railroad to Tom's River, then stage. It will cost about \$6 a day, including gunner. Latter end of March, according to weather and temperature. You can try Bay View House. Good ground. Long Island now.

M. W. D.—If the water of the Bronx is good trout water, and your land is so situated that you can tap it, and, after letting it flow through your ponds, turn it back into the river again, then you have a fine place for trout breeding. As to your other question, "How trout may be raised," that cannot be answered within the limits of a letter. In the course of a week or two we will commence a series of articles on practical trout culture in FOREST AND STREAM.

S. R. B., Baltimore.—The story of all that remains of the Dodo in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, is worth recording. Almost the whole skeleton was there in 1755, but because it was in bad order, it was destroyed, all of it except the foot and the skull. The former is 9½ inches long 2, inches across the joint, and 2½ inches at the spread of the toes. The skull is 8½ inches long by 4½ inches wide. There is another skull at Copenhagen. Other remains of the Dodo, though imperfect ones, have been found by Clark at Mauritius.

KALEFU, Washington.—Certainly the "American brook trout" (*salmo fontinalis*) have scales, and you can see them without "specs." After a day's fishing, when you have been handling trout, examine your fingers when dry, and before you wash them, and see the minute scales adhering to them; look into your basket when dry and observe them there. On large specimens they are of considerable size. We have just examined a specimen in the glass case of G. Shepard Page, President of the "American Fish Culturists' Association." It weighed ten and a half pounds when caught. Its scales are as large as those on a black bass. We have known persons who would not cook a large trout unless it was scaled. On fingerlings, when wet, the scales are not perceptible, but they are wiped off with the slime. Scrape a fresh trout with a knife, let the slime dry, and then with a microscope see what you will see.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

NOVEMBER 7th.—Trotting at White Plains, Westchester county, New York.

NOVEMBER 8th.—Athletic Tournament, Academy of Music.... Billiards at Chicago, Maurice Daly vs. Slosson.

NOVEMBER 10th.—State Auxillary Joint Stock Company, Columbia, South Carolina.

NOVEMBER 11th.—Wilmington Fair, Cape Fear, North Carolina.... State Auxillary Joint Stock Company, Columbia, South Carolina.

NOVEMBER 12th.—Wilmington Fair, Cape Fear, North Carolina.... State Auxillary Joint Stock Company, Columbia, South Carolina.

NOVEMBER 13th.—Wilmington Fair, Cape Fear, North Carolina.... State Auxillary Joint Stock Company, Columbia, South Carolina.

WOOD COLORS.

RUSKIN, in a clever book, expatiates on the beauty of a landscape, laying special stress on the harmony of the soil colors. Rosa Bonheur, when she painted her happiest picture, shows you a field through which a plow drawn by patient oxen tills the ground. Are you the least bit critical you can see that the furrows beyond were upturned early in the morning, for they are now faded, the rich amber tint is gone; but where the steers now drag the plowshare the upturned earth is full of warmer color.

Ruskin, while he may with the most exquisite word painting make you feel what is the scale of colors, and their harmonious blending, somewhat drops you down from your poetry when he dryly tells you that all of nature's most charming effects in soils are solely due to iron and the amount of oxidation.

Our forests this month have changed their dress. Now they are clothed in

"Green and yellow and crimson and gold,
Out of the loom of the Infinite rolled,
In wild luxuriance fold on fold."

The walnut turns to dainty shades of auburn, as lustrous as a woman's hair, and to maroons and russet browns, running to rich chocolate, while the wild honey-suckle assumes palid ghostly shades of white. The poplar, horse-chestnut and lime take at times a buff, a saffron, a crocus, a sulphur hue, from delicate straw to golden lemon. These are the more quiet, the subdued tones of nature. Now flashes out the rose, the ruby, the crimson, the wine hues, the blood-clot reds of the sumae, the wild ivy, the dog-wood and the creeper, as they flush and flaunt and blaze with garish, gaudy, gorgeous, and burning hues of lurid splendor.

Chlorophyll! Is it to its absence that is due this metamorphosis, this harlequinade? Must some learned botanist, as did Ruskin in regard to soil, tell us that in the fall of

the year the sap in the trees is acid or alkaline, and so has changed the colors?

It is nature dying, but dying in a halo of light, as the sun sets. It may be oxidation of the leaves, but what we see in this protean change recalls to us the coming spring, when "the melancholy days" are past, and nature will again deck herself in all her budding beauty. It is but the fore-tokening of a resurrection.

POSSIBLE CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

"IT may be said indeed that at the present time, those persons who for political objects are striving by speech or print to sow enmity between the owners and the occupiers of the soil, find no arguments so ready to their hand or so persuasive as this excessive increase and effeminate pursuit of game. It may be said that in several of our English shires, the rabbit is now the best ally of the English radical."

The above from Earl Stanhope, and found in an admirable book of his, comes uppermost to our mind, in reading the account of the Report of the Game Laws, as it appeared in a late issue of the London *Times*.

In 1845-46 Mr. Bright's Committee on the Game Laws, held their meetings, and the result was a voluminous book of 1,578 pages, containing no less than 25,603 questions and answers.

Last year, at the instance of Mr. Carnegie, a measure was brought forth in England to make game property, and accordingly a second committee was formed, whose labors we must now consider. With commendable regard to obtaining "the truth and the whole truth and nothing else," witnesses were called by the committee and they examined persons learned in the law, tenants, farmers, game-dealers, agents, factors, laborers, foresters, and those peculiar personages unknown to us, designated as "retailers of shooting"—that is persons who hire a moor in bulk and underlet it in smaller lots to various parties.

The attack on the present Game Laws made by the farmers, arises not only from material grounds but as affecting the laborers' morality, and they as the producers of food, claim to represent the interests of the whole community. The opposition to the Game Laws as emanating from the English farmers, is tame when compared with the violent attacks made on it by the Scotch.

There are some strange and peculiar anomalies about English Game Laws, which would drive a Philadelphia lawyer crazy; for instance, game when alive is legally nobody's property, the right to shoot it is however a valuable property, guarded by severe laws, and of the kind known as an incorporeal hereditament.

The disparity of customs in leasing land in England and Scotland makes a wide difference between the good feeling which should exist between landlord and tenant in the two countries. In Scotland the exactions of the landlord appear to be much more severe than in England. His power of control over the crops and animals of the lessee, have the strongest retrospective action. If rent is not paid a landlord has the right by law of even reclaiming the price of cattle sold by the farmer to other parties a year before. Exactions of this character, taken in connection with the peculiarities of the Scottish disposition, necessarily make the Scotch unwilling to allow the least infringement of their rights, and the more bitterly to resent any encroachments. The right of shooting in absence of any agreement in England belongs to the tenant, but it is customary in a lease to reserve this right to the landlord. The trouble seems invariably to arise from the selling of this right to outside parties, who having no vested interest in the land, who only buy the license to shoot over the grounds, invariably are looked upon as interlopers by the tenant.

The presence of rabbits and hares is the great bone of contention. Instances are cited where the right to shoot over a property was sold by the landlord for £200, while the losses occurring in wheat fields alone from the rabbits and hares amounted to £300. In regard to general winged game and their preservation, excepting pheasants, the objections made by farmers were very few. As to partridges, one important witness said that he considered the partridge "as one of the best friends the farmer had."

It is the rabbits and hares which come in for all the abuse. Some farmers declared that the presence of these animals, absolutely forced them to plant only such crops as these creatures would not eat, and that because they did not like oats, but would eat up all the young wheat, they were obliged to grow only oats year after year.

The present agitation against the Game Laws in Great Britain dates from Aberdeen, and the returns of the Aberdeen Game Conference showed that on an average of 184,211 acres, the direct damages caused by game amounted to no less than £19,000. Tenants in Scotland taking the law into their own hands, have formed Trapping Associations. One of such associations caught on 56 acres in one year 1,000 rabbits and another 400 hares in 75 acres. One most absurd fact which must strike the American reader is this, that the landlords, on a point of dignity, will not allow their tenants even by purchase, (notwithstanding that they may offer the same amount of money as would be taken by the landlord from another party), to have the right to shoot the game on the lands they have rented. This is carrying out *ad absurdum*, a question of privileges, and is incomprehensible; much as we are in favor of game preserving, this seems to smack of barbarous feudal times.

The English Chamber of Agriculture, an important and influential body, partly composed of proprietors, have taken the matter under consideration and have recommended that

hares and rabbits should wholly be taken out of the protection of the Game Laws; secondly, that tenants and landlords should have a joint right to kill the ground game (hares and rabbits), and that it should be impossible for either party to part with this right. The Scotch Chamber, having previously voted the same joint and inalienable right to ground game, at last, in 1871, "put itself right with the country" and with "the Radical boroughs" by petitioning Parliament for the total abolition of the Game Laws.

RESEARCHES AFTER THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

SINCE Mr. Wallace's account of the Papuan Islands, some eight years ago, in search of new varieties of that most gorgeous family of birds, the *Paradiside*, Signor D'Albertis' late travels as a naturalist into the interior of New Guinea are particularly interesting.

The expedition of this Italian naturalist was undertaken last year, and he has been able to add quite a number of specimens of Birds of Paradise to the already quite large collection. At 3,600 feet above the level of the sea he found the superb Bird of Paradise (*Lopharina atra*), and at a higher level was able to obtain several of them. Arriving at Coronio, Signor D'Albertis found a fine young male of the Six-shafted Bird of Paradise (*Parotia saxpennis*) which has never yet before been secured by a European. Signor D'Albertis says it feeds on fruit and a kind of fig, found in quantity upon the mountain ranges. To clear its rich plumage it scrapes a round place clear of grass and leaves, where the ground is dry, and rolls itself in the dust like all other gallinaceous birds, elevating and depressing its plumage, and raising and lowering the six wonderful plumes on its head, from whence its name is derived. Being in want of food, Signor D'Albertis skinned his bird and found it delicious eating. Imagine a dish of roasted Birds of Paradise! During his month's residence at Coronio Signor D'Albertis obtained 122 specimens of birds, and a large collection of insects, besides some mammals and other specimens.

To track the Bird of Paradise in his native wilds must be the dream of many an ornithologist. A correspondent of *Nature*, in writing in regard to Signor D'Albertis' travels, says "this interesting narrative serves to show us that the dangers and difficulties of penetrating into the interior of New Guinea, though considerable, have been somewhat overrated." The inhabitants seemed to be kind to the traveler, the only drawback was the pestilential character of the country.

SYBILLINE LEAVES.—III.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

IN the second paper of this series we were surprised to read this sentence in type:

"Fires should be built so that the smoke should not blow into the tent or shanty."

How that "not" came in there is a question too knotty for us to determine; but whatever the explanation, it entirely reverses our intended meaning. Certainly there is no quicker or more effective mode of clearing a tent of flies and mosquitoes than by letting the smoke of the camp fire blow into the door.

One great point gained in learning woodcraft is to acquire a habit of close and continued observation. All dense woods look so much alike that the novice without a guide is almost helpless. In travelling it is important to turn frequently and survey the ground behind, especially if one intends to retrace his steps. A locality looks entirely different from different points of observation. Hence it is always prudent to blaze the route by occasionally scoring a tree or breaking the top of a bush or limb. Where small spruces are frequent, the broken tops of these are most easily seen. In passing through alder brush, cut them well down toward the butts with a hatchet, remembering to bend them well over with the left hand and giving a smart clip on the bend. A greenhorn will be surprised to see how easy it is to cut brush in this way, and how much hacking is required to cut even the smallest sapling in any other way. Alder brush makes a good "blaze," as the under sides of the leaves are much lighter than the upper, and show distinctly. In following a blind trail, the eye should always run casually in advance. If it is cast down directly in front, the sign is lost; but if raised, the trail can usually be traced quite distinctly. In all cases where a man discovers himself, lost, he should stop short and carefully consider the situation—the position of the sun, direction of the wind, character of adjacent prominent objects, &c., and then retrace his steps as nearly as possible. It is senseless to plunge headlong into trackless uncertainty, when it may be quite possible to go back on one's own track to the point started from, which though a loss of time in reaching a desired destination, is better than a loss of way and an involuntary bivouac in the woods. The writer remembers having once tracked back through a laurel brake with such nicety of calculation as to pick up a handkerchief which had been pulled out of his pocket, and was clinging to a bush. As a general thing, a man does not go far off his course before he discovers his mistake. A quarter of a mile in a jungle or strange forest seems a great distance. It is not impracticable either, when one is in doubt, to climb a tall tree and take a survey from the top. Caribou hunters often adopt this practice when looking for barrens where game are likely to be found. Rivers and streams are certain highways to deliverance provided a person has previously some idea of the general lay of the land.

One never should be without a compass; though in some persons animal magnetism is so strong that they determine the cardinal points instinctively. Indeed there are individuals who cannot sleep with their heads to the south, but instantly detect a bed so placed. Back-woodsmen acquire by practice and careful observation a certain craft in reading signs which is almost infallible. As a rule, but not always, moss grows more densely on the north side of trees, nature providing against the cold that comes from that quarter. But a more reliable sign is the limbs of trees, which grow longest on the south side, those on the north side being exposed to the wintry blasts which twist, scathe and stunt them. A laurel swamp is the worst conceivable is place in which to get lost. The tendency to travel in circles well known. It is a physiological freak not easily explained. In an article on this subject which we clipped from the *Scientific American* fifteen years ago, the writer, who is a Texan, says:—

Bewildered persons frequently travel in a perfect circle, sometimes keeping the same track until they have made half a dozen equal rounds; at other times making the circle larger or smaller each time. It is not, by any means, always the case, when a person is lost; but it is so frequent that it is within the experience of every one who has been much in the woods. In calm and cloudy weather and in a country of much sameness of appearance, the best woodsmen get so bewildered as to "take the circles." Persons not accustomed to the woods will sometimes do so, when the sun is shining and a steady breeze blowing. On the level or gulf prairies of this country on a calm, foggy morning, no man can travel without a road. It is an incident of every day occurrence in the spring and fall seasons, that men are thus becalmed on the prairie as effectually as are ships at sea; nor will a compass mend the matter, for it cannot be carried steadily enough to keep its meridian, and the course it points cannot be kept for fifty yards; if a man attempts it he will make a circle and come back to the place he started from. The circle will be large or small generally in proportion to the density of the fog—sometimes only a hundred yards in diameter; at other times a mile, but seldom more. The circles thus made are perfect. This kind of wandering seems to arise from an attempt to go a straight course when there is nothing to guide the senses, or when the usual guides of sun, wind, or the general contour of the country are disregarded. It rarely befalls children, who do not attempt to get on a *course*, but only run from one visible point to another equally perceptible.

Many apparently trivial traits in the disposition of animals, which are of great use to woodsmen are omitted in books of natural history; chiefly from ignorance no doubt. One of these is the disposition of the horse, when frightened, to run *against the wind*, if any is blowing. Thousands of horses which would be otherwise irrecoverably lost annually on this frontier, are recovered by observing this simple rule in pursuit. All animals have similar inexplicable traits in their disposition; and men are no exception to the rule. White men, when they are scared, will retreat *in the same direction in which they came*. The Indians know this, and lay their plans accordingly; and many a gallant company has been cut to pieces simply from ignorance of this fact. But those who understand these matters, when they find it necessary to make a hasty retreat, always do so in a straight line, and in a direction different from the one in which they came.

We frequently see notices in Northern papers of children being lost. Such things rarely occur on this frontier; though children often wander, and there are but few neighbors to help to search for them. Perhaps the cause of humanity might be subserved by publishing a few rules to be observed in such searches. Any child will make a track or trail plain enough to be followed by the eye over any ground, unless there be much passing of men or animals to spoil the trail; and it can be followed by almost any person of good sight, although he may not have had any previous experience. Go to the place where the child was last seen and look for the trail, glancing along the ground with a sharp scanning look; when it is found, a faint kind of a line will be seen, which may be followed at a fast walk until a well-defined track occurs. If the trailer stops to look for a track he will probably lose the trail, and must go back and take it up again with the same scanning glance along the ground. The trails which hunters and Indians follow skillfully, is not so much composed of tracks or footprints, as of indescribable little signs, such as leaves and blades of grass bent or turned, twigs broken, and other things so small and faint that they cannot be shown to any one, yet which, when all put together, make a kind of *line* along the ground, which line can be seen by a rapid glancing look, but which will disappear when looked at steady. The trail of a human being is more easily followed than that of any other creature, because there is a kind of *purpose* in it different from the trail of irrational animals. A child will change its course around every thick clump of bushes, and go nearly straight when the ground is open. If it is scared and running, it will run *from* the wind, if much is blowing, and from any voice it hears; in such cases, therefore, it is not good policy to call much upon the lost child's name.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

IN the *Tribune*, under date of October 30th, there is an able letter from Virginia, written in the clearest, plainest style and backed up by the strongest arguments, which gives to Maury what he is so fully entitled to, the distinction of having been the first to comprehend the use of the telegraph as a means of not only getting meteorological information, but of distributing it. The classification of all meteorological data had been to him the study of his life; in the telegraph he found the instrument for its collection and diffusion.

Maury's labors were not exclusively devoted to the study of the ocean currents, but were of the most comprehensive kind. Twenty years ago, when called to the Brussels Conference, Maury urged the formation of a system of meteorological observations embracing both the sea and land, it being evident to him that the same laws governed them. "Early in 1858," says the correspondent to the *Tribune*,

writing on this subject, "Maury had produced such an impression in the Northwest of using the telegraph for the purpose of making weather forecasts according to the present plan, that no less than eight of the lake cities, Buffalo among them, memorialized Congress in the same year—1858—to establish a general system of daily telegraphic reports for discussion at a central office. In 1859 Maury, at Decatur, Ala., at a public meeting used these words: "Some years ago I proposed, you recollect, a system of agricultural meteorology for the farmers, and of daily weather reports by telegraph from all parts of the country for the benefit of mankind." Are any stronger proofs necessary in order to show that to Maury alone is due the honor of having originated the present plan of weather signals?

To General Myer should be awarded full praise for the organization of a system which is, however, as yet in its infancy, the perfect development of which may only be arrived at in a century yet to come. But the germ of thought, the creative power which first brought practical meteorology to where it is now is to be credited to Maury alone.

Political differences are insignificant in a question of this kind. Who cares now whether Newton had a Round-head or Cavalier tendencies? It is time we had forgotten our own troubles. But surely the day will come when the grand conception by means of which the very elements are not only shorn of their powers, but even made subservient to man's ends, will cause the name of Matthew F. Maury to be classed not only among the greatest of America's illustrations, but of the age we live in.

HOW OLD IS MAN?

ANTHROPOLOGY, or the study of man, has received additional strength, as a science, from the publication of Sir Charles Lyell's last edition of the geological evidences of the antiquity of man. This book was first written fully forty years ago, when anthropology as a positive study was almost unknown. By its bold flight of thought at that time, Lyell's views of the age of man were considered ingeniously paradoxical. To-day a better knowledge of geology, and the assistance given by philology have added such a mass of evidence as to place the views of this most distinguished of English scientists entirely beyond the vague position of speculative hypothesis.

In the researches of the history of man, the leading question—the fundamental one—is "How old is man?"

A curious phase of human thought, and by no means an unnatural one, is here discoverable. Man's comprehension as to the vastness of numbers seems to be at all times quite vague. Between a million of years and a billion of years, though appreciating numerically the difference when it is expressed by written figures, the measure of such a notation of time is, to many, almost incomprehensible.

In regard to placing the antiquity of man's presence on the earth, there has seemed to have been a tendency to choose the lowest possible estimate. Now, strange to say, when calculating the positions of the stars, the inclination of the human mind has been to place them at the greatest possible distances from the earth, from the sun, or from one another. It was perfectly easy for us to accept the theory that such and such a star was millions on millions of miles distant from us, while when we studied man's first presence on the earth, the bold geologist who should have dared to have made man's advent on this globe to recede a mere thousand of years or so, would have had his dictum received not only with considerable doubt, but, strange to say, would have been taxed with irreverence.

To have gone past the traditional six thousand years, was thought to have been a reckless endeavor to unsettle preconceived ideas. But as has been most wisely asked, "How can the truth of this vital question as to man's age be possibly arrived at by always adhering to the lowest estimates? Shall we be always safe by calculating wrongly?" With exceeding accuracy from the lacustrine habitations of man found in Switzerland, the evidences are almost positive that they were built some 5,000 to 7,000 years ago, and a wide margin for error is allowed. At sixty feet deep in the Nile aluvium, fragments of brick have been found. Calculations of how long it has taken the Nile mud to deposit to such a depth were not difficult. In a century the data were almost positive that $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches represented the thickness of the deposit. Sixty feet then represented a period of 30,000 years, according to M. Rosiere, Agassiz, when studying human remains found in Florida, coming from a lacustrine structure, declared them to be fully 10,000 years old. A human skeleton discovered under four buried forests, seems to point to an age of 50,000 years ago.

But these traces of the antiquity of man, whether positive or not, are as if but of yesterday, in comparison with other evidences which are much more definite in character. In Torquay is Kent's Cavern. It is a cavern where stalagmites are constantly forming. The carbonate of lime dissolved in water containing an excess of carbonic acid, dripping through the upper surface of the cave is deposited as solid carbonate of lime. This simple chemical process, though constant, is a very slow one, a pellicle or film of lime being formed of exceeding thinness. In this particular cave, where this process has apparently been going on forever, names of persons which have been cut two hundred years ago into the stalagmites are still visible, though covered over by a coating or varnish of fresh carbonate of lime. Very careful estimates of how long it would take to form an inch of stalagmite led the British Association to determine that a foot could be only produced in 20,000 years. Now far below the stalagmite floor, specimens of man's handicraft have been found. At the very lowest es-

timate, the flint weapons in Kent's Cavern were made half a million of years ago.

Isolated cases of this character might perhaps take away from the general value of such estimates of man's age, but when we find them multiplied, we must give them a certain positive value. The evidences of man in Northern Europe before the ice period, seem doubtful, or if he did exist, all traces of him have been lost.

With questions of how far the pre-historic man differed from the present man we have little to do, save to indicate some curious researches made in the late Lyons Congress, where De Mortillet's opinions in regard "to the existence of a species of man different from the present race," found advocates and opponents. The argument is upheld strongly by linguistic proofs, and has for its basis the much disputed Development theory. It may be summed up as follows: "That a certain number of animals without the faculty of language were capable of acquiring it, and did actually acquire it, and were entitled to be called men. Then came a certain divergence. Those who had the power of transmitting their thoughts by means of words, improved until they became in time the men of to-day, while the other portion declined mentally, though gaining certain physical advantages, until they became anthropomorphoid apes—chimpanzees or gorillas."

In another portion of our columns will be found notice of a skull, said to have been found in Kansas, imbedded in the solid rock. Should future examination prove it to be a human skull, it will add much additional interest to this already most absorbing study, especially as an evidence of man's antiquity in America. If we are credited with having some of the crust of the earliest world yet known above the surface of the sea, the exact locality of which is, we believe, somewhere in the neighborhood of St. Catharines, in Canada, perhaps we may yet upturn the primitive skull, and the newest world be proved to be the home of the oldest man.

—We deviate for our established rule not to print editorial notices that may be construed as advertisements, to call the attention of our readers to a rare opportunity to purchase the Fish Farm of a professional pisciculturist, the whole complete and paid for, well stocked, and supplied by one of the purest and most copious springs in the country. The gentleman desires to sell to a Club and manage the concern for it. We regard this opportunity, which is a legacy of the hard times, as exceptional, and deserving the consideration of sportsmen or fish culturists. Address this office.

☞ We trust our readers will appreciate the good quality and general usefulness of the information we are giving them in our paper from week to week, as well as the novelty and freshness of it. Since our first issue we have introduced them to regions little known—our Great West, the Lake Superior region, Anticosti, the Saguenay, and other places remote and seldom visited, covering sufficient new ground and geographical range to entitle our paper, if it were a book, to a place in the Historical Library. We wish to call particular attention to the articles we are now printing on Florida, extending to districts never explored and almost mythological in character. We shall give the whole State, lengthwise and athwart, such ventilation this winter as it has never before had in books or papers. We have arranged to pay the expenses of a gentleman who will take up his abode in "Tiger Tail's" camp, taking with him drawing materials and photographic apparatus which will some day serve to illustrate in book form the information we shall print of this wonderful region; and although his investigations will not extend to confines so remote as those of Livingston and Baker, they will nevertheless prove more interesting, and we hope fully as useful. If the *London Times*, the *New York Herald*, or the Government, were to undertake this mission which we propose to accomplish by our own enterprise and private expense, the achievement would call forth world-wide comment; but we suppose that coming merely within the limited, modest endeavor of FOREST AND STREAM, few people will ever hear of it.

AID FOR MEMPHIS—AMATEUR GYMNASTIC TOURNAMENT.

—We would call special attention to an exhibition given by the gentlemen of the National Amateur Gymnastic and Athletic Tournament Association, to be held at the Academy of Music on Saturday, November 8th. The entries embrace amateurs from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Albany, Pittsburgh, and Providence. Prizes will be given of gold medals, diplomas, etc. The judges of the games will be Prof. John Wood, Prof. Wm. Wood, Prof. Geo. Goldie, Princeton College; Mr. Hessler of New York Turnverein, and J. C. Babcock of New York Athletic Club; Prof. Burnham, manager of games and stage; Mr. Willis Van Tine, treasurer and manager of house. The exercises consist of jumping, lifting dumb-bells, vaulting, club swinging, climbing the rope, trapeze performances, and general gymnastics. A display of calisthenics will end the performances.

Aside from the certain excellence of the performances, it should be remembered that the proceeds of the exhibition are to be given to the Memphis sufferers. We sincerely trust the Academy will be crowded.

—A new economical use for the fungus which grows on trees has been indicated. Caps are made out of the beaten out interior mass of *Polyporus fomentarius*, the amadou or German tinder of commerce, which is described as being both warm and light. It is stated that large use is made in Hungary of this material for caps and waistcoats, and it is also used for caulking boots.

Sporting News from Abroad.

SOME time ago, enthusiastic as we were after seeing Mr. Reiche's collection of English pheasants, in Chatham street, we ventured to expostulate against calling shooting pheasants as practiced in England—sport. If the pheasants are as tame as canary birds, and petted and cared for up to a certain point, we declared it in our humble opinion to smack something of brutality, all of a sudden to turn into the aviary with cruel breech-loaders and treacherous dogs and blaze away at the poor birds without a moment's warning. But all things have their remedies. In this case the cure does not come from the fact that every bird of the pheasant species can be shot off from the ground and the race destroyed for the season, (for with their perfect method of preserving, the English game keeper ought to know to a bird how many there are on the preserve), but from the exceedingly rational reason, that such is the press of sportsmen, the *mitraille* of shot, all converging to a certain centre in a well arranged battue, that it is quite as often that the sportsmen get loads of No. 8 sent point-blank into their precious selves, as into the poor birds. It must be something amusing in a thick copse for the timid man when the game-keeper cries: "mark cock," to notice the element of self-preservation displayed on the part of the sportsman, and his taking to a tree in order to get out of the way of the fire. If direct manslaughter does not arise in these coverts, very certainly many a man's legs get riddled, and as a leading English paper expresses it: "Of course shooting in a covert even with beginners, is attended with less danger than making a railway journey; indeed sportsmen are safer as a rule in the field than they are in crossing London streets." But our contemporary goes on to say: "It might not be a bad notion for a host who entertains on a big scale for the coverts, but who leaves to fortune and good luck the lives of some of his guests through the incompetence of some disguised Winkle, to supply each of the party with a suit of leather similar to the coats of protection worn by some of the Cromwellian troops. A stout rhinoceros jerkin, a pair of double buckskin breeches, a thick vizor with a small aperture in it to see through, would compose a striking and lively-looking costume for a covert shooter." In fact, as is intimated, shooting parties in England, like dancing parties, have become too large and extensive in their proportions, and just as there is a crush of dancing men who clutter the stairs, so we may suppose every field at certain seasons to be thronged by sportsmen until even to bring a gun to one's shoulders can only be accomplished at the inconvenience of somebody else's comfort—of course the risk of life is a secondary consideration.

—What a vast amount of dogs they must have in England. When one notices the net duty on dogs, which ending on the 31st of March last, produced the handsome amount of £302,017.153, about \$1,500,000, there is no wonder why Mr. Lowe is so proud of the surplus in his budget. Guns of course, or the right to carry them, must bear a certain proportion to the dogs, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer rejoiced last year in the neat amount of £63,363 produced from this service. As to the price of that rare animal the dog, there is no limit to it, for we notice 125 guineas offered and refused for a dog, the winner of a late cup. Practical are our English friends, and admirably so. After the pointer and setter trials at Bala, full accounts of which we gave our readers in our last number, they have had on the same grounds a sheep-dog trial. Substitute sheep for grouse and the matter is understood. Not only was it a trial of dogs but of shepherds and of sheep. There was a prize for good looks, and a prize for good behaviour, and one collic combined most of all these qualities.

—It is now the close of the rod fishing, and on the Tweed the Forth, the Yore, Swall, Tay and Spey, all streams familiar to us, the fish have a chance for another year. On this Spey the sport before the closing must have been grand, as we read of salmon innumerable, of good size, of thirty-five pounds and upwards having been caught. Last season a salmon of seventy-five pounds was caught near Taymouth Castle, on the outlet to Loch Tay. The Scotch rivers, thanks to better preserving of the salmon, have afforded admirable sport this season.

—A human skull is reported to have been found near Osage Mission, Kansas, embedded in a solid rock, which was broken open by blasting. Dr. Wiley, of the mission, compared it with a modern skull which he had in his office, and found that; though it resembled the latter in general shape, it was an inch and a quarter longer in greatest diameter, and much better developed in some other particulars. He says of the relic: "It is that of the cranium of the human species, of large size, embedded in conglomerate rock of the tertiary class, and found several feet below the surface. The piece of rock holding the remains weighs some forty or fifty pounds, with many impressions of marine shells, and through it runs a vein of quartz, or, within the cranium, crystallized organic matter, and by the aid of the microscope, presents a beautiful appearance."

Sharp birds rooks and crows are. In Munich, where several cases of cholera have occurred, these birds, which before flew about the steeples and thronged the trees of the public promenades, have all emigrated, and the same thing is said to have occurred during the cholera seasons of 1836 and 1854. The fact, if it is a fact, may be worth noting.

—A hippopotamus, which escaped from a menagerie, is sporting in Savannah river, and the farmers are turning out by scores to capture him.

The Kennel.

—We have seen wonderful precocity in dogs, both at public exhibition, and at home, but never intelligence so nearly akin to reason as was possessed by poor "Mac," who died in Brooklyn last week, aged 7 years, weight 20 pounds. Mac was of the black and tan variety, and in early infancy was picked up an outcast and nearly dead with hunger and cold. His assiduous nurse in those days, and his constant companion ever since, was a negro dwarf, classically named "Romeo," who is now in his twenty-second year, stands thirty-eight inches high in his stockings, and is about the same weight of a three years old grandchild of his master living in the same house. It was by the care of Romeo that the dog survived, and it is quite probable that by subsequent daily contact the full measure of the intelligence of the one was imparted to the other, and so, in this way, Mac came to be the very extraordinary dog he was. Certainly, if Mac did not know fully as much as Romey, both understood each other perfectly, and communicated their ideas by processes familiar only to themselves.

Of course our readers expect to hear that Mac was a lithe, active dog, fully up to the most remarkable of the tricks we are accustomed to read of and see. He could find articles hidden, follow his tail backwards and reverse, sit on his haunches and stand on his hind feet, pick a piece of biscuit from the back part of a mantel-piece without touching his paws, catch and retrieve balls, run up a perpendicular wall to the height of nine feet and pick up a ball placed there; and in one instance he ran fifteen feet up the trunk of a tree and brought down a piece of paper which he had been told to get. Then he would meet the carriers at morning and evening and bring in the newspapers, and once when his master was sick in bed for many days he never left his room, but watched carefully until he improved, and when he was convalescent, brought spectacles, newspapers, handkerchief or whatever else he was desired to do—for it was the most remarkable feature of this dog's intelligence that he seemed to distinguish words when spoken to in ordinary tones. He would take any place on table, chair, or floor, where designated, would lie down, or stand, leave the room and enter, go up stairs and down, call Romey, or indicate his understanding of any ordinary want or word with the quickest intelligence. That he was a good watch-dog may be supposed.

One Sunday morning, about one o'clock, he heard some one prowling about the house; he first went to his master's bed and woke him—then tried to get out of the door. As soon as he was let out, he jumped a five-foot board fence into a vacant lot adjoining, gave chase to, caught, and tripped up a negro who had attempted to enter the house by the rear, and then stood over him until a policeman arrived and took him to the station. Of course he was a great favorite with the police ever afterwards.

Moreover, as a bird or rabbit dog, Mac was equal to any pointer or setter, which is remarkable for one of his breed. He would stand on a bird as well as any dog, and retrieve from the water as well as on land, never mouthing a bird, and in one instance bringing a winged snipe from a pond in such condition that it lived for some weeks after as a pet at the house of his master. As a pet among the children he was equally famous, and it was interesting to see him sitting side by side with his master's grandchild in a little wagon drawn by a white goat, with the redoubtable dwarf Romeo for charioteer.

Ordinarily, Romey stood by, a quiet but intensely sympathetic observer of Mac's traits and antics, but the gleam of pride that beamed from his great white eyes when the performances were concluded, showed how much he felt his own reputation to be involved in the success of his friend. It was not often, however, that an exhibition of the dog's qualities was called for, for Mac was not ostentatious of his own endowments, and his master, (a modest thoroughbred sportsman by the name of Dan Hughes, who keeps a quiet chop-house and billiard room in a three story brick house with vine-covered verandah and well-kept flower garden in front,) did not often call them into requisition. There was a *role*, however, in which both Mac and Romey appeared together, and which gentlemen in the neighborhood got wind of, and at last it became quite a set thing to take a stranger in to see it. It was no less than an imitation on a small scale, of the sports of the ancient arena, when gladiator met wild beast in deadly encounter—though no more than a half dozen spectators were allowed at a time. When the floor was cleared, the dwarf took position in one corner of the room, and with foot and fists advanced, sleeves rolled up, and grim determination portrayed on every feature, awaited the onslaught of his opponent who was held between Dan's legs, bolt-upright and paws presented. At the signal both met in the centre and then came a sparring match and struggle for vantage which would bring tears to eyes most stolid. At last the dog would get his lock on Romey's legs and never let go until he threw him. Then came the tussle, sometimes one on top and sometimes the other, with scarcely a sound perceptible except the labored breathing of the dwarf, until at last the dog would invariably retire the victor, leaving his opponent to pick up the quarters and dimes from the spectators, not the least bit injured by the fracas, but with an exchequer considerably improved.

Recently, after repeated offers from exhibitors of less note, the merits of this wonderful pair came to the notice of the irrepressible P. T. Barnum, and an engagement was closed at the rate of \$3,000 a year, to have begun on the very Monday before the dog died. It is needless to say

that there is mourning in the house of Hughes. All the doctors could not avert the catastrophe, though many were summoned at highest rates. After ten days of suffering from malignant sore throat, the dog choked in a spasm, and his stuffed body now looks down on the disconsolate Romey from its glass case above.

—The Harrier, as its name implies, is used for hunting the hare, and is nothing more nor less than a small fox hound and would be found a very useful animal for tracking rabbits. The American rabbit is a somewhat different animal from its English cousin; the latter in a wild state live together in warrens in immense numbers. The warren is a series of burrows or holes in the ground, of extremely irregular construction, and often communicate with each other to a remarkable extent. The American rabbit, so called, on the contrary live together in couples, bring forth their young on the surface, and when their offspring are able to take off to themselves they quit the parental roof and forage on their own account. The scent of the American rabbit is much stronger and holds to the ground as it were for a longer time, and in this respect bears a marked similarity to the English hare. The points of a good Harrier are similar to those of the fox-hound. There are necessary points in the shape of a hound which ought always be attended to by a sportsman, for if he be not of a perfect symmetry he will neither run fast nor bear much work. Keep in mind that the hound has much tedious labor to undergo, and should have strength proportioned to it. Let his legs be straight as arrows, his feet round and not too large, his shoulders well back, his breast rather wide than narrow, his chest deep, his back broad, his head small, his neck thin, his tail thick and bushy, and if he carry it well so much the better. Many of our friends will say it is impossible to procure such a dog, so perfect in all his points. Get one so nearly like the description as possible, and such hounds as are weak from the knees to the foot—mongrel breeds of pointers and setters—shoot them at once. To use the expression "shoot them," would perhaps seem cruel, but we can suggest no other method to rid the country of a breed of puny, miserable dogs generally found in a litter of whelps, which if allowed to grow and subsequently breed from, are sure to propagate animals as worthless as themselves. Attention to the proper weeding out of bad stock is the only way in which good staunch strains can be bred.

LOST, A BLACK-AND-TAN DOG.—If anybody has seen a black-and-tan dog, answering to the name of "Judge" going down street in company with a hard-shell-turtle, that won't answer to anything, and certainly won't answer to tackle, as the dog can tell you if you can get him to stop long enough, please halt the eloping pair, as they are the property of the editor of this paper. We are fondly attached to the dog on account of his vagabondish Bohemianish habits. He knows every dog in Peoria by name, and is on speaking terms with nine-tenths of the granger dogs that come in under the wagons, and he knows more of the inhabitants of this city than the tax collector does. The turtle is a more recent acquisition. It was placed in the back yard yesterday, and the dog spent an hour and a half trying to entice it to come out of its shell and be sociable. The old iron-clad maintained his reserve, however, until the dog crammed his nose against the forward part and began to sniff. The pair seemed to come to some sort of understanding at once, for the dog made an impetuous remark on a very high key, and they both started immediately on a tip after Donaldson's balloon. When the dog jumped over Fisher's barn we thought he had struck the eastern current and would go right through, but we learn since that he landed and was seen sauntering along like a whirlwind, the turtle staying right by him. We should be very sorry to lose the dog now, as he has acquired another important and valuable quality. He knows more about turtles than any other dog in the country, and it's mighty hard to find a real good turtle dog.—*Peoria Review*.

BOY RESCUED BY A DOG.—Stories of boys saved by dogs are perhaps more numerous than well authenticated. Here is one, however, from the *Glasgow Herald* which we feel certain is truthful:—

"Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, a most exciting affair happened at Kilean river, about one mile from Tarbert, by which a little boy aged about eight years, named John McCallum, son of Donald McCallum, road-contractor, Kilean, nearly lost his life, and was only saved as it were 'by the skin of his teeth' from a watery grave, by the extraordinary sagacity and fidelity of a collie dog belonging to the boy's father. It appears that the boy was at the time along with an elder brother, amusing himself near the river by leaning over a wire fence on its banks and endeavoring to catch the small pieces of wood and other waifs borne down by the flood, when suddenly the wire on which he was leaning broke, and he was precipitated into the angry flood below, and borne along with the current towards the sea. His brother, unable to save him, ran to the house and alarmed his father and other of the neighbors. His father immediately rushed away along the banks of the stream, closely followed by his faithful collie dog. For a time no trace of the boy could be seen, but after proceeding about a quarter of a mile along the bank towards the sea, the dog apparently saw the object of their search coming to the surface, for he bounced into the stream and in a few moments was seen struggling to regain the bank with what seemed to be the lifeless body of the poor boy. Seeing that the noble animal had succeeded in securing his son, the agonized father, greatly at the risk of his own life, sprang into the torrent and seconded the frantic efforts of the dog to bring the boy to the bank, and in this way he was ultimately successful. When taken to the bank the boy was perfectly lifeless; but after he had been handled in the usual way for restoring animation by an old 'salt' named Neil McAllister, he gradually recovered consciousness, and is not much the worse for his dip. The little fellow was carried along by the current for nearly half a mile at a very rapid rate.

—A gentleman having his hair cut, was asked by the garrulous operator: "How he would have it done?" "If possible," replied the gentleman, "in silence."

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

<p>COAST FISH. Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Black Bass, (<i>Microporus nig</i> and <i>arabigan</i>.) (two species.) Weakfish, Squetaug (Trout) Otoli-Pickrel, (<i>Esox reticulatus</i>.) (thus.)</p>	<p>LAKES. Trout, (Black Bass.) Kingfish.</p>	<p>BAYS AND ESTUARIES. (<i>Labrax lineatus</i>.)</p>	<p>SOUTHERN WATERS. Trout, (Black Bass.) Drum, (two species.) Kingfish.</p>	<p>Sheepshead. Tailorfish. Sea Bass.</p>
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—The sea bass with which many anglers are now amusing themselves in lieu of something better, is a large-mouthed fish, with ample fins and tail, and having no teeth, the fisherman extracts the hook by inserting a finger in the mouth, clasping it by the under jaw. The sexes are readily distinguished, the female being of a dingy brown, while the male is of a beautiful bright blue-black. They are found inshore on reefs and mussel-beds, and are usually caught in company with the blackfish, though at certain seasons they are quite abundant on shoals and banks along our northern and eastern coasts. They vary in size from three-fourths of a pound to twelve, and are considered fine for boiling and for chowders.

Although the sea bass is a bottom fish, yet once on an outward-bound voyage to the southward of the Gulf Stream, we made fast to a ship's lower mast found adrift on the surface, which was covered with clam barnacles and surrounded with sea bass. We caught all that we wanted, and cut loose. They weighed from five to twelve pounds each, and were all male fish. The mouth of the sea bass is so large that in hauling them in from a depth of several fathoms the "sport" is reduced to a minimum by the time they reach the surface, the process almost drowning them. They are caught as far south as Florida, where two species are found.

—On Sunday, November 2, two striped bass were caught with hook and line, still fishing, by Messrs. W. H. and E. T. Walker, of 47 East Twelfth street, N. Y., on the Staten Island shore, near New Brighton, one of which weighed 8½ pounds, and the other 11½ pounds. As these are the largest bass taken at New Brighton in several years, they made quite a sensation among the experts who thronged to see them. The fishing ought to be good from now until ice comes.

NEW YORK, November 3d. 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I am glad to see that Mr. Mather has taken an interest in the matter of stocking the Hudson, and hope that his communication in your paper 30th, ult. will draw attention of others to the importance of the subject.

And now is the time to try the experiment. The announcement is made in your paper and other journals that Livingston Stone is about to bring, or has already commenced to bring, eastward some two million of salmon ova, which he has been gathering from salmon from the Sacramento river. His operations have been conducted under directions of Mr. Baird, the Fishery Commissioner of the United States, and at the expense of the whole country. Whatever may be the doubts as to the salmon which are raised from eggs gathered in more northern latitudes seeking, or flourishing in rivers whose mouths are so far south as the Hudson and Delaware, there should be no question in regard to success with California salmon ova. The temperature of the Sacramento and its branches is much higher than that of the Hudson, as all know. A proper representation of the claims of the Hudson to a portion of these eggs by influential papers, and by our Fishery Commissioners—if they can be urged into showing some life—must result in Mr. Baird giving our river a trial. The cost is too great to be met by private purses; and Mr. Baird will be only too glad to have the opportunity of proving the usefulness of his work. The eggs could be hatched at the State hatching works, and the upper waters of the Hudson can now soon be reached by the Adirondack Railroad, to North Creek, and thence by stage. At Newcombe near the old Adirondack Iron Works, on the road to Long Lake, and thereabouts, there are many small and pure streams suitable for fry, and from thence down to Glenn's Falls there are long stretches of the river itself entirely free from tan-bark, saw-dust, or other deleterious matter. A little inquiry at Glenn's Falls would doubtless find many people acquainted with every mile of the Hudson and its tributaries above that place. I have seen many a river in Canada apparently less adapted to salmon, and where protection gives the seineries large hauls of that fish in the tide waters thereof, and good rod fishing above the flow of salt water.

There is no reason why, in a few years, with proper efforts now the new fisheries in New York Bay and the tidal waters of the Hudson, should not get their salmon as well as they now get shad. And it is just here that the importance of the subject appears; for as the value of the shad fisheries is great, so can our salmon seineries become valuable. It is as a question of commerce and food that I urge action. Rod fishing will necessarily follow, and when done in season cannot harm. In fact, as you know, rod fishing in Canada is the very preservation and safety of the supply of salmon for the purpose of commerce.

In regard to the saw-dust, I do not think that any great impediment, although doubtless injurious. Salmon can easily find spawning places above Albany and Troy, and the presence of a few dyes or other foulness in as large waters as the Hudson, at these and places below, will not prevent their going through and up until they do reach

pure water. In Scotland and the North of England the mouths and lower waters of their salmon rivers are often foul with every refuse which accompanies manufacturing, commerce, and civilization, and yet the fish know by instinct and memory that pure waters are above; and they go through thicker messes of scum in small rivers, than any refuse you can find diluted in the broad and deep waters of our river. They do not seem to mind the steamboats there, although the tugs fairly make the mud boil in the narrow channels of the small Scotch and English rivers.

Now, Mr. Editor, it will take four or five years to find out whether this salmon experiment will succeed (I heartily believe it will; vide Mr. Wilmot's success in Canada in the streams running into Lake Ontario, where salmon are now quite plenty, but whence they were driven years ago.) Will not our Commissioners apply to Mr. Baird for a fair proportion of these two million of California eggs, hatch them, and place them in the upper waters of the Hudson? Mr. Slaek, of the New Jersey Commission, has done something; need our Commissioners do less? Salmon fry should be deposited next spring, and additions made for five years to come. Then will the expense of our State Commission have been indeed money well laid out. But now is the time to commence, at a small outlay. Apply for the salmon eggs now.

PISCATOR.

NEW YORK, October 2, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

I cut the enclosed paragraph from a copy of the *Sun*: "A salmon weighing some seven pounds was taken near Governor's Island on Friday last. It is supposed to have belonged to the myriad of young ones let loose in the upper waters of the Hudson river two or three years ago."

Can you inform your many readers when and where the myriads of young salmon referred to in the above slip cut from the *Sun* of to-day's issue, were put into the Hudson?

I hope the facts are so; if not, then why not endeavor to put into the Hudson some of the two millions of California salmon eggs which Livingston Stone is announced to bring on from the Sacramento River? Surely, the Hudson is as important a stream to stock as the Susquehanna, Schuylkill, or Delaware, and as well adapted for salmon. As these two million eggs are paid for by the United States Commission, we have a right to demand that some of them be placed in the Hudson. Will you urge this matter upon Mr. Baird?

Yours, SALMO SALAR.

[We do not know of any "myriads" of young salmon put into the Hudson, nor of even one fish. Some private parties are hatching salmon in a tributary, and are succeeding well, we believe. See No. 11 of this paper, page 168.—Ed.]

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLESTON.	
	h. m.	ev.	h. m.	ev.	h. m.	ev.
Nov. 6	1	27	9	23	8	36
Nov. 7	1	27	10	31	9	27
Nov. 8	2	15	11	00	10	18
Nov. 9	3	09	11	54	11	9
Nov. 10	4	01	ev.	48	ev.	1
Nov. 11	4	56	1	43	0	56
Nov. 12	5	49	2	35	1	49

—Yachting and boating being virtually closed for the season, and in order that our subscribers should not lose the interest that they have manifestly taken in these manly pastimes, we shall give from week to week during the fall and winter months a short review of all recognized Yacht and Boat Clubs, throughout the United States and Dominion of Canada. If secretaries of clubs and friends of yachting and boating will kindly "lend us a hand," and send us items of service to those who take an especial interest in aquatic sports, they would be furnishing information which will be read with profit and pleasure. As the New York Yacht Club is the oldest organization of the kind, and an acknowledged authority on all matters pertinent to its name, we give it the first place and will start with their August cruise. The season has been one of varied success, both as regards weather and the comparatively small list of entries to contend for the large number of cups, prizes and purses, which have been presented by several officers of the club. The August cruise was sadly interfered with, as Long Island Sound has scarcely ever witnessed such a succession of bad weather during the first four days. The vessels of the fleet rendezvoused at Glen Cove on the 11th of August, Rear Commodore Kingsland taking command of the fleet in consequence of the absence of the Commodore and the Yacht of the Vice Commodore. The Squadron started for Newport under very adverse weather, which compelled several of the yachts to make harbors for shelter where they remained for two days weather bound, and after a series of delays finally arrived at Newport. The fleet started from Newport on the 18th on a cruise to Martha's Vineyard, but the weather was again very dirty. After cruising and tacking for sometime, several of the yachts becoming disabled, the Commodore signalled the order to return to Newport. The Bennett Cups were sailed for August 21st. Schooners Alarm, Eva, Foam, Idler, Josephine, Madeleine, Madgie, and Tidal Wave; Sloops Ariadne, Qui Vive, Vision and Vixen, were the starters. The Madeleine won the cup, and in a run of forty miles made the fastest time on record—3h. 22m. 23sec. On August 23d the Douglass Cups were sailed for; the Madeleine again winning the Cup for Schooners. The Vision won the Cup for Sloops. James Gordon Bennett, Esq., the Commodore of the Club, presented a series of cups, prizes and purses, which were sailed for in October last.

The race for the Schooner and Sloop Cups each of the value of \$500, was sailed on October 2d. The wind was very light and the weather just the opposite to that of August. At the south-west spit the wind freshened a little, barely sufficient to fill the sails of the smaller craft, the larger boats having no chance at all in the race. As the race by the rules had to be sailed within eight hours, the Eva won the Cup for Schooners, and the Vision the one for Sloops, with but a few minutes to spare. The ocean races were sailed one week later on October 9th. These races are so fresh in the minds of our readers that we will only give the winners of the different prizes. The Enchantress won the \$1,000 Cup for Schooners. The Thomas S. Negus won the \$1,000 Purse for Pilot Boats. The W. H. Van Name the \$250 Purse for Working Schooners, and the Wallace Blackford the \$250 Purse for Smaaks.

As we finish this short resumé of the New York Yacht Club, it suggests itself that if the club in question would build their yachts stauncher, make the spars a little shorter and stouter, they would better withstand the wear and tear of the season. The fact cannot be concealed that the expenses of keeping up such yachting establishments must be excessive, and thus debar many gentlemen from entering into this most exhilarating sport, owing to the example shown them of building pretty, light, racing craft which must be constantly requiring repairs and large outlays of money.

—The American Schooner Faustine, E. Y. C., Mr. Peabody Russell, is now hauled up on Hansen's slip at Cowes, England, having a false keel put on, which will enable her to go to wind better than she at present does.

—Mr. Loubat's Yacht Enchantress, is undergoing a thorough refitting, and will have a new set of sails preparatory to making her European voyage. She will most likely start on or about the 12th instant.

HARVARD COLLEGE, November 1, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Notwithstanding Harvard's defeat at the Springfield regatta, which, by the way, she has the grace to acknowledge with all candor, the interest in boating continues unabated. The Scratch races held on October 4th, were more than usually successful. In the single scull race Stone, of '74, came in ahead, and showed some excellent rowing. In the race for double sculls, Appleton and Wetmore were victorious over their opponents of '76. The race for six oars was contested by two crews miscellaneously made up. The fall regatta took place on the 25th of October on the Charles. Owing to rough water only the last race on the programme was rowed, that between the class crews. The Senior, Sophomore and Freshman classes were represented. These crews pulled respectively 37, 38, and 39 strokes per minute at the start, and held to that rate until the end of the race. The Seniors came in ahead, closely followed by the Sophomores. The Freshmen did well for the short time they have practiced together, and raise some hopes that Harvard's defeat in the Freshman race at Springfield will be atoned for next season. The following is the time:

Senior crew.....	15 min. 7 sec.
Junior crew.....	15 min. 15½ sec.
Freshman.....	15 min. 35 sec.

An important meeting of the University Boat Club was held October 21st. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in an excellent financial condition. The debt on the boat-house, which at the beginning of the year amounted to \$3,000 has been reduced to six hundred. An amendment was made to the constitution to the effect that the treasurer shall be a graduate of the University, who, it is supposed, would keep the accounts more systematically than an average undergraduate. HOLDEN.

—THE SPANISH SAILOR'S PARROT.—Mr. Bret Harte, in a charming letter to the *Tribune*, tells of meeting an old lady of past a hundred, who had seen Washington. From the old dame he gathers the story of a sailor and a parrot, which Mr. Harte tells in his inimitable way:—

"It was a terrible night, that winter's night when she and the century were young together. The sun was lost at three o'clock; the snowy night came down like a white sheet that flapped around the house, beat at the windows with its edges, and at last wrapped it in a close embrace. In the middle of the night they thought they heard above the wind a voice crying "Christus! Christus!" in a foreign tongue. They opened the door—no easy task in the north wind that pressed its strong shoulders against it—but nothing was to be seen but the drifting snow. The next morning dawned on the fenees hidden, and a landscape changed and obliterated with drift. During the day they again heard the cry of "Christus!" this time faint and hidden like a child's voice. They searched in vain, the drifted snow hid its secret. On the third day they broke a path to the fence, and then they heard the cry distinctly. Digging down they found the body of a man—a Spanish sailor, dark and bearded, with ear-rings in his ears. As they stood gazing down at his cold and pulseless figure, the cry of "Christus" again rose upon the wintry air, and they turned and fled in superstitious terror to the house. And then one of the children, bolder than the rest, knelt down and opened the dead man's rough pea-jacket and found—what think you?—a little blue and green parrot nestling against his breast! It was the bird that had echoed mechanically the last despairing cry of the life that was given to save it. It was the bird that ever after, amid outlandish oaths and wilder sailor songs that I fear often shocked the pure ears of its gentle mistress and brought scandal into the Jerseys, still retained that one weird and mournful cry."

—Why is moose calling allowable in hot weather? Because it is a low device; (load of ice).

--Desdemona's destiny—amour; (a moor).

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Macchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Caricus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Ophya Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scolopax rusticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Pigeons, and all kinds of Wild Fowl

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—We learn that there is an extraordinary current of winter travel setting toward the semi-tropical resorts of the South. All our immediate friends and acquaintances are preparing for the journey, and many hotels report orders for board coming in rapidly. The same is true of Nassau and Bermuda. The Victoria Hotel at the place first named has had all its rooms engaged for some time, and are turning away applications. In addition to the usual company of invalids and valetudinarians, a larger number of sportsmen than usual will go to Florida during December and January. For the information of such, we print herewith a list of the game of Florida, which we have obtained with some little difficulty, and beg those sporting papers who prig from us every week, to give us the proper credit in this instance, if they copy. We have the scientific names and classification of the varieties mentioned, so that there can be no doubt of our perfect accuracy here.

Animals.—Panther, common in all the unsettled parts of the State, lynx, abundant and do; gray wolf, some nearly black, not common; gray fox, common; raccoon, very abundant; common bear do; red deer abundant but very small; southern fox squirrel, abundant, confined to pine woods, afford fine sport; gray squirrel, very abundant and very tame; gray rabbit, marsh rabbit, and opossum, very common.

Birds.—Wild turkey, quail, killdeer plover, wilson plover, piping plover, golden and black belly, very numerous; woodcock, not very abundant; snipe, very numerous, fly in large flocks and cover the whole country; red breasted snipe, very numerous; willets, yellow legs, and godwit, very common; Hudson curlew and esquimaux, rare; long-billed curlew, abundant; black-neck stilt, rails, galannules, herons, cranes and ibis, all common.

Ducks, Geese, &c.—Mallard, very abundant; black duck, common; this bird is of a lighter color than ours, its neck being more like the female mallard's, it is said to breed in Florida; pintail, green winged teal, blue winged teal, blue winged shoveller, wood duck, scaup duck, red head, all abundant; bald pate, canvas back, butter ball, ruddy duck, all common; hooded meganser, abundant; Canada goose, common in western Florida.

—Duck-shooting is at its height in Canada now, and the fowls are constantly passing South in large numbers. Local papers report individual bags of 150 to 180, and bets are up on a bag of 200 before the season closes. We announced the opening of the ducking season last week, and now hear through our private correspondence of good sport all along the coast line from Montauk to Currituck. Duck shooting is one of those sports which cannot be enjoyed in the fullest perfection in warm weather, and the advent of these fowl means northeasterly storms, driving sleet and chilling blasts, the force of which only those can appreciate who lie over their stools for hours together. By the way, we hear of a man down on Long Island who has seventeen educated wild geese which he has tamed and employs as stools. What a mean business to engage in, and how mean those wild geese must feel to engage in such a business, wheedling their unfortunate relatives within gunshot range day after day! Why, it is the worst kind of coquetry! The most abundant species along our coast are the canvas-back, red-head, black duck, blue and green winged teals, shoveller, bald-pate or American widgeon, coot, and pintails. The pintail, black duck, coot, gray duck, wood duck and blue-winged teal, are properly fresh water fowl, and are not abundant along the coast. The coot is often confounded with the cider or sea duck, but is quite a different bird, inhabiting fresh water and frequenting the weedy margins of streams, but as they dive, hide among the plants, or fly, as the humor takes them, are somewhat difficult to procure. Mallards are abundant in the West, but are seldom seen to the eastward of New York. There are two varieties of black duck, the smaller species now here giving place soon to the more hardy northern race. Pintails usually fly in very large flocks. The English teal, *anas crecca*, occurs very rarely on our coast. Gunners should be continually on the lookout for them, as specimens found here are quite valuable. The shoveller is very abundant down South, and frequents fresh and salt water. The gray duck is rarely found in New England.

—Those who are not sportsmen are sometimes skeptical in regard to tolling ducks, and even some duck shooters scarcely put credence in this device. Undoubtedly the plan of "tolling ducks" in the United States was derived from the Indians, who imitated the fox. "In Norway and Sweden," says Mr. Lloyd, in his exhaustive work on the game birds and wild fowl of these countries, "ducks collect in large flocks in the neighboring lakes and rivers, the strands of which are in general flat. The fowler, in observing the birds, walks as near to them as he can in safety

when, falling on his hands and knees, he makes his further approaches slowly and cautiously. In the meantime he causes his well-trained dog, who should be of a reddish color, to gambol before him, which he effects by every now and then throwing the animal a crumb of bread that it catches in its mouth. The ducks, attracted by the antics of the dog, gradually approach the strand, and thus the man is often enabled to get sufficiently near them to fire with effect." According to the accounts of the men in question it was from seeing the way in which the fox at times secures his prey that they were induced to adopt the plan spoken of, for that cunning animal in the autumn resorts to a similar ruse to capture young ducks. He then promenades near to the water's edge, sometimes vaulting high in the air, and at others crawling on his belly, his brush meanwhile trailing along the ground. These manoeuvres of his so excite the curiosity and tickle the fancy of the ducklings that they gradually swim towards him, occasionally so near, it is said, as actually to seize hold of his tail with their bills; but they usually pay dear for their temerity, for the wily fellow seizes his opportunity and pounces on one or other of them. "To the devices of the fox," says a Swedish gentleman, "I have been an eye witness, and it was only last autumn that my bailiff shot one of these animals in the very act of beguiling young ducks in the manner described."

—Mr. Phillip Reid Howard, a prominent citizen of Long Island and one of its large landed proprietors, was most cruelly shot by two gunners last Sunday while remonstrating with them for shooting on his premises. His shoulder and left side were literally blown to pieces. Mr. Howard had arranged to celebrate his fortieth birthday with his aged father and mother, who were present to meet him on that occasion. Two men, who are probably the criminals, have been arrested on suspicion, and are in jail at Jamaica.

—A letter from Brainard, Minnesota, says; "The brush about town almost swarms with grouse. Three of us were deer hunting last week, the first day we killed a buck and a doe, next day four grouse (no dog,) and the third day one buck. Deer are very plenty this fall. A few days ago I met the "Baron" Evans, of the New York World, who was off on a hunting expedition to Red Lake with some of the Yellowstone Expedition party. He speaks very kindly about you and your FOREST AND STREAM."

—The Staten Island Shooting Association, organized only a short time ago, is now in quite a flourishing condition. It now numbers, including honorary members, about eighty, all gentlemen connected more or less with the interests of the island, and desirous of preserving game according to the requirements of the law. It is proposed to import a large stock of quail, which will be set free over the whole island, which affords abundant facilities for cover, shelter and breeding.

—Captain Wild and party, four guns, killed last week on the flats at Kinderhook, Columbia County, N. Y., twenty-seven reed birds and eight English snipe, twenty-two black ducks, and four widgeons.

—Dr. A. and friend killed last week at Katonah, Westchester, four woodcock, thirteen ruffed grouse and eight rabbits.

—Colonel C. and party, three guns, killed at South Oyster Bay, L. I., twenty-seven quail, fifteen willets and thirty-two wild fowl of all kinds.

—At Olive City, Ulster County, N. Y., a party of three killed two dog foxes and one vixen.

—The prices of furs generally are lower than last season, though no schedules are yet published.

FOURTH CONTEST FOR THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB BADGE.

On Saturday last, the fourth contest for this much coveted badge, offered by the Amateur Rifle Club, took place at Creedmoor.

There has been no small amount of interest excited in these particular matches, and almost all of the best shots were present on Saturday. The weather as far as light was concerned and absence from haze, was all that could be desired; the great drawback was the wind, which blew in puffs, from right to left, across the line of fire, somewhat disturbing the accuracy of aim. Such accidents of wind are beyond the power of the rifleman to prevent, and as the gusty days must be taken with the calm ones, in order to make up the average, such natural obstacles to correct shooting only demand greater skill of the marksman, and allowances for the wind were accordingly called into play by the crack shooters.

To insure accuracy on this particular match the most successful shots made three feet allowance for effects of wind, and this too with a charge of eighty-five grains of powder.

As may be seen by the score, the shooting was remarkably good, Mr. Robert Omand securing the badge with a score of 25. The badge must be won three times by the same person in order to become the property of the rifleman. It has been won so far by Mr. Thomas Lloyd, with a score of 14 on the first match; by Mr. John Bodine, with 27 on the second match, (28 possible,) and by Mr. J. P. M. Richards, in the third match, with a score of 26. Between the 14 score which won the badge the first time, and 25 which was made by Mr. Omand on Saturday on the fourth match, the vast improvement made at Creedmoor is manifest. The total averages of the various matches for the Amateur Rifle Badge has been as follows:—

First match.....	14
Second match.....	16½
Third match.....	19½
Fourth match.....	19 1-18

This shows even better than does the individual scores the average made.

MATCH FOR THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB BADGE, NOVEMBER 1.

Name.....	Arm.....	Seven shots at 500 yds.	Total.
Robert Omand.....	Remington sporting.....	3 3 4 4 3 4	25
G. W. Wingate.....	Remington sporting.....	4 2 4 3 4 4	25
J. Bodine.....	Remington sporting.....	3 3 3 4 4 4	24
J. P. M. Richards.....	Sharpe.....	3 3 3 4 4 3	24
H. Fulton.....	Sharpe.....	4 3 2 4 2 3	22
A. Pyle.....	Remington military.....	2 2 3 4 4 3	21
G. Strube.....	Remington sporting.....	4 3 4 3 3 3	22
J. S. Coulin.....	Sharpe.....	2 3 3 4 3 2	20
G. W. Yale.....	Sharpe.....	4 3 4 0 2 3	20
W. Robertson.....	Remington sporting.....	4 2 0 4 2 4	20
J. Hamilton.....	Sharpe.....	2 4 3 0 3 4	19
A. V. Canfield, Jr.....	Remington sporting.....	3 0 2 3 4 4 3	19
L. M. Ballard.....	Remington sporting.....	0 4 3 0 3 3 4	17
L. M. Bruce.....	Sharpe military.....	3 0 3 0 3 4	16
A. J. Hennion, Jr.....	Sharpe sporting.....	3 4 0 0 2 3	15
J. E. McEwen.....	Remington sporting.....	2 3 4 0 2 0 3	14
G. Crouch.....	Sharpe.....	3 0 3 2 2 2	12
A. Alford.....	Remington.....	0 0 0 2 2 4	8

Wind variable in intensity, blowing from right to left. Clear.

The three best scores, 25, 25, and 24, were made with the Remington rifle. Between Messrs. Omand and Wingate the shooting was very close; the outer on Mr. Wingate's third round making him lose the match. Mr. Bodine's score, 24, was a fine one, closing with three bull's eyes. Mr. Richard's score, 24, with a Sharpe, was also an excellent one. Of course by this time, what may be called the "dead wood," has been knocked away, the noble company of marksmen are getting weeded out, and the best shots, as may be seen, are always coming to the front. Let not however those who tail the score be abashed. Practice and perseverance will do everything, and those who are last, may be some day first.

By reference to the score of Saturday, it is noticeable that as far as the weapons are concerned the contest appears to be narrowing down to a struggle between the Sharpe and Remington rifles, few others being represented. Those used in this match were very much alike in their model, all using a long, hardened and swedged bullet about 44 calibre, with a paper patch; charge about 85 grains, loaded by hand. The former appeared to have a little the best sights, being provided with a wind gauge on the fore sight, the want of which on the Remington rifle was greatly felt, but the victory was undoubtedly with the latter. Both are good guns, however, and those manufacturing them recognize the fact that Creedmoor is the place where their reputation is to be made, and spare no pains to produce a weapon from which the best results can be obtained.

Mr. Omand, the victor of last Saturday's match, is one of the crack shots of Canada, having been a member of the Victoria Rifles, of Montreal, and having gone three times to Wimbledon as a member of the Dominion team, being one of the winners in the match for the Rajah of Kolapore Imperial Challenge Cup, won by the Canadians in 1870. It is therefore not only no disgrace for the Amateurs to be beaten by him, but rather a subject of congratulation that with as little practice as they have had they can hold their own so well against marksmen of such experience. In order to afford a comparison between the skill displayed by the crack shots of the English and Canadian volunteers and that of our Amateurs, we give the scores made at 500 yards in the above mentioned match, in which the Canadians have been conceded to have covered themselves with glory:—

Canadian Team.....	Score.....	United Kingdom Team.....	Score.....
Captain Werner.....	26	Ensign Tomlinson.....	26
Lieut. Birch.....	23	Sergt. Michie.....	25
Sergt. Major Harris.....	23	Sergt. McCreath.....	24
Sergt. McMullen.....	23	Sergt. Leeson.....	22
Captain Bell.....	22	Sergt. Hutchinson.....	22
Sergt. Wilkinson.....	22	Private Coulson.....	21
Sergt. Omand.....	22	Ensign Gray.....	21
Private Jennings.....	22	Sergt. Lowry.....	21
Private Morrison.....	22	Sergt. Cooper.....	21
Sergt. Kincaid.....	21	Sergt. Hooper.....	21
Captain Gibson.....	21	Sergt. Lane.....	21
Private Oronhyateka.....	21	Private Easton.....	20
Sergt. McDonald.....	20	Private Waller.....	20
Sergt. McNathan.....	20	Corporal Downes.....	19
Sergt. Sache.....	20	Corporal Hewston.....	18
Captain Cotton.....	19	Captain Burt.....	18
Captain McClingham.....	19	Lieut. Eddard.....	17
Private Mason.....	17	Private Clark.....	17
Ensign Waste.....	15	Ensign Snelus.....	17
Lieut. Little.....	13	Private Buchell.....	16
Total.....	411	Total.....	407
Average, 20.55.		Average, 20.35.	

Comparing these scores with those made in the Amateur Match, which are given above, it will be observed that out of the forty picked English and Canadian sharpshooters, there were but two who excelled the score made by Messrs. Omand and Wingate, and these did so but by a single point, and that there were but four out of the forty that made 24 or over, which was done by a like number of the Amateurs, viz.: Omand, Wingate, Bodine and Richards, out of but eighteen competitors, a number which if Messrs. Collins, Burton and several others of the Amateurs had been present, would probably have been increased. As it is, the average of score of the Amateurs as a whole, is 17 points, (or if the lowest score is excluded, 19.22 points,) as against 20.55 of the Canadians, and 20.35 of the Englishmen.

The announcement of the Diamond Badge placed at the disposal of the National Rifle Association by Messrs. Remington and Son, and now in course of manufacture, has caused quite an excitement amongst our riflemen. This badge will be the most elegant and costly yet offered. It is to be won by the most skillful of our many good shots at long ranges, 500, 800, and 1,000 yards, being the distances. The following are the conditions of the contest: Open only to members of the Association; weapon, any breech loading rifle, weighing not over ten pounds, trigger to pull not less than three pounds; sight, any but telescopic; distance, 500, 800, and 1,000 yards; seven shots, (two sighting shots at each distance;) the twenty competitors in each match making the highest score at 500 yards to be alone allowed to fire at the 800 yards, and the ten making the highest at that distance to shoot at 1,000, the prize to be given to the highest aggregate score, the badge to be won

three times, (not necessarily consecutively,) before becoming the property of the winner. In case ties are made at any range that cannot be decided under the rules without "shooting off," the competitors making them will be allowed to shoot at the next distance. No practicing to be done on the day of the match. The first contest will occur on the 14th inst.

We intend giving our readers the fullest description of these and all other matches.

On Saturday next, at 3:30 P. M., the fifth regular match for the Amateur Rifle Club Badge, will take place at Creedmoor. Open only to members of the Amateur Rifle Club, with any rifle not over ten pounds in weight, the trigger not less than three pounds test pull; telescope sights excluded; distance, 500 yards, position, any, but without artificial rest; rounds, seven, with the privilege of one sighting shot. The badge to become the property of any member winning it three times.

The Horse and the Course.

—At Prospect Park Fair Grounds near Brooklyn, a match of \$500, mile heats, best three in five, to wagon, between Lady Pell and Ruby, came off on October 30th. Lady Pell won. On October 31st, the first race at Prospect Park was for a purse of \$500 for 2:28 class. Joker won the race in splendid style in three straight heats. Time—2:27½—2:28¾—2:27. The next race was a match of \$500, mile heats, best three in five in harness, between Louise and Lady Wood. Louise won the first heat and Lady Wood the next three and won the match. The next race was a match of \$1,000 against time, ten miles in forty minutes. D. Gilmour's Delver trotted the distance with ease in 33m. 46sec. On November 1st, the great race between Judge Fullerton, American Girl and Camors, for a purse and stake of \$4,000 took place. Judge Fullerton won. Shortest time—2:21.

—The last day of the annual meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club took place on October 28th. The attendance was much more numerous than on the previous days. The first race was for a purse of \$400 for two-year-olds; one mile. Six horses started. McDaniel's bay colt won by two lengths. Time—1:56. The second race was a two-mile heat handicaps for all ages. Chickabby won the first heat and Bessie Lee the two last, distancing all the others. Time—4:06½—4:06½. The third race was for the Consolation purse of \$500 for horses that had run and not won during the meeting. Mile heats. Eight horses came to the post, all of which were distanced after the first heat, (not being ready when the bell rang), except Artist and Merodac. Artist won the second and third heats and the race. Time—1:57—2:00½. The fourth and last race of the meeting was a steeplechase post stakes, \$25 entrance, with \$750 added by the Club. Distance about two miles and a half over a fair hunting course. Duffy, the favorite, won.

—There was a good attendance at Deerfoot Park, near Brooklyn, on October 29th, to witness several exciting trots. Purse of \$300 for horses that had never beaten 2:34. Mile heats; best three in five in harness. There was some unpleasant feeling manifested in regard to the driver of Tanner Boy after winning three heats. The next race was the 2:30 class, for a purse of \$400, and was finished October 30th. Five horses started. Spotted Colt won.

—At the Suffolk Driving Park, Babylon, L. I. Crown Prince beat Young Bruno in three straight heats. Time—2:27½—2:31½—2:30.

BOTS IN HORSES.—In the *Popular Science Monthly* there is a short article relative to the power of endurance manifested by the larvæ of some insects, and among them of the bot fly. It mentions a case where a piece of the stomach of a dead horse, which was covered with bot worms was spread on a board, and spirits of turpentine was poured on the worms, yet after an hour not one was detached from the flesh. Then whale oil was poured on them, when they let go their hold, and died almost immediately. Hence the inference that whale oil should be used to detach the worms from the living horse, when attacked by bots.

Says one of our correspondents, the following is a sure cure for bots in horses:—Give the horse two quarts of new milk and one quart of molasses mixed; in fifteen minutes give two quarts of strong sage tea; in thirty minutes give three pints of raw linseed oil, a sure cure in the worst cases. The molasses and milk make the bots let go, the sage tea will pucker them up, and the oil will carry them off.

Bots are the larvæ of the bot fly, which deposits its eggs upon the hair of the fore legs of the horse, whence, via mouth, they are swallowed and cause the 'bots' in horses.

FEEDING HORSES.—Waring says: "Very much of the value and availability of the horse depends on the quality and quantity of his food and on the manner in which it is given to him. Too much at one time, too little at another, food of improper kinds, or in a bad state of preparation, is the foundation of one half the ills that horseflesh is heir to. There is no worse economy than the stinting of food, or the administering of bad food because it is cheap. Also, there is no more wasteful practice than the giving of too rich and expensive food. Neither is there a greater source of loss in connection with the keeping of farm horses than the neglect to which they are systematically subjected. The horse, even in the rudest state, is of a somewhat delicate organization. His powers are very great—greater than is generally supposed; but in order to their development and to their long endurance, it is necessary that he be fed with the greatest care and with an ever watchful judgment. Probably the capital investment in farm horses in the United States would go twice as far—that is, the animals would last in the useful condition twice as long—if they were thoroughly well fed and cared for.

Art and Drama.

WE assert that all experience in England and this country shows that there is no real feeling for the higher development of music in the Anglo Saxon people, whatever that designation may mean. Englishmen and their descendants in the United States are, as a rule, incapable by nature of their blood and brains of feeling sublime emotions, from the representations of the Grand Opera. We venture to assert without fear of contradiction, that a healthy, well developed American citizen of the best type does not exist, who, however much he might affect raptures over "Trovatore" or "Don Giovanni" and their attendant train, does not, deep down in his interior judgment, feel a sovereign contempt for the whole conglomeration. We can recall many of these artificial admirers of the opera who, fifteen or twenty years ago, went in for building an Academy of Music, and who were to be seen night after night in the boxes waving their white kids with enthusiasm over the reigning stars who, now that they are matured men, would deny with much promptness that they ever did such a thing; yet a love of music understood, is inherent, and strikes with equal sweetness upon the mind old or the mind young.

What is the character of the music one hears trolled in our streets, giving to the true observer the key-note to our national taste? What are the tunes one hears dinned by the tired mechanic or whistled merrily by the boot-black, if they have no "brunette blood" in them? In fact what are the tunes you hear ventilated in the highways, by whomsoever sung, whether by the traveled coxcomb, newsboy, broker, or policeman? They are just such eccentricities of melody as "Popsey Wopsey," "Down in the Coal Mine," "Molly Darling," "Dat Leetle German Band"—in fact whatever may happen to be the reigning favorite of the hour. The American nature musically, runs as naturally into something that is a stirring air, or the simple ballad, or it runs to speculation and recklessness. Our people get off their enthusiasm in business, and they have no time because they have no desire to see a "six-foot" gentleman bewailing his misfortunes under the really grotesque situation of musical accompaniments.

With two operatic companies, during the present season, struggling for supremacy, with competent artists in the various departments, with the stock of operas equal to those that delight the Parisians at the Italian Opera and the Theatre de l'Opera Comique, and quite on a par with the ones which amuse educated John Bull at Covent Garden and her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, we have, doubtless, some reason to believe that we are a musical population. Mr. Max Maretzek, during the brief engagement of his superior troupe, has had no cause possibly to quarrel with his receipts. As for Mr. Strakosch, he has so far given no signs that the opera has not been fairly patronized, but with less enthusiasm than in former years, when he has marshalled his operatic hosts to victory and legitimate plunder.

That the opera has no home in the hearts of our people is eloquently illustrated by the uncertainty of its appearance. Even if expected, its friends have to preliminarily draw up subscriptions and recruits and prepare the way for its coming by artificial excitement. It is nothing more than a guest which we receive with honor; for it is respectable and of courtly associations "over the water." But we soon get wearied of its peculiar and anti-republican ways; the masses which wait upon its presentation, if gentlemen, chafe under the discipline of the "straight-jacket dresses" and the ladies are rapturous because they can display their last new dress.

But there is one American city—New Orleans—(an adopted child) where the opera for more than half a century has had a home, enshrined in the traditions and hearts of an entire community. Old men of that city who still maintain their love, talk with enthusiasm of what they saw and heard in the days of their youth. Opera in New Orleans "from the earliest times" has been performed from October to May, opening with a crowded and delighted audience, and closing at the end of the season with a brilliant ovation.

The truth is, it is a curious thing to see how this love for the higher graces of music pervades the entire Creole population of that city—that is, that portion of the population directly descended from the original French and Spanish inhabitants. They do not seem to be educated into this love, so much as born with it. The opera is one of their necessities, like their dinner and their sleep. No Creole is too old, no Creole can hardly be too young to enjoy it. Your true Creole has his "seven ages" (as we all have) like the man in *Monsieur Jacques'* world; but whatever may be his time of life from the "whining school boy" era, to the "lean and slippered pantaloon" epoch, he never loses his deep and critical sense of enjoyment in the opera.

To the Creole, music is the spirit of his existence. During the day, in his walks, at home, at work, wherever it may be he hums some favorite *aria*; and at night the old French quarter, up to the small hours, is often alive and ringing with cleverly executed *cavatinas*. This is not imitation; it is only the expression of keen enjoyment and genuine appreciation. To such a community, whether man or woman, youth or maiden, the drama has no innate claim upon nature or imagination, it is only the opera that fills the soul.

In explanation somewhat of this absorbing sentiment we should say that the Grand Opera of New Orleans is French, that it is consequently sung in a language familiar to the delighted audience. That the action, the stories told, the

traditions suggested, appeal to the imaginations, the main springs of which "are still in Normandy," and the proverbial love of these people for home and its hundred associations, is the last to die in the child of La Belle France.

Our recollections of a grand night at the Opera House of New Orleans can never be effaced. It presented the musical taste of the most musical of American cities, brought face to face with the stranger. The parquette crowded with the young bloods and their experienced elders. The box circle (with its back-ground of *loges* brilliant with olive complexions, and great dark flashing, fascinating eyes—their owners dazing with toilets fresh from the most artistic hands of Paris; the gallants, with exquisite grace loitering in the corridors; the substantial tradesmen and their families in the *loges grillees* in the third gallery; the hard-handed workmen thronging the *quatriemes*, insensible, for the moment, to the cost of the ticket, but with all his senses riveted upon the most subtle touch of the musicians of the orchestra, or the most delicate note of the favorite singer; while up near the mythological chariots of the frescoed ceiling, the "colored population," with its native love of harmony cultivated by the surrounding atmosphere, was in goodly numbers, absorbed in ecstasy.

But there was another charm. The fashionable schools of New Orleans under the charge of Parisian teachers, where was gathered the brightest and most beautiful of the Creole and American population, had as part of their "regular studies" a weekly visit to the opera, the expense of the ticket, the carriage hire and other incidentals being charged in the bill, along with "use of the globes." It was a fascinating sight to see these youthful beauties, charming representatives of two conquering nations, one of the Northern and the other of the Southern type, file into their *loge* under the guardianship of the teacher, who directed their every motion with the precision of an army martinet; if one of the young ladies needlessly rumbled one fold of her dress, or shook one ringlet, or gave one too emotional look for the occasion, this earnest chaperon would flash her eye in reproof, and shake her gloved finger in condemnation. And then, when the curtain rose, how these young beauties, with hearts palpitating with absolute rapture had to suppress their feelings, so as to keep the full demonstration of their pent-up joy until the duenna gave the signal, and then, and not till then could they flash their bright eyes and wave their fans and flash their gloves at the opera singers, as understood by the watchful duenna, but really at the admiring beaux who were gazing at them from the box circle.

Nor should we forget to mention the "happy conceit" of having delicate refreshments handed in at the *loges* between the acts, and the visiting of intimate acquaintances; in fact the absolute "ceremonious receptions," so full of compliment and grace, that went to fill up and enrich these delightful entertainments—delightful because thoroughly enjoyed. Nor were the interludes, though long, ever heavy to any, for the neighboring *salons* are filled by the members of the audience, sipping delicately the harmless claret or indulging in an ice, or talking of the last song and the last musical triumph, the discussion made piquant by two or three puffs of a cigarette.

Over all was the wonderful spell of appreciation which would, on the spot, detect a false note from a popular favorite, and surely applaud a fine burst from a subordinate. We can gather up most noble and imperial audiences in New York; but for a delighted, brilliant assemblage the members of which, though in the height of fashion, could for the moment forget its severe rule, where the sons of labor could mingle with the children of art, where the whole soul of all present for the nonce was annealed into one great heartfelt appreciation of music that never was in our city—never in our country, except in New Orleans.

The reception of Mr. Lester Wallack on the night of his first appearance was turned into a floral ovation. He gathered up bouquets until he was fatigued, then he was assisted in his work by his fellow actors; finally the labor was found to interfere with the progress of the play, and flowers were literally crushed into the boards of the stage.

Miss Clara Morris is announced to appear at the Union Square Theatre. We have no doubt of her cordial reception. Her hold upon the public is created by excellent acting, great natural ability, and a quietness of manner that is invincible in its charming effects. We hope the day is not far distant when she will be seen in some *role* requiring a more intense dramatic action and breadth of illustration than is afforded in the "society play."

On Monday evening Mr. Edwin Booth appeared at his own theatre, in his favorite part of *Hamlet*. It is evident, from remarks we see, guised under the head of criticisms, that Salvini has upset some of the traditional ideas of how the "melancholy Dane" should act. We presume that commentators on Shakspeare will never understand that a character in a play, when illustrated on the stage, is the actor's conception, and not Shakspeare's. If this were not the case what would be the difference between a clown's rendition of Shakspeare, and Kemble's rendition, both reading the same text?

Mr. John E. Owens, the best of comedians, is engaged for the week at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, in his favorite *role* of "Solon Shingle" and "that bar'l of apple sass." He will be supported by a company whose strength has been sufficiently tested already this season to guarantee the success of the week's programme. The Park Theatre, under its new management, is certainly deserving of liberal patronage.

Don't let your children spend their money for trash, but let them get a game of Avilude. If the pictures and descriptions comprising this game were in book form they would cost many times the price of the game. Sent post paid on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.

"Must have a large sale, and deserves it, too."—*Harper's Weekly*

New Publications.

BOOKS.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE to the manufacturing Towns and Manufacturers of Great Britain: London. A complete guide to the leading Hotels, places of Amusement, objects of interest, Parks, Clubs, Markets, Docks, &c., and The Hotels of Europe, all three superb books, published by Henry Herbert, of No. 2 Charterhouse Buildings, Aldersgate, London, 1873.

These are what the French call *édition de luxe*, are elegantly bound, gilt edged, and each page, a master-piece of typography, is surrounded by a delicate mosaic border of blue, red and gold. This collection of books—a library in itself—may be called a faithful representative of the huge metropolis of the world—London. In these volumes can be found not only a complete guide to all places of importance in England, but an absolute directory of all the best manufacturers and tradesmen in that mighty kingdom. Full details may be found of every place of amusement, not only as to the locality, but the names of the lessees; names of actors are given, and prices of admission. If not for their size and elegance one would almost fancy that if an American should travel with these books under his arm he could find out all he wanted to know, where he should buy, and what he should do with himself. All railroad routes and lines of steamers are given, and a hotel can be found by means of Mr. Herbert's publications from Aaran in Switzerland to Zwikan in Saxony, thus running through the whole alphabetical table of European towns.

In looking at our feebler books treating of topics dwelt on in Mr. Herbert's volumes; we cannot but feel amazed at the rare excellence of Mr. Herbert's publications, which must be the best mediums of advertisement ever produced either in England or America.

MAPLE LEAVES, NEW SERIES. J. M. Le Moine: Austin, Cote & Co. Quebec, 1873.

This most pleasant and readable book, dedicated to Lady Dufferin, is a charming compendium of Canadian history, literature and sport. The early annals of Canada, the Canada of D'Iberville, of Saint Helene, of Longueuil, of Chateaugay, all cids of this New France, read like pages taken from the story of the heroic period. What more doughty warriors than Dollard des Ormeaux and his followers who, when Montreal was beleaguered, sallied out against the Iroquois and died to a man? Stories, too, of Canadian Joans of Arc are also found in "Maple Leaves," how Mademoiselle de Vercheres, who came of the true stock, her father having been an officer in the famed French regiment of Carignan, rivalled Flora McIvor. Her noble deeds against the Indians, her courage, her fortitude, once rang through both new and old France, and Marquis and Marquise, as they sipped chocolate at Versailles, must have talked of her, for Louis XIV it was who instructed the Marquis de Beauharnais, then Governor of Canada, to obtain from her a written report of her own brave deeds. A grand, noble character in history, she died in 1737, known as Madame de la Perade. Full, too, is "Maple Leaves" of stories of old *voyageurs*, such as the wanderings of Cadieux, who tracked the Ottawa river, and at last fell a victim to the dreaded Iroquois. Not only does this most pleasant book contain historical information but is cram full of nice bits of archæological lore. Manners, habits and customs of the old French stock are lovingly, minutely told; it is as if you were rummaging in some provincial chronicles of an *ail de Boeuf* and strange ancient feudal customs and rights are dwelt on. To the student of American history there is an interesting chapter to be found in an outline of the conspicuous loyalists who fled from the United States and found refuge in Nova Scotia and Florida. No less curious is that portion of the book which treats of Canadian names and surnames. One very amusing story, showing how far verbal transmutations go, is in regard to a certain Canadian village on the St. Louis Road. First it was settled by a Mr. Shepherd, and Shepherdsville it was called. Shepherdsville was, however, apparently unpronounceable by the French *habitant*, so it was transmogrified to Bergerville, Berger being the French for shepherd. It might have thus gone on prospering had it not been for the advent of

some Irish, who not liking your Frenchified names, worked at last, until Bergerville became Beggarsville! Some of the names of the well known places are novel to us—thus Lachine comes from chine (China), having been supposed by the early settlers to have been on the direct route to Cathay. Restigouche is the Indian for finger and thumb, a name given from the supposed resemblance of the river and its tributaries to an open hand. The Bay of Fundy is a corruption of the French "Fod de la Baie." To the sportsman—for M. Le Moine's book treats most cleverly this subject so dear to us—"Maple Leaves" will be found of great interest. His "Fin and Feather in Canada" show how admirable are his tastes, and how he must not only be a sportsman in heart, but how, with a naturalist's fine taste, he can write most pleasantly about these delightful topics.

In our last number we made liberal use of "Maple Leaves," but to fully understand the charms of the work, we would advise our readers to add it to their library.

JESSAMINE. Marion Harland. G. W. Carleton & Co. publishers: New York, 1873.

Of Miss Harland's works the best known are "Nemesis," "Alone," "True as Steel," and "Helen Gardner." A new creation from the pen of this clever authoress is sure to find a large circle of readers. It requires on the part of publishers, no matter how successful they may have been, no small amount of courage to bring forth books in these times of financial peril; but nothing seems to stop the enterprise of the Messrs. Carleton. The secret of their success, we suppose, may be found in the good judgment they employ in selecting such books as meet the intellectual wants of their readers. The new story of "Jessamine" will compare most favorably with any of Miss Harland's former works, and in delineation of character and graphic power will yield to none. In "Jessamine" may be found how true, honest manhood asserts its rights, and how deceit always, sooner or later, betrays itself. There is a grace, a sympathy, a pathos in "Jessamine" which will carry many a heart along with it. One thing about Miss Harland's works is this: She has never written a line that "dying she might wish to blot." Her books are always welcome and may be read in the family circle, for they leave no taint, but always point to some excellent moral, and the precepts she teaches in her books are always worthy of imitating.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN. Mary Agnes Fleming. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co.: New York, 1873.

This novel, by the authoress of "Guy Earlcourt's Wife," a book which found so many readers in the United States, bears impress of the same lively style, amplitude and variety of plot which characterizes all Miss Fleming's works, and is written in flowing and graceful English. The story is constructed with care and the interest of the reader is kept alive from the first page to the finish. In it may be found scenes drawn from English life, treated with all their peculiar surroundings, showing a thorough acquaintance with the incidents narrated. Differing from many writers of these peculiar phases of life, "A Wonderful Woman" carries with it a salutary lesson. The book has merit sufficient in it to insure a large sale and the good fortune of "Guy Earlcourt's Wife," which went through numerous editions, we feel sure will be accorded to "A Wonderful Woman." We trust the accident Miss Fleming met with lately, having been thrown from her carriage, will not interfere with her literary labors.

MAGAZINES.

In the *Overland* for this month we find an interesting notice of Professor John Le Conte's visit to Lake Tahoe, the "gem of the Sierra." Its depth has always been uncertain until the researches of Mr. Le Conte. Said to be unfathomable, he has plumbed Lake Tahoe and found that its greatest depth is 1,540 feet. To make a sounding of this character requires some forty minutes. Specimens of the bottom were secured, but as yet their microscopic forms have not been determined. The relations of temperature to depth are quite interesting. At the surface it was 67 deg., decreasing gradually one degree to two, 500 feet being 44, until at 1,506 feet the temperature was 39 deg. A curious portion of the paper is in regard to

the fact that bodies drowned there are never found, which is perfectly explained in this way: "The distribution of temperature with depth affords a satisfactory explanation of this fact, and subverts the opinion which ascribes it to the extraordinary lightness of the water. It is scarcely necessary to remark that it is impossible that the diminution of atmospheric pressure, due to an elevation of 6,300 feet above the sea level, could sensibly affect the density of the water. The specific gravity of the water of this lake is not lower than that of any other fresh water of equal purity and corresponding temperature. The reason why the bodies do not rise is evidently owing to the fact that when they sink into water which is only 7 deg. Fahrenheit above the freezing temperature, the gases generated by decomposition are not produced in the intestines; they do not become inflated, and therefore the bodies do not rise to the surface. The same phenomenon would, doubtless, occur in any other fresh water, under similar circumstances."

The water in Lake Tahoe does not freeze and the same fact is known in regard to some of our own lakes in the State of New York. The true reason, as clearly shown, is the great depth of the lake, and in the agitation of its waters by the strong winds of winter. In relation to the influence of depth, it is sufficient to remark, that before the conditions preceding freezing can occur, the whole water—embracing a thickness of 800 feet—must be cooled down to 39 deg. Fahrenheit; for this must occur before the colder water will float on the surface. To cool such a mass of water through an average temperature of 14 deg. requires a long time, and the cold weather is over before it is accomplished. In shallow and detached portions of the lake, as in Emerald Bay, ice several inches thick is sometimes formed.

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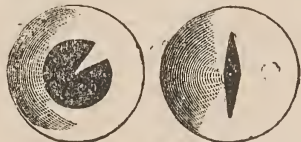
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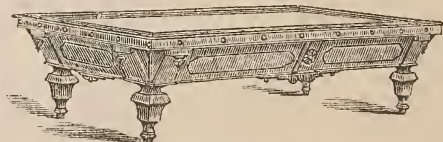
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1873.

Volume I, Number 11.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

HUBERT THE HUNTER.

L ORD Hubert lived, long years ago,
In good King Pepin's reign,
The lightest heart and heaviest hand
In all broad Aquitaine.

He loved his home, he loved his king,
He loved a winsome face
He loved right well his noble self—
But better loved the chase.

The foremost in the knightly joust,
The first in hunting train;
The bravest brand in all the land
Was crossed with his in vain.

Small favorites with Hubert bold
Were bookish clerk and priest;
And some he chafed when sport was barred,
By frequent fast and feast.

'Twas in the blessed Lenten time,
The holiest week of all;
The silence of the Day of Woe
Fell like a funeral pall.

No joy-bell rang, no light was there,
Nor sight or sound of mirth;
The sadness of the Sacrifice
Was on the mourning earth.

By holy men, in penance garb,
The shrouded cross was borne,
When o'er the hill rang loud and shrill
A merry bugle horn.

The baying of a hound boomed loud
Along the distant road;
With bow and spear and hunting gear,
Lord Hubert reckless strode.

With mock obeisance, spoke the knight:
"Good father, ban me not;
No saint nor Pharisee am I,
But sinful man, God wot.

"But deeds of grace may wash out sin—
I pledge a hunter's word,
The fattest buck in gloomy Hartz,
This night shall grace thy board."

Then answered mild the holy man:
"Forbear the awful crime,
Of him who sheddeth sinless blood,
In holy Easter time.

"An erring servant of the Lord,
Nor ban nor curse may say,
But may the gentle Christ forgive
Thy foul affront, I pray."

The town is passed; the forest deep,
Is still and cold and gray;
So silent, you might deem the brutes
Revered the sacred day.

Now deeper, deeper grows the wood,
And darker grows the gloom;
And colder chills assault the heart,
Like breezes from the tomb.

The broken twig hangs motionless,
The budding leaf is still;
The sunless winter of the North,
Is not more dark and chill.

Lord Hubert bore the stoutest heart
In all broad Aquitaine,
Yet, but for very shame, had wished
Him fairly home again.

So deadly calm the awful wood,
The winding of his horn
Was lost in space; nor o'cho e'en
Was backward to him borne:

"Good faith!" he cried; "the holy man
Shall venison lack to-day;"
When lo! before his startled gaze
A quarry stood at bay.

Stout Hubert drew a deadly shaft,
His aim was true and keen;
And fairer mark a hunter's skill
Had seldom found, I ween.

He drew the arrow to the head,
His aim was keen and true;
Then sudden fell the bow and shaft,
And fell stont Hubert too.

For mid the branching antlers there,
Upon a forehead white,
The symbol of the gentle Christ
Was marked in dazzling light.

At holy cross on beastly front,
The huntsman pressed the sod,
And heard, like him of Israel,
The accents of a God.

* * * * *

The joy-bells rang on Easter morn;
The good folk held the feast,
And watched the conscious rising sun
Dance gladly in the East.*

Lord Hubert knelt in humbled heart,
And prayed for grace to teach
The lesson taught by Heaven to him,
Through brute's inspired speech.

That gentle sport in season meet,
Awakes not Heaven's wrath;
But woe the wretch for sinless life,
Who no compassion hath.

That bird and beast are in His care,
Whose lives are but a span,
And he that wastes offendeth God,
Who gave the breath to man.

And honest sportsmen evermore,
Are merciful indeed,
For good Saint Hubert blesseth him
Who heeds his gentle creed.

J. J. ROCHE.

*It is an old tradition that the sun dances with joy on Easter Sunday morning.

Wild Life in Florida.

CAMPING AMONG THE SEMINOLES.

NUMBER TWO.

THE SEARCH FOR LAKE OKEECHOBEE—LOST IN THE CYPRESS SWAMPS—CATTLE HERDERS—INDIAN PARKER'S HONESTY—MYRIADS OF GAME.

LAKE OKEECHOBEE is almost as little known now as it was one hundred years ago, when it rejoiced in the name of Mayaco. Then everything mysterious and inexplicable was referred to Lake Mayaco. The source of the river St. John's, even now unsettled, was said to be there. Another river, the St. Lucie, had its rise there, and strange tales were told of the wonderful lake by a Spanish captive, who reached it by this river. The wonderful sacred culture of Bartram, so vividly described by that naturalist, was said to be a resident of Okeechobee, and hasn't been seen since its first description, a century ago. With a few rare exceptions, during the Seminole war, Lake Okeechobee has not been visited by white men. There is no portion of our great western domain of the same area so completely unknown to us. There the Seminole is said to have his best plantations and choicest hunting grounds. In the secure fastnesses of the Everglades he may bid defiance to our largest armies, and laugh at every effort to secure him.

When I found myself within six miles of the great lake, I thought that I should soon penetrate the dark belt of cypress that surrounded it and disclose some of the wonders locked within its mysterious shores. I had the promise from my Seminole guide that he would fetch me to its shores ere another sun had set. Making every preparation, the morning agreed upon I sought my guide. To my surprise, he refused to go, alleging, as his only reason, that Tiger wouldn't let him. All my persuasions were useless. Offers of revolver, bowie knife, and money were alike unavailing. Tiger was chief in the head chief's absence, and could not be disobeyed. The reason of Tiger's veto, as I

afterwards ascertained, was that I had not counselled him first, and he felt affronted. At last a happy thought struck me. Would he go within a mile of the lake? Yes, he would do that; and we were soon on the trail leading westward. We passed through a small settlement of shanties, the inhabitants of which had gone on a hunt, leaving all their household goods stored away beneath the palmetto thatch. Over broad prairies we travelled without seeing an indication of life, and through pine barrens without a single animal visible; all had been killed, probably, by the Indians. Soon we left the dense swamp that circled the edge of the piney woods, and struck a wide stretch of prairie extending north and south as far as the eye could reach. West we could see the tall cypress said to border the lake. Just as we reached a little clump of palmettos, about midway the prairie, a thunder storm—such as only Florida is capable of—burst upon us. For an hour the flood came down, and drenched us and our goods, although we were covered with the broad leaves of the palmetto.

Soon it was over, and the sun came out, and there was a solemn hush, broken only by a low, sullen roar, like the roll of the sea, coming from the west. I knew without other explanation what that was. It was the breaking of the surf upon the shore of Lake Okeechobee. So near, yet likely to remain as unseen as though I was a hundred miles away, for my Indian guide refused to go further, and to seek a trail was an almost hopeless task. No present would tempt him; no amount of persuasion move him. So we left him to return to his camp, and pursued our way toward the north. All that afternoon we hunted for a trail that would take us to the lake; but none was found, and so we made our fire beneath a lone clump of pines at night, having accomplished nothing. Over thirty years before had the troopers, hunting the Seminoles, camped in this very place. There existed here but one trace of civilization, and that was the old wagon trail over which the supplies for Fort Van Swearingen and the lower forts were drawn. Though unused since the Indian war, except by some settler fleeing from the dread of conscription during the rebellion, it still showed to the experienced eye where the wheels had worn. How strange that impression should remain so long! Though at first unable to discover the slightest trace of it, I could soon follow its course almost instinctively, as sometimes the evidence of its existence were so indefinite that I could hardly tell what it was that showed it. It might be a worn palmetto root, a different kind of grass, or a slight depression in the retentive soil; sometimes, seeing it rods away, a close examination near would fail to reveal its presence. Next morning we followed the trail till it lost itself in a swamp, and then we struck the piney woods, intending to swing around, till we could fetch Fort Bassenger, on the Kissimmee river. On and on we went, till our passage seemed stopped by a black, deep creek, overhung with dark cypress, and swarming with alligators. This creek was no doubt flowing directly into Okeechobee, but, as much as I wanted to go with it, I was powerless for the want of a boat. There was nothing for us but to cross it, though we were obliged to swim with the criticising gaze of dozens of alligators fixed upon us, and dodge fallen trees and tangled vines as best we could. Beyond was another swamp, and still beyond this a broad stretch of blessed prairie. Over this we cantered for miles, then through deep woods, now through swamps, belly deep in mud, and still no signs of the signal smokes that were to indicate the hunter's camp at Fort Bassenger. Before night it dawned upon us that we were lost. Now, so long as a man will fight off the conviction that he is lost there is hope that he may eventually find his way out. But my guide, no sooner than this idea had dawned upon him, gave himself over to the most unreasonable of actions and doings. Heretofore I had trusted in him implicitly, but I now saw that his reason was gone for the time, and my heart sank. Yielding to my persuasions, he camped in a palmetto clump, and we ate our last biscuit and piece of

pork. We had saved this same pork till the last, hoping that we could induce some unwary Indian to accept it in lieu of more palatable food. But no Seminole was so accommodating, and we chewed it in silence. The rind was an inch thick, and had the appearance of amber. I sliced my piece thin and bolted it, and when my guide said it was six years old I didn't raise a doubt.

In the morning we awoke refreshed, and heading our horses northward we set out. Notwithstanding his age and experience, my guide allowed his fears to control him, and would not stop to secure one of the many deer that grazed about us for fear that we should not reach our destination, and should have to pass another night in the woods.

Towards noon we emerged upon the Kissimer prairie, and then could tell with tolerable certainty the course to take. Abandoning all hope of reaching the river we struck for the old military road, hoping to reach it before night. Faint and weary as we were, he would not rest, but pressed insanely on, with but one idea—to reach a settler's cabin before night set in. As for me I did not care. I was at the mercy of my guide, and could do nothing with him in his present state.

To turn my back upon Lake Okeechobee, and give over all hope of seeing it required a hard struggle. But I had to yield to necessity, and so every hour saw us further and further away. Towards noon we stopped at a brackish pool to quench our thirst, and here I ate my dinner, though I didn't mean to, as it consisted of two small fish, which went down alive in the muddy water and met an untimely death. On and on we rushed. The deer sprang up from their noonday rest and skipped away, with their white banners waving tantalizingly near. Sand hill cranes flew screaming from under our very noses. Thousands of cattle now appeared dotting the prairie. In the midst of plenty we had passed nearly twenty-four hours without food. In the afternoon I grew weary of the continual striking of my saddle-bags against my legs, and lightened ship by throwing over the heaviest of my treasures. A bottle of arsenic went first, then five pounds of shot, a lot of cartridges, and everything not actually necessary.

The finder will be suitably rewarded.

Just before we reached the trail we were seeking a beautiful fox sprung up, and, stopping a minute too long to look at the first man he probably ever met, I gave him a flying shot from the saddle that tumbled him over. Then I was sorry that I had killed the animal for mere sport, and vowed I'd not do it again. Yet so strong is the instinct that, riding within forty yards of a deer—offering too beautiful a shot to resist—I handed my gun to my guide and let him shoot. But he didn't hit him, and I wished I'd fired instead. As the sun dipped below the horizon we rode out upon the old military road that crosses the peninsula from the Atlantic to the Gulf. We struck it near the site of old Fort Dunn, the parade ground of which is still in tolerable condition, and cantering a mile or two further soon sighted the settler's house and were happy.

Though this man owned hundreds of cattle, and counted as his all the acres he desired, he had nothing in the larder but a few sweet potatoes; but he freely shared those few. After a man has fasted twenty-four hours, buttermilk and sweet potatoes will fill a void acceptably. That night we slept beneath a roof, and I shared a bed with four vigorous boys and about three millions of very active fleas. Yet, though the fleas possessed uncommon agility, and showed decidedly phlebotomous dispositions, and though there was music in the air, and everywhere else, from the joint and several efforts of the various noses in the room, and though the boys aforesaid procured a corner in blankets, and left me open to the attacks of several very bloodthirsty bands of mosquitoes, I slept. And it was sweet potatoes and buttermilk that awoke me in the morning. Thirty miles we accomplished before dark that day, riding across the St. John's prairies, which fairly swarmed with turkeys, and over the Alapattie flats, where we found the creeks, so dry when we left, full to overflowing. What was my surprise, when I reached my guide's cabin, to find Indian Parker there with a lot of deer skins, which I had bought, paid for and left—since then giving up all hope of seeing them. Such is Seminole honesty!

What white man would have ridden sixty miles to restore another's goods? I knew of one who wouldn't.

FRED BEVERLY.

—It having been a long disputed question, even among well informed anglers, whether the common brook trout had scales, the editor of the Washington *Sunday Herald* addressed letters to many of the leading naturalists and sportsmen of the country, and has received such testimony, including that of Professors Baird and Agassiz, as compels a full conviction that they have.

—From the circular of a distinguished dancing master, we extract the following mild sarcasm: "Dancing, when properly taught and practiced, is the very best safeguard against the evils of over-mental education, to which American young ladies are so subject. This education is often carried to such an extent, that the children have scarcely any leisure for recreation."

—Digby, the other day, found some money in the street. "Ah," said he, with a knowing look, "papers have been saying that money's tight, but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't found it in the gutter."

AUTUMN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

NUMBER TWO.

IT was quaintly said by Charles Lamb that he never got up "until the day was well aired," and it must be confessed that on the morning after our arrival at Purdy's, we indulged ourselves in a long rest, until the sunlight had dried the dew from the mountain tops and driven the shadows from the valleys. It was a Sunday morning, and from Sugarloaf to the distant arms of the sea, a hush hung over all until one turned at the rustle of a falling leaf, and almost started at the movement of a bird.

A rumor came to us that a bear was making havoc with a settler's sheep, so after breakfast we wandered down to a valley near by, following paths that a lady would deem easy, yet they led at once to the mysteries of the wild woods.

Little brooks struggled up into the sunshine from deep mossy banks, and prattled with a playfulness that waters do not possess in "the open," any more than children's glee carries its sparkle under observation. Ferns waved in their shadow dance, and grew with that luxuriant plume that characterizes them only when the air playing with their dainty sprays is the damp breath that has come for miles under the cool shade of unbroken forest; bright berries, coral hued, set in nests of leaves, were everywhere; mosses in infinite variety crept out to the very roadway, while lichens on the granite rocks, and vines clinging to the varied trees, gave evidence that here the wild power of nature was yet supreme, and her untrammelled sway was beating back with insidious growth, and an eager press of beautiful foliage, the narrow open lines that man had made.

It is one peculiar feature of this land, the ease and comfort with which one can reach and enjoy the real wilderness. Here, not far from an old stage road, a few steps carried us from a house with every comfort, at once to woods that will stand for years as they are now, and as they were when discovered. And here we rambled, following a well beaten road, where in the forests about all the game animals still remained, (with perhaps the exception of the wolf,) and in which if man keeps his destructive instincts within bounds, they will remain; for now nearer and more genial soils are open to the emigrant, while the hardy sons of Nova Scotia are more inclined to seek fate or fortune on the ocean that surrounds them, or to employ the energy that comes as a birth-right to all Americans, in our great cities, than to contend at odds with the chances agriculture has in the brief uncertain summer. Here and there a settlement of charcoal burners are invading the forest; and in winter there are raids into the backwoods for spars, knees and timber; but miles and miles of wilderness, vast wastes of Moose plains and Caribou barrens, are known only to hunters, where if the laws of production are not too ruthlessly violated, game will maintain itself in abundance, while in stream, pond and estuary, fish and aquatic game are striving with full natural instinct to breed and multiply. And the wild inhabitants of Nova Scotia are among the most noble of our great continent. The Moose has no peer, and it is man's best cunning and greatest skill alone that overmatch this superb "monarch of the glen;" the Caribou, fleet, alert, and suspicious, is worthy of the courage and endurance that are needed to follow and surprise them; the large bear with strength to fell an ox is no mean foe before the best armed hunter, while smaller game is on every side, less in size, but full of the cunning and secrecy so interesting to the naturalist. In the boiling streams that come from the mountain ponds, bearing the amber color that tells of a birth-place far from homes or clearings, arising as it does from the mass of vegetation of the deep swamps—are the salmon, the sea trout and many less worthy fish; while in all the noisy brooks and silent, shadowy ponds, the brook trout abound, often where the king fisher, the heron and the otter are the only enemies that arouse timidity.

When we crossed the larger streams, we east grasshoppers into the eddies, and watched their perilous voyage. Now and then a drooping sedge or broken branch rescued the castaway, but usually a gleam, a flash as of a jewelled hand, a dimpling circle widening over the spot, and the bait was gone.

There is an infinite pleasure in a woodland Sabbath. Following a brook intent upon a heavy basket, the fish are quickly caught or alarmed and wounded, seek refuge; birds and game fall or fly before an eager shot to be seen no more, but when one divests himself of rod and gun, and with no haste or purpose lingers among the "aisles of God's first temples," he may feed the shyest fish and almost tame them, and with a glass find more to admire in the beauty, fitness and gentle wildness of even larger game than could ever be learned over the bead of a gun or the fall of a fly. Some of our most accurate observers of all the minutia of forest life, by whose pens we are carried in easy chair and slippers almost into the breath and shadow of the woodland, carried no guns, nor used a rod; and the keenest sportsman may gain a new pleasure, with a deeper insight into the "good in everything," by taking one day of seven to linger with eye, ear and heart among the wonders no hand has wrought, which were in all their grace and beauty with no recognition until the refined mind and discriminating eye of the lover of nature came.

With all this wild life about us we idled our way to the settler's home with the hope of finding such indications of bruin's ravages as would enable us to learn his ways and watch for his coming, but in this we were disappointed. He had killed some sheep, but it was in a remote pasture, and we could not awaken animosity or energy enough to

organize a hunt for him, so abandoning our sanguinary ambition we sauntered homewards to look over the limitless view commanded by our windows, and make plans for visiting trout ponds on the morrow. And here pardon our discursive pen, for of this said pond-fishing it was our purpose now to write, while after all the pen has only been a truant to the aim, and the letter reaches its limit without the cast of a fly. It shall not again so sin, but in our next will end with pond-fishing, an Autumn in Nova Scotia.

L. W. L.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN MARYLAND.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

If you can spare enough space in your valuable paper, I will write a simple account of two days' quail shooting down in Maryland, hoping that it may interest a few of your many readers, and possibly furnish information to some who would like to know where good shooting can be had.

On Monday morning, October 20th, my friend Harry J. and your humble servant, who will always answer to the name of Al, started with a brace of dogs, a pointer and setter, named "Fred" and "Gypsie," a Scott breech-loader No. 10 each, and a trunk containing hunting suits and ammunition, for Cambridge, on the eastern shore of Maryland. It rained in torrents, but not at all discouraged by the weather, we jumped aboard of the nine o'clock train for Baltimore, expecting to take the boat that night down the Chesapeake. After putting our dogs in the care of "Sam," the well-known baggage master, feeling assured that they would be well cared for, we seated ourselves as comfortably as possible, stuffed our pipes, and settled down for an eight hours' ride. Upon our arrival at Baltimore, we met our first disappointment—the boat did not run Mondays, so we could do nothing but wait until the following night, thereby losing one day's shooting, quite an item when your time is limited. Not wishing to stay in the city a full day and night, we, upon the recommendation of a friend accidentally met, procured a carriage and drove across the long bridge spanning the Patapsee River, to "Sam Acton's" Road House, and put up for the night, expecting to pass the following day by tramping around the country, hardly hoping to run across any birds. We however returned to the hotel at night with ten quail, my friend Harry having all the luck, shooting nine of them. We were told that it was a very good bag for that place, and I assure you we worked hard to get them. After partaking of a good and hearty supper, we again started on our journey, this time with success. The boat—the old Highland Light—started at nine o'clock that night, and after attending to our companions, the dogs, and procuring state-rooms, we turned in, expecting and dreaming of glorious sport on the morrow. Long before sunrise we were dressed and on deck, enjoying the lovely scenery down the Choptank River. As soon as old "Sol" made his appearance, the river seemed alive with water-fowl; it made no difference in what direction we turned our eyes, they were sure to rest on ducks, flying over and around us. We passed some that were sitting on the water, which were actually too lazy to get out of the way of the wash from the paddles. We arrived at Cambridge about eight o'clock in the morning, and were directed by the clerk of the boat to put up at the Dorchester House, on account of the proprietor being a thorough sportsman. We soon found out that he hardly knew the difference between a gun and a fishing-rod, so we had to beat the country the best we could, without any directions whatever, and when night came we returned to the hotel minus birds, tired out and discouraged, and ready to pack up and start for home. Fortunately for us we met the proprietor of a rival hotel, "Vern Rea," so called by all his friends, and a whole-souled, thorough sportsman and gentleman we found him. We soon "scrapped" up an acquaintance, and heard from him that birds were plenty about four or five miles out of town, and if we would stay he would take us to the grounds the following day. Our drooping spirits revived immediately, and in an amazingly short space of time we had our "traps" transferred to the Bramble House, ate a tip-top supper, loaded our metallic shells, smoked a pipe, and "turned in," anxiously awaiting sun-up, and impatient to commence our sport, so long delayed; nor were we disappointed this time. Day broke bright and clear, and by seven o'clock dogs, guns, and sportsmen were snugly packed in a wagon, driving down the road at a spanking trot; after a ride of about an hour, we drew up at the side of a wheat stubble and tumbled out. Our party consisted of four—Vern Rea, George Dale (as good-natured and as lazy as you can possibly imagine), Harry, and myself.

"Now, boys," commenced Rea, "if you watch us and do as we tell you we will teach you how to shoot; mind, take your time."

"All right," replied Harry, winking at me, "we need a little instruction, so let's start; I am crazy to burn a little powder, if it's only in the way of a salute. Al, you take this side of the hedge, and Rea and myself will hunt the other; Dale is going further on with the horse; Hie, on Fred!"

Off we started; my setter pup was as wild as a hawk, it being her first lesson in the field, consequently I had my hands full attending to her. Presently I heard Rea cry out "Look sharp, boys, the pointer has struck a trail; now he stops, here is a bevy sure, now don't waste shot." Up jump some twenty full-grown birds. Bang! bang! Rea has two down. The next instant Henry knocks down one with each barrel, and as they pass on my side I let drive the right hand barrel, and drop a fine cock bird. After reloading and retrieving our dead birds we start off again; my pup

suddenly comes upon her maiden stand, as staunch and firm as any old hand at it. After admiring her a short time she becomes a little nervous and seems at a loss to know what is expected of her. A simple "steady, Gyp," is all that is necessary, and there she stands a perfect picture. I step forward, and soon flush a bevy of some thirty birds, but do not shoot, as they are only about a quarter grown. The pup seems bewildered, a single word is sufficient. "Down charge, Gyp, good dog, good dog." I am amply paid for all my trouble in bringing up and house-breaking her. She is a success, and I am satisfied. The birds all struck for every thick cover, where we found it impossible to follow them. So we spent the remainder of the day, all shooting well and in luck, with the exception of Dale, who only had some five or six shots all day long, it being too much exertion for him to climb fences or beat runs, consequently we were always ahead of him, and of course had the shooting all to ourselves. Just before dark we started on the back track, stopping only once where we had put up our first bevy in the morning, expecting to find them out feeding. We had no sooner struck in the stubble before Fred came to a dead stop, a lemon and white setter hunted by Rea backed him beautifully, and Gyp came up on the other side and stood like an old 'un. What a sight to look upon! Either of us would have given considerable for a photographer for just five minutes. Whir! whir!—Bang! bang! off go the bevy, minus two. It being too dark to cover any more, or to follow them, we let them go on and start for home, sorry that we can't have longer days. The next morning we were at it again, but can only have some two hours' shooting, as we start for New York in the afternoon. We hardly get into cover, before our dogs are standing and we spring a fine bevy and get two. Now our sport commences. "Fred" stops, Harry's gun comes up, and down comes a fine one. "Gyp" makes game, up jump two, one quartering to the right and one straight from me. I knock down both in fine style, and in a short time up get two more. I cover both and drop them, but can only find one, and cannot spare time to look carefully for the other, so am compelled to leave it to find the rest of the party, who have done nothing, with the exception of Harry, who had killed all his birds, as Rea said, "in fine style." We find it time to stop; we can hardly leave the birds, but boats and cars have a mean way of starting on time (sometimes), so we have to bid the birds a long farewell, regretfully 'tis true, but manfully. By twelve o'clock we returned to our quarters, a brace of tired, wet, and hungry sportsmen, but with feelings considerably alleviated by the result of our bag. Some sixty quail, three pigeons, and one gray squirrel footed the score, and we are in hopes of another trial next season, when we can have more time and make better connections. We made many very pleasant acquaintances, and found them all warm, genial and hospitable fellows, and we were exceedingly sorry to leave them. To any and all of your readers we advise them to try Cambridge for quail, or as they call them down there, partridge, and we can heartily recommend the Bramble House, kept by our fellow sportsman Vernon Rea.

A. P. V.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A SURVEYOR'S JOURNAL.

"INJUN WHISKEY."

We were following a gig path around the rapid, when we came in view of a rough log shanty, evidently thrown up in haste and ready to be vacated at a moment's notice. This was a whiskey trader's camp, far in the woods, miles from any settlement, and though there was a severe United States penalty against either giving or selling an Indian intoxicating liquors, yet more than one individual I wot of made small fortunes by doing the latter. Old Antonio—a Kanuck—was one of the most successful of these for several seasons. He sold whiskey that probably cost him not over ten cents per gallon (made up of high wine, water, oil of vitrol, and he only knew what else) to the poor Indian for a dollar, took their maple sugar (large quantities of which, and of a good quality, are made by the squaws in the spring) at three cents per pound, thus getting 33½ pounds of sugar for ten cents. After making up a load of sugar, with perhaps a bale or two of furs, &c., he would ship them down the river on an easily constructed raft to the settlements, fifty or sixty miles below, where the sugar was freely bought from eight to ten cents cash, or twelve cents in trade—a pretty good profit.

As we were passing, we noticed four or five of the redskins laid out by the side of the shanty, evidently oblivious of all passing events—dead drunk, sure. But one young and rather good-looking fellow, that probably had no sugar or mink skin to barter (and their credit is not of the best) was sober. He came up to me (the rest of the boys had gone by), and with a leer of the most supreme contempt on his face, pointing to the recumbent bodies, he said: "Gausch darn fool, Injun drunk; give Injun fippence buy cracker; Injun hungry."

I looked at the poor fellow, and an idea struck me, rather a demoralized one I must confess, and hardly to be approved of by the Evangelical Alliance. I had heard of the sudden, almost lightning-like effects of Indian whiskey, and I wanted an ocular demonstration. Here I had the material before me. Though not a chemist myself, it is with great satisfaction that I look upon a successful chemical experiment, when there is no danger or personal inconvenience to myself connected therewith. I took out a sixpence, and looking the Indian in the eye, said: "If I give you this you will buy whiskey and get drunk like those fellows there."

He replied: "Mc honest Injun, no drink; me hungry Injun." "Well, here then," giving him the coin, "you go in there and get some crackers; don't you buy whiskey." Thus, you see, I gave him the benefit of the doubt (if doubt there was), and quieted my conscience. He seized the piece with chuckling avidity. I pretended to go on by the shanty, but I noticed a window on the farther side, around to which I whipped as soon as he had entered the door. It gave me a clear view of the only room in the place, at the back end of which was a rough slab bar, and behind that a bloated specimen of a half-breed, ready to deal out the liquid—what shall I call it?

It was a sight to see that Indian walk up to that bar, and with all the air of a Wall street millionaire (before the crash) plank down his coin. The barkeeper set on the counter an old-fashioned smooth glass tumbler, holding, I should judge, about half a pint, then raised from below and placed beside it a black half-gallon bottle or jug. The Indian, taking it in both hands, filled the tumbler to the brim. "Pretty good drink," I thought, "means to get his money's worth in quantity, at any rate." With both hands again he then carefully raised up the glass, his eyes glistening with eager anticipation; viewed the liquid first on one side, then on the other, then on top, then underneath, gave a grunt, tipped back his head, placed it to his lips and did not remove the glass until the last drop had disappeared down that cavernous throat.

Then spoke the barkeeper, who evidently knew Indian character, and from many an experience what would happen "Now git out, out with ye!" The Indian gave a grunt of deep satisfaction, turned around, paused a moment (and even then the drunken leer was visibly spreading over his countenance), started for the door, stopped, reeled twice, caught against one side of the door, bore over toward the other, caught again, gave another reel and a swing, and in a twinkling he was around the corner and down among the others—gone! My life, is it possible! Several of the boys watching my motions had come back and joined me at the window.

We went around, and we poked, we kicked that Indian; we pulled his hair, his ears, his nose. He was drunk, dead drunk, too drunk to grunt—clean gone.

"Boys," I said, "I want to see some of that whiskey." We went in. I called for "something to drink." The proprietor brought out a cut-glass decanter. "No," I said, "I want some out of that big black bottle." "Oh no," he replied, "that is Injun whiskey, this is first rate, best corn, cost me 28 cents a gallon." "No, but I want the other, and it was only his fear that we might be deputy United States Marshals, or kick up a row, that finally, with many apologies and protestations, he brought it out. I poured certainly not over a teaspoonful into a tumbler and filled it about one-third full of water. It turned it the color of old lead. I tasted it, and like a fool, let a small portion pass down my throat. Christopher Columbus! it was red hot lava; a potato right from the pot was nothing to it. It scorched, it burned and seared all the way down, and after it got there I drank tumbler after tumbler of water, but it would not wash out. It lasted me, that fire, all the day. I had had enough of Indian whiskey, being thoroughly convinced that between my internal organs and that element there could be no affinity.

No wonder it laid out those fellows so suddenly. I should have thought they would never have waked up. Is it longer a matter of astonishment that the Lo's are passing so rapidly from the face of the earth? JACOBSTAFF.

OYSTER PIE.

JUVENAL'S writings seem to show that as early as A. D. 60, the Romans enjoyed the oyster. Sallust 110 years afterwards, is loud in his praises of the bi-valve, though slightly indifferent to the early Briton, as he remarks. "These wretched Britons, after all there is something good about them, they produce oysters."

It was Sergius Orata the Coste of that early period, who went regularly into the oyster business, for as Pliny says "he did not do it because he loved oysters, but because there was money in it." The Romans not only eat them off the half shell, but cooked them, for says Athenæus "They are eaten raw and sometimes roasted, they had, too a custom of seething them with mallows and docks, (perhaps like our cellery) and with fish, which was esteemed as very wholesome." How to cook oysters has, however, run through the strange phrases. In the twelfth century, (it was indeed a dark age) they absolutely used the oyster for dessert. Here is a receipt for cooking the cherry stone or blue point of that period. "Shyl him (shell your oyster,) and seeth him in wyne and inhare (their) own broth." So far so good, and not at all objectionable. "Take almandes blanched, grind him and ayle (mix) with floer of rys (rice) and do (put) the oyster thereinne. Cast in powder of gynger, moult (much) sugar, macy's (mace) and seeth it not too thicke." We cannot exactly recommend this for an oyster stew.

Rules and regulations in regard to catching oysters are, too, of old date, for in the time of Henry II (1154) a company of free dredgers paid annually to the crown the sum of twenty-three shillings and fourpence for the right of getting them.

We have so far sketched quite lightly some of the oyster history, but here comes in an important question. Some years ago a subject agitated the whole people, and that was, how much lager beer it would take to intoxicate; now the question of to-day is how many oysters will it take to satisfy a hungry man. If Vitellius, the great Roman emperor whetted his appetite with 1200 oysters, what amount of

real nourishment is there in an oyster, sufficient for a normal blessed man with an ordinary stomach? For his daily nourishment a man of fair size and strength, employed in usual labor, requires a quantity of food equal to twelve ounces about of nitrogenised matter. According then to this calculation, a man to do a day's work on oysters alone, would want to eat somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred good big oysters. Perhaps some of our native Indians, who in old days existed on oysters alone, consumed this quantity, for how account otherwise for the enormous heaps of shells they have left as evidences of their oyster devouring capabilities, on the banks of many of our estuaries.

There is a sad and wierd story of an oyster eater, which still floats around the wharves of Baltimore, where oyster boats do congregate. One morning, 'twas years ago, the sloop Martha Mary came from some oyster bed on the Chesapeake laden gunnel deep with prime oysters, and was moored safely along a Baltimore wharf. The skipper pleased with the prospects of his voyage, lounged on the wharf, awaiting a customer. There came to this Captain, a lean lank and sallow faced man, who said with a cavernous voice, "I would eat some oysters?" "Plenty on board there!" was the bluff reply. "But I would pay for what I eat" interposed the stranger. "All right, go aboard, eat your fill, for a quarter," cheerily replied the skipper, for in those early times oysters were worth not more than fifteen cents a bushel. "Willingly," said the thin man producing with alacrity the old Spanish quarter with the pillars on it, the coin of that time, and drawing a large rusty oyster knife from his pocket. Then the thin man opened the hatch of the little vessel and dived below.

The Captain went to his breakfast. The meal over, he returned to his sloop deck. Below he heard the measured click of an oyster knife. He thought little about it, only said "he has a good appetite." Oysters were not rapid of sale that day, as two more oyster smacks had come in, and purchasers were slack. "Makes no matter" said the Captain, "the weather is cold, them oyster is sound, and they will keep in prime order for a week." That Captain went to dinner. Again he faced his little vessel's deck, and still he heard the monotonous, incessant "click," "click," from below, working away with mechanical regularity. Anxiously then that Captain strode along, and was full of fear. As the sun set, still the click of the oyster knife was heard. In terror the Captain fled from his smack. Next morning early, as he approached the wharf, still his affrighted ear heard the click. He could stand it no longer. Rushing below, scattering aside whole heaps of empty shells, he found the lean, lank and cadaverous man, still opening away at the very bottom of the vessel. "They was good," said the cadaverous man, swallowing with artistic flirt a singularly large oyster, "but scarce as salty as I like em, ef I had had a cracker, or just a dash of vinegar, mebbe I might have engyed em more. See here, Captin, its jest a case of knife with me. This ere oyster knife, and he held up the attenuated blade, worn now to the size of a small pen knife "warn't good steel or I might have hed my fill," and saying this he slowly and deliberately climbed up the hatchway, and still lank and lean disappeared in the distance. This is the story of the oyster fiend, as whispered about in a low voice among professional oyster openers of Baltimore, and just as it was told to SHREWSBURY.

POTATO PADDING.

Gay says:

"Leek for the Welsh, to Dutchman butter's dear,
Of hardy Irish swain potato is the cheer."

Peter Cicca, in 1553, calls the potato *papas*, while Clusius some forty odd years later calls it *taratouffi*. Now one Thomas Harrist, in 1586, calls our Murphy *openack*. Lord Bacon says *potado* roots, and thus severely writes about it: "If potado roots be set in a pot filled with earth, and then the pot with earth be set likewise within the ground some two or three inches, the roots will grow much greater than ordinarily."

South American Indians called the potato *papas*, *arracha* and *battata*, which is quite comfortably near our rendering of it, though before we got to it quite, and settled down on it permanently it ran through the mutations of *batoto*, *batata*, *patata*, *potata* and *pottato*. In the Pennsylvania Gazette of 1756 (Benjamin Franklin being the high-toned, enterprising, spirited and accomplished editor) there is an advertisement as follows: "Just imported, and sold by John Troy, master of the Snow Polly, a parcel of choice Irish potatoes, and a few good servant men and women at Mr. Sim's wharf, near Market street."

It is difficult to state whether the elegant gentleman who lost his heart and his head in Queen Bess' time, did absolutely introduce the potato into England and Ireland. Sir Walter Raleigh's claims are, however, fair. There is an old Cork ballad as follows:

"By Raleigh 'twas planted in Youghal so gay,
And Munster potatoes are famed to this day."

In 1619 potatoes were in England perhaps something like pineapples are to-day, worth a shilling a pound; even as late as 1796 potatoes—early ones—were sold in London at five shillings a pound.

There are lots of pleasant associations clustered around potatoes. The boyish escapade, the Robinson Crusoe life in the fields, where for three mortal days a wild urchin lived on potatoes roasted stealthily at night in the ashes of a smouldering fire, the camp life, where the potato was cooked by the camp fire, and such finer remembrances of the potato, as the wonderfully cooked potato of the Café Procope (a cafe Oliver Holmes loved) and the delicate morsels of Saratoga Lake. What says the rustic verse?

"The sweetest devarishin that's under the sun,
Is to sit by the fire till the p'rates are done."

PEACH BLOW.

For Forest and Stream.

GREAT NORTHERN PICKEREL.

(Esox Luciodes.)

A MID the Thousand Isles that gem
St. Lawrence with a diadem,
When winds are soft and waves are calm,
And pine woods steep the air with balm,
The angler dreams away his days,
Mid scenes beyond the poet's praise;
Wafted across that fairy flood,
He sees in Nature naught but good.

Mid islets, wood-embower'd and green,
The fisher comes when day is new,
Lapp'd in Elysian dreams to float,
Enchanted in his light canoe.

High up on drooping boughs entwined,
The grapevine twists its garland wreath,
Or droops its purple clusters down
To kiss the wooing wave beneath.
The red bird from the topmost branch
Pours out its mellow burst of song;
The larks and blackbirds down the shore,
Their sweet harmonious trills prolong,
And when the evening shades prevail
The whippoorwill repeats its tale.

Here is the angler's paradise,
A dreamy, Eden-like retreat;
With balmy perfumes in the air,
And wild flowers springing at the feet;
And far beneath the lucent deeps,
The gay-hued, floating fish are seen,
Quick darting in the depths serene.

Here Esox Luciodes dwells,
With bristling teeth and mighty jaw,
Insatiate, savage, swift to seize
The prey that feeds its hungry maw.
And here the angler's utmost skill
Is task'd the struggling foe to kill,
To land him, gasping and supine,
With humming reel and spinning line.

I. McLELLAN.

THE GREEN RIVER COUNTRY.

FROM where it rises—a little brook in Fremont's Peak—the Green River rolls southward an impetuous torrent, its volume constantly increasing as it receives the tribute brought by a thousand channels from the lofty mountains through which it flows. Its waters are dark and black as it sweeps through some narrow passage where the sun's rays never penetrate, but assume when spread out in the clear light of day the pale green color from which it takes its name.

It is a glorious river. The territory through which it passes presents some of the most majestic scenery that our country can afford. For miles it rushes through deep and gloomy cañons, whose precipitous sides offer no inequality that might serve as the resting place for a bird; or through stony valleys, where the water leaps and dashes against the rocks as though they were enemies, that it would tear from their beds and carry captive toward the Colorado. It roars between high mountains, rock-ribbed and dark with their evergreen foliage, or sublime with their mantles of everlasting snows, and glides pleasantly through fertile valleys, where Nature is the only husbandman and the deer and elk the only cattle.

Parks there are, where the tall pines and the cottonwoods, with their silvery foliage, stand as if arrayed at the command of the most skillful of gardeners; where green meadows, dotted with clumps of trees, or with little copses, stretch away toward the rocky heights beyond and seem almost to reveal the hand of man in the artistic beauty of their design. But no gardener planted these towering trees, nor was human skill evoked to lay out these delightful parks; the hand of a greater being than man is visible in all these beauties—the hand of God.

Each mile of the river's length presents fresh charms, and the thoughtful mind is awed and purified by the contemplation of these, some of the grandest works of Nature.

Nor is animal life, in all its varied forms, wanting to complete the picture. Here we have perhaps the finest hunting ground in America. Owing to the rocky and mountainous nature of the country it offers but little to attract the farmer, and the few dwellers on the river are the wandering trappers who, like the Indian, driven by the constant influx of settlers from the plains and from the eastern slope of the mountains toward the setting sun, find here a resting place whence they will not soon be expelled. These, however, are few in comparison with the myriads of furred, feathered, and finned denizens of this wild region, and cause but slight diminution in their numbers. The brooks furnish trout by thousands—from half a pound to four pounds in weight—active, plucky fish, that it is a pleasure to hook and a satisfaction to land. Beaver are very plentiful, and their dams may be found at intervals of half a mile on every moderately large brook. Otter, too, are trapped in considerable numbers every winter, though not so numerous now as in former years. These, with the mink and fisher, are the finer fur-bearing animals of the country. The felidæ are represented by the lynx and the mountain lion, or cougar; the latter rarely seen, but sometimes making his presence felt by killing a calf or a colt while the herds are out on the range.

Deer and elk are numerous in the bottoms and on the mountains, a few antelopes frequent the elevated plateaus that occur from time to time along the river, while the loftiest peaks afford a secure refuge to the wary mountain sheep. When hunting along the river or some of its tributaries you will often notice the track of the ferocious grizzly, or of his smaller and more timid congeners, the black and cinnamon bears; and should you desire a closer acquaintance with these kings of the mountain it may be

formed by following the tracks into the higher lands.

For the birds, who shall tell their numbers, or who shall enumerate their varieties? Sand-hill cranes, together with geese and ducks in countless numbers pass over in spring and autumn, and pause at various points to feed and rest. Three species of grouse—the sage, the blue and the ruffed—are found in the bottoms and on the mountain's sides, while close beneath the snow line breeds the white tailed ptarmigan.

In fine, the sportsman or naturalist will find here much to attract and delight him. And perhaps he may even be tempted, as I once was, to sever for a time the ties that bind him to his eastern home, and, building a little cabin, settle in this country until he shall have exhausted its pleasures.

But why should I attempt to awaken in other breasts the enthusiasm I feel for this fascinating region, or to picture to you the beauties of this fascinating river? To delineate them aright would require the pen of a Ruskin and the experience of a Powell. Its glories are only known to one who, like the latter, has floated on its hurrying tide down to where it unites with the Grand to form that mightier stream, the Rio Colorado of the west.

Fifty miles below the Union Pacific Railroad crossing the river becomes wider, and its mad rush for a while is checked as it flows slowly through a broad valley. Here its surface is dotted with little sand bars, against which the water ripples with a gentle murmur, far different from its usual angry roar. On the north and south the mountains, stern and immutable in their rugged magnificence form an almost continuous barrier, and seem to open unwillingly the narrow channel through which the waters pass. On the east the bluffs rise one after another in bare, gray walls until they become part of the foothills and at last run into the mountains a few miles away. On the west the valley is bounded by a range of lofty buttes, almost perpendicular on every side, but occasionally affording a path by which an active climber may reach the summit. The surface of the plateau is level and clothed with short bunch grass, here and there diversified by a few tall weeds, which wave wildly in the never-ceasing breeze.

From this elevated post the country may be seen stretched out in a glorious panorama. The dark green ribbons, which run back from the river in all directions, showing where the brooks descend from the higher land, contrast finely with the silvery gray of the sage plains; while the cloud-capped mountains beyond, touched by the declining sun, form a gorgeous setting for the picture.

Near the base of one of these buttes our camp is pitched. Three or four tents, their white canvas showing bright against the green willows, stand at a short distance from the water. Four Government wagons are drawn up not far off, and the baggage of the outfit lies on the ground beside them. The horses and mules, dispersed over the plain, are cropping the luxuriant herbage, tended by their watchful herders, who occasionally drive in those that stray too far, and prevent the more restless from wandering away from camp.

Around the glowing fire a dozen men are stretched upon the ground. Bearded, bronzed by exposure to all weathers, and clothed in buckskin, you might take them all at first glance for a party of trappers; but their speech betrays their occupation, and shows you that they are members of some scientific expedition.

The evening meal over, they have lighted their pipes, and are discussing with animated voice and gesture the various prizes obtained during the day. Some exult in a new fossil, others examine some rare bird, others still are looking over their tools, while two who are cleaning their rifles converse about to-morrow's hunt. The two last are John N— and myself. The last morsel of fresh meat in the camp has been consumed to-day, and we have resolved to make an early start to-morrow morning and see if we cannot renew the supply. So, soon after the sun goes down we wrap our buffalo robes around us and ere long are soundly asleep.

The stars were shining brightly from the cloudless sky, when we crossed the river and turning north, directed our course up the stream. The wind blew chilly down from the mountains, causing us to gather our blankets closer about us we trotted silently along. At length we reached a deep and rocky cañon, where, on passing some days before, we had noticed numerous tracks of deer and elk; here, turning away from the river, we commenced to ascend the heights.

A silent ride of about two miles between the gloomy rocks brought us to the commencement of the timber just as the light began to appear in the East. Pushing on through this until we were well up on the mountain, we came to a slight opening among the pines, where a little spring bubbling out of the ground fertilized a small extent of land and nourished a rich growth of grass. Here we halted and unsaddled our horses, and after picketing them out to feed, started off to look for the game which we expected to find near at hand.

We took the precaution to notice with the utmost care the various landmarks that we passed on our way. This was necessary for the reason that among those extensive forests each tree looks so much like the next one that unless great care is exercised the traveler becoming bewildered by this similarity, is almost sure to lose his way.

As we proceed through the sombre aisles of the forest our moccasins fall noiselessly upon the thick carpet of fine needles with which the ground is spread. The breeze blows softly on our faces bringing with it the faint damp odors of decaying vegetation and sighs with a

gentle rustling through the tops of the lofty pines. A dim, uncertain light pervades the scene, rarely relieved by a ray of sunlight, which breaks through the dense foliage and flecks the ground with spangles of waving gold. The ruffed grouse, with sedate step and dignified bearing, stalks a few paces away from our path, while the little pine squirrel, startled from the ground, hurries to some elevated perch, whence he gazes at us with his round, black eyes, wondering, no doubt, what the strange creatures are that invade these mysterious solitudes. No sound is heard save the whispering of the pines and the distant cry of the Clark's crow, borne faintly to our ears from the peaks above.

At length we reach a spot where the trees grow farther apart and the light becomes stronger, and as we round the prostrate trunk of a huge tree, an object catches our eye which causes us suddenly to stand motionless as statues. A fine two-year-old black tail buck is feeding on the edge of the opening not seventy-five yards from us. The wind blowing from him to us has not notified him of our presence, nor have his eyes or ears warned him to hurry away through the forest. We draw cautiously back to the shelter of the fallen tree, John kneels, and, as the buck presents his side, fires. The crack of the rifle echoes over the mountain and is thrown back from a hundred crags. The buck gives two or three sudden bounds and stands gazing wildly around for a moment, and then moves slowly off through the trees. But we have seen the life blood pouring from the wound behind his shoulder, and we know that he will not go far before lying down, and that when he lies down he will never rise again.

We step leisurely forward to the spot where he disappeared and find a thick trail of blood, and following this for about thirty yards we come to the beautiful creature lying dead, his muscles still quivering and the steaming current just ceasing to flow.

Half an hour is devoted to skinning and breaking up our quarry, and as much more to the enjoyment of a cigarette as we recline on the soft pine needles and dreamily watch the waving tree tops; and then seeing that the sun is approaching the zenith, we resume our rifles and advance again. Two or three little openings are passed revealing nothing, and the afternoon is wearing away, when, as we stand on the edge of another little glade consulting upon the advisability of an immediate return, we see a large buck and two does emerge from the woods on the other side and walk down toward the little pool which lies half way across the opening. They are three hundred yards away, but if they continue to advance after drinking will pass within shot of us. They remain near the water, however, and we determine to crawl upon them.

The grass, fortunately, is moderately high, and conceals us as we creep slowly along. At length we are within one hundred and fifty yards, the grass becomes shorter and we can advance no nearer. We carefully raise our heads above the grass and fire together, and the two does drop. The buck runs a few paces and stops and looks back to see why his companions are not at his side. As he stands broadside toward me, I raise up again, and, firing quickly, have the satisfaction of seeing him come to his haunches. We run gleefully up and administer the *coup de grace* to John's doe, which he has shot through the shoulders, and to the buck, which has a broken back. Then hastily bleeding the game, we hurry off to bring up the horses.

And we were none too soon in doing so. The time taken in packing the loads, and in looking for John's buck, which on our return we had almost missed, and the fact that we had to walk, leading our burdened horses, delayed us so that the sun was setting as we emerged from the timber. A little later and we should have been forced to camp in the forest. No great hardship, you will say. True, but we preferred the dinner that awaited us in camp and our warm buffalo robes to dry deer meat and a single blanket in the mountain.

We hurried down the cañon, and in a short time after reaching the river bank were opposite the camp. Here our shouts soon attracted the attention of the crowd around the fire, and a couple of horses were led over to us by one of the party, which we mounted and rode across the river. And now while we enjoy our dinner by the cheerful firelight, some skin the last three deer and others tell us of what they have done during the day and demand an account of our trip. This is soon given; and when an hour later the rising moon silvers the mountains, the plain and the river, and floods the camp with its clear, pale light, dimming the flickering rays of the fire, no sound breaks the stillness of the air save the monotonous cropping of the feeding herd and the low murmur of the water as it ripples softly against the banks; *lenes susurri sub noctem.*

ORNS.

PRACTICAL FISH CULTURE.

NUMBER ONE.

UNDER this head the writer proposes to give full and complete instructions regarding the building of ponds, dams, screens and the manner of keeping trout, together with the modes of taking spawn, handling and hatching it, the rearing of the young fish, their diseases and enemies so far as known, and such other matters as may be necessary to thoroughly post one that has not the slightest knowledge of the first principles of fish-breeding, so that he will be able to manage a trout farm successfully. Therefore, the reader that is already well posted is informed that these articles are for a much larger class who must perforce commence at the A B C, and if he should be so well learned that there is nothing possible for him to gain from the ex

perience of another, then he may skip the whole series, for he is much better informed than the writer thereof.

And if it should seem that too free use is made of the first person singular, then it should also be remembered that one who has nothing but his own personal experience to draw upon, is of necessity compelled to use it often, and all the knowledge of trout-breeding that I possess can be truthfully said to have been acquired in that school that is reported to be the most expensive of all, and which is well patronized by a certain class of whom it is said that they will learn in no other; but until quite recently there was no other, of any kind. Within the last few years there have been several books published of more or less excellence, but there are new discoveries and modes of operation continually claiming attention, so that a book soon becomes old in this new business, and besides this, they are all deficient in details, and it is in these where men have failed.

Some of these writers have had but little personal experience, have lived at a distance from their ponds which have been cared for by an attendant, who did all the work and gave the proprietor all the information he possessed about them; and right here it would be as well to say that the writer makes no claim to any scientific knowledge, which the much regrets, and as he often has questions of that nature asked, he is always obliged to refer them to more competent authority, but having dug and built his ponds with his own hands, taken the spawn and cared for it and the fish, without help most of the time, he feels competent to give advice of a practical nature.

It was thought necessary to state these things in order that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may know exactly how much value can be placed on the statements hereafter to be made.

Having had many letters from the Southern States containing inquiries concerning trout, wherein it was doubtful if the writer thereof knew our brook-trout of the north, I will say: I do not know the exact southern limit in which trout occur. There is a fish called trout everywhere, a chub in the James River is so called, and a variety of bass is known in Alabama by the same name, so that it will be seen that the common names of fish are almost as badly mixed as those of birds, and probably the inhabitants of those places who have heard their fish called trout all their lives would laugh to scorn the pretensions of our fish to the name, and as this paper is not limited in its circulation to the habitat of the *Salmo fontinalis*, I will merely say, that that is the name of the fish referred to here, for description of which see any scientific work on fishes. It has also been called *Salmo nigrescens*, and *Baione fontinalis*, but the name given above is adopted by Richardson, Kirtland, Mitchell, Ayres, Gill, DeKay, Storer, and other prominent scientific men.

It is popularly called brook-trout, speckled trout, spotted trout, and mountain trout, in different localities.

There is a variety called silver trout which is entirely without spots or markings, and whose sides glisten with a beautiful silver sheen, not so handsome however as the spotted kind. This fish is found occasionally in western New York, in Vermont and perhaps in other States. I had both kinds on exhibition at a fair once, and a man from Lycoming Co., Pa., after examining the silver trout, said: "Those are trout, but what are the others?"

After explaining that they were our common brook-trout he looked them all over and said that they must be what he had heard called "black trout," but had never seen them, although he was breeding the silver ones. Naturalists who count but little for color in fish, as it is so much more variable in them than in birds and animals, make no difference I believe, between these fish, or it may be that the silver ones are albinos; if so, then it appears that there are sections where the trout are all albinos. I have never thought enough of them to try to breed them, and none have ever occurred among my stock which originally came from streams where they are occasionally found.

There is a great difference in the markings on our trout, not only in the crimson dot, which often varies on the sides of the same fish, but in the pencilings on the back, which is sometimes mottled, and at others marked with broad irregular bands; the latter are my favorites and are known on the trout farm as "mackerel-backs," a name that describes their appearance exactly.

A person with more leisure could have easily determined if it were possible to breed these fish "to the feather," as the poultry men say. This is among the possibilities of fish culture and will be accomplished some day. Why not? Marks are fixed by selection of breeders in all other live stock, and it may require several generations to establish a strain that will be true to pattern.

The lateness of the season, however, demands that the different modes of taking spawn should come first in order, and therefore we will leave these minor questions and proceed to consider those.

There are three ways by which trout are increased in ponds and streams; first: by making spawning places and allowing the fish to make their own nests in which they spawn, and the young hatch without further aid from man; second: taking the eggs from the ripe fish, impregnating and hatching them; third: by making nests in the ingenious contrivance known as Ainsworth screens, where the fish lay their eggs in gravel that rests on wire cloth and it is caught on a finer screen below, from which it is taken to be hatched in the same manner as those taken by hand.

In order to clearly describe the last two processes, it will be necessary to show how the fish deposit their ova when left to themselves. It is always interesting to lie at full length upon the board covering of the spawning race and

watch the proceedings below through the cracks, and notwithstanding the fact that the writer has done it hundreds of times it is not only just as interesting as ever, but as unsatisfactory, for there are some parts of the operation about which there seems to be as much obscurity as ever. Most, if not all efforts at pairing seem to be on the part of the males who often appear on the spawning beds several days before the females, and when the latter arrive and begin the nest-making, each one is appropriated by one of the sterner sex who keeps close to her unless driven off by some more powerful rival. The female pays no attention to these skirmishes, but busies herself in making a depression in the gravel wherein to deposit her treasure. This she does by turning on her side and whipping the gravel with a succession of short quick strokes of her tail which causes her to move forward and upward until she is beyond its reach, when she again returns to her position to rest. The male fish now renews his attentions by rubbing against her sides, sometimes going clear around her head, all the while trembling with excitement until the spectator can almost imagine he can hear a rumbling sound as he rounds the point of her nose.

This is kept up until a nest is made several inches deep and a foot or more in circumference, which sometimes occupies two or three days. When all is ready she depresses her abdomen by bending her head and tail upward and by gently pressing against the stones as she moves forward, the eggs flow in an amber stream. The male, watchful of every move, seems to know the exact moment, for both seem to move by one impulse and discharge eggs and milt together, which are then covered up, but whether by one or both, I have never been able to determine. Some say the male alone does this, but there is always a great flurry and a cloud of milt that has prevented close observation.

It often happens that when two ripe males are battling for possession of a female that the fight ends in the death of one or both. A fin will be torn out, or scratches on the sides from the adversaries' teeth will have caused a slower death from the fungoid growth with which the wounds will be covered.

For ponds and streams where the trout are to be left to do their own spawning, all that is necessary is to provide graveled beds in or near a spring if possible, or just below an eddy formed by a log or stone where the water is not too swift. The beds should be covered over by boards which not only prevent their being disturbed by the sight of persons or animals passing, but also gives the fish a feeling of security.

The increase is very small by this method as the eggs that are laid by one pair are thrown out and devoured by the next fish who may happen to choose the same locality for a nest, still it is much better than nothing if the owner is not able or inclined to do more. The first artificial pond that the writer ever saw was managed in this way, and the owner took many trout for his own use from it each year, besides allowing a limited number of visitors to fish in it at one dollar per pound.

This pond was 80x100 feet, and from one to nine feet deep. It was simply scooped out with a plow and scraper below a couple of small springs which were made into spawning beds, and a ditch plowed around the pond to carry off the surface water.

FRED MATHER.

—There are 1,500 vessels engaged in the Baltimore oyster trade, which in season average 1,200 bushels of oysters each trip. These have mostly suspended operations. A short time since pugymen bought oysters at 40 cents per bushel at the beds, brought them to Baltimore, expecting to realize 60 cents, the price paid when they left, and were compelled to sell for 10 to 15 cents. This has had the effect of intimidating the oystermen, and hence receipts are light. Some of the packing-houses which at this time are usually very busy, are doing nothing. A few others again who in busy seasons employ 500 and 1,000 men, have from one-third to one-sixth this number now at work. It is estimated that over 12,000 persons are engaged in the oyster trade, including the dredgers.

—A lot of minstrels went to a town not far from Boston lately, and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor—tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee of the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor." Replied the treasurer: "Didn't we put the tickets down to ten cents so that the poor could all come?" The committee vanished.

—The Emperor said to Nelaton (the famous French surgeon, who has just died), when he cured his Prince Imperial in 1867: "I thank you, Monsieur Nelaton; you have saved my son." "I am glad of it, sire," was his answer, "for I have at the same time saved my reputation."

—"If you are unlucky enough to sever a man's carotid artery," said Nelaton, the French surgeon, recently deceased, "remember that about two minutes must elapse before syncope takes place, and as many more before death supervenes. Now four minutes are just three more than is needed for binding a ligature, provided that you do not hurry."

—The funny man on the *World* says that "seven cars full of eggs were sent to the Milwaukee and Northern Railway in one train last week—an unparalleled instance of ova-loading."

—A hundred thousand salmon, the eggs being received from California, have been hatched at the State Hatching House, and will soon be placed in the tributaries to Lake Ontario.

—A Sophomore at Lewisburg University describes an ellipse as "a circle kinder rounded at both ends."

"WANTED," says a country paper, "young ladies who can play at croquet without cheating."

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

THE VALUE OF FOREST TREES.

"Woodman, spare that tree."

WE are much gratified to know that more of an interest is beginning to be taken in the preservation and cultivation of our natural forests, and that a consciousness of the necessity of planting out large tracts of hitherto waste lands with timber and forest trees, is beginning to be appreciated. All this is a step in the right direction and deserves our thanks. So great has been the destruction of some of our large forest lands, that in some sections of our country its effects have already been seriously felt. Droughts of long continuance, great dryness of the atmosphere, and the drying up of quite a large number of streams—some of them not inconsiderable streams, have in fact disappeared altogether, while some streams of water, which once made sweet music in their serpentine meanderings through the forest, are dry, and they, like the green sheltering forest over their heads, have become a shadow of what they once were. We behold no tall green forest with its deepening shade making glad the heart of man; no pebbly brooklet murmurs over its many-colored mosaics; its diversified channel lies bare, and a universal dryness of the atmosphere has taken the place of the former cooling melow climate. We sigh in vain for the cooling breeze that once swept over these hills, that coursed through these vales, bringing comfort and cheer to the weary traveler. We sit again upon an old and well known seat—a pile of rocks amid the hemlocks—once covered with moss and violets springing at their bases. Alas! the hemlock's shade has departed with the hemlocks, the green moss and violets have become dried up and withered, and they have left no trace behind, where all this beauty had been.

We might cite many interesting scientific and philosophical facts to prove that, wherever a thorough investigation of atmospheric and other phenomena attending the cutting of our forests has been fully and thoroughly studied, a great dryness of the atmosphere in the immediate neighborhood was always the result. To an observing mind of only moderate capacity, the life study of such an one has given ample proof of the necessity of preserving our forests intact. Said a man of only ordinary intelligence: "I have had no opportunity for studying these occurrences in the way you have, I know but of the reason why it always follows that when you cut off the wood from a swamp, you dry up the brooks; but I know it is so in nine cases out of ten. I am satisfied there is something in it more than accident."

"Of what tracts do you speak now in particular, and what proof do you give that these swamp grounds are not to-day in the same condition as to mean temperature and density of atmosphere, as they were at the first period of which you speak?"

"Why, sir, I used to be quite a sportsman once; twenty years ago, when I was a younger man, I used to go into these Henny swamps, as they were called, and in six hours' time, with a good dog—Dash—and myself, used to bag twenty woodcock, and then we were not tired in the least. I could, had I been so minded, have easily made my twenty birds twice twenty in number before five o'clock."

"Why did you not keep on shooting, if you relished the sport? I should have found it hard to have stayed my hand."

"And this was the case with myself. I confess to the wish to have kept up the 'banging away' until night, but I never was a pot hunter or 'slaughterer of birds or fish,' for the mere sport of killing the same. I shot what I then wanted, as all good and true sportsmen do. I never committed bird or fish murder."

"You once made these Henny Swamps your game ground. You would find it difficult now to flush much game there."

"You are right," answered my friend. "You would be as likely to find black duck on a July pasture as a woodcock in these dry barrens, once fine, damp, shady swamps, just the best of feeding grounds for the woodcock. They are gone never to return again, and the brooks are dried up."

Of what benefit, therefore, may or may not be a knowledge of the temperature of the earth in forest or open lands?

Ebermaye, a celebrated Bavarian physicist, passed many months of his active life in the study of external influences upon the atmospheric temperature of forest and plain. Among his conclusions pertinent to the discussion of our paper, we would note that, upon causing very careful notices to be made of the temperature of the ground by means of thermometers sunk from the depth of from one to six inches, and of one, two, and three and four feet, he found in the upper layer of earth, within one foot of the surface, the minimum monthly mean temperature, occurring both in open and in wooded regions, in the month of January; and only on the high mountains does the lowest temperature occur in February. He also found an increase of temperature from February, or until its maximum in July; at the high stations only does the maximum occur in August. All our observations have convinced us that from the months of July or August the temperature decreases to January or February.

These facts, to the common understanding, may seem very trivial or scarcely worth the mention, yet, my friends, to the agricultural interests of a country they are of great

*A more efficient argument for the preservation of forests we do not remember to have heard recently, although we are in possession of many which prove the value of forests.

weight—of priceless value. It is important for many men to know that the monthly increase of temperature is most rapid in May, and is nearly as great in April, and it is least in June and July. At a lower depth in the earth than that of one foot, we find the temperature to be greater in June and July than it is in the upper stratum. There is loss of temperature, the most rapid in the months of October and November, and least in the very coldest months of January and February.

In all our forest covered lands we find the lowest temperature to be in February. From February to June we have often an interval in which the common, or unscientific observer notices, if he notices anything at all about the weather, that the ground is cooler than the air, and in July and August the ground is warmer than the air. Consequently the greatest difference between the temperature of tree and forest lands occur in May, and least in June, these fluctuations always being less in the forest than in the open glade.

The great influence of our dense forests in preventing the cooling of the ground by the radiation of its heat, is always a noticeable fact, most observable in October and November, and least in January and February.

Should we further discuss this question of "Woodman, spare that tree," we may present other reasons why our prayer for the forest should be heard.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

THE BOIS D'ARC FOR LUMBER.—In a recent visit to Northern Texas we saw large numbers of the Bois d'Arc or Osage Orange trees in the river valleys, and heard marvellous stories of the endurance of the wood in situations where it was much exposed to alternate moisture and drouth. It was much used by the Indians for bows, and the early French *voyageurs* gave it the name of *Bois d'Arc*, or bow wood, a name often corrupted into "Bodock." The tree grows sometimes to a diameter of two or three feet, and is sawed into lumber for wagons. It is close grained, and the tire once set upon the wheels never becomes loose until it is worn out. This is a great advantage in any climate, and would be invaluable in the almost rainless region of the plains. They tell of wagons in Texas that came in with the first emigration, and after thirty years are still serviceable and in good condition. The wood is also much used for fence posts, and resists decay longer than any other wood in that region. If these claims are well founded there must be an immense demand for the lumber west of the Missouri, where wood is so scarce, and where there is no hard wood at all. The forests of this wood in Texas should have protection by law, and it should be extensively planted in the more northern States as a timber tree.—*American Agriculturist*.

The Kennel.

THE Terrier, although not used to any great extent in the field as a sporting dog, is death on vermin, and being very intelligent, apt at learning, delicate of nose, and quick of eye and scent, will be found the best dog for raccoon hunting. There are several varieties of the Terrier—the English, the Bull, the Fox, the Scotch, the Skye, and the Dandie Diamond, so called, in honor of the character of that name in Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering." The English Terrier possesses a smooth coat, a tapering muzzle, eye small and bright, and has an habitual custom of digging the ground with his fore feet and dragging away the stones and other substances in his mouth. The Scotch Terrier is a quaint-looking animal, broken or wire-haired, always ready for work or play, good to hunt rats, and in fact will dig a fox out of his hole when he fancies himself in safety. The color of the Scotch Terrier is generally the same as that of the English dog, he has so long been kept as a pet that unless a pure breed is obtained from his native country, he will be found valueless as a sporting dog. All these dogs would be of the greatest value for successful raccoon hunting. In the *London Field* a gentleman writes the following about Terriers, and if raccoon is substituted for badger, it will be found serviceable:

"I have witnessed the digging out of a great many badgers, both old and young, and have frequently found as many as three cubs; and on three occasions that I can remember, four in a litter. Badgers are a great nuisance: they take possession of the best earths, and as far as my experience goes, drive foxes away from them, although I know it is generally supposed to be quite the reverse.

This spring, while in Devonshire, I dug out nine badgers in two days, including a litter of four cubs. There is a considerable amount of excitement in unearthing an old badger from a deep sandy earth, and it is one of the best tests of the capabilities of a Terrier that can be obtained. Some of the Devonshire earths are very extensive, covering nearly or perhaps quite half an acre of ground; and unless you have two or three really good Terriers well up to their work, it is quite useless attempting to dig—unless, of course, you are lucky enough to find a badger in a very small earth, which is not often the case. I have tried at different times Terriers of all sorts, shapes and breeds, and I certainly think that for going to ground there is nothing to beat the Fox Terrier proper, and his cousin the wire-haired variety. I have seen many capital wire-haired dogs, one of the best being a little dog weighing about fifteen pounds, and sent to me not long ago to try; not many dogs that would beat him for sheer gameness, yet for going to ground, I have never seen a better. He has a most wonderful knack of keeping a badger from shifting his quarters in a deep earth, and of preventing him digging. Bull-Terriers are, as a rule, of little use to go to ground; it does not seem natural to them, and they would vastly prefer a few rounds with the badger in the open air to seeking for him in an earth, perhaps some ten or fifteen feet below the surface."

Natural History.

—A correspondent writes from Lawrence, Kansas, that while shooting quail the other day he bagged an albino which was pure white with the exception of three delicate brown feathers on the breast and three quill feathers on one wing—a bird of the most beautiful description. Its legs and bill were also pure white, which is the strangest part of this freak of nature; for although albinos are not uncommon throughout the animal creation, the bills of albino birds and their legs when not feathered, are usually of a delicate pink shade. In the case of ptarmigan, all members of that species assume a winter garb of pure white, excepting a few feathers on the tail and wings, but these birds are in no sense albinos, as their dress changes with the recurrence of the seasons, and in autumn is as dark a brown as that of the ruffed grouse. Were the bill of this quail (*ortyx*) not pure white, we should be ready to believe that in this particular instance these characteristics of the ptarmigan were developed in this bird. We trust that our correspondent has had the forethought to get this bird mounted.

—Some interesting information relating to the ravages of insects was given by Mr. C. O. Groom Napier to the House of Commons Committee of last Session on the protection of wild birds. In 1782 the caterpillars of the brown-tail moth were so numerous as to defoliate the trees of a very large part of the south of England. The alarm was so great that public prayers were offered in the churches that the calamity might be stayed. The poor were paid 1s. per bushel for collecting caterpillars' webs, to be burnt under the inspection of the overseers of the parish; and fourscore bushels were collected daily in some parishes. The brown-tail moth is a beautiful little white insect, about an inch in expanse of wings. Mr. Napier noticed that in 1853 it defoliated about 20ft. of hedge near Parkstone, Poole; and in 1855 the caterpillars riddled and deprived of their leaves two plum trees in his garden at Lewes, one of which died. The caterpillar of the gamma moth is one of the most injurious to garden plants; it principally feeds at night, and concealing itself by day, is unperceived. The gamma moth overran France about a century ago and devoured a very large portion of the crops, but, fortunately, the corn was not attacked. The antler moth is sometimes extremely destructive to grass crops. Mr. Napier once saw millions of these on the Wrekin, and in the following summer the grass of that mountain was in a miserable state. The lackey moth is very destructive to filbert plantations, cherry orchards, and other tree plantations. The buff tip, the cabbage moth, and the small ermine are very destructive to the leaves of fruit trees and garden shrubs. But, on the other hand, the benefits derived from the labor of some insects should not be overlooked; some species feed only on noxious weeds, and others prey on still more noxious insects. One of the greatest friends of the agriculturist is the family of ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs in the bodies of living caterpillars, in which they are hatched, thus destroying them; although the caterpillar, after being "ichneumonized," has still a voracious appetite. The caterpillars which feed on the cabbage eat twice their weight in a day; the larvae of some of the fleck flies eat a much larger proportion than this. The productive powers of insects vary very much. Some lay only two eggs; others, such as the white ant, forty millions, laying them at the rate of sixty a minute. The queen of the hive bee is capable of laying 50,000 in a season; the female wasp, 30,000. The majority of insects, however, lay but about 100, in general, the larger the insect the fewer eggs it lays. Most insects have two generations in the year; some have 20; others take seven years from the time the egg is laid until their natural death in a perfect state. But probably not above five per cent. of the eggs laid become perfect insects. Among the flies the daddy-long-legs is one of the most destructive, especially in France; it feeds on the roots of grass, and Mr. Napier in 1859 noticed meadows in La Manche devastated by it. The starling is a bird most useful in destroying these larvae, and those of the horse and cattle flies. The orthopteris insects, of which the locust, grasshopper, and cockchafer are examples, are very destructive. The numerous species of grasshoppers lessen the amount of our grass crops. Locusts are seldom found in England now in sufficient numbers to do any damage, but they have done considerable damage here in former generations. Their greatest enemies are the starling and rose-colored pastor, which follow them in flocks and decapitate them by hundreds. The beetles are immensely numerous, as regards species. In 1574 the cockchafers gathered in such numbers on the banks of the Severn as to prevent the working of the watermills. On another occasion, in Galway, they formed a black cloud that darkened the sky for the distance of a league, and destroyed the vegetation so completely that summer seemed turned into winter. They made a noise resembling the sawing of wood. The people, threatened with famine, were obliged to devour them. In 1804 they were alarmingly numerous in Switzerland. The female lays about 30 eggs; in six weeks they are hatched. They live from three to four years in the larva state. The first year they do not do a great amount of damage; but in the second year they attack the roots of all plants within their reach. They often ruin the crops of corn, lucerne, strawberries and various plants on which man depends for food. In a field of twenty-nine acres in France, above 43,000 larvae were found—quite sufficient to destroy the entire crop during the season. Our insectivorous birds are diligent in destroying the larvae of insects, but they will not do all that is required; hand labor is also needed. Mr. Napier is of opinion that the extensive diffusion of information on the habits and means of destroying our more noxious insects would be the means of saving millions of pounds worth of valuable food every year. He says that in the United States the importance of this subject is felt, and almost every State has a government entomologist, whose business it is to make inspections and reports of the ravages of insects, and show the remedy. In France government returns were published, from which it appeared that the damage done in Normandy by the cockchafer alone amounted to twenty-five millions francs. A law was passed in France a few years since for the protection of birds. Not, however, that all birds are to be welcomed; the sparrow does more harm than good, by feeding so much on green crops, and the wood pigeon does much mischief. But on the whole Mr. Napier is certain our birds do a great deal more good than harm.

DO SNAKES SWALLOW THEIR YOUNG?

THIS is what naturalists have been asking each other for more than a century. In that most fascinating of books, "The Natural History of Selborne," Gilbert White mentions the popular belief, but does not venture to endorse it. M. Palisot de Beauvois, a member of the French Institute, and a councillor of the University of France, who traveled in the United States early in the present century, claimed to have seen five young rattlesnakes, "each about as thick as a goose quill," run down their mother's throat, run out, and then down a second time. John D. Hunter, in his celebrated "Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America," gives similar testimony. Sir William Jardine, an eminent English naturalist, wrote in 1853: "We have always looked upon this as a popular delusion, and the supposed habit is so much at variance with what we know of the general manners and instincts of animals, that without *undoubted proof* we are still inclined to consider it as such." In 1865 Mr. M. C. Cooke, of *Science Gossip*, strongly advocated the affirmative, citing many instances observed by his friends. In 1869 Mr. F. W. Putnam, of the *American Naturalist*, considered the case unproved, though he inclined to believe with Mr. Cooke. During the last year a lively discussion has been carried on in *Land and Water*, Mr. Frank Buekland, one of the keenest of English naturalists, strenuously opposing the idea. So stood the question, the authorities being about equally divided. To the *American Agriculturist* is due the honor, it seems, of finally deciding it. Last February the editors kindly inserted a paragraph asking for information, and in a few weeks about eighty letters had been received from subscribers in twenty-four different States and provinces. Some of these were not to the point, but most of them contained the statements of those who had personally observed this very curious habit. Many were, very naturally, indignant that a fact so well known should be called into question. These statements, together with many others collected by diligent personal inquiry, were embodied by the writer in a paper read at the late meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The paper elicited some discussion but no opposition. Prof. Gill, of Washington, one of the most skeptical, as well as one of the ablest of American scientists, expressed himself as convinced by the testimonies of so many witnesses, and so did many others. Many of the letters received deserve to be printed in full; but since want of space forbids, only figures can be given. Our witnesses are 104 in number, 58 saw the young enter their mother's mouth; 19 heard the mother warn them by a sharp whistle or hiss or click; 3 were considerate enough to wait and see the young reappear when danger seemed to be passed; 18 saw the young shaken out by dogs or running from the mouth of the dead mother; 32 who saw the young enter killed the mother and found them living within her; while only 14 of the 58 allowed the poor affectionate parent to escape; 29 found the young in the body of the parent, but as they did not see them enter the mouth, this testimony is rather dubious. Among the witnesses are four naturalists of reputation, whose word is as good as gold in other departments of Natural History. Eminent physiologists admit that there is nothing impossible in the habit, for living tissues are not easily affected by the gastric juice, and reptiles could not easily be smothered, even in the mother's stomach. The habit is known to be shared by the English sealy lizard. The males of certain species of South American fishes related to the "cat-fish" and "bull-head" carry their eggs in their mouths and gill openings, depositing them in places of safety and removing them at the approach of danger. Equally singular though not similar habits of protecting the young are found in the well known Surinam toad, in the kangaroo and opossum, and in the pine fish and his cousins. There is room for many interesting observations, especially to determine what species afford their young this protection. About the garter-snake and the ribbon-snake, the water-adder, the Bandel rattlesnake, the copperhead, the moccasin, and the Massasauga there can be little doubt, and the habit probably extends throughout the genera which these species represent. The ease of the hog-nosed snake, sometimes called the blowing or puffing adder, needs farther investigation, and so also that of the black snakes. It seems more than likely that the racer or mountain black snake, which is distinguished by a little ridge or earination in the middle of each scale, does thus protect its young, but it has not been shown that this is the ease with the common smooth-scaled black snake. It is very desirable to learn whether, as has been supposed, the habit is peculiar to those snakes which are ovoviviparous—that is those in which the young are hatched from the egg while still in the body of the parent. As was remarked, there is no proof that the black snake swallows its young, and this is the ease with all the egg-laying genera, as the milk-snakes, grass-snakes, brown-snakes, ring-necked-snakes, and bull-snakes, although they are common and easy to observe. If any reader of the *Agriculturist* should observe a snake with young running down its throat, or should have reason to believe that she had them in her stomach, it would be a capital plan to tie a cord tightly about her neck to prevent their escape, and then carry her to some naturalist or some physician and have a careful dissection made. This would forever settle the question, and might be done without the least difficulty, for all our snakes except the rattlesnakes, moccasins, copperheads, and massasaugas are perfectly harmless.

Accurate statements are much needed of cases of snakes charming men, quadrupeds, and birds. It would be interesting to know whether the cast-off skin of a snake is always left as the snake wore it, or whether it is sometimes turned inside out.—*Prof. G. B. Goode, in American Agriculturist*.

A GREAT HERDSMAN.—The greatest herdsman in the world is the title claimed for Samuel W. Allen, of Texas, who owns 225,000 cattle. He has one ranch eighty miles long and forty wide, between the Nevada and Colorado Rivers, the largest on the continent, which pastures 120,000. Two others accommodate respectively 70,000 and 35,000. These cattle all subsist on native grasses of a part of Texas. His herds require the attention of at least 400 herders and branders and the use of 3,000 horses. He brands 60,000 calves every year to keep up the supply. The value of his stock, exclusive of the land, exceeds \$5,500,000. He is the chief meat purveyor for New Orleans and the neighboring counties of the Gulf coast.

There is every indication of an unusually gay winter in Washington. The financial troubles do not, as a rule, affect the class of persons who make Washington their winter residence.

The Magazines.

AN OTAHJTIAN ROMANCE.

IN *Le Tour du Monde* M. de Varigny, in his travels in the Pacific tells this pretty story: "Fatigued with the day's travel, we sought a pleasant grove, and were all just taking a half hour's rest, when our quiet was broken into by a troupe of mounted ladies going towards Honolulu. In the lead there rode a young woman, and beside her galloped some ten Kanakas. She was some petty Princess just returning from a visit to her plantation. The gentleman who directed the movements of our party introduced me to the young lady with all the forms of English etiquette. She was exceedingly handsome, beautifully formed, with a certain marked air of distinction. What was most remarkable about her was her hair, which was massed in luxuriant folds around her head, though strangely enough there was a tress of pure flaxen colored hair mixed with it, which stood out in contrast.

The young lady observed that I noticed it, and pleasantly asked "if there was anything extraordinary about her hair?" Driven to confess what had attracted my attention, I stated to her the charming effect the flaxen hair produced when seen in the midst of such raven tresses. Not a bit disturbed, laughing at my astonishment, in a trice she unloosed her flowing locks, as if to show me that all her hair was her own. "The story of my hair is curious," she said, "and providing you have any faith in our legends I will tell you all about it. When Kealukoloa reigned, that was the thirteenth grand chief, counting backwards from the arrival of Captain Cook, which according to our present computation of time was at the beginning of the 17th Century, a strange ship ran on the coral reefs near Pale on the Island of Hawaii. All the crew were drowned, save a woman. As soon as she had struggled to shore, overcome with fatigue, she sank to the ground, and knelt and prayed. At Pale, near a big rock, which is called Kulon to-day, was where it all happened. The natives treated her kindly, gave her a cabin, brought bread and fruit and fish, and showed the woman all respect. Some of the goods from the vessel floated on shore, and these were kept by the natives for the use of the stranger. Little by little the poor lady acquired our language. There was a noble young Chieftain who used to come after fishing and talk with the strange woman. He was amazed at her beauty and wondered at the pale color of her hair, for she had blue eyes, so says the story, and a skin as white as milk. There is still an old native ballad that tells all about this and sings her charms. Need I say that the chief loved the pale woman with the light hair? They were wedded, and soon two children blessed their union. The chief loved his wife dearly, but this wife—she went to the sea-side and passed hours on hours there, gazing on the rippling waves, I, brim full of sadness and woe, and as if searching for something far beyond the ocean. Little by little she wasted away, until at last, sadly and mournfully she passed away. Before her death she had made her husband swear that he would make no human sacrifices over her tomb, and he solemnly kept his promise. Of his two children, they were both girls, one died very young, but the other lived, and in time became the wife of a chief. Her hair was as black as mine, but like mine, there was a flaxen strand in it. Her children—only the girls, all have this peculiar mark of their mother. That pale woman with the blue eyes and the locks of golden hair was my great-great grandmother. I don't know how many removes back, say fully two hundred and seventy-five years ago." "This story," says M. de Vangny, "has been embodied in quite a charming native romance, called Kiana, the name given to the foreign woman, and Kiana is the Hawaiian for Jane.

D'ORSAY'S WIT.—"The wit of Count d'Orsay was more quaint than any thing I have heard from Frenchmen (there are touches of like quality in Rabelais)—more airy than the brightest London wit of my time, those of Sydney Smith and Mr. Fonblanque not excepted. It was an artist's wit, capable of touching off a character by one trait told in a few old words.

"I have heard the count tell how, when he was in England for the first time (very young, very handsome, and not abashed), he was placed, at some dinner-party, next the late Lady Holland. That singular woman, who adroitly succeeded in ruling and retaining a distinguished circle longer than either fascination or tyranny might singly have accomplished, chanced that day to be in one of her imperious humors. She dropped her napkin; the count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her spoon, then her glass; and as often her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and, on dropping her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my *couvert* on the floor," said he. "I will finish my dinner there; it will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland!"—*Charley's Autobiography*.

THE WANT OF A MICROSCOPE.—In 1833, when Heinrich von Bulow destroyed the village and church of Wilsnaeh, drops of blood were found eight days afterwards on the Host placed on the altar. But the victims of superstition have the bump of causality remarkably developed; and in 1510, thirty-eight Jews were burnt to ashes because they had tortured the consecrated Host until it bled. Again, the sight was seen on the Moselle in 1824; and in 1848 the famous Ehrenberg analysed the terrible portent. After stooping with his microscope over the red stains on bread, cheese, and potatoes, this savant declared that they are caused by small monads or vibrios, which have a red color, and are so minute that from 46,656,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 distinct beings adorn the space of one cubic inch. Unfortunately, when, in 1510, thirty-eight Israelites, as we have seen, were burnt to ashes, no scientific Ehrenberg existed to point out to their superstitious butchers that what they called a proof of the consecrated Host being tortured until it bled, was merely due to aggregation of hungry red insects.

DOCTORS OUGHT TO DRIVE.—We look upon sport rather as a means of preserving health than of restoring it when lost, and we think that professional and business men in town are far too prone to disregard healthful recreation. It is not the three weeks' shooting or fishing to which we allude, but the oft-recurring weekly "outing" to which all who have wisdom and the necessary means treat themselves. The man of business, or the barrister or doctor, who is able to get a day's hunting once a week more than makes up for his lost time by the additional vigor with

which he prosecutes his labors on the remaining five or six. Many of the foremost men of our own profession have been and are noted for ardor in the prosecution of field sports. There is a kind of mild sport which is open to many of our profession, viz: driving; and there are several of our foremost London practitioners who are noted for the dexterity with which they drive their mail-coaches. We have always admired the wisdom of these medical Jehus. When a doctor leaves the harassing case, over which perhaps he has been sorely anxious, and takes the ribbons to drive to his next patient, he must, willy-nilly, get his nose off the grindstone, and the excitement of threading his way through the London thoroughfares must for the time drive away the cares of practice. His animated countenance is generally a striking contrast to that of his professional brother whom we see boxed in his brougham poring over his morning paper or his visiting list.—*The Lancet*.

The Horse and the Course.

—The first day of the extra trotting meeting at Fleetwood Park, Westchester County N. Y., took place on November 5th. The first event was for horses that had never beaten 2:32. Five horses came to the post. Joe Clark won the three last heats. The second event was for the 2:42 class. Nine horses started. Ledger Girl won. In the match for \$200 mile heats, best three in five, in harness, Fred. Tyler won. There were two other matches on the programme and in both cases forfeit was paid. The second day was largely attended by friends in the interest of trotting. The gentleman's race to road wagons had eight entries, six of which started. Buffalo Dick won, Rosie second, all the others being distanced. The next event was the 2:38 class. There were eighteen entries, ten of which started. Fred. Tyler won in three straight heats. In the 2:29 class, eight horses came to the post. Spotted Colt won in three straight heats. The third day of the meeting, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, brought a fair attendance. The first event was the unfinished match between Tanner Boy and Ella Millard. The former won. The second event was for horses of the 2:26 class, which was finished November 8th. Charley Green won.

—The match at Dexter Park, Chicago, between Lady Mac and Nourmahal, five miles in harness, came off on November 6th. J. C. Simpson's Nourmahal won in 13:39.

A CORNER IN THE COUNTRY.—Poor dear Peggy was a pony. She died thirty-four years old, two Sundays ago, at about half past eleven. She simply lay down and died. The day before, she was quite well. Many a time I have driven her over to our neighboring town, between four and five miles off, in twenty minutes, without touching her with the whip. She won trotting-matches in her youth; and my father, who had a wonderful eye for horses, bought her, promiscuously, out of a common eart in London, having seen how she was stepping out. Now she is dead; and I pray the Royal Commission on horses to tell me where I can find such another. She is buried on the common—a field so called from the date of the Inclosure Act—and is buried where she lay down and died. I wish I had been here to have saved one of her hoofs for a snuff-box. She dies lamented, having done her duty well through a long life. Ned, I expect, will never die. Donkeys never do, they say. Ned is really a she, but has somehow come to be called Ned. She hunts me to sniff my pockets for a bit of bread; but though docile, is hard to ride. I tried her the first evening of my arrival from town. I had given her slices of our loaf, and she stood with her soft nose under my elbow. My wife was close by, and I said: "I'll see now if I can ride her a few yards." So I threw my leg over her, and in less than a minute was flat on my spine in the carriage-road. Up went her back, like a dish-cover, down went her head between her fore-legs, and I was floored. Talking of falling! I had another spill that evening. In that hot July afternoon I hung my South American grass hammock in the shade between two beech trees on the border of the lawn, I had not the proper rope to sling it, but what I had I thought would do. So, after dinner, I lay in my hammock, perfectly still, gazing up into ten thousand million leaves, when all at once the temporary rope broke, and I fell whop on my back, like Newton's apple. The laws of gravitation! If Newton had only so fallen himself, he would have unravelled the still hidden secrets of the cosmos.—*Chambers' Journal*.

HUNTING.—Forward riding, to a man who means to ride at all, is decidedly the best method of crossing a country, both on the considerations of pleasure and profit. Horses take their leaps in a more collected form when they see none of their own species in front of them; the hounds create quite excitement enough in a hunter to make him do his utmost, while the emulation he conceives of his own kind is apt to degenerate into jealousy, that makes him foolhardy and careless. Also a great amount of unnecessary exertion is entailed upon him, by being pulled off and set going again, which must be done repeatedly in a run by a man who follows another, however straight and well his leader may ride. Also, the sportsman's nerves are spared much needless anxiety and misgiving. Can anything be more distressing than to see our front rank man fall, in the uncertainty he has attained on the further side of a thick fence, or cover it with an obvious effort and struggle? Caution whispers we had better decline. Shame urges that "what one horse can do another can." Self-esteem implores us not to fall back into "the ruck" behind. So we first of all check our horses from hesitation, and then hurry him from nervousness. The probable result is a "cropper" with the additional disgrace of having been incurred at a place which the Pioneer cleared easily, and assumption, as unjust as it is unwelcome, that our horse is not so good as his. Now, in riding for himself, a man preserves his confidence till he is in the air. Should he be luckless enough to light in a chasm, he has at least the advantage of not being frightened to death in advance, and I am convinced that all the extraordinary leaps on record have thus been made by these forward horse-men, who, trusting Dame Fortune implicitly, find that she nearly always pulls them through. With regard to the distance a horse can cover when going a fair pace and leaping from sound ground, even with thirteen or fourteen stone on his back, it is scarcely credible to those who have not witnessed

it. Two and three and thirty feet from footmark to footmark, and on a dead level, have often been measured off. There are few fences in any country that would let us in, if we could trust to such a bound as this; and the activity displayed by a good horse when he finds the ditch on the landing side wider than he calculated, is perhaps the noblest effort of the bodily powers of the animal. In the blank forest in Germany there are two stones standing to this day, sixty feet apart, to commemorate the leap made across a chasm by a hunted deer.—*Whyte Melville*.

Answers to Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, trails, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

ALFRED G.—Rule XXII of the game laws of the Marylebone club says "the striker is out if any part of his dress knocks down the wicket."

AMATEUR ONLY.—Address Mr. Bethel Burton, Brooklyn, L. I., the inventor of the gun.

CLUBS.—Write to I. H. Stead, Esq., No. 20 Beekman street, New York, Secretary of the New York Athletic Club.

T. O. AND N.—Blondeau is the best reference on the influence of electricity on plants. It is an intricate but beautiful subject.

BRUNGE, Philadelphia. Albino squirrels are rare though there was a notice of one in the *New York Times* a year or so ago.

CREEDMOOR.—Hall's breech loading rifle was in actual service in the United States army in 1825. Consult General Norton's book on American breech loading small arms.

Sometime ago a correspondent asked us who sold us a Lafancheux gun, and we replied that we did not know. We find since that Schuyler, Harley & Graham have them.

AMATEUR, Brooklyn.—Ducks are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. On some points around Fort Schuyler you might kill a few ducks and wilets.

HACKLE, N. Y.—Any respectable gun house will furnish you with the pistol requisite for the game you mention. We have our opinion, but decline to give it. Almost any one carrying a heavy ball would do.

SADORES.—According to Dalton, the dew deposited on the soil in average localities is fully five inches per annum, or about five hundred tons of water per acre. Dew follows, even in India, the banks of streams.

N. S. L., Brooklyn.—Think you are correct. Madler, who measured the mountains of the moon with Ross' telescope, declared that if a body of men or mass of troops were to march together on the moon's surface, they would be discoverable with this telescope.

TROUT FISHING.—There are a few black bass in the Susquehanna. Most of the streams which empty into the Susquehanna contain more or less brook trout, but there are many places preferable, such as Tobyhanna, on the Del. & Lack. R. R., and in the counties of Elk, McKean, Potter, and Warren, Pa. In the mountains you speak of, ruffed grouse are plentiful; also, squirrels and the white hare.

READER, New Britain. Keep your trout line always straight by the motion of the hand, and your fly will keep to the surface whether in still or quick water. In a running stream draw your fly up and athwart the current, sometimes letting it drop down a little. What you want in fly fishing is motion, always motion; but it may take a dozen years to learn all the niceties of the art, and some persons never learn.

NIMROD SHOOTING CLUB.—For regular shooting, one pink edged wad. For wild fowl shooting you can use two wads, or where great penetration is required. The wads ought to be one size larger than the cartridge. About three drams for ordinary shooting, increase the charge slightly when shooting over water. Laffin & Rood, or Curtis & Harvey's.

AMATEUR, Hoboken.—To preserve insects we have found the following useful: Quarter of an ounce of corrosive sublimate in one ounce of water, and add three ounces of spirits of wine. Steep insects in this, then dry; and especially if spider specimens be treated this way they will be found to be pliable.

E. S. CROSER, Custom House, Louisville, Ky.—For a Newfoundland retriever write to Robert Bustin, St. John's, New Brunswick. The pure breed of Water Spaniel is worn out in the United States. We can import one for you through our London agent, H. Herbert. The price would be somewhere about \$50.

TEACHER, Utica.—Ambergris, Tennant says somewhere, is always "an ambiguous and exceptional substance." There is very little doubt but that it is the feces of the sperm whale. Word seems derived from grims (gray) amber. Some years ago its value was calculated as being eight times its actual weight in silver.

CANTER, N. J.—A recipe that we don't know the origin of says that white marks caused by the friction of the saddle may sometimes be removed from a horse by applying, morning and night, an ointment made of lard and tincture of cantharides or Spanish fly, made in the proportion of a few drops of the latter to an ounce of the former.

ONE WHO GOES TO MENAGERIES.—Zoologists are quite in the dark about it. The only known specimens were in China, and preserved. The name of *Elaphurus Davidianus* was given to it. It was a stag, but entirely unlike any living species. We should like some information about it ourselves. Can any of our readers give us a full description of it?

GEORGE N., Washington, D. C.—The bird you refer to must be we think the *Predax Savatilis Mayeri*, or rock partridge. We should infer this from the fact of your having shot it in the grisons this summer. It is a genuine mountain bird, and unlike the gallinoidae, does not live in polygamy. They are not found north of the Alps.

HERMAN T., Sacramento.—All true carnivorous whales are distinguishable from the proportional size of the head. Best type of this is the *balonoptera rostrata*. Biggest whale is the orqual (*Physalus Boops*). One hundred and twenty feet long seems to be an absolute measurement. There is a skeleton somewhere in England the bones of which weigh thirty-five tons.

GUSTY BAINES, Providence.—Lammergeyer (*Falco*, or *Gypatus barbatus*), called also Steingeyer in the Grisons, and Bartegeyer in various parts of Switzerland. Measurement, four and a half feet; ten feet from wing and wing, and will weigh from thirteen to twenty-one pounds. Other bird of the same region, golden eagle, (*Aquila cristatus*.) He is bolder and stronger than the lammergeyer. There are, we think, three other varieties of the eagle in Switzerland.

S. L. HARVEY.—The experiments tried by you this summer are indeed interesting. We recollect to have seen somewhere an experiment of the same kind tried with the flowers of the *Dictamnus albus*. When you apply a flame to them they apparently catch fire. The explanation is that the flowers when fully developed contain some etheric oil which burns. When you take a bit of fresh orange peel and press it in a candle flame, the same phenomenon takes place.

EXPERIMENTING.—The cartridge of the Prussian needle gun differs essentially from any other. It can only be used for the gun. It consists of four parts, enclosed in a paper cover. Parts are, the powder, the fulminating cap, the carrier wad, and the bullet. Ball is an elongated ovoid, rather blunt at point. The carrier paper wad covers more than one half of the ball; the fulminate is ahead of the powder, the powder behind it. The carrier wad is of paper made under pressure—*papier mache*. The wad flies with the bullet, when it becomes detached at about fifty yards, but at this distance the wad will hit heavily enough to kill a man. Nothing is left in the gun when it is fired.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY;

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

SATURDAY, November 15.—Pacific Club, San Francisco, running race for \$20,000. . . . Grand Remington Diamond Badge Match, Creedmoor.

TUESDAY, November 18.—Meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, Natchez, Mississippi.

WEDNESDAY, November 19.—Meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, Natchez, Mississippi.

THURSDAY, November 20.—Meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club.

OUR CONTENTS TO-DAY.

THE number of FOREST AND STREAM which we issue this day does no discredit to its predecessors. Indeed, in the absence of an *index rerum*, we feel at liberty, without blowing too brazen a trumpet, to direct attention to the quality and value of the material which is contributed by its friends and supporters, waiving any reference to the remainder of the contents. In the first place, the beautiful introductory epic entitled "Hubert the Hunter" is indited by a master mind, while the little poem on the fourth page is as fresh and sparkling as any of those that fall from the familiar pen of the author. "Wild Life in Florida" is written by a most indefatigable naturalist; the description of hunter-life in the Rocky Mountains by a member of the late Yale Scientific Expedition, whose habits of close observation, assisted by the rare faculty of portraying them with the nicest accuracy, constitute the chief charm of his writings; of a like quality and character are the poetic emanations of him who indites his lines from the forests of Nova Scotia. In addition we have those valuable lessons of practical instruction in Fish Culture and Taxidermy of which almost every amateur is anxious to know something.

As to the article on "Indian Whiskey," we confess it has nothing whatever to do with sport. The subject is anything but sportsmanlike; yet the experience is one that some time or other comes under the observation of every frontier sportsman. And unfortunately, until such opportunity is offered, no sportsman, or any other man, can ever realize the enormity of the whiskey traffic, or the real causes, direct or remote, of all our difficulties with the Indians. This article is most painful in the horrible accuracy of its delineation; it is the only one we ever read that gives an adequate conception of what people generally have only a faint idea of. We wish that it could be read by every official, from Washington to the remotest frontier, and printed where everybody can see it. The great wonder is that Indian atrocities are as few as they are; for the

Indian is not only irresponsible when drunk, but fiendish under the stomach-and-brain suffering of the excruciating reaction of a debauch. His faculties are first scattered, and then concentrated on revenge for the woes that follow the demoralization.

There are other subjects treated of in this issue of equal material value; and to combine the useful and instructive with that which is novel and agreeable, will always be the aim of FOREST AND STREAM.

We have a rare budget for next week also.

THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

PUBLIC attention having been brought to the question of an aquarium, to be located in New York, either at the Central Park or in its adjunct, the Morningside Park, a full description of the largest and most successful aquarium—the one at Brighton—will be doubtless interesting to our readers.

To the Messrs. Appleton, the publishers of *Appleton's Journal*, will be due the credit of having first practically taken this important subject in hand, and in a former number of FOREST AND STREAM we mentioned that a correspondence had already been entered into between the Messrs. Appleton and Mr. W. Saville Kent, the late manager of the Brighton Aquarium. From an admirable article in *Nature*, from Mr. Kent himself, we are enabled to understand fully the plans of construction and working of this aquarium.

The Brighton Aquarium, though there are several other aquaria in England and on the Continent, still holds its own as being on a scale of magnitude hitherto unsurpassed; more than one of its tanks being large enough to allow of porpoises and other lesser *cetacea* to live in them. Mr. Edward Birch, a well known English engineer, having seen a smaller aquarium at Boulogne, first entertained the idea of constructing a perfect one on a much enlarged scale at Brighton. The work was commenced in 1869, but was not completed until 1872, when the present aquarium was formally opened under the auspices of the British Association. The area occupied by the Brighton Aquarium is 715 feet in length (somewhat over one-seventh of a mile), and is 100 feet in width. There are 41 principal tanks in all, numbered from 1 to 41. The smallest is 11 feet long by 10 broad, and will contain 4,000 gallons of water; the largest is No. 6, with a frontage of 130 feet by 30 feet width, and will hold 110,000 gallons. Every gradation of depth is found in the aquarium, from 5 feet to 30. Supplementary to these larger tanks are a number of smaller ones, adapted to starfish, anemones, &c., so that the smaller creatures may be examined perpendicularly through the water. The whole bulk of water, both fresh and salt, utilized, amounts to no less than 500,000 gallons.

The style of architecture of the building is a highly ornate Italian, constructed of variegated brick, with columns of Bath stone, serpentine marble, and Aberdeen granite. The floor is laid in tiles. The tanks are divided into sections composed of three sheets of plate glass, each plate having a thickness of one inch, and measuring six feet high by three feet wide, and are separated and supported by upright massive iron mullions. A small tank may have but one length and width of glass, while the larger ones have as many as six plates of glass, something like a large window in a shop front, made up of various pieces of glass.

The system adopted in the aquarium is that of continually renewing the oxygen necessary for the health of the animals, and streams of compressed air are constantly forced through tubes at the bottom of the water, each tank having a greater or less number of tubes appropriate to the size of the tank. Each tank is perfectly independent or isolated from the other, so that should an accident occur inmates could not escape from their tank, or if the water should become turbid the water in a particular tank alone is affected.

The water is derived directly from the sea by means of a six-horse centrifugal pump. "This system," says Mr. Kent, "while practical in aquaria at the sea side, when the supply of water is unlimited, does not answer inland, as exemplified by the decadence in a scientific point of the one from which that at Brighton is copied." The aquarium at the Crystal Palace, and those at Hamburg and Copenhagen will not sustain (the size of tanks and volume of water being the same as at Brighton) the same amount of fish.

One great difficulty arises from the fact that certain kinds of fish foul the water and make it turbid, and by so doing not only prevent the movements of the fish from being studied, but may seriously affect their own health. The flat-fish or *pleuronectidae*, is of this character, and if placed in a tank of the clearest water, under the best circumstances, will make the water in a few weeks become so opaque that at a short distance from the glass the fish becomes invisible. To remedy this fresh water was used; but as the Brighton pipes were at times drawing water at low tide, certain impurities were drawn up with the water which rendered it objectionable. Mr. Kent's predecessor, Mr. J. K. Lloyd, having suggested the introduction of oysters and other bivalve mollusca for the purpose of removing these organic impurities, though they proved useful, Mr. Kent states that the evil remains undisturbed, and can only be remedied, he thinks, "by the application of the circulatory system, securing with it the more thorough oxygenization of the water." Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who has had charge of the Crystal Palace and Hamburg Aquaria, initiated the system referred to by Mr. Kent. A bulk of water exceeding four to five times the capacity of the tanks is stored, which is pumped by steam power and circulated through the buildings, taking up in its course, by exposure to the at-

mosphere, a certain amount of oxygen which, says Mr. Kent, "not only permits the preservation of the health of a much larger number of inhabitants in each tank, but at the same time communicates to the water a degree of clearness and brilliancy unattainable by other means." The objections to such a circulatory system is, that should any noxious substance, such as paint or oil, be introduced into the water, it would be diffused throughout all the tanks. But, Mr. Kent states, that with ordinary care such accidents ought to be impossible. This same most reliable authority informs us that, until this circulatory method of feeding the tanks is used at Brighton, the greater or less turbidity of tanks must continue as hitherto, and be a constant source of dissatisfaction to the directors and the public.

To conclude our brief analysis of Mr. Kent's most clear statements of the Brighton Aquarium, he is of the opinion that, so far as to size and its proximity to the sea, the Brighton Aquarium has been able to achieve results unrealized by any other institution of its description, but that these results are by no means commensurate with the expenditure involved in its establishment, and Mr. Kent expresses the hope that "steps will be forthwith taken to remedy the defects indicated."

With, then, all the experience gained by Mr. Kent, and the advantages and defects of the various systems employed having been well considered, let us hope that when the New York Aquarium is built it will be, if not the largest in the world, at least perfect in all respects. Had an aquarium existed at Central Park the manatee, whose untimely end we regret to announce, would have been probably still alive.

If San Francisco has an aquarium, surely the metropolis of America should have one. We look forward, then, with great interest to the erection of an aquarium in New York, believing that the time is not far distant when our hopes will be realized.

AMERICAN OARSMEN vs. ENGLISH.

WE print for the benefit of our boating readers a very interesting but somewhat inflated article from *Land and Water*. Very certainly the tone in which the article is couched is not wanting in satire. We think no people were more free to admit English supremacy on boating matters on their own waters than our Collegiates and Amateurs. That it is an evident fact is shown by Yale having sent one of her best oarsmen to Oxford to learn the English stroke. The journal also assumes that an American four would stand no chance even on our own waters. How does its editor know? Public performance it is true, is an excellent criterion generally, but not when change of water makes such a material difference. We have sent thoroughbred horses to England, and have been beaten. American yachts have crossed the Atlantic and won cups, and the best of English yachtsmen have had to acknowledge our superiority. The Oxford crew beat the Harvards on their own water. The London Rowing Club won the race from the Atalantas on their own water. Now it seems to us that fairness and justice would be equally carried out by the London Rowing Club sending a crew over here next spring. We would be willing to guarantee them every facility, and what is more, they would be personally supported, and every courtesy shown them by all American amateur oarsmen:

"The next subject of importance in aquatic is a challenge from the States. A challenge from this quarter is not uncommon, and sometimes amusing. It is, however, one that frequently opens portentously, and ends in smoke. An American sculler, a good man for the States, named Brown, of Halifax, has beaten another sculler, Biglin. This Brown is not Walter of that name, who came over in the train of Harvard as aquatic supervisor, but another Brown of far higher calibre. Walter came over ostensibly to wrest the sceptre of single shell supremacy from Joseph Sadler, of Putney, but when he arrived, he paid court not to Joseph, but to William Sadler, and after an exciting race on the Tyne, in which both men at halfway were so rowed out as to forget their own names, the champion of the Stars and Stripes won. He tempted fortune no more, and returned home a wiser man. The present Brown of our story figured in the sculling races two years ago, when Sadler swept the board at Saratoga, Halifax, Lochiel, etc., and he showed the best style that our men have ever seen from the New World. He was sculling them with the most primitive machinery, short sculls, rough boat, etc., but nevertheless managed to beat H. Kelley and R. Bagnall. Some enthusiast in the States suggests a subscription to send him over to whip creation, including J. Sadler, our present champion; but R. Bagnall, now improved by two years, does not see the matter in the same light, and since Joseph Sadler does not respond to the offer, he, Bagnall, challenges J. Sadler, Brown, or any other man to scull for the championship. This must lead at last to something—let us hope it will, that Brown will come over, and that he, Bagnall, and Sadler, will all three be brought out.

The next act is also American: Stanley found Livingstone, more credit to him! The *Graphic* inflation burst up, so much the worse for the *Graphic*, and now the originator of finding Livingstone has offered a £1,000 cup for a race between Harvard, Yale, and a crew from Oxford or Cambridge. The offer is a very liberal one, but it would be a poor speculation: Oxford and Cambridge men would not stand the daily interviewing of Mr. Bennett's organ, even if four or six worshippers at the shrine of aquatic notoriety could be collected for the journey. From what we have seen of American rowing in the Harvard, and latterly the Atalanta crew, the £1,000 cup would be simply a matter of the journey over there of a good second-rate four; our cousins are not sufficiently improved for our first-class men. But the time will come if they stick to rowing as heartily as they have begun."

Sandusky, Ohio, has a machine that beheads, opens and dresses from sixty to ninety fish per minute.

GUN COTTON.

SEVERAL of the recent experiments made in England with gun cotton are worth recording. This substance, somewhat modified, is now quite serviceable for fire-arms. In its crude condition, as an explosive material for projectiles, the fault lies in the spontaneous nature of its combustion, as it is quite as likely to burst a gun barrel as it is to drive out the ball or shot. In fact, like the fulminates, it requires to be tamed down. The curious point worthy of note in gun cotton is this: That its intensity of action, strange to say, depends upon the nature of the substance used to explode it; or in other words, gun cotton is *sympathetic*. If gently exploded with a spark, gun cotton in the form of yarn smoulders; if set on fire by a flame, it burns rapidly, behaving like gunpowder; but if fired by a fulminate it detonates with terrible energy. Prof. Able and Mr. E. O. Brown have shown that even when dampened and exploded with a fulminate, gun cotton does not lose a particle of its strength. This discovery is of the utmost importance, as it allows this dangerous material to be stored when wet. In this condition it is absolutely inert, there being no more danger about it than in wet paper; but once apply to it the fulminate of mercury, and all its tremendous latent powers are called into play. A quantity of gun cotton can be thrown into the water, one cake of it only being dried, and when to this is applied a fuse terminating in a charge of fulminate of mercury, an explosion of the most violent character takes place. It is the wonderful rapidity of the ignition of gun cotton which is attracting the attention of those interested in these subjects. With the exception of light and electricity, so says *Nature*, "the detonation of gun cotton travels faster than anything else we are cognizant of." About three miles a second is calculated to be the rapidity of the communication of gun cotton, one piece to another, or about 19,000 to 20,000 feet per second. Now, the transit of a bullet is about 1,300 feet per second, or 1,400 at the utmost. Sound travels, under normal conditions, about 1,100 feet per second. It may then be safely asserted that, save electricity and light, the detonation of gun cotton is faster than that of any other known substance. A train of gunpowder would act as if at a snail's pace when compared with it. We repeat that the curious point in these researches is not only in regard to the rapidity of the explosion, but the remarkable fact that gun cotton acts in sympathy with the method of firing it. *Nature* thus expresses it quite clearly: "That a certain number of vibrations require to be set up, a certain key-note to be struck, in order to secure the decomposition of the material." These subjects are worthy of our attention, for it is not impossible to imagine that, before long, in the United States, compositions of gun cotton may be in general use for our guns. In England, what is called Reeves gun felt for sporting purposes, finds every day strong advocates.

LOUISA MUHLBACH'S GRAVE.

IT may not be uninteresting to the many literary readers and admirers of this gifted authoress to know that her ashes now repose in the grave which for eleven years has been the repository of the remains of her husband, Theodore Mundt, the author of "Mirabeau." Among the mourners on this occasion were many men and women eminent in art and literature. Here with reverend head uncovered stood the aged Carl Gutzlow, Adolph Glassbrunner, Germany's great humorist; Dr. Max Ring, the celebrated author of "John Milton and His Times." Janke, the eminent German publisher, was quite a prominent personage. The Emperor William sent a representative of His Majesty in one of the Court Carriages, and otherwise signified his great respect for the gifted authoress.

The grave of Louisa Muhlbach is between two celebrated men, Hegel, the eminent philosopher, reposing on one side, and a celebrated German actor on the other.

The funeral oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Lydow, who, it will be recollected, played so prominent a part not long since, and whose triumphant acquittal of heresy and the charge of infidelity by the Brandenburg Consistory created so great a sensation throughout Germany.

The coffin was opened and a glance at the deceased, in a rich black suit, whose face still maintained the peaceful quiet smile so remarkable in life, produced a thrilling effect upon all who stood around the casket. In his opening remarks, the Doctor said: "Far beyond this country will this mournful scene excite regrets in innumerable hearts. Critical judgment grows dumb in view of an open grave. Her works will live after her. Millions have read and admired them. Her's was a life of work. For years she was an invalid, and yet she never wavered in performing what she deemed the great duty of her life. Heroes greater than they who face the cannon's mouth, are those who, after the germ of death within them, come smiling up, day after day, to their life's work. It has been said that she whose death we mourn to-day has been a disbeliever in the immortality of the soul. I know it is a calumny, and I will repeat here what I heard her exclaim eleven years ago at this very grave at the moment when her husband's coffin was lowered into it, and she stood here, frantic with grief, with her two little daughters. 'No,' she cried, in a voice choked by tears, 'no, a mind that has created so many original works, in which it will live here on earth, cannot sink back into nothing.'"

Then Carl Gutzlow laid a laurel wreath on the coffin, saying only, "Adieu, dear gifted, faithful friend." The procession filed away in sadness. On the next day after the

burial a plain slab was placed upon the mound, upon which was engraved: "Clara Mundt, aged 59: the historical novelist of Germany."

THE YAP, FINANCIALLY.

IN this period of panic, when questions of gold and silver, of a metallic basis, of greenbacks, of fractional currency, are agitating mens' minds; when the solemn words of Adam Smith or Ricardo are forgotten, what a comfort it is to find a really national people, the Yaps, by name, who have as a basis of currency a money which is indeed as solid as a rock. No fluctuations can affect the Yaps' money. It has a fundamental value about it which defies all the vicissitudes of fortune.

The Yap, whose financial skill we are about to explain, dwells on an island of the same name, which is to be found in the Caroline group. The bullion which passes current there is even more cumbersome than the iron money of the Spartan. Small change is represented by stones. A penny is about the size of a Swiss cheese, while a dollar is about as big as a mill-stone. Every stone is neatly rounded, and has a hole cut in the middle of it so that when a Yap lady wants to go shopping, a stout pole is run through the stones and attendants must be employed to transport her money. The natural Yap Mint is situated on an island called Pilau, and is a rock of a whitish-yellow color. The Yaps go far out to sea to procure it, and loading their frail canoes with the crude article, the stone ingots, take their rocks home and cut, bore and coin them at their leisure.

The advantages of such a circulating medium must be immediately apparent to those the least familiar with monetary affairs. For instance, a misanthropic Yap, a miser withal, desirous of hoarding to the very last his sordid gains, could most conveniently take one of these hard cash mill-stones, tie it round his neck and drown himself. Then again, if an importunate tailor should be too persistent in his calls, what would be easier than for a spendthrift dandy Yap, goaded to death by the dun, to clamber up to the top of his hut and let his little bill be settled by dropping the money in a lump on the tiresome tradesman's head. It might be, too, quite available for the purposes of collecting revenue. On the approach of the tax collector this functionary might be pelted with stones, and yet receive his dues. There is something admirable, too, in the idea of converting one's treasures into a handy weapon. The Yap highwayman, attempting to waylay the wealthy Yap, might have his brains knocked out by the very object he was feloniously trying to obtain. One thing certain, with stone money would be, that such common events as we hear of every day in this most civilized country, of treasurers and cashiers running off with other people's money, would indeed be rendered physically impossible.

SYBILLINE LEAVES.—I V.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

IN preparing for a winter's campaign in Florida, one should take with him, if practicable, a tent and small boat. If they can be shipped by sailing vessel two weeks in advance of his sailing, they will reach Jacksonville in season for use and at little cost. If sent by steamer the charge for freight will be enormous. A shot gun, rifle, ammunition, and fishing tackle should be taken from the north. The tent should be as light as possible and so constructed that all the room can be utilized. The boat should be small, flat-bottomed and light. A large sail boat can be hired in Jacksonville at a reasonable price, and a man to sail it and do the cooking. Gun and rifle should be breech-loading, thus securing safety and dispatch in loading. Revolvers and big bowie knives are superfluities. Everybody takes them, and everybody finds them in the way. Wear old clothes; half the pleasure in camping out is to be able to rough it. Don't put on fancy costumes expecting to "make a spread," as no one will appreciate the effort or effect. Wear woollen clothing at all times. For the feet, take good stout shoes, lacing up tightly about the ankle. A pair of tight (not tight fitting) boots, may be very good for a short, wet walk, but for an all-day's tramp, through swamp and pine-woods, shoes are far superior. Two pairs good woollen, and one rubber blanket. A mosquito bar is indispensable, as many nights the tormenting insects call their own. If the country on the coast be visited, the "bar" should be made of thin cotton or lawn, to keep out the "sand-flies," insects so small as hardly to be discernible, but with a bite like the burn of a hot iron. It would be well to take a little salve and thin plaster for cuts and bruises. In the line of medicine, one can take a whole apothecary's shop, if so disposed, but, excepting a little whiskey and quinine, the former for snake-bites, which never occur, and the latter for imaginary fever, no medicine will be needed, except for particularly squeamish folks who think life not worth the living out of sight of an "R," or quack-doctor's laboratory. For light at night, a lantern and candles will be sufficient, though kerosene, where little transportation is to be made, is preferable. Buy it in New York in 5 gal. can, boxed. It will always sell for twice its cost. The keen braising air gives more pungency to a haunch of venison or brace of quail than all the sauces piquante ever concocted. A bunch of Spanish moss is infinitely superior to a napkin, and the clear waters of some spring to the finger-bowl. And here a word as to water.

Nearly all the water in East Florida is impregnated more or less with lime or some mineral or salt that gives it a "flat" taste to the uninitiated, and a drink of raw unadulterated water is not always acceptable. Some people

"qualify" it—indeed the majority of settlers "qualify" it so much that the original taste of the *aqua* is lost in that of the qualifier. That is all—a word to the wise. We advise a plain mode of living. Take hard-bread, "self-raising flour," pork, salt, potatoes, brown sugar, rice or harmony, Borden's condensed milk and coffee, a little jelly for venison, butter, pepper and mustard. Venison, fish and game birds may be on the bill of fare every day, but again they may not. No one should start down the river depending upon a supply, as the game is regulated and controlled by a multitude of laws that the visitor knows nothing about. Preserved fruits, meats, etc., are not necessary, though sometimes found acceptable—they don't stay in camp long. Regarding cooking utensils, if cooking is to be done in the usual way over an open fire, they should be a "bake kettle" or oven, a foot diameter; frying-pan, same dimensions, with a long handle; tin plates, plated knives and forks, pint tin-cups, iron or tin spoons, and butcher knife. A regular camp kit is preferable, however. If a stove is preferred, go to the tin-smith's and have him make a sheet-iron box, two feet long, one broad, open at one end. The door a sheet of iron, to slide in a groove, perpendicularly, acting as draught regulator. The legs should be flat, fastened to the box by hinges, shutting under it when packed. The pipe small and in joints, to be packed in the stove. A piece of tin should be taken to fasten to the tent to run the pipe through. With such a stove, well supplied with "light wood" or pitch pine, a fire can be sustained that will vacate the tent in short metre. If the camper-out prefers to embark upon one of the many steamers that navigate the St. John's, he can reach any point available in East Florida. To assist him a list of prices will be given to the different places on the river, as they are reached in a sail down the stream. The steamers "City Point," "Dictator," "Nick King," and "Lizzie Baker" make the trips to Palatka, (75 miles from Jacksonville), upon arrival from Savannah and Charleston. The "Florance," a fine steamer, makes daily trips to Palatka. The "Darlington," "Hattie" and "Starlight" to Enterprise, 200 miles, twice a week, each. The "Ocklawaha" and "Silver Springs" to Lake Harney and Salt Lake, one a week.

HOW TO STUFF BIRDS.

[We are so often asked how to stuff birds that we feel we can do no better than to turn our inquirers after knowledge over to a well known taxidermist, Mr. J. H. Batty, who will supplement the instructions here given by others of equal value. We trust our readers will appreciate the kindly and generous motive which prompts him to overstep his professional line and give them *free gratis*, some portion of the knowledge which he has gathered by hard study and constant practice.—ED. F. AND S.]

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Being a taxidermist, and having had a great deal of experience in mounting all objects of natural history, I give the following details on bird stuffing for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The first step is to secure the bird. Every one knows how to load a gun with a light charge of fine shot, and shoot a bird at a proper distance, so it may not be blown to pieces at a few paces away from the collector. Therefore, supposing the bird to be already cleanly killed, we will prepare it for the cabinet at once.

When a bird is first shot a piece of cotton should be put down the throat to prevent the saliva from flowing out of the mouth and soiling the plumage. The larger birds should have their nostrils stopped up by means of cotton crowded tightly into them with some pointed instrument. When reaching home the bird should be prepared as follows: Lay it on its back, having first broken the wings close to the body. Make a longitudinal cut from the base of the breast bone (*sternum*) to the vent. Taking hold of the skin with the thumb nail and forefinger of the left hand, push the flesh from the skin with the scalpel which is held in the right hand. The knife should not be used to cut, unless it be at some part of the skin that is attached to the body of the bird by small tendons, or at the base of the tail, or when severing the legs, wings and head from the body. As the skin is removed sprinkle corn meal or sawdust (meal is preferable) on the flesh exposed, thus absorbing all moisture of the body, and preserving the plumage from becoming bloody. Remove the skin as far as the legs, severing them at the knee joint, and cutting entirely through the flesh around the bone until the skin is bare between the severed leg and the body. Sever both legs alike, and when that is done, cut off the extremity of the body below the vent, thus removing the skin from the body, to which the tail is fastened. Proceed to remove the skin as far as the wings, cut those off where the bone has been broken, and when the wings are freed from the body, continue to skin down to below the eyes.

Great caution is needed in removing the eyelids from the eyes and the ears from the skull without cutting them. The skin is now turned inside out. Cut the body free from the skin, severing the neck close behind the skull. Cut away the under part of the skull, and from the hole thus made remove the brains. Cut the flesh from the leg bone, and skin the wings from the inside of the skin down to the first joint, (extremity of fore arm,) removing all flesh and the broken bone at the second joint, where it is attached to the double bones of the wing; also cut away all superfluous flesh from the base of the tail, and dust the whole fleshy side of the skin with dry arsenic. When this is done crowd the eye holes in the skull full of cotton or tow, and tie the wing bones nearly together, and return the skin. In no case should the wing bones be left untied; if

so the wings are left free to dangle at their full length, making it almost impossible to put them in their proper place on the bird's sides or back. When the skin has been returned, smooth down the plumage, prick out the eye holes in their proper shape with the point of a needle or small tweezers. Close the bill together by passing a needle and thread through the nostril and base of lower mandible, and tying them together. Fill the skin out lightly and do not crowd it out of natural size by using too much stuffing. If the bird be a large one, a little cotton or tow should be wound around the leg bones. When the skin is filled, sew up the open space where the body has been taken out, cross the legs, and tie them loosely together with thread, put the skin in a paper ferule (pinned together) to keep the wings in position, and put it away to dry. When dry, dust the skin with the wing of some bird, and the specimen is ready for the cabinet.

For small birds cotton is best for stuffing material, but with the larger birds, such as ducks, gulls, hawks, &c., &c., I would recommend sea grass or excelsior.

An ordinary penknife and tweezers will answer for making small skins, but the following tools will greatly facilitate making skins: 1 pair dissecting scissors; 1 pair forceps; 1 pair small tweezers, and 1 scalpel. A brain spoon can be made by flattening one end of a piece of wire, (brass wire is best,) and putting the other end in a handle. The next article will be on mounting birds. J. H. BARRY.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

On Monday evening last a meeting of this most useful Association for the Protection of Game was held at the residence of Royal Phelps, Esq., in this city. The attendance was a good one, comprising many of our leading sportsmen. The counsel for the club gave an interesting account of the prosecutions entered into by the Association since the commencement of this season. Some twenty-seven suits had been brought into court for infringements of the State game laws, all of which, with the exception of three, had been decided in favor of the Association. It is most gratifying to learn that, at least in the city, the game laws are pretty well observed, and that all first-class hotels and restaurants have given aid to the society. A very just complaint was made by the president in regard to the inaction of other associations in the State and throughout the country for the preservation of game, who allowed the most flagrant cases of killing and marketing game to occur every day without taking proper notice of the same. The indifference of sportsmen in Connecticut, New Jersey and Long Island was particularly commented on. Sportsmen should remember that the following rules are now in force:—

Deer—Shall only be pursued and killed in the county of Suffolk, between the 10th day of October and the 10th day of November, in each year, under a penalty of \$50, or imprisonment not exceeding three months.

Woodcock—Can only be killed or had in possession, between the 3d day of July and the 1st day of January, under a penalty of \$50 for each bird.

Quail—Can only be killed, or had in possession, between the 20th day of October and the 1st day of January, under a penalty of \$25.

Trespass—Any person who shall knowingly trespass upon lands for the purpose of shooting, hunting, or fishing thereon, after public notice by the owner or occupant thereof, as provided in the following section, shall be liable to such owner or occupant in exemplary damages to an amount not exceeding \$100, and shall also be liable to such owner or occupant for the value of the game killed or taken. The possession of implements of shooting or fishing shall be presumptive evidence of the purpose of the trespass.

Sign-boards—The notice referred to in the preceding section shall be given by erecting and maintaining sign-boards, at least one foot square, 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 tear down or in any way deface or injure any such sign-board shall be liable to a penalty of \$100.

Catching Trout—No person shall, at any time, catch any speckled trout with any device save a hook and line except for the purpose of propagation, as hereinafter provided, or place any net-lines in waters inhabited by them, under a penalty of \$50 for each offence.

No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any speckled trout, save only from the 15th day of March to the 15th day of September, under a penalty of \$25 for each fish. But this section shall not prevent any person from catching trout with nets, in waters owned by them to stock other waters.

Private Ponds—Every person who shall be convicted of wrongfully and wilfully taking any fish from any private pond, without the consent of the owner thereof, shall be adjudged guilty of malicious trespass, and shall be liable to a penalty of three times the value of the fish taken, and shall also be liable to indictment for a misdemeanor, and on conviction, shall be punished by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding thirty days, or by a fine not exceeding \$250, or by both fine and imprisonment.

The manatee at Central Park is dead. We doubt if his demise will have much effect upon *men at ease* in general, however much it may affect our men of science in particular.

—We are so overwhelmed by the tidal wave of greenbacks which comes careering in upon us in these hard times, that we begin to think it a great "bore." Dwellers on the riparian precincts of the Bay of Fundy will appreciate the under-current of wit and humor which flows silently though deeply beneath this ultramarine quidity.

—The article entitled "Narrow Escapes" and printed in last number of FOREST AND STREAM should have been credited to Charles Lanman, Esq.

Sporting News from Abroad.

SHALL it be the light or dark blue, from Cambridge or Oxford, Balliol or Jesus, who will be the future champions of the oar? Just now the English university men are hard at work, (a spell of bad weather has kept them back for a while,) but the oars and muscles are at it again, and oars bend until they snap, and coxswains scold, and "coaches" howl anathemas at the crews. How the picked men settle to their work, and who shall be "bow" or who "stroke" is definitely determined. On the 18th of this month the Colquhoun race will take place. When the great event does come off, time, speed and endurance will be quite satisfactory. Undoubtedly these English University men are the best oarsmen of the day, and it behoves us to accept this fact with the best possible grace, though we must consider the tone of assumption of such prowess, as we find used in some of our English contemporaries, as rather emanating from the journalistic writer, than representing the expression of the University oarsmen. That they can beat our rowing in the United States is certain; that at least for the present we all accepted such defeat without a murmur is very sure, but we think all bluster on the part of the victors as out of place. It is bad policy on the part of the English journalists to swagger about such matters, and supercilious references to the "polishing off of Yankee crews," are as untimely as they are out of place. We shall be perfectly resigned for a score of years to take second place, and be their pupils, hoping that if not in this generation at least in the next we may equal them. Can there be any good reason why an University crew cannot come over here? If a picked eleven of the best cricketing gentlemen with Grace at their head, paid us a visit and trounced us badly, would it be the least "infra dig," for the University gentlemen to honor us with their presence? We promise them a most cordial reception. They need have no fear of newspaper inquisitions, or interviewing pests, for they would be the welcomed guests of every boat club in the United States. Returning to our English boatmen, the FOREST AND STREAM reviewer, must for the thousandth time, call attention to the fact, that the training of the English oarsman is first commenced in his school days. Then he plays cricket, foot ball, and gets himself into condition. In looking over the columns of our contemporaries we see that just now, all the boys at the public schools, from such famed cradles of learning as Charterhouse and Westminster, and from a hundred others of minor repute, are all at work at foot-ball.

—Like Alexander the great, who sighed because he had no other world to conquer, so W. G. Grace having subdued all the realms of cricket, has been forced to find other shores where he could reap fresh laurels, always providing this much prized tree grows in the anomalous country where he has gone to. Last month the cricket Leviathan, with a tremendous cricketing eleven left for Melbourne. The cricketers will arrive in Australia sometime next month, in the summer of that strange country. Of course the wickets in Ultima Thule, will go down just as rapidly as they did in our New World, and the casual kangaroo in some Australian glade, getting in the way of one of Grace's lost balls, hit slashingly with his bat, will get killed as unerringly as if the marsupial had been struck with a native boomerang. Say what you will, there is something grand in the idea of these Englishmen, stalking the wide world over, like the conquering Goths of old, and becoming the victors in every field of athletics from one Continent to the other.

—Of shooting we hear little. St. Partridge must be sought for it seems in foreign lands, so we have only meagre accounts of some adventurous Englishmen getting occasional birds in France and Belgium. The stags, however, come forward in prominence. Noble fellows they must be, as we hear of some killed weighing over three hundred pounds.

—Polo has been resumed, and the ponies and riders are again being kept to their mettle, there having been a famous match between Liverpool and Manchester lately, one match having been closely contested for an hour and a half. What kind of ball should be used in polo, has not yet been exactly decided. Willow and box wood are suggested for England. Would it be considered as a presumption on our part to ask, whether such a thing as game of a polo could be played in New York? Have we no good riders among us? If it was but a second or third rate imitation of the thing, could not a riding school, (there are plenty such in New York, and quite good equestrians attending them) attempt it? Can our gentlemen do anything else than amble in the park? Cavalry officers might start it, and civilians would follow.

—There has been quite a long bicycle ride just announced in England, a distance of six hundred and six miles having been accomplished in nine days, with the most easy going.

—Newmarket has secured the services of the Prince of Wales, who at the last meeting of the Jockey Club, took for the first time his place in the Legislative chambers. One of the questions under his most august deliberation was in regard to changing some of the restrictions in regard to racing two year old horses. Possibly as the English horse increases in leggyness, and according to the development theory, can better withstand the hot-bed forcing system, so opposite to nature, and when at the same time the English turfite will in exact inverse proportion lose his common sense, when this happy period arrives, we may expect one year old races, or cups established for foals before they are fully weaned.

A SINGULAR FACT—To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

COAST FISH.	LAKES.
Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Black Bass, (Temnodon saltator.)	(Micropterus nig and arohigan.) (two species.)
Weakfish, Squetaug (Trout) Otoli-Pickerel, (Esoc reticulatus) (thus.)	
BAYS AND ESTUARIES.	
Striped Bass, Rockfish. (Labrax lineatus.)	
SOUTHERN WATERS.	
Pompano, Snapper, Grouper, Rockfish.	Trout, (Black Bass.) Drum, (two species.) Kingfish.
	Sheepshead. Tailorfish. Sea Bass.

—Our readers are doubtless aware of what is being done by the United States in regard to the multiplication of salmon in American waters, and especially, at the establishment at Bucksport, Maine, where six hundred salmon have been kept penned up during the summer for the purpose of securing their spawn at the proper season. The period for taking this spawn has now arrived, and Mr. Atkins, the Superintendent, commenced this work on the 27th of October, and it is expected that from two to four millions of eggs will be secured during the season.

—There is a splendid display of Chesapeake sheepshead on the market slabs this week, large, dark, and in very fine condition. We have also seen some sea-bass that would turn the scarles at ten pounds' weight.

—Seth Green and brother have returned to Rochester from their month's labor near Cape Vincent, St. Lawrence River, bringing with them two million trout eggs which will be hatched at the State Hatching House at Mumford and then distributed. The government is now busily gathering white fish ova at Detroit and sundry places on Lake Ontario, and salmon trout eggs in Georgian Bay. The Messrs. Green lost three of their fishermen who were drowned from a sailboat on the 4th instant.

—Our attentive correspondent at Cornell University, is an angler as well as a boatman, and states from his own experience, that the black bass will take a fly during part of the season at least under certain conditions of the weather. He says:—

"Whether the weather has any thing to do with the biting, is beyond my power to say; but one day they will take bait readily and not touch the fly; on the next, with a slight change in wind or atmosphere, they will rise to the fly and hardly notice bait. My experience as regards bass fishing has been confined mostly to the lakes of central New York. Bass are caught during the entire fishing season, but the best time, when they bite the most readily, in fact the sporting time, is during the latter part of July and the months of August and September; and it is during these months, almost solely, that they will rise to a fly. As to the time of day: from 7 P. M. till it is so dark you can't see where your fly drops. Where to fish: on the edge of a sloping bank, where the water is from ten to fifteen feet deep, and off from which the water drops to unknown depths, or over a submerged island, where the water is of about the same depth as on the bank. Fly to use: white miller, red ibis, or any bright colored (red, ect.), small sized salmon fly. Almost any thing used upon the hook in place of the fly, as a bit of red flannel, a grasshopper, a piece of pork or fish, will attract their attention and prove so seductive that they will be induced to cultivate your intimate acquaintance. Trolling along the edge of the bank, just at dusk, with forty to sixty feet of line out, and a red fly is also very killing. I have known black bass to be caught with the fly in such places as above mentioned, varying from a half to seven pounds in weight as fast as the flies could be cast, and the gamey fish killed and brought into the boat, the fly scarcely touching the water before it would be taken. This occurred in the month of August, day after day, from 5 to 6 P. M., when the fish began to bite, till 9 or 10 o'clock at night. The moon shone brightly, so that one could see almost as well as in the day time. Undoubtedly bass bite differently in different parts of the country, and the experience of others in other places may be entirely at variance with mine in the central part of this State. H.

—The fish-way long demanded at Holyoke Dam, on the Connecticut river, has at last been finished, and the Connecticut Fish Commissioners, with those of the other New England States, are to meet at Holyoke during the present month. The fish-way is constructed on the South Hadley Falls side of the river, and will give shad, salmon, and all anadromous fish ample chance to pass the dam that has so long obstructed their course to the upper waters. The cost of the work was \$25,000. The Hartford Post says: "The State appropriated \$12,000 in 1869 for its construction, and assigned the construction thereof to the Holyoke Water Power Company. But that company wouldn't touch the money, nor would it build the fish-way, and thus the matter got into the courts, where it was finally decided that the water power company must construct the "way" and bear the expense. They then gave the contract for building it to Messrs. D. H. & J. C. Newton of Holyoke, by whom it was completed Thursday, Oct. 30th. The structure really begins in a pool about 350 feet below the sheet of the dam, extending thence fifty feet down the current, and for this distance is all the way under the water at its present height, which is no less than during most of the spring-time. At the end of the fifty feet the flume makes a right angle toward the east, connecting with the other section that is close to the river bank, and makes the rise of about 22 feet to the top of the canal in a distance of about 400 feet. Its total width is 15 feet, and 13 feet in the clear. The plan of the structure is something like a system of

Athletic Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

—The National Amateur Athletic Tournament or Gymnastic Exhibition took place at the Academy of Music on November 8th for the benefit of the poor of this city before a large and cultivated audience. It is pleasing to notice that already so many intelligent people give countenance to physical culture. Disinclined as we are to find fault, and remembering how novel these exhibitions are in the United States, and how difficult it is to get together the necessary elements, we must declare that the exhibition did not come up to our expectations. In the first place the programme was so long as to become tedious, and proper care had not been taken to arrange the various performances, so that the exhibition should be continuous. Secondly, the various athletic exercises were not chosen with good judgment, and last, the performers themselves were by no means the best. It is no easy task for amateur directors to arrange such performances, and though in this instance they might have received valuable assistance from some professional stage manager, the combination did not seem to us to have been fully qualified for their business. The best professional athletics understand very well their "business," and know that more than two hours of such performances invariably tire out an audience. We cannot in justice to Dr. A. Flint, Mr. Tine and Col. Van Wyck allow our criticisms to appear in print, without calling the attention of the public to the untiring energies of these gentlemen exerted in behalf of physical culture and of this particular exhibition.

The curtain rose with Professor Burnham's Calisthenic Class in position upon the stage. They went through a great variety of their beautiful and graceful exercises to music. This one feature was most interesting, and Mr. Burnham deserves great credit for originating such a fine system of exercises and drilling his pupils with such accuracy of time as to position and grace.

The next exercise was to test the comparative strength of the competitors by lifting a single dumb bell, the following gentlemen entering: George D. Parmly, of Princeton College, N. J.; Richard A. Pennell, of Wood's Gymnasium, New York; Ernst Bohlig, of Wood's Gymnasium, New York; Dave Hegeman, of the Staten Island Turnverein; Charles D. Newton, of Wood's Gymnasium, New York; and Silas M. Stillwell, Jr., of Wood's Gymnasium, New York. Parmly lifted 140 pounds with ease, none of the others coming within seven pounds.

The second exercise was to lift a weight in proportion to the weight of the lifter. L. Kramer, of the New York Turnverein; Richard A. Pennell and James G. Sands, of Wood's Gymnasium; L. Siebert, of the New York Turnverein; and Charles D. Newton, of Wood's Gymnasium, entered. Pennell lifted 165 pounds with apparent ease.

Lifting dumb bells was the next exercise. Samuel Strasburger, of the New York Athletic Club; Fred Steinbuch, New York Turnverein; and Henry E. Buermeyer, New York Athletic Club, were the only three that entered. Buermeyer lifted 98 and 95 pounds, the others not coming within 10 lbs. Pennell lifted a hundred pound bell 10 times, Bohlig and Stanbach 7 times, and W. E. Van Wyck N. Y. A. C., 6 times. The next exercise was to show which had the most muscular lifting power, Pennell, Parmly, Cain, Bohlig, Sands, or Murray. Pennell lifted with his hands 1,150 lbs., the others lifting to within 50 lbs. After these wonderful exhibitions of muscular strength came rope climbing, parallel bars, club swinging; calisthenics by the New York Turnverein, vaulting, suspended rings, pole leaping, &c., and the exhibition closed at a late hour.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Our annual Athletic sports occurred for the first time on Friday last. I send an account of the foot ball matches, and in future, when any events of interest in your line occur I will send you an account of all athletic exercises that take place in Montreal.

You can see from our report that the competition in our sports was keen, and that the performances compare very favorably with those at other Athletic meetings. The time was not taken, on account of the heaviness of the track in places, except of the hundred yards and the championship, both of which were remarkably good if the condition of the ground be taken into account. I enclose a programme.

With regard to foot ball, I send you a copy of the rules we play as practice, and in the inter-faculty matches, also a copy of the Association Rules which our club adopts.

The Governors with their ladies, a number of the Professors, students and friends of the College attended the meeting, as the day was fine and the air brisk and invigorating. Lang jumped 10ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. A 16lb. hammer was thrown by McDonald 60ft. 9in. The cricket ball was thrown by Lang 93yds. 1ft. The steeplechase caused the greatest interest, four out of the eighteen entries answered to the call, Fleming, Page, Baynes, and McDougall, the fourteen fences and two ten-foot water jumps in seven-eighths of a mile terrifying the rest. Over two hurdles and a stiff four foot fence they went with Baynes in front, then he mistook the course and the rest got in front; Baynes soon resumed his old place and led over two more fences and then the water jump. Here were at least four hundred people looking to see a splash—disappointment awaited them, for all cleared it but Page, who dropped out. Round again, when all cleared it in the neatest possible manner, and spurred for the finish; when they came in, Baynes was first.

The quarter of a mile Cup, presented by the Governors of the University for the championship, was another leading event. Five came to the post, Baynes, Thomas, Brouillette, Stevenson, and Taylor, A. D. Taylor led until the hundred yards' flag was passed, when Thomas, who drew up from third, where he had been running easily, passed him and came in a winner. Taylor second. Time—59 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

A member of the Quebec Foot Ball Club kicked the ball 42yds.

I have seen several numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, and have been very much pleased with its tone and the news it gives.

Yours sincerely,

J. S. MCCLENNAN,

Editor University Gazette.

[It will be remembered that Mr. Bowie, a member of the University, carried off the two mile Bennett Cup.—Ed.]

—The following interesting game of cricket was played at Coquinto, Chili, between the U. S. S. Pensacola and Omaha vs. H. M. S. Scout.

H. M. S. SCOUT.

Lieut. Clutterbuck (R. N.), c Barber b Febiger.....	1
W. Wellings (R. N.), c Hadden, b Barber.....	14
Mr. J. Sandiford (R. N.), b Febiger.....	1
Lieut. E. A. Ford (R. M.), not out.....	98
Mr. C. B. P. Hume (R. N.), c Hadden, b Barber.....	12
Mr. J. Fraser (R. N.), c Hadden, b Febiger.....	18
Mr. C. J. Trower (R. N.), b Barber.....	5
Mr. E. Tyacke (R. N.), c M'Crea, b Febiger.....	1
Mr. J. Ledgard (R. N.), b Febiger.....	0
Bomb. Wheeler (R. M. A.) run out.....	7
Dr. Jennings (R. N.), c Hadden b Schwenk.....	16
Byes 5, w. 3.....	8
Total.....	181

U. S. S. PENSACOLA AND OMAHA.

First Innings.

Lieut. Hadden (U. S. N.), c Hume, b Tyacke.....	0
Mr. M'Crea (U. S. N.), run out.....	0
Lieut. Nichols (U. S. N.), b Ford.....	0
Lieut. Ackley (U. S. N.), c Wheeler b Ford.....	0
Mr. Steedman (U. S. N.), c Sandiford, b Tyacke.....	5
Mr. T. Schwenk (U. S. N.), b Tyacke.....	0
Mr. C. Hotchkins (U. S. N.), c Wellings, b Tyacke.....	1
Mr. A. Miles (U. S. N.), c Hume, b Ford.....	2
Mr. R. Febiger (U. S. N.), not out.....	1
Mr. T. Barber (U. S. N.), b Ford.....	4
Mr. J. McConnell (U. S. N.), c Wellings, b Ford.....	0
Byes, 1, w. 3.....	4
Total.....	18

Second Innings.

Lieut. Hadden (U. S. N.), b Tyacke.....	0
Mr. M'Crea (U. S. N.), b Tyacke.....	6
Lieut. Nichols (U. S. N.), b Wellings.....	0
Lieut. Ackley (U. S. N.), not out.....	3
Mr. Steedman (U. S. N.), c Wellings, b Tyacke.....	1
Mr. T. Schwenk (U. S. N.), b Wellings.....	5
Mr. T. Hotchkins (U. S. N.), b Tyacke.....	0
Mr. A. Miles (U. S. N.), b Tyacke.....	2
Mr. R. Febiger (U. S. N.), c Fraser, b Tyacke.....	0
Mr. T. Barber (U. S. N.), b Wellings.....	5
Mr. J. McConnell (U. S. N.), c Hume, b Tyacke.....	0
Byes.....	3
Total.....	25

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Nov. 10, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The weather during the last two or three weeks has been just right for out-door sports, and accordingly every spare hour has been appropriated with Athletics of one kind or another—foot ball taking the lead, followed by base ball, and just enough of boating to keep some of the crews in due training. There have been four match games of foot ball lately, all hard, closely contested games, and showing much skill in the "kicking" art on both sides.

First game between the Buckeyes (Ohio) and Bark Peelters (Pennsylvania), they winning the 1st, 3d and 4th goals. Second, New York against the World; 40 men per side. This was a well fought game, but the New Yorkers proved too much for the World, winning in three straight heats. The third game played Nov. 1st between the Juniors and Sophmores, was perhaps the best played, most scientific game ever fought at the University; every man worked as if his life was at stake. Play was called at about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. The first goal was won by the Sophmores in 55 minutes and the second in 65 minutes. But the third was so warmly contested that darkness closed around the contestants and the flying ball; still, by the light of the moon the play went on till near seven o'clock, when an unlucky kick sent the ball into the creek, where it was seized upon by a town gamin, who put off to parts unknown and ended the game.

The victory was virtually with the Sophmores.

The fourth game, November 7th, was again between the Juniors and Sophmores, in accordance with a challenge from the Juniors. There was a strong south wind blowing during the game, rendering it certain victory for whichever side held the south goal. Accordingly the game was a draw, both sides winning two goals, and darkness ending the fifth.

Oct. 20th the second game of base ball was played between the University and Town; result a victory for the Town. Score—33 to 12. On Nov. 5th the third and last game was played, which also resulted in a victory for the Town. Score—45 to 10. There was some good playing on both sides, but the pitching of the Town boys was too much for our nine.

Thursday the 4th November, the scrub Athletics took place on the Fair Grounds. They consisted of a hundred yard race, five entries, won by Larned, '76, in 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Three-legged race, 100 yards, four entries, won by Copeland, '75 and Phillips, '76, in 15 sec. One mile race, four entries, won by Mallett, '77, in 5:35. Sack race, 100 yards, five entries, won by Cook, '77, in 45 sec. Hurdle race, 100 yards, five hurdles, four 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, the 5th four feet; four entries, won by Copeland, '75, in 15 sec. Half mile race, four entries, won by Larned, '76, in 2:10 sec. The time—considering the condition of the track, which was very heavy—for all the races was quite good.

continuous locks, only the locks are always open. This arrangement, of course, greatly lessens the velocity of the current, and gives the fish a chance to rest, as at the foot of every "check" the water is still enough for that purpose. The depth of water in the "checks" is to be twenty inches, and it takes about half an hour, with full head of water on, to fill them all."

—Our intelligent correspondent, W. E. N., of New York, sends us some pleasant observations upon the habits of brook trout, which he thinks we do not describe with sufficient explicitness in our paper. He says:

"Their habits change with their age. When very young they play a great deal together, usually choosing the parts of the brook which have a muddy bottom, and will sometimes if startled, suddenly bury themselves in the mud. This, however, does not often occur; they usually make for the first little projection that juts out over the water, and there hide until the danger is over. As they grow older they seem to dissolve partnership in a great measure, and every one chooses his own particular hiding place, the larger trout taking, as if by reason of their superior strength, which to all appearance is understood among them, the deepest holes and largest projecting sods, and leaving the smaller ones for their less officious kin. The older they grow the more wary they become, and therefore it requires considerable skill to catch a very old trout. A worm is, generally speaking, the best bait for them, but in the spring, after the rains that usually prevail at that season, which wash a great many worms and insects into the water, very few of which escape their observation, they bite better at the more tempting bait of a fly. In fishing with a fly always fish up stream, at the same time taking care to keep well back from the bank.

When fishing with a worm, the angleworm being the best for trout fishing, choose a cloudy day just before a rain storm, as the fish are then on the alert for insects; begin at the head of the stream, and fish down stream, at all times keeping well back from the bank. Do not in baiting your hook, merely cover the point of your hook with the head of the worm, but put on the whole worm running the hook through him in three or four places, and then covering the point of the hook with the head of the worm. It is considered much more sportsman-like to fish with a fly, as it requires more tact, in fact is quite an art; but there are times when fish will not bite at a fly, in which case it is *some sport*, although less, to use a worm. The trout should never be caught in August, as by catching one you are apt to destroy many.

GRAFTON, WINDHAM CO., VT., Nov. 3, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The receipt of your valuable paper is like an oasis in the desert. It is just the thing; exactly fills the niche long standing vacant for it.

Your various articles on taking the black bass have been read with much interest. I am pleased to see the subject well ventilated. My impression is that in some waters they will rise to the artificial fly, and that in other waters they will not do so. During the season of 1869 I was located in Kalamazoo county, Michigan. This county has numerous small lakes. I can name thirty-three within ten miles from Kalamazoo, all well stocked with black bass. In the town of Texas there are several lakes in a cluster, the principal of which are called Crooked, Eagle, Pine Island, and Pretty. During this season I was near them all, but my fishing was principally confined to Crooked lake, which I fished thoroughly every week, and sometimes oftener, using a light trout fly rod, and well stocked book of flies of all kinds, besides numerous nondescripts, which I made for the purpose. From the 1st of May until the 15th of October no week passed without my giving them a thorough trial. The result is, I have yet to see the first black bass rise to an artificial fly in those waters, although I could at any time take fish in plenty with spoon, minnow, or sometimes angleworms, a catch of from fifty to one hundred pounds not being unusual in a few hours.

We have a fair prospect for good bass fishing shortly in the Connecticut river. Some fine ones have this season been taken near Bellows Falls, which is 12 miles from us.

Yours, S. W. G.

—Appleton's Journal prints the following interesting facts concerning the menhaden fisheries of Long Island. It says:

Eastern Long Island is famous for its fisheries. Its vast bays and adjacent seas abound with bluefish, mackerel, and a small fish, valuable only for the oil extracted from it, called moss-bunker. This fish has built up in all this region an extensive and profitable industry. Numerous oil factories recently lined the shores of the main island, and greatly marred the beauty of Shelter Island; but the horrible odor perennially escaping from them at last aroused a popular crusade, which resulted in their being legally declared public nuisances, and their removal ordered. But the industry was too profitable to readily surrender; hence it devised large floating oil mills, and now, here and there over the surface of Gardiner's Bay, may be seen huge, black, uncouth, and picturesque-looking objects, always surrounded by waiting vessels, and ever vomiting into the blue air volumes of black smoke. But they scarcely mar the picture, and the odor of the decayed bunkers never reaches the shore. The moss-bunker, menhaden, or bony-fish, is a little creature of something near a pound only in weight, to the great whale what the fly is to the ox. But it is caught in prodigious numbers, as many as one million having been taken at a single haul of a draw-seine from shore, enough to yield fifteen hundred gallons of oil. The fisheries in this section, whether considered as an industry or as a means of sport, give it its peculiar interest. The huge reels for winding the immense nets, seen all along the shores, are striking and picturesque incidents in the landscape.

The Navy Boat House has been enlarged during the past two or three weeks, and can now accommodate comfortably twenty or more shells, with dressing rooms for the crews. This is a long needed improvement and adds very much to the convenience of the Navy.

It is to be hoped that we may be able to send out some fine crews next season, and we shall do our best to send a crew to the next inter-collegiate regatta at least as good as our crew at Springfield, which was recognized as the most muscular on the river. Arrangements are being perfected at present, whereby we shall have by the end of this month a new gymnasium building fully equipped for work. This is being done by the students, with the aid of some of the Professors, who see the necessity of physical as well as mental culture for the right and perfect development of the human body. J.

—The Billiard Tournament at Chicago opened on Nov. 10th at the Music Hall. The first game played was between Joseph Dion of New York and Peter Snyder of Chicago; Dion played with his usual care and unequalled nerve, and won the first game of the Tournament on the sixty-seventh innings by a score of 400 to Snyder's 272. Dion's largest score was 34; Snyder's, 45. The second game was between Francois Ubassy and John Bessinger. Ubassy playing with his peculiar nerve and nonchalant air, made several runs of double figures, the largest of which were 86 and 69. He won with great ease on the thirty-first innings, being 400 to Bessinger's 187. The average was 16 4-31. The games to be played are all three ball French caroms of 400 points each.

—The billiard match between Maurice Daly of New York and Geo. F. Slosson of Chicago came off in the latter city on November 8. The game was the three ball French caroms. Daly gave Slosson 100 points out of 600. The game was a remarkably close one, and was won by Slosson. Daly made 592 points.

—A wrestling match for \$2,000 a side is to come off at the end of this month between John McMahon of Rutland, Vt., and Patrick H. Doyle, of this city. Deposits have been put up and articles signed to wrestle square hold, best two in three, fair back falls. McMahon is the champion wrestler of America, and this match is for the championship and the stakes.

A foot race for \$200 a side was run at Toronto last week between C. Nurse and an Indian named Kerraronwe, the white man winning, making four miles in 21 minutes, 40 seconds.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLSTON
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Nov. 13.....	6 41	3 27	2 41		
Nov. 14.....	7 32	4 17	3 32		
Nov. 15.....	8 17	5 1	4 17		
Nov. 16.....	9 1	5 46	5 1		
Nov. 17.....	9 43	6 29	5 43		
Nov. 18.....	10 25	7 11	6 25		
Nov. 19.....	11 7	7 49	7 7		

—The Eastern Yacht Club, is the leading organization on yachting and boating matters in eastern waters, and has rapidly increased in strength and influence the past season. The muster roll numbers 260 members and some fifty yachts of all classes are owned by the club.

The first event of the season was the annual regatta of June 11th, the "ladies' day." The weather was dull and overcast, with now and then a shower, but it cleared off about mid-day. A good breeze prevailed throughout, varying from W S W to S W. Nine schooners and three sloops entered. The start was a flying one, the yachts crossing a line between Marblehead Rock, and a stakeboat about north of it. They were instructed to leave Half-way Rock on starboard, Pig Rock stakes on starboard, Egg Rock on port, Graves Bell buoy on starboard, Harding's bell boat on port, crossing the starting line; a distance of about thirty-five miles.

The steamer John Romer was provided for the accommodation of non-yachting men and the lady friends and relatives of the members. The schooner yacht Azalea, John M. Forbes Esq., took the first prize, leading the fleet in actual time. Halcyon, Brenda, Haze and Fearless did not appear, and forfeited their entrance fees. Vision made an excellent run, and would have won had she been in the first class, but having no competitor in the second class, she could not take a prize. Shadow was ruled out for starting too late, and Coming had no antagonist.

—June 28th, a regatta took place off Swampscot, eight schooners and four sloops entering. The day opened fine and clear, a light breeze blowing from the S W. In the afternoon a thunder squall came up from N. E. which caused most of the yachts to take in all sail, and some of them gave up the race. After the squall was over, the wind came out again from the old quarter.

Halcyon won the prize for first yacht, with the allowance, \$100; Fearless took the second class schooner prize, \$125; and White Cap the second class sloop prize, \$75. Rebecca, Clytic and Shadow gave up the race.

—The annual cruise began July 8th, the following named yachts comprising the squadron, under command of Vice Commodore Whitney: Schooners, Julia, Halcyon, Wivern, Belle, Haze, Edith, Vision; sloops, Coming and Elaine.

The fleet rendezvoused off Beverly at 11 o'clock P. M., and reached Portsmouth the same evening. Portland, Boothbay and South West Harbor were visited, and the yachts finally arrived at their destination, Bar Harbor, where a stay of several days was made. Returning, the

yachts visited South West Harbor, Camden and Portland, where the squadron broke up.

—Rear Commodore Jeffries offered a cup to be sailed for off Swampscot, September 4th, which brought out eight schooners. Wind south, very squally, shifting to south west, with a high sea. The cup was won by Silvie, though Halcyon beat her over the course, but as the owner gave the cup, he did not race for it. America sailed over the course, and in spite of the weather, so favorable to her from her greater size and power, was handsomely beaten by Halcyon and Silvie. Each schooner had to contribute an entrance fee of \$10 to make up a prize for second boat, which was taken by Fearless.

—The closing regatta came off September 16th. The weather was dull and threatening, though it cleared off, and the wind which was S W fell light. Four first class, and four second class schooners entered, and one sloop.

Halcyon took two prizes, one for best time without allowance, and one with allowance, \$100 each. Fearless carried off the first prize for second class schooners, \$100; Vision took second prize in same class, \$50. Silvie took second prize, first class schooners, \$50.

Most of the fleet are now in winter quarters between the railroad bridges at Beverly.

The following is the list of officers of the club: The office of Commodore is left unfilled as a mark of respect to the memory of the late David Sears Esq. Vice Commodore Stanton Whitney, Rear Commodore John Jeffries Jr., Secretary, Henry B. Jackson; Treasurer, Addison Child; Measurer, Frank D. Child. We take this opportunity to return our thanks to Henry B. Jackson, Esq., for his courteous information.

—The schooner yacht Tidal Wave, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. William Voorhis, is at Smith's Yard, Nyack, for repairs, and is to be furnished with a new bow.

—The Meta-Vision race has not yet been decided. The judges cannot agree on an umpire.

—Mr. Henry Word, sloop yacht Seline, B. Y. C., intends sailing to Florida and there pass the winter, shooting on the St. John River.

—The yachts Prospero and Magic, B. Y. C., have arrived at Port Jefferson to go into winter quarters.

—The Brooklyn Yacht Club will hold a meeting on Nov. 26th, when the prizes won during the season will be presented to the owners of the successful yachts.

—The Harlem Yacht Club held a meeting on Nov. 6th, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Commodore, W. H. Johnson; Vice Commodore, Jos. Armitage; Treasurer, Maurice Campbell; Secretary, John McDermott; Recording Secretary, Thomas Mook; Measurer, O. P. Raynor. Directors, M. J. McCaffery, H. W. Genett, H. J. Campbell, Manfred Carroll, David Hanson.

WINNING SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS FOR THE SEASON OF '73.

SCHOONERS.					
Date.	Name.	Miles.	Time.		
June 6.....	Madeleine, N.Y. Y. C. Course.....	35	4.01.20		
June 6.....	Idler, N.Y. Y. C. Course.....	35	4.06.12		
July 19.....	Tidal Wave, Glen Cove to Huntington.....	15	6.40.00		
July 21.....	Madeleine, Huntington to West Haven.....	35	8.19.00		
July 22.....	Tidal Wave, West Haven to New London.....	50	3.41.00		
July 24.....	Foam, New Haven to Stonington.....	15			
July 25.....	Clio, Stonington to Newport.....				
August 13.....	Idler, Glen Cove to New London.....	90	21.00.00		
August 15.....	Madeleine, New London to Newport.....	40			
August 23.....	Madeleine, Newport.....	40	3.13.23		
August 25.....	Madeleine, Newport.....	40	3.16.09		
October 2.....	Eva, N.Y. Y. C. Course.....	40	7.16.37		
October 11.....	Enchantress, Cape May Lightship.....	222	39.00.00		
October 14.....	Enchantress, Cape May Lightship.....	222	35.22.00		

SLOOPS.					
Date.	Name.	Miles.	Time.		
June 6.....	Vision, N.Y. Y. C. Course.....	25	4.34.31		
June 6.....	Gracie, N.Y. Y. C. Course.....	35	4.35.51		
June 10.....	Vixen, A.Y. Y. C. Course.....	40	4.52.18		
June 10.....	Alert, A.Y. Y. C. Course.....	32	4.27.03		
July 4.....	Alert, Oyster Bay.....	28	3.31.16		
July 4.....	Vixen, Oyster Bay.....	28	3.19.04		
July 19.....	Vision, Ocean.....	40	6.11.50		
July 19.....	Alert, New Rochelle.....	20	4.24.48		
July 19.....	Gracie, New Rochelle.....	20	4.31.18		
August 4.....	Alert, Cold Spring.....	26			
August 6.....	Alert, New Haven to New London.....	50	6.40.20		
August 13.....	Vindex, Glen Cove to New London.....	90	24.00.00		
August 15.....	Vindex, New London to Newport.....	40			
August 21.....	Vision, Newport.....	40	5.06.01		
October 2.....	Vision, N.Y. Y. C. Course.....	40	7.46.01		

—In Portland Harbor, Me., a boat race took place on Nov. 6th, between J. H. Kennedy and J. O'Donnell. The distance rowed was three miles; Kennedy won in 24h. 30 sec.

—Henry Adams, Jr., and Henry C. Seaman, of Brooklyn, both excellent oarsmen, rowed round Manhattan Island on November 4th. They rowed in a pair-oared boat weighing 150 lbs. The weather was very much against them, as at one part of the journey they snipped water almost every stroke, so much so, that Seaman had to stop rowing and bail out. The distance rowed was about thirty-six miles, which they accomplished under eight hours; allowing for bailing out, dinner, &c., and the actual rowing time would be about six hours and twenty minutes. This was a good performance, especially for young men.

AMHERST COLLEGE, November 8, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Though the best college time on record, and the manner in which its crews have usually acquitted themselves, have won for Amherst high rank among rowing colleges, the present has been a most unauquatic season. The usual fall regatta was omitted for various reasons, and though there is a good deal of enthusiasm in college on the subject, there has been very little rowing done. The training of this year's crews will be in the hands of the Commodore of the navy, Mr. G. E. Brewer, who was bow oar of the winning crew two years ago. He already has a number of Freshmen at work. They have been in the boat but a very few times, yet give promise of coming quite up to the average. The University crew for the coming season has very little

decided about it as yet. All of last year's crew, with one exception, are still in college, and probably most of them will pull again this season. Several new men are also applicants for positions in the crew, and a great deal of hard work will be done between now and spring by those who hope to represent the college in the next regatta. The old boat house of the Association was crushed last winter by the accumulations of snow and ice, and the boats of the club are now stored in sundry tobacco barns. This boat house was four miles from the college, and will not be rebuilt until the completion of the Massachusetts Central Railroad, when it will be erected on the line of that, thus making the Connecticut more accessible to boating men than it has ever been. The facilities of Amherst for boating are not extensive, as most all our pulling has to be done on the Connecticut, which is so far from the college. There is, however, a small winding stream within half a mile of us, on which there is room enough for one boat. The finances of the club are not particularly prosperous, though we have no doubt of being able to present two crews at the next regatta, as usual. F.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Melchiss.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Caracus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Melagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Oplyx Virginiana.</i>)
Woodcock, <i>Scelopax rusticola.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Tetrao Cupido.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Tetrao umbellus.</i>)	Pigeons, and all kinds of Wild Fowl

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—Black ducks are now very numerous in the vicinity of Fire Islands, particularly in the West Bay, near the head of Morris Channel. They are collecting in the creeks on the islands. Scattering flocks of coots (velvet ducks and scoters) and old squaws are occasionally seen, and there will soon be good shooting when the greater body of the birds arrives. Decoys are indispensable for ducking in the bays. Those who have no duck boats can have good shooting by setting their decoys off from some of the points near Eastern Island, Oak Island, or near Whig Inlet. There are also a great many ducks passing through Jones' Inlet, below the Fire Islands, which may easily be "stooled." Sail boats may be obtained at Babylon, Bay Shore, or Islip.

—Captain Toffey and party returned from Shinnecock Bay last week with sixty-five broadbills, the result of one and a half day's shooting in company with those efficient marksmen, Bill Lane and Cy. Foster.

—Here is some important information we gather from the Germantown Telegraph:

"The favorite region for Philadelphia sportsmen to visit is the waters of the upper Chesapeake and its numerous tributaries. The severe but necessary laws regulating the killing of game on the shores of Maryland have already had a salutary effect, as is observed by the unusual number of ducks which now annually visit those attractive grounds. Those who contemplate shooting there this fall may not be aware of the principal features of the game laws relating to that section, that the season for killing wild fowl commences on the 1st of November and ceases on the 31st day of March. The only days in the week that shooting is allowed are Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Shooting at night is very properly prohibited. During the day no larger gun can be used than the ordinary fowling-piece. For the violation of these laws the fines vary from fifty to five hundred dollars."

On account of the mildness of the season sportsmen have thus far not been very successful, as but comparatively few ducks have as yet made their appearance. As soon as the weather grows a little colder, the canvas-back, the red-head, the black-head, the widgeon and the wild goose will make their advent in increased numbers.

A contributor to the Germantown Telegraph has put strangers under obligations by informing them that the favorite locality for the canvas-back is the narrows at the mouth of the Susquehanna, between the Spesutic Islands and the western shore. These narrows are about three miles in length by three hundred yards in breadth. By the middle of the present month the canvas-back will visit those thoroughfares in quest of the wild celery root which grows there in great quantities.

—Messrs. Birdseye and Charman, of Brooklyn, accompanied by their dogs, Prince and Hero, killed thirteen brace of ruffed grouse in New Jersey last week.

—All kinds of game appear to be much more abundant throughout the country than for several years past. This fact is true of the moose and cariboo of Nova Scotia, as well as of the quail and ruffed grouse throughout the United States. We hear of some fine bags of quail from Monmouth county, New Jersey, a dozen miles below Long Branch, and also from back of Plainfield. Bears are becoming a nuisance in Pennsylvania.

—George B. Greer, the sugar refiner of Wall street, writes us that he is enjoying himself among the buffalo, blacktails, and antelope near Fort Wallace, Kansas. Our friend is working like a beaver for FOREST AND STREAM, and has got us a goodly subscription list among the army officers at several of the frontier posts.

—A yearling Cow Moose, imported from New Brunswick by the editor of this paper, can be seen at the depot of

Reiche Bros., 55 Chatham street. The United States Government, which doesn't mind "turning an honest penny," when opportunity affords, charged *eight dollars duty* on the "animile," which was cheerfully (?) paid, since, "Where duty calls, I must obey;" and as the moose remarked, it was the latest style of "calling" moose outside of Parrsboro'. We hope to have influence enough at Washington to have the duty on moose so much increased that it will be no object for the critters to cross the line. If any gentleman outside of the Custom House can see anything funny in the remarks foregoing, he is welcome to a copy of this number of our paper free gratis for nothing.

—William C. Prime, Esq., has been hunting in the Adirondacks, and sends a letter from St. Regis Lake to the *Journal of Commerce*, in which he writes: "In the autumn deer do not often come down to the water for feed as in summer, when the grass is fresh and green and the lily pads are beginning to grow. It is tolerably certain that a deer found swimming in November has been driven by dogs. Watching for deer in pleasant weather is not unpleasant occupation for a man who knows how to do nothing. A watching point is generally one which commands an extensive view of water and land, and the watcher has simply to sit, or stand, or lie, and keep his eyes open in all directions. The dogs are put out wherever in the forests it is thought that the deer can be found, but when they have started the race no one can tell where it will lead. Thus, if the deer be put up on the slope of St. Regis mountain, he may go to Follansbee Junior pond, three miles north, or to St. Regis pond, as far west, or to Big Clear on the south, or to St. Regis Lake on the east, or to Spectacle, or Spitfire, or even to Barnum or Osgood; and there are a dozen other lakes, in any one of which he may seek to wash away the scent and throw his pursuers off the track. The watchers in a hunt are therefore scattered miles apart, each one taking a position on one of the customary runways, for the deer generally run on the same tracks through the forest. Hunting in this manner is necessarily, therefore a very quiet business, except for the few moments when the deer is coming in and shot or missed. If he takes to the water out of rifle reach he must be pursued in the boat, and there is little pleasure in thus overtaking him."

—The Yacht *Eva*, of the New York Yacht Squadron, and a party of gentlemen are up the James river on a shooting excursion.

—A hunting party from Webster, West Va., encountered fearful weather in the mountains last week, snow falling to the depth of sixteen inches, and remaining on the ground several days. They killed eleven deer, captured a bear alive and brought him home, and shot small game enough to supply their commissary. The mountaineers of West Virginia don't like strangers. They have always raised objections to hunters from a distance, who, as they say, run off the game. Parties from Virginia always calculate upon losing one half their dogs, shot by the mountaineers.

—There is very fair hunting in Bryan, Liberty, and McIntosh counties, in Georgia, along the line of the Atlantic and Gulf Railway. Messrs. Brailsford and Thomas keep packs of hounds, and so also do Randolph Spalding's Sons, on Sapelo Island. Every one keeps pointers, and game exists in great variety—deer, bears, turkeys, quail, snipe, and woodcock, besides otter, coons, mink, and opossums. The area of forest has increased since the war, and game has multiplied apace. There are no hotels or houses for entertainment; the sportsman must go prepared to camp, but the planters are kind hearted, and know a gentleman when they see him. The hunting season is now well on.

—A letter from Grafton, Vt., November 3d. says:—

"We have but very few sportsmen here, and not a good bird dog in town. Partridges are unusually plenty, and a few sportsmen with good dogs would undoubtedly find first rate sport, if accustomed to a rough country. Foxes are out in numbers; one local hunter has killed seven within a few days. We also have a pretty good show of coons. A party from Providence, R. I., a few days since took about a dozen in three nights. We have a fine hotel here at reasonable prices; for a few years past it has been much frequented during the summer months by parties desiring quiet and our good country air. Messrs. F. and H. Phelps, the proprietors, would be pleased to see a few good sportsmen."

—The Phoenix Gun Club of Brooklyn held a friendly pigeon shoot at Dexter's Ground, L. I., last week. The birds were in prime condition, most of them flying direct from the trap at the word "pull." It will be seen from the score that the shooting was very poor, as when a club is successful in getting good strong pigeons, the birds test the capacity of the shooters, and generally fly off unharmed. There were 120 birds shot at, and only 67 birds killed; 21 yards rise, 15 birds each.

Akurst.....	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0	6
Chasmering.....	1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0	10
Reid.....	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0	8
Applegate.....	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0	10
Madison.....	1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	10
Bird.....	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0	8
McLaw.....	1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1	8
McMahon.....	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0	7

—Here is what even Nova Scotia papers style an extraordinary moose hunt. We quote:—

"Last Sunday, Capt. Joseph Newcomb, in schooner *Pride of the North*, while crossing from Parrsboro' to Port Williams, espied a moose about midway of the Basin, making from Parrsboro' to Blomidon. He manned his boat and made chase. He got a bowline about her, towed her to the vessel, hoisted her on board, where he butchered her, and on his arrival at Port Williams sold the meat for twenty-two dollars."

FIFTH CONTEST FOR THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB BADGE. AT CREEDMOOR.

—On Saturday last the weather was most inauspicious. The day was dark and cloudy, and rain was threatening. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the contestants for the much coveted prize assembled fifteen in number at Creedmoor, and though the rain poured down and the wind blew, the shooting was of an excellent character. Under all circumstances the result was remarkable, the average comparing favorably with that of any previous match, and the winning score equalling that made by Capt. Bodine in August last. Mr. J. P. M. Richards, of the 7th Regiment, having scored 27 out of a possible 28, making six bull's eyes and a centrie, thus securing the badge for a second time. In our last issue an error occurred which we now correct. The matches for the Amateur Rifle Badge have been won so far as follows:—

July 12th. John Bodine.....	25
Aug. 9th. John Bodine.....	27
Sep. 13th. J. P. M. Richards.....	26
Nov. 1st. Robert Omand.....	25
Nov. 8th. J. P. M. Richards.....	27

In the match of yesterday it is to be regretted that press of business prevented many of our leading shots from being present, neither Mr. Bodine or Captain Wingate or Mr. Omand having been on the ground. We trust this match will not conclude the most pleasant contests of the Amateur Rifle Club. Another year we hope will see this association with a notable increase of numbers. The spirit which has characterized its members has been excellent, and in years to come the Amateurs will be remembered not only by seniority but by merit, as having given the initial movement to rifle shooting at Creedmoor. It will be in the ranks of the Amateur Rifle Club that the best marksmen will be found, and when Wimbledon competes with Creedmoor, they will take the post of honor.

MATCH FOR THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB BADGE, NOVEMBER 8.

Name.	Arm.	Seven shots at 500 yds.	Total.
J. P. M. Richards.....	Sharpe Sporting.....	4 3 4 4 4 4 4	27
G. W. Hamilton.....	Sharpe Sporting.....	3 4 3 4 4 4 3	25
I. S. Coulin.....	Sharpe Sporting.....	3 4 4 4 4 3 3	25
A. V. Canfield, Jr.....	Remington Sporting.....	3 4 4 3 3 3 3	23
S. J. Kellogg, Sr.....	Remington Sporting.....	3 3 3 4 3 3 3	22
W. Robertson.....	Remington Sporting.....	2 3 3 3 4 3 3	21
G. W. Yale.....	Sharpe Sporting.....	3 3 2 4 3 3 3	21
A. Pyle.....	Remington Sporting.....	2 4 2 3 2 3 3	20
L. C. Bruce.....	Sharpe Military.....	2 2 3 2 2 4 3	17
Captain Ross.....	Remington Sporting.....	3 3 0 0 4 4 3	17
Col. Gildersleeve.....	Ward Burton.....	0 2 3 3 4 0 3	15
Thos. Lloyd.....	Sharpe Military.....	0 2 2 3 0 4 3	11
A. Alford.....	Remington Sporting.....	2 0 2 0 0 0 3	7
D. Cameron.....	Remington Sporting.....	0 3 0 0 2 2 2	7
S. L. Hillier.....	Maynard.....	0 0 0 2 2 0 0	4

Weather cloudy; light bad; rain falling during the match; wind blowing irregularly.

After the match a sweepstakes took place which was won by Mr. Lloyd. The following scores were made:—

Name.	Arm.	Score.
Thos. Lloyd.....	Sharpe.....	3 3 3 3 4
Col. Gildersleeve.....	Ward Burton.....	2 3 3 3 4
S. L. Hillier.....	Maynard.....	2 4 2 4 3

Before the match some very fine shooting was made by Mr. A. V. Canfield, Jr., of the 22d Regt., with a Remington sporting rifle, the following being the score:—

At 500 yards.....	4 4 3 3 3 3 3	28
At 800 yards.....	4 4 4 4 3 4 3	26
At 1,000 yards.....	0 4 4 3 3 0 2	16
Aggregate.....		65

It may be seen that Mr. Canfield repeated this number (23) at the regular match. Perhaps it is unwise when shooting for a match for contestants to work too much before hand, as it sometimes fatigues the eye and hand, and takes off their freshness; 26 at 800 yards in a possible 28 is very wonderful shooting. This match for the Amateur Badge showed the excellent quality of the Sharpe's rifle.

Next Saturday, Nov. 15th, the match for the Remington Diamond Badge will take place. The terms upon which this magnificent Diamond Challenge Badge valued at two hundred and fifty dollars and presented to the National Rifle Association by Messrs. E. Remington & Sons, will be shot for, have been fully given by us in our last number. Distances—500, 800 and a 1,000 yards. Badge to be won three times, not necessarily consecutive, before becoming the property of the owner; open only to members of the Association. Weapon—any breech-loading rifle.

The presentation of this badge will do much to stimulate long range firing, which in its turn will do more than anything else to build up expert marksmen and develop the best kind of rifles and ammunition. The gentlemen riflemen at Creedmoor take no stock in any gun for the gun's sake but "shoot to win," and would abandon their most cherished rifles for a flint lock Queen's Arm in a moment, if they could make a higher score with it. The terms of the match show a practical acquaintance with the necessities of a match of this description which will command general approval, particularly the clause prohibiting competitors from practicing on the day of a match, and it may not be improper to remark that the members of the Rifle Association are indebted for them as well as for the idea of the badge itself to Mr. A. Alford, who has always manifested the strongest interest in anything pertaining to rifle practice and the welfare of the Association.

—This appeared in a New York paper one hundred years ago:

"Whereas, the subscriber intends to leave the province early next spring, this is to inform the Public that he has on hand a parcel of Indian dressed deer skins, fit to make breeches, likewise, mill-leather, large and small, the neatest braces for breeches-makers, shammy, sheep-skins fit to make negro breeches, sorted in dozens to suit country merchants; likewise, a variety of buck and doe-skin breeches and gloves made in the neatest manner; a small quantity of wool. The above articles he will dispose of very reasonably. Joseph Lester, living near the Fly market, New York."

Art and Drama.

LAURA KEENE.

NO successful professional career is more exciting and more fascinatingly triumphant than that of a theatrical star; no reputation is so evanescent and so soon entirely forgotten. The recent death of Miss Laura Keene, and the flippant way it has been in many instances alluded to by the press, form a sad comment on our propositions.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. James W. Wallack, Sr., while in London, in search of some "bright light," saw "Miss Laura" on the stage and at once comprehended her superior talents, and made the arrangements that transferred her to the western world. On the trip across the Atlantic there occurred an incident that Miss Keene, in years gone by, related with great gusto. To beguile the time of the voyage she consented on one occasion to recite "The Maniac." Her success was great and cordially acknowledged, but the incident was embalmed in her memory by the subsequent receipt, when on shore, of a box of the finest gloves, a present in token of her dramatic powers, from A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York.

Her advent before a New York audience was at Wallack's, corner Broome street, when, in 1852, she assumed the rôle of "leading lady" of the company. No actress was ever more successful from the start than she, for in a few weeks she carried the town, and for the time reigned supreme.

Between Miss Keene and Miss Ellen Tree (not the subsequent Mrs. Kean) we always fancied there were strong resemblances. The personal appearance of each was so slender that the least taking away would have suggested attenuation. The voice was one of the chief charms of each, and in the plaintive notes and sad expressions they were echoes and reflections of each other. It is, therefore, unnecessary to say that Miss Keene, in her younger and successful days, was the representative of perfect refinement.

The popular tradition is that she was as an unknown child, a bar maid in one of the public houses contiguous to a leading London theatre; this is but a paraphrase, probably, of the history of Nell Gwynne. Bohemian biographers generally start their heroes and heroines at some point where the writer has easiest access to inspiration. Miss Keene has, unfortunately, left no authentic record of her girlhood and early struggles. She stamped her humble origin, however, by once remarking to a friend that she had "worked in a factory." Here was indeed the last place in the wide world we should have looked for the bright spirit that once wielded such a charm; and in the lowly surroundings of factory life, we can easily conceive there was that neglect of juvenile training that probably made Miss Keene's whole life a struggle between one of the most beautiful natures and worst possible childhood training.

She commenced her professional career in the performance of the simplest parts, her fragile figure naturally carrying her into the ballet; but her intellectual superiority soon made way to preferment. Once comprehending her own abilities, she was suddenly inspired with an overwhelming ambition that soon became absorbing, and to the day of her death made her a martyr to the achievement of success. Industrious as the "busy bee," untiring as time itself, she fretted through her allotted years, never taking a breathing spell, never loitering on her journey through life, but even to the last, when the long wear and tear of consumption had left her scarcely a physical representative, her mind, in its restlessness, throbbed in its fragile and battered casement, and her bright unrivalled eye flashed at the conception of some conceived triumph.

Miss Keene divided admiration by the possession of unusual genius as an actress and wonderful judgment as a manager. Her appreciation of an untried play was better than any contemporary; it was almost fate. This great and rare power was illustrated in a wonderful degree when, as manager of the Olympic, she had in her stock company Jefferson, Owens, and Sothorn. Whatever may be now the triumphs of these gentlemen, they are largely indebted to Laura Keene's sagacity as a manager for their present success. It was she who purchased from Tom Taylor the MS play of "Our American Cousin." When she gave out the assignment of parts there was a pandemonium of rage and disappointment behind the scenes. We believe not an actor or actress who had standing enough to protest, that did not denounce the play, and what they were expected to do with it. Mr. Sothorn, at the risk of a law suit with the "plucky Laura," threw up the part of *Lord Dundreary*, and Jefferson, who was by the just judgment of Miss Keene to have the tide turned in his favor that would lead to fortune, fretted and fumed, and then, as a sensible, good-natured man as he is, gave us *Asa Trenchard*, the illustration of which was to develop into his *Rip Van Winkle*.

On the night of the presentation of "Our American Cousin" so much opposition had been expressed to its performance that even Miss Keene's firmness for once wavered, and she looked forward to the result with the greatest anxiety. The call for tickets was in the morning decidedly dull. About noon a committee of firemen waited upon her and said they desired a number of seats and expected to obtain them, if possible, at half price. Miss Keene said, "if you will, with your friends, come to the theatre to-night and enthusiastically applaud *Lord Dundreary* and *Asa Trenchard*, but take no notice of me, I'll give you all a free admission with pleasure."

The firemen, of course, were delighted, and at night presented themselves at the play. Whenever *Lord Dundreary*

or *Asa Trenchard* appeared, as in fact when anyone appeared, they made the house resound with a hearty welcome and most judicious approval. Upon the falling of the curtain the reaction behind it was wonderful—the play was a success, and Miss Keene added a new laurel to that already heavy wreath she had won as a good manager.

Of her struggles and sufferings after she disappeared as a nightly star before a metropolitan audience the public have no desire to know. Suffice it to say that a consumption, slow but sure, gradually crushed her body but never her undaunted spirit. Ill success brought her in debt to many people, and they "got satisfaction" by maligning her character and misrepresenting her motives. Strange as it may appear to the unthinking world, Laura Keene was by nature a woman made to shine in private life. Her affections were paramount even over her ambition. In her last days she toiled, lest she might tax the competency she hoarded for the comfort of her two nieces. She was the most brilliant woman, in the height of her popularity, in New York, in dress, manner, and charms in parlor, and shone resplendently with the most polished social and literary society.

To her few confidential friends she spoke of the stage with bitterness, as calculated to destroy all that quietness and peace of mind most essential to a woman's happiness. Her last positive declaration was that if she could be restored to her youth and could live over again, she would never speak to the manager of a theatre or witness a play.

Her towering ambition was the serpent that stung most severely. In her declining days she saw Sothorn, Owens, Jefferson, and Booth, and others who were her *protégés*, vital with health and abundant in wealth and the world's applause, and she fretted and beat helpless against the bars of her imprisonment as a petted eagle deprived of the mountain eyrie and the sun in its zenith.

She now sleeps quietly in the modest cemetery of Montclair. One of her last requests was that her funeral should be strictly private, and that no notice of her death should be given to the world until her body rested in the tomb.

At the Broadway Theatre, on Monday evening, was presented for the first time a play entitled "The New Magdalen." We presume, from reading some of the recently produced comments of the press, upon the intimate connection of female degradation and hard times, that this "New Magdalen" is the legitimate fruit of the prevailing panic. At any rate, we have Wilkie Collins' certificate that this "perfumed violet" is a genuine, and not a spurious article. Though refined gentlemen among themselves would, as a rule, refuse to discuss the character of the plot, for want of decent words to give a clear description, yet it is put upon the stage, and we can only find excuse for the women who witness it on the ground that they are no philosophers. Miss Leclercq, when we entered the play-house, was sitting on a sofa, dressed splendidly, giving a charm to a parlor set off with the richest furniture, the walls of which were richly frescoed, while the conservatory in the rear witchingly displayed its floral charms through the crystal glass. At her side stood her affianced husband, leaning over her with a degree of "spoon" that was dramatically effective and complimentary to her charms. The enraptured and successful lover was urging an early day for the prospective nuptials. With all these pleasant surroundings Miss Leclercq was not happy. She looked virtuous, innocent, and most loveable, and the audience heartily sympathized with the prospect that she had of settling down in the domestic circle, with a fair chance of being overloaded with olive branches; yet for all this and these things, she kept continually turning away from the earnest love expressions of her future husband, and informing the audience, in *sotto voce*, that she was a miserable, unprincipled outcast—an *old* Magdalen, who had been ruined by want of early education, poverty and temptation, frequently calling herself hard names, such names, indeed, as the veriest drab that staggers bawling at midnight through our slums will, if applied to her, resent with becoming indignation.

The high moral finale of the piece was simply brutal in her vinegary maidenhood, and probably no dramatist ever succeeded more effectively in making virtue despicable when brought in contact with gilded vice.

The leading comedian is a radical minister. When the affianced husband of the piece has had the "early history" of his future wife told him several hundred times, more or less, and still unbelieving, has a hole made in his head with an augur, through which is shoved a written affidavit that his sweetheart is a wanton of the worst kind, then he gives it up, and slapping his blonde wig over the top where his forehead ought to be, disappears.

Miss Leclercq—we beg pardon, we mean *Mercy Merrick*—having been abandoned by *Horace Homecroft*, she turns to the radical minister, and as if never tired of speaking of her early shameful life—while the audience and no one on the stage has even thrown it in her face—she commences again reviewing her shamless conduct, and seems to be desirous of making an impression on his pure mind by degrading herself to the lowest pit of infamy. The radical minister drinks in the impure words and dwells with seeming delight upon the pictures of revolting vice that are suggested to his imagination; at last overcome with radical clerical enthusiasm, he seizes the interesting heroine rapturously in his arms, presses her form to his precious person, and after the manner of Stiggins, announces, with a defiant voice, that her early education and trials implies that her subsequent systematic fraud have jointly and severally prepared her for a minister's wife, and at last the "New Magdalen" announces that she is happy.

Such is the dainty dish set before a New York audience by Wilkie Collins.

On Monday the favorite comedy of "Ours" was returned to Wallack's. There is so much in the play in the way of pleasant scenic effects, the completeness of the plot, and unexceptionable dialogue, that it seems never to tire a refined and appreciative audience.

At Booth's, the romantic drama of "Richelieu." As is too often the case at this theatre, one excellent actor is surrounded by indifferent players; the consequence is that much is seen that is incomplete and unsatisfactory.

At the Union Square the "Geneva Cross" is still in the ascendancy. The managers announce that on the 17th inst. it will give way to "The Wicked World," in which Miss Clara Morris will appear.

On the evening of the 21st instant the testimonial of Mr. William N. Griffith, commemorative of his entering upon the professional stage, will be given at the Academy in Brooklyn. This will be a fine performance. In addition to some of the best known and most popular amateurs, Messrs. E. Lamb, Owen Marlowe, Mrs. Fanny Foster, and Mrs. Charles Gaylor will appear in the dramas. Mr. J. N. Patterson, the pianist, and Mr. John Clark, the basso, will appear between the plays. "Ruy Blas" and a farce will be on the bill.

The new Park Theatre, of Brooklyn, maintains its unrivalled popularity; it is one of our best theatres for unexceptionable family entertainments.

CINCINNATI, November 7, 1873.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

We have been enjoying a treat this week in the shape of the Kellogg Opera Company. During the week they have sung "Lucia de Lammermoor," "Martha," and "Faust." Saturday afternoon, "Bohemian Girl;" in the evening, "Fra Diavolo."

WOOD'S THEATRE.

At this place the Maffit and Bartholomew Pantomime Troupe have appeared in "Flick and Flock." Business fair. November 10th—Lawrence Barrett.

ROBINSON'S OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Kate Putnam has been drawing not over large audiences in her plays of "Little Nell," "Fanchon," and "Blade o' Grass." Her "Little Nell" is poor compared to Lotta's. November 10th—Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe.

W. L. S.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

TRUFFLE NEPHEWS. A Collection of Stories; From the pen of Rev. P. Power. N. Y.: Robert Carter & Bros.

This is one of those attractive books that one reads through for pleasant style and its good, round letter press. These stories, aside from their attractiveness as well written tales of everyday life, exhibit important and truthful practical lessons for the encouragement and direction of all who would live in this world not an idle life. The nobler impulses of the good are strengthened: The evil disposed and selfish are kindly warned to let the past suffice, to turn over a "new leaf" in the journal of life; in short, to reform their lives. From "We" versus "I," we give the following extract by way of illustration:

"Neighbor Solus," said the Quaker, "betwixt thy name and ours there are but two letters difference; thou art called 'Solus' and we are 'Silas;' and in two letters lieth the secret of our success over thine. Thou standest alone, though thou hast a wife. Solus is the Latin for 'alone;' and as is thy name so is thy nature; with thee it is always 'I;' with us it is always 'We.' Thou and thy wife do not everything together as ye should; thou pullest one way at times, and she another; and as ye are yoked to the same pole the coach under such circumstances cannot go on. Thou art a drag on her, and she is a drag on thee; and dragging and drawing two different things."

LITTLE KAVEN: By Madame Sophie Schwartz. From the original MSS. by Selina Borg and Maria A. Brown: Hartford, Connecticut. Published by R. W. Bliss.

There is nothing wearisome, dull or monotonous in "Little Kaven," but a lively, healthy, sparkling story, told in a pleasant mood. In fact, we never find any of the productions from the pen of this ready writer other than improving. Her most trivial utterances have a meaning; all her sentences even have a mission. Some have charged her with a "masculinity" of style, somewhat too intense. We differ from them; Madame Schwartz never allows her fine imagination to lead her into foolish sentimentalism. She has no tears to shed over imaginary objects such as are often found in fashionable novels. We love that true boldness that clearly defines the reigning thought of the mind; that independence which dares assert a great moral truth, so well delineated in the character of "Kaven," the noble-hearted, impulsive and generous maiden. This character is truthful, strongly portrayed, and is as truly a delineation of real life as is her sister Lisbeth, with all her good qualities, and a pardonable share of vanity and self-love.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, for November. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The first paper is a strongly written, concise article upon what may well constitute the requirements of a liberal education. Professor Atkinson covers the whole ground in a most admirable manner. That he is in real downright earnest, every attentive reader (and may there be many) will at once admit. The Professor says in his opening sentence: "The collapse of the classical system of liberal education which has held almost undisputed sway since the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, and the now generally recognized insufficiency of the theory which makes the study of the languages of Greece and Rome the sole foundation of the higher education, are leading, as all familiar with the educational systems of the present day are aware, to the greatest variety of speculations as to the system which is destined to succeed it." The discussion of this subject comes in just the right time—the great question of so much interest to the future welfare of our Republic, makes everything bearing upon or developing new ideas upon universal education very desirable, and the whole people are thinking, as they should do, upon the educational system as applied to the schools of the American Republic.

A SIMPLETON, A Story of the day: By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Bro.

Mr. Reade, in this work, has taken up the pen to redress minor wrongs, or to expose minor evils. We notice none of the sturdy blows usually aimed at wrong doing in his principal characters. Why is this? Has the

world grown more virtuous, and is there a less need of rebuke? He discharges tritely upon the mysteries of the toilet, and gives us the manner in which many young and interesting ladies are "made up," and its effects upon health. He says: "A woman with her stays bisecting her almost, and lacerating her skin, can yet for one moment make herself seem slack to deceive a juvenile physician." We think the physician who would thus be deceived must be very juvenile.

The mysteries and trickeries of London auction sales, house agents, and the like, are made very plain to us poor unenlightened readers; and even the petty peccadilloes of the discharged house maid, made quite spicy in itself. This may be necessary to the development of the story, but truly we can see little good resulting from a history, composition and use of London poisons, even if they are used three times a day in the form of strong tea by "aristocratic English ladies." Many other abuses are spoken of, which are truly abuses, and would be better abandoned than continued. Every one knew before Mr. Reade told us that "invisible perspiration is a process of nature necessary to health and life."

Mr. Reade will pardon us if we disagree with him in the use of sundry expressions found in his book, indicating a lack of carefully chosen words. We notice in describing the mispronunciation of Lady Cicely, he says: "As for the letter 'r' she could say it if she made a hearty effort, but was generally too lazy to throw her leg over it." Then he tells us when she walked, "her elastic foot slapped the pavement as she spanked along." These, though minor faults, which may be tolerated in a popular author, are nevertheless sins against good taste. Lady Frehem is the best character of the work, the most skillfully sketched, but a peculiar compound of diverse elements.

While this novel would be pronounced by many as very readable and pleasant, we think it does not do the author credit, for he has given us many better stories, and therefore we look for a better book than this from Charles Reade.

In our last week's review of books, the names of Messrs. Wilbur & Hastings, No. 40 Fulton street, New York, were omitted, as having for sale the three following books: "The Buyers' Guide of the Manufacturing Towns and Manufacturers of Great Britain;" "A complete Guide to the Leading Hotels, Places of Amusement, Objects of Interest, Parks, Clubs, Markets, Docks, &c., of London," and "The Hotels of Europe."

MAGAZINES.

We are in receipt of "The Rural Carolinian," for November. It is an excellent periodical, containing an unusual amount of practical reading matter for agriculturists and the home circle. The Rural Carolinian has just commenced a new volume, the November number being the second issue of the fifth volume. The publishers are Walker, Evans, & Cogswell, Charleston, S. C. Subscription price to the Magazine, \$2 per annum, with liberal club rates.

IN PRESS.

Randolph & Co. have in press, and will soon issue, a new volume on Continental Travel, by Dr. S. I. Prime, under the attractive title of "The Alhambra and the Kremlin;" "The South and North of Europe." Also, "Literary Life;" by Francis Jacox.

The above works will contain much valuable information upon literature and literary matters never before placed before the public.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GEOLOGICAL STORIES; In form of a pleasant autobiography. Story of a "Piece of Granite;" Story of a "Piece of Quartz." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN CHEMISTRY: By J. Dorman Steele. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

AGAINST THE STREAM. By the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd & Mead.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE. By Hesba Stretton, author of the "Dr.'s Dilemma;" &c. New York: Dodd & Mead.

CROOKED PLACES; A Story of Struggles and Hopes. By Edward Garnett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life." New York: Dodd & Mead.

THE DEAD SEA: And Other Stories. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd & Mead.

THE CROSS OF BERNY; Or Irene's Lovers. By Madame Emile de Girardin, M. M. Theophile Gautier, Jules Landeau, and Mere. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

WHAT SHE CAN DO; A Romance from the pen of Rev'd E. P. Roc, author of "Barriers Burned Away," &c. New York: Dodd & Mead.

LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE. By Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Bro.

NEW MAGDALEN. By Wilkie Collins. Library Edition, with illustrations by C. S. Reinhardt.

MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE; A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict. 8vo., 195 pages. New York: Harper & Bros.

BY AND BY; A Historical Romance of the Future. By Edward Maitland. 12mo., 460 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE DEAD MARQUISE. By Leonard Kip. 12mo., 356 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BELLEHOOD AND BONDAGE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 12mo., 458 pages. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

MIRIAM MONTFORT. By the author of the "The Household of Bouverie." 12mo., 556 pages, New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL. By J. S. Howson, D. D. 12mo., 314 pages. New York: Dodd & Mead.

HIS MARRIAGE VOW. By Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

FUN AND WORK. By the author of "Little Kitty's Library." 178 pages.

THE SILVER KEYS: A Tale. By A. L. O. E. 264 pages. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE. By Elenor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co.

WHITE ROSE AND RED; A Love Story. By the author of "St. Abe." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 242 pages.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Complete and splendid edition. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 342 pages. Price \$2.50.

LOST GIP. By the author of "Jessica's Prayer," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead.

THE ROSE OF DISSENTS. By Heinrich Zschokke. Translated from the German by James I. D. Trenor. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1873.

MISS FORESTER. A novel. By Mrs. Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1873.

The long evenings are now coming, and the children should have good games to help pass them pleasantly. Avilude, with its birds and their descriptions, is the best ever published. Sold by all booksellers and toy dealers, or sent post paid, on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass. "From its meritorious character deserves the widest circulation."—*Banner of Light*.

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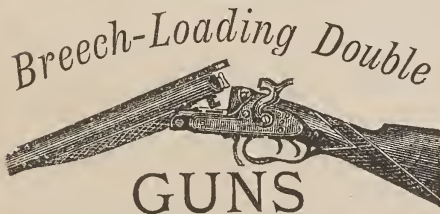
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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position, and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even clamor for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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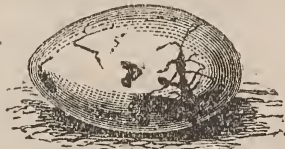
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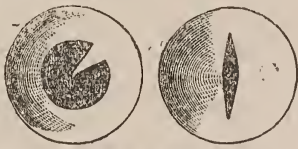


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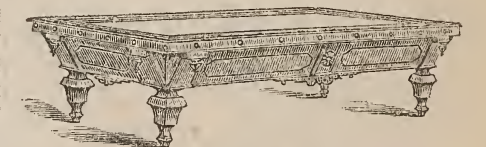


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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1873.

Volume I, Number 15.
103 Fulton Street.

THE CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

IN sharp November, from afar,
From Northern river, stream and lake
The flocks of noble canvas-back,
Their migratory journeys make.
The frosty morning finds them spread
Along the flats of Barnegat,
Where grows the valisneria root,
The duck-grass with its bulbous thread.
But chief where Chesapeake receives
From Susquehannah, brackish tides,
By calm Potomac and the James,
Feeding at will from morn till eve,
Mid those aquatic pastures green,
The ribbon'd grass and bulbous root
Where slant the yellow sedges lean.

By myriads there the wild fowl come
To taste the rich, delicious fare,
The red head and the canvas-back
The widgeon with its plumage rare,
The ruddy-duck, the buffer-head,
The broad bill and Canadian goose,
Loving o'er placid shoal or cove
Their winnowing pinions to unloose.

Through all the day, dispersed around
They swim and circle o'er the bay,
And at the eve, in gather'd flocks
To mouth of creeks they take their way,
Where some a wakeful vigil keep,
Others at anchor float asleep.

And when the winter keen sets in,
And frozen is the river's face
To its salt confluence with the bay
The flocks seek out their feeding place.
And where across the ice, a pool
Of open water they discern,
The hungry flocks their flight suspend
And toward the friendly pasture turn;
And tyer the lurking fowler waits,
(Amid the ice-blocks hid from sight)
With heavy gun and deadly aim,
To thin the numbers that alight. ISAAC MOLELLAN.

Wild Life in Florida.

A SEMI-TROPICAL PARADISE.

NUMBER THREE.

IN Florida, eighty miles due south of St. Augustine, lies an immense lagoon of salt water, called by the old Spaniards Rio d'Ais, by the Indians Aisa Natcha, and by Floridians Indian River. Called by whatever name it may be it is the most wonderful portion of that wonderful State. Wonderful for its bland and genial climate; wonderful for its birds, beasts, and fishes; wonderful, above all, for its people, who live in such a state of indolence as causes a Northerner to shudder. Situated mainly below the frost line, many tropical fruits reach perfection beneath its burning sun. The lime, lemon, guava, banana, pineapple, citron, and, of course, the orange, in perfection. The climate here is peculiarly adapted to the needs of the consumptive, and he can live here for years in apparent health after other climates have been tried in vain.

People who have tried California, Minnesota, and the various resorts in the Old World, have pronounced Indian River in advance of them all. The difficulties attending a trip here, and the insufficient accommodations, have prevented its advantages—its natural advantages—from becoming generally known. The steamer up the St. John's, from Jacksonville to Salt Lake, a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles, and a portage of six miles will bring the traveller to the banks of Indian River, at Harvey's, or Sand Point, where boats and guides may be hired down the river to Jupiter, one hundred and thirty miles further. The cost of transportation from New York to Sand Point will be about sixty dollars. The visitor had better camp, and bring with him such articles of need as a camper-out appreciates. An outfit may be purchased at Jacksonville at a trifling advance on New York prices. It was thus that I prepared to enjoy the pleasures of Indian River. The middle of March found me waiting at Harvey's for a favorable wind down the river.

Though the sand that lined the many bays was white as snow, and the palms, with their columnar trunks and dark green fronds, made graceful pictures, I was tired of gazing upon the same ones day after day, and finally persuaded my boatman to visit the upper portion of the river before descending. A nor'west wind had driven the water upon the opposite shore two days before, and left his little boat high and dry, with fifty feet of sand flats intervening between her and navigation. But the wind again hauled south'ard, deluging the western shore with returning waters and enabling us to get under way. As this wind was contrary for a down river trip, we headed for a different quarter, purposing to visit the largest orange grove in Florida, so said to be, and the best. Ten miles sailing in a north-easterly direction brought us to the landing. Did you, reader, ever inhale the fragrance of a cluster of orange blossoms? You remember the exquisite penetrating perfume. Well, add to the cluster tens of thousands more—the efflorescence of two thousand trees. The subtle odor enveloped our boat in a cloud of incense, evoked by the sun and wafted to our senses by a gentle breeze. A mile away we were made aware of the existence of the grove, yet hidden from us by a circling belt of palms. Two thousand trees, in long straight rows, their glossy green tops flecked with immaculate blossoms, a carpet of emerald spangled with snowy stars. In the centre of the grove we found the residence of the proprietor, Captain Dummitt, a log cabin with palmetto-thatched roof. Think of a log cabin in the garden of Eden! But this is but one of the worthy Captain's peculiarities. There is a mystery surrounding him which he never vouchsafes to break. Even in his cups—I should say buckets—never a word is uttered regarding his seclusion from the world. Known far and near as a hard drinker, he is ever the same well-bred gentleman, be he drunk or sober.

He and Tom R. once started down the river to perform some work at the lower grove. Before setting out he gave Tom \$20 to purchase provisions with. Aforesaid provisions are purchased according to his, and, may be, the Captain's fancy. Whiskey, \$17 50; hard tack, "jest to chaw on, you know," \$1 50; pork, \$1. Two bottles of whiskey Tom adds on his own account. The Captain also laid in a choice stock. Thus armed they set sail, burning with an unquenchable ardor for work.

"There's old Bob; 'twould be kinder mean to pass him without a smile," says Tom.

"That's so; let's land."

They land; they "smile;" the smiles broaden into a grin, and the proposition to call the entire male population of that section and have "a reg'lar time" is hailed with universal acclamation. Times, that is "reg'lar times," are much in vogue on Indian River, to the great absorption and waste of Time, the old father. It was rather up hill work drinking the old Captain drunk, but the Southern people are always earnest in a worthy cause, and he was finally deposited upon a heap of oyster shells "dead gone." In the morning he said to Tom, "I presume I was a little intoxicated last evening."

"You were just that, and the dog gondest, too, that I ever see!"

"Well, it's no use working with whiskey around; pass us the bottle."

"It's all gone!"

"Gone! then we'd better be sailing for Sand Point, for I'm d—d if I'll work without whiskey."

This was related to me while I camped near the grove at night, and I give it as I think of it, trusting the reader will pardon the digression.

Twenty-five years ago Captains C. and D. found the grove while hunting. A judicious grafting of the wild trees procured in a few years bountiful returns. The crops have sometimes been enormous—seven hundred thousand in a single year. Over half a million of the largest, juiciest oranges in America! Camping there that night, it was noon the next day before a fair down-river wind came along. When it did come a storm came with it, and we departed, accompanied by the flash of lightning and the

heavy rolling of thunder. After rounding Black Point our little craft drove straight on, heading with the river south southeast, passing Sand Point, Joyner's, Jones' Point, and all the other points on the western shore, six miles of water intervening. We draw near the western shore, and sail along its high pine covered banks, driving before the furious wind with only the jib set. Night comes and finds us still sailing. The moon struggles feebly with the clouds that threaten to conceal her, and reveals the Captain still at the helm. The waves beat against his back as he sits in grim silence, enduring their buffetings with far more patience than my infrequent questions. It is late at night ere he comes to anchor in Elbow Creek, and finds a slight shelter from the tempest. Thankful that, though wet, I could not get wetter, as the rain had ceased, I crawled under the sail, wrapped myself in my blanket, and fell asleep. The Captain never slept aboard, so he waded ashore and "turned in" on the beach. The usual sleep of the camper-out was granted me, long and unbroken, and I was only awakened in the morning by the fall of an oar.

Elbow Creek, with its fantastically worn coquina banks, is selected as the Indian River terminus of a canal to unite the St. John's and this lagoon, Lake Washington being the end of navigation on the St. John's, six miles away. Though I don't take stock in the company, I doubt not its utility if navigation on the St. John's will warrant its being kept open all the year. A sail of five miles across the river brought us to a jutting headland of coquina, supporting a scanty soil covered with a rich growth of beautiful palms, tall century plants, and Lisal hemp. Two crescent shaped bays, one facing north the other south, curved inland, their shores a firm, snowy sand. Landing I soon discovered a small grove of orange trees, being guided to them by their fragrant blossoms. Here I discovered the only evidence of civilization I had seen this side of the river, an object that once must have caused joy in the household, and sadness for its loss. A piano, covered with a few boards, its legs shattered, and its keys rattling in the wind, stood where once had been a home. It was the old story of war's desolation and ruined fortune that accounted for this lone memento of better days in a forest five miles from the nearest house.

At this place is the southern end of Merritt's Island, which parts Indian River, the portion east, between the island and the coast, being known as Banana River, and that west retaining its old name. Cape Canaveral is not far distant, where lives the best man on the river, Captain Burnham, keeper of the lighthouse there. From the light house down I counted six wrecks, thrown upon the shore in a September gale. Making a fire from driftwood, we soon had flapjacks and potatoes enough for our inner man. It was here that I received a lesson in cleanliness I shall not soon forget. I had omitted to provide myself with a dish cloth, and while the Captain was cursing my heedlessness, I went off for some Spanish moss in lieu thereof. What was my surprise upon returning to find the plates dry, and apparently clean.

"Where did you find a cloth?"

"Oh, I took my handkerchief!"

Now, the kerchief was the Captain's only article in that line; a very dirty and greasy bandana, which, besides doing duty in a nasal way, was frequently applied to his watery optics, making its cleanliness a matter of doubt. When I remonstrated with him he declared I was "the dirtiest cuss he ever see," and enquired sarcastically if I thought he was a fool. The cause of his wrath, I afterwards ascertained, was not my objections, but that I had overlooked the fact of his washing it, which he had done in the drinking water bucket. The native goodness of his character was made manifest that night, when, after keeping silent all day, he extended his hand with the remark "he guessed 'twas all right."

About fifty-five miles from Harvey's is Turkey Creek where is the only banana plantation of any extent on the river. The huge plants, with their broad green leaves and curiously formed fruit and flowers, were beautiful and picturesque. They contrasted favorably with the stunted, frost-bitten plants I had seen on the St. John's in Decem-

ber. This lagoon is ahead of all northern Florida in everything—fruit, climate, and game. Oranges grow here in three years from the seed; ahead of St. John's by at least two years. There is almost no frost, and no disease peculiar to the region, while game of all descriptions line its shores. We spent two days and nights wind-bound at St. Sebastian Creek, during which time we visited the coast near the place where, in 1710, a fleet of Spanish galleons were driven ashore and lost. We found no pistareens, which Romans tells us were washed up as late as 1770, but found plenty of deer and bear tracks, and pelican and ducks upon the river side without number. The sea grape and cocoa plum grow here in profusion. The former is a stout shrub, rapidly increasing in size as it nears the tropics, with a broad, heart-shaped, satin leaf. The fruit of the cocoa plum is about as large as the common plum, with a white flesh and red skin. It has a pleasant taste. The high sand-ridge, separating river from ocean, is less than three hundred yards across here, and thickly covered with scrub palmetto and gay colored flowers. Standing on its highest portion I can trace the sparkling length of Indian River and look upon the waters of the Atlantic at the same moment. For seventy-five miles one can hear the ocean surf as he sails upon the river. The high bluffs near St. Sebastian have been selected as the site for a hotel, but are not well suited for such a purpose. Near here is Barker's Bluff, named after a man who lost his life there—killed by the Indians, at the same time my friend, Major Russell, lost an arm. A few miles away is an island draped in white, its trees seemingly covered with snow, a circling flight of birds hovering over it, the water around dotted with hundreds of dusky objects, and the same dusky forms coming and going with no cessation in their flight.

"That's Pelican Island," said the Captain. As we approached, the dark objects grew more distinct and assumed definite shapes. The island of about two acres was covered with mangroves, long since dead; every tree loaded down with nests—great, bulky affairs, two feet across and flat. Every tree and nest was completely covered with the limy excrement of the birds, giving the island its snowy appearance at a distance. Each nest contained two nearly fledged young ones, all uniting in giving utterance to the most diabolical and soul-rending sounds, which, added to the cawing of fish crows in search of eggs, and the screaming of eagles overhead, gave one as good an idea of pandemonium as mortal man can conceive. Though standing close together, the captain and I had to shout our loudest to be heard. The ground was covered with young birds huddled together in fright. The eagles and vultures had committed great havoc, and from branches suspended and stretched upon the ground, were the decomposing carcasses of old and young, which, added to the decaying fish, filled the air with odors—not of Araby. The old pelicans were flying overhead in clouds, occasionally alighting on some remote tree to feed the young with fish, which they brought to them in their pouches.

Two months later, in May, I found the young had flown and every nest with a complement of large white eggs. There are two species of pelican on our Atlantic coast—the white and the brown. This was the brown; its plumage of mottled white and gray on the back, dark sides and breast, with a rich velvety brown neck and white head, was not altogether homely. Their long bills, a foot in length, and immense pouches, capable of holding a gallon, give them a very odd appearance.

The approaches to the "Narrows" are guarded by two walls of living green, which, when seen at a distance, seem to be but a few paces apart, leaving but a narrow gateway. As we draw near, however, the distance increases, disclosing a passage nearly a mile in width. Seventy miles it is to the northern end of the lagoon, and above there is a varying width of from three to eight miles. Below the Narrows is a land of plenty.

Here the oysters accumulate in such quantities that they form this narrow passage. A storm is observed gathering, and just as we enter the Mangrove Islands it bursts upon us. Before the north wind we scud with bare poles, and are obliged to exert all our caution to prevent being wrecked upon some of the many oyster reefs that obstruct the channel.

It is ten miles through, and through the gathering gloom we just discern a sheltering point, after long exposure to the gale. With the storm thundering after us, we silently endure the rain, hoping that night will bring relief; but no lull occurs, and we anchor behind a projecting reef and finally wade ashore. Hanging our blankets on the mangroves to windward, we finally start a fire with the aid of light wood splinters, and after warming some flapjacks and thoroughly steaming ourselves, roll ourselves in our blankets and sleep, with sundry awakenings to replenish the fire.

Toward morning the rain ceased, but not till it had wet us through—yes, through, for the Captain said he could feel the rain water "slosh about" in his stomach. I know that, although I had carefully covered myself with my rubber blanket, when I awoke it was to find myself in a puddle four inches deep. Under the circumstances, wasn't it natural that I should desire just a drop of whiskey? I had a quart of the best, which I had entrusted to the Captain's locker, and thought that now, if ever, was the time to use it.

"Captain, in my youth, when very young, and consequently incompetent for such a performance, I signed the pledge. Remember, it was while quite young, and at a very tender age; in fact, I think it hardly valid now, and binding. Then again, I signed off from anything that would intoxicate, and I'm ready to swear that nothing ever

distilled from grain can intoxicate me now, there's so much water in me. I think I'll try a drop of that whiskey."

"The bottle is in the stern."

Quickly I drew it forth; slowly and sadly I returned it—'twas empty. The Captain evaded my gaze, muttering the while: "'Twas so confounded bad I didn't like to have it round, and so I drunk it up first night."

A run of a dozen miles in the genial warmth of the sun restores our spirits—not the *spiritus frumenti*, however—and we land at Fort Capron, an old military post, with a very sharp appetite for breakfast. A hedge of oleanders ten feet in height surrounds the plantation, now gone to decay. The Cherokee rose, and the Spanish bayonet with its magnificent pyramid of honey-scented bells, add their fragrance to that of the oleander. A walk through the deserted orange grove reveals many tropical wonders, such as the India rubber, satin wood, guava, lime, lemon and citron. Vestiges of pineapple plants are shown, which can be raised here successfully. At Fort Pierce, four miles south, is an excellent location for a hotel or boarding-house. The situation is high and airy, securing immunity from those pests of the lowland, the sand-flies. It is opposite the main entrance to the Atlantic, where vessels of not over four feet draught can enter. Directly in front are vast oyster beds, and in December the turtle—the "green turtle soup" kind—swarm in to feed and are caught. Deer, turkeys, quail, in fact all kinds of game; fish, from saw-fish and sharks, to mullets and bass.

And then the climate! Rarely, even in summer, does the thermometer indicate more than 85 degrees. A southeast breeze blows in summer all night long, making the nights cool and comfortable. It is the very paradise for the consumptive, the fountain of youth for him with pulmonary complaint of whatever kind. But two frosts for twenty years have occurred, and those not serious. This description of climate will answer for nearly the whole river, modified only by the slight difference in latitude. The waters of the Gulf Stream lave the coast, tempering the wind in winter. One of the surgeons in the army stationed here during the Seminole war, after sixteen years' service, gave it as his opinion that this immediate country was the healthiest in the United States. Absolutely free from disease, 'tis said that the people are obliged to remove to the next county to die. When better means of transportation are offered the whole river will be the winter rendezvous of thousands of healthseekers and sportsmen, who now shiver the winter through on the St. John's.

There is but one annoyance—insects. For real tall and lofty jumping and biting, the flea is unapproachable; but his endeavors are put to shame by the mosquitoes and sand-flies. The flea may be avoided, if hotel-haunted and hog-haunted sections are avoided. The mosquito may be kept at bay at night, his hunting season, by a good "bar;" but unless one is provided with an impregnable skin and a large stock of patience, he will be sure to break some of the commandments over the sand-flies. Snakes are not numerous enough to be dangerous, except in swamps, where the tourist need not go. This, in a word, is the good and bad of Indian River.

Twenty miles below Fort Pierce is the St. Lucie River, coming in from the westward, forming a beautiful bay as it joins the waters of the lagoon. Three miles south of St. Lucie the broad sound suddenly ends, and after a chain of small lakes, as it were, the channel winds through densely-covered mangrove islands, scarcely fifty yards in width.

An adverse wind, and consequently current, kept us at the mouth of Jupiter Narrows two days. We passed the time shooting turkeys and alligators, and watching the graceful "man-o'-war hawks," as they sailed overhead on wide extended wings. The ocean beach presented many attractions; the beautiful sea beans and shells of exquisite tints, besides vast multitudes of birds. Sometimes we would find cocoanuts and fragments of foreign wood, thrown up by the resistless waters. The third day of waiting we entered the Narrows, the most interesting portion of this vast lagoon. From a point a hundred miles north it stretches away southeast, now expanding, now contracting, till from a width of eight miles near its northern end it is here less than fifty feet. Each side of us the mangroves rise far overhead, sometimes mingling their leaves in an arch of living green. Their gnarled roots strike down into the mud in every direction, supporting the trunk in mid-air many feet from the ground. What a number of roots! Roots from the trunk, with minor roots springing from them in every conceivable direction; roots from the branches, and these again with smaller roots of their own. Here, a mile or so in, is a luxuriant hammock, where a man named Peck undertook to subjugate the rank growth, but the mosquitoes and sand-flies proved too many for him, and his bones rest peacefully, etc. Here is a small spring, and the water cask had better be filled.

No sound breaks the solemn hush except the tap of the setting-pole and the ripple of water at our bow, as we slowly forge ahead.

A noticeable feature in the green walls about us is the India rubber. Whenever a clump of palms occurs we find this tree, enfolding in its trunk the stem of a palm. The rapidly growing walls gradually encircle the palm in an embrace of living wood, till finally it is seen only through the interstices in the rubber. As the tops of the respective trees intermingle—the feathery frond of the palm and waxy, green leaves of the rubber—a beautiful effect is produced. Delicate ferns grow in the mesh-work, and gorgeous epiphytes, with flaming spikes of blossom, attach themselves to the branches. Iron wood, crabwood, and many other valuable woods are found along the shore of

Hobbs Sound, into which we emerge from the narrows. Near its entrance we saw the carcass of a manatee, or sea cow, over which a coroner's jury of vultures were holding inquest. From the south end of the Narrows, which are seven miles in length, it is twelve miles to the end of the river. Crossing "Conch Bar," we follow the stakes indicating the channel, and soon see the dome-shaped lantern, and afterwards the symmetrical shaft of Jupiter Light. During all our voyage our course has ever been to the south. Soon we strike the waters of the Lokohatchee, which, coming from the west, unite with Indian River near the lighthouse and run due east, through Jupiter Inlet to the ocean. Rounding the point, we are soon at anchor, and ascend the steep bank to a small house of coquina rock, where we are made welcome.

This was at noon. At night I climbed with the two keepers to the top of the hollow shaft, and looked off from the circling platform upon a scene of absorbing interest. A glimpse of Northern wildness and sterility and Southern luxuriance and fertility, the fragile flowers of the tropics blended with the hardy shrubs and trees of the North. The palm and pine, the oak and orange, mangrove and maple, "Semi-tropical" indicates Florida's status in climate and vegetation. Half Northern, half Southern—a kind of half and half character that extends to more than climate. We have here a land and water view of surpassing beauty. The broad Atlantic bounds the vision east, its shore extending in curving lines from north to south. Down from the north comes Indian River curved in outline—a bay, a creek, fringed with palm, pine and mangrove. From the west comes in the Lokohatchee, charming in parks of pine and green mangrove islands; its windings reveal it in sheets of silver among the trees. A narrow creek leads from it southward toward Lake Worth. As I looked upon this scene I saw no sign of life, save at the cottage, one hundred and fifty feet below me. North, the nearest human habitation was forty miles away; south, one hundred; west, no one knows; the swamps and forests there are peopled only by red men.

The sun's last rays had disappeared, leaving clouds of crimson and gold piled up behind the dark pine forest, as I entered the lantern, where the light was already glowing. I seated myself in the crystal dome and watched the reflected colors as they came and went with each revolution of the lantern. As the lantern revolves every prism catches the rays of light and rends them into their primary colors, paints the colors of the rainbow upon the polished roof, and throws them forward to be re-produced a thousand times in the crystal bars. As the strong light shone forth, I thought of the many eyes gazing upon it other than those of the sailors for whom it was intended. The timid deer, the ferocious puma and wild cat, the bear from his "hammock"—for bears do have "hammocks"—of palms. No doubt the reflected light is visible to the Indians dwelling upon the prairie bordering that mysterious lake, Okechobee. Toward midnight a little warbler fluttered against the glass, striving to enter. The keeper has often found them after storms. The large plates have been shattered by birds, who were afterwards found lifeless with mangled breasts. Many birds foreign to our country have flown against the glittering, though fatal glass.

Once a year the supply ship visits this place, in its annual tour from Maine to Florida. Other than this visit from Uncle Sam, the inhabitants of Jupiter have few visitors. A few stray waifs from the North drift down upon them, brighten them with their presence awhile, set their sails again and disappear in the gloom of the mangroves. Indian River, once visited, leaves a longing in the heart of the visitant never satisfied, till the sparkle of its waters again gladden his eye, and his tent is pitched upon its sunny sands. Certainly no other section of our country possesses so many natural charms, united with real blessing so easily accessible.

FRED BEVERLY.

CANADIAN MOCCASINS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In one of your earlier numbers you published an excellent article on moccasins, and I most heartily endorse all that is contained therein. However, as in many parts of the country the skin of the Caribou cannot be procured, and as your article seems to have excited quite an interest among your correspondents, I would say that where Caribou hide is not easily procurable, an excellent hunting moccasin may be made by using common sole leather for the foot, and split, or other cheap leather, for the leg.

The leather for the leg should be light, yet stiff enough to prevent its gathering at the ankle. When first made the foot should be thoroughly rubbed with oil; afterward only tallow, or tallow and pitch, should be used, as the oil softens the leather too much. The foot should be large enough to allow two pairs of stockings to be worn, and must never in any case fit tightly.

Such moccasins are almost entirely used by hunters in Upper Canada; those of Caribou hide being seldom met with. They are manufactured to some extent and may be had ready-made at prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$2. Those sold at \$1.25 are light, have legs of sheepskin and are undesirable, generally; but a fair article may be had for about \$1.75. When made to order they cost about \$3.50.

Moccasins made of deer or buckskin, are utterly useless, except for snow-shoeing or walking on perfectly dry ground, as they are almost as pervious to water as cloth. but a moccasin of sole leather, or better still of Caribou hide, will keep the feet as dry as a boot, and for comfort, there is no comparison.

TRANSIT.

MUGGINS DOES A HUNTING GO.

MISTER EDITER:

Neckst to ridin' a fast hoss on a stepel chase, or settin' up o'nites with a purty gal, or goin' to 'lection, or getten' 'pinted to a post-offis, there ain't nothin' I like better 'n goin' a huntin'. I ken remember when I was a yuthe of tenderage how fond I was of shutin' cats and hens and other targets, and how seart my old gran'mother always was for fear the ball mite go round the target and hit the cow, or break out the winders, or kill some other feller or other; but the temptation to shute at somethin' was so on-resistible that I pade little attention to the old lady's screames and shreeks, but banged away at everything shoot-atable in the neighborhood, till I one day had the misfortin' to shoot old Dekin Swipes in the leg (tis a wonder I hit it, and I don't think I would ef I'd shot for it) and then there was a fuss.

I was arrested for manslaughter in the forth degree, but I noticed a good deal of winkin' goin' on, and I rayther reckon the folks in the naberhood was mostly glad I'd shot the old kanoodle, for they all hated him like pizen, an' so they soon let me off with a verdick of acksidente shutin', but I want allowed to shute any more Dekins—not if they noded it.

The greatest hunt I ever hed was one time when I started out with Nick Bemis, one faul, for a week's shootin' in the North woods. Well, it was jest—Did any you ever try it? You never ken tell how much sport you ken git out of a gun till you try. I had a regular mocking-bird. She allus spoke when she was askt to, and she was just a regular buty and wade twenty-five pounds averdypoize, and no mistake.

When some 'o them wezles see that old gun pinted at 'em they turned pail, like they thot it was a cannon. That shows what sensible critters wezles is.

Nick an' I started off as gay as two young buckanears. Nick had a rifle that would put a hed on a woodchuck at three hundred yards. Nick was a bang up shot, an' often sed that nothin' but the confounded foarse o' gravity prevented his puttin' a hole through the moon.

You can jest imagine what a pare of Nimrods we was. The air was crisp and clear, an' jest frosty enuff to make a feller draw in a long breth an' feal how healthy he was. We started off with our guns on our shoulders, as brave a pair of hunters as ever put powder into a gun. There is somethin' exhilaratin' in bein' a healthy feller, an' startin' off on a frosty morning with your gun on your shoulder to shute dears and ducks and bears and woodchuck and squirrels and bucks and other gaim.

We walked about seven miles the first heat, and then we spide a blew J setten' astride a bush fens, and we both took ame an' fired together. No sooner did we fire than the pesky bird flew away. This give rise to a argument as to which was the best shot; so we begun to blaze away at a tree about ten yards off. After we'd fired about ten rounds I managed to kill a hoss in a lot about forty rods to the right of the tree, and then we took up our line of march for some place where there was more mark and less hoss. I always despized a hoss that would go sneakin' around in front of a gun when shootin' was goin' on.

Nick didn't hit anything—not even a hoss. I begun to discount that yarn about knoekin' a hole out of the moon. When we first started out it was arranged that we should dine off the first game we killed; but when it cum to eaten' hoss I passed. Not bein' a French savong my education in the hoss eatin' line had been neglected. We had a little hard tack an' sandwiches, however, so we made a meal of that, an' then we started on again.

At last Nick spied a dear. He didn't say anything to me—he was awful sly; but he edged around till he got me a lookin' off in another direction, an' then he drew a bead on the butiful gazelle an' fired. I turned round jest in time to see the bark fly off past half a dozen trees, an' then catchin' a glimpse of somethin' lyin' down behind a little nole, I raised up my gun and blazed away too. I was bound to have my share of the gaim, you see.

When we got up to the animal we found it was a yearlin' heifer that had strade off into the woods the winter before an' got lost and dide. There want no fresh venzen about it. We both smiled a kind of mournful smile at each other, an' then we took up our line of march agin'.

Somehow my gun grew heavy. I kept shiftin' it from one shoulder to t'other an' a lookin' around for gaim. There was plenty of ground burds an' chipmunk, an' now an' then a snake, but Nick an' I didn't want no such. We was'nt out for no boy-shutin'; what we wanted was noble gaim, like bucks an' eagles an' wolves an' bears. How much I would have given then if I could have started up an African lion, or a rinosseros, or even a noble bisun!

On we went, an' still no gaim. How heavy my gun grew! Deeper and deeper into the woods we went, and yet there was nothin' to be seen worth shutin'. Such luck I never had before. Nick sed the same thing.

"What kind of a country is this, cnyway?" I asked, kom-temphusly.

"I d'no," sed Nick, more forcibly than politely; "never was here before."

"Hark! What's that?" I asked, as a sound like distant thunder smoot upon my ere.

"Partridges, by jingo!" sed Nick, looking round in every direction and cocking his gun, ready for action.

Directly we caim upon the flock; but before we could present an' fire they all flew away, and left us to diskuss the question as to who first skart 'em off.

We jawed ourselves into a plesant frame of mind, an'

then we toddled on agin'. I never knew a gun to gro so hevly as mine did. I tried every kind of way of carryin' it, an' still it was hevly. About this time we cum in site of the lake, an' right out, about forty rods, was the biggest flock of dux I ever see. We krawled along kautiously an' got a good ame an' fired together at the word "three." The dux turned round as if they was a lookin' for the bullets, an' begun to swim torge us. We loaded up an' blazed away agin'; the dux rather seemed to like it, for they kept on torge the bank, an' when they got so near we could almost reach out an' knoek 'em down with our gun stocks, we fired agin'. This offended the dux so much that they all flew away; but nerry a one was shot, so we had no gaim to eat yet, an' the shaid's of nite was closin' in on us, as the ploit says.

Kold, hungry an' weary, we kurl'd ourselves down by the root of a tree an' covered ourselves with leaves an' fell asleep. I dreamed I was in the Saint Nicholas Hotel, in the best room in the house, an' that Nick was carryin' a cannon on his shoulders over to Hoboken. Having satisfied my thirst for vengeans by respeatin' this dreame about seventy-five times, I woke up and found it was day lite, an' Nick already up an' takin' site at somethin', an' about to fire. I couldn't see what it was, but determined to be even with him. I amed the same way he did, an' we fired one aster the other—bang! bang!

Then I herd a yel that maid my hair run cold an' my blood turn gray. Nick sprang up, while every hair stood either on one end or the other, and shouted at me:

"You've killed an Injun!"

"Whoop! whoop! yelled the dead Injun agin'."

I waited to hear no more, but seizin' my gun, I started for some other lokality jest about as fast as I could dig through the brush. I think I ran about five miles before breakfast, an' then I struck a clearin' where there was a plenty of blackberry bushes, an' maybe I didn't sail in—O no! I think I eat about seventeen quarts, an' then I felt easier in my mind. If I couldn't shoot gaim, I could eat berries—if I could only find them—sooner than starve to deth. How glad an' thankful I was that blackberries couldn't fly away.

Then I shouldered that heavy old gun agin' an' started back for the woods, expecting every minute to meet a ded Injun or some other object of horror. Hevier and hevier grew that old gun as I staggered along through the woods, and still no gaim.

At last, by the merest chauce, I came out into cleared land agin', an' found myself into civilization once more, an' there, rite before me, stood Nick with a big deer on his shoulder an' a grin on his ugly mug.

"How are you, ded Injun?" sed he.

"You don't mean to tell me that was a deer that yelled like that?" sed I.

"Certainly not," sed he, "you killed the Injun an' I killed the deer."

Nick always lies so like the old scratch I couldn't tell whether to believe him or not.

However, we maid up our minds we had shutin' enuff, an' so we bee-lined for home, an' by the time we got there that old gun of mine wade over a thousand pounds. I wouldn't carry it round for another day for all the gaim that ever was invented, lions an' bisuns an' injuns thrown in. Yours satisfactorily, EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

FISHING IN THE BAHAMAS.

EXTRACT FROM J. NEWTON WILSON'S JOURNAL WHILE SOUTH, IN 1862.

I remember with great pleasure the first time I ever visited the Bahamas. Our fleet steamship, the Margaret and Jessie, was triumphantly paddling her way toward the land of *Abaco*. Numerous little silvery clusters, apparently a long way off, suddenly arose out of the blue ocean before us, and we knew them to be islands as if just born from the bosom of the sparkling and peaceful sea. Charming was the scenc. Beaches, and little coves of marble whiteness, abounding with thousands of God's handiwork. The shells, which some 'norther' had hurled above high water mark, while on their summit might be observed the useful That Tree, or more aspiring Coconut, among which exquisitely colored lizards harmlessly played, chasing each other through the shrubbery. We anchored for a day at Green Turtle Bay, and with some of the natives I went fishing among the Islands near by. My oarsmen, who were splendid specimens of powerfully built wreckers, pulled for an hour, and then cast anchor over a dark bottom, for in every instance where I have fished in the West Indies the waters were pellucid and the bottom of the sea clearly visible. Our craft moored, the darkies took in each hand a conch, and striking one against the other the shells broke in small fragments and slowly sunk, thus causing the fish to assemble and await the bait, like chickens lingering for crumbs. The bait, which was conch meat, they ravenously seized, and in many instances when three or four men were engaged hauling in the beautiful victims, one of the crew was reserved with a bright and slender lance or harpoon to drive off the young, and sometimes old and vicious sharks that lurked about, awaiting a chance to lunch on the fish after we hooked them.

Two hours' work and our boat was well laden with numerous varieties of the inhabitants of these waters, some of which the negroes called jewfish, turbot, red jacks, mud-fish, snappers, grunts, market fish, demmies, and last and best of all, the delicious grouper, more than equal to the rock cod while fresh.

West India fishermen use great caution to avoid casting

their lines on Copperas Banks. I have seen negroes become blind for over a day from partaking of the flesh of fish fed in these poisonous grounds. To my taste the fresh fish of the Bahamas are finer than those of our Bay of Fundy, and the natives cook them excellently, served with Spanish sauce and a golden lime.

A WEEK AMONG THE PARTRIDGES.*

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The hazy mists of Indian summer admonished us that now was the time for the most beloved of all the sports of the field, and a few hurried preparations found a party of four jolly but cager sportsmen on their way to the famous partridge fields of Charles county, Maryland. Ah! how glorious these golden days of the year, with sky and cloud, forest and field in their richest autumn dyes mingling in melancholy harmony.

The first rays of dawn scarcely blush the east before the stubbles are reached. The dogs—see how they bound, quartering their ground exactly. There! He stands, while from afar another catches the faintest scent of the hidden covey and arrests herself in an instant. How beautiful they look, motionless, transfixed. No pencil less gifted than Landseer's could do justice to that scene. Slowly you approach. A moment more—a whir, and with lightning speed down the valley to yonder brook with overgrown briar they all wing their way. No, not all; one less, which faithful Nellie lays at your feet. He is a fine bird, and right well have you shot to single him out from the rest. You have marked the spot where they stopped. Now comes the sport. Eagerly you press on. Your friend takes one side of the branch and you the other, while in the centre Reno and Nellie slowly work. Stop! they stand simultaneously. Mark! and a partridge darts from the covert, which your companion cuts down in fine style. A step further and another. This time it is your luck. He goes whizzing and it is yours. Again and again the unerring nose marks the place where the couching game is ready to spring, and again and again, with varying success you stop midway in his flight this swiftest of birds. A count between you shows ten birds. It is time to desist; the balance must be left. You call your dogs off. It is yet early, and in the distance another field shows birds must be there. Yes, you are not mistaken. The kindly farmer in gathering his rich harvest, like Boaz, was not unmindful of those dependent on his bounty. There they go, dashing down, snuffing the wind. Already they have changed their face from head erect to nose close to the ground and tail vigorously wagging from side to side. They are trailing the birds, let them alone, they will soon make them out. Yes, there they are, there is no mistake. What marvellous instinct, what intelligence! Advance cautiously, they will not flush the game. This time they take to the adjoining field, covered with tall sage grass and a few scattering pines, where they hope to hide in security. Alas! they are mistaken. You pursue. What a magnificent field for them; the beau ideal of the partridge sportsman. How the dogs go to work, and point after point with unobstructed aim gives you an opportunity to try your highest art. My friend, think not it is work for the merest tyro; a keen eye, a steady nerve, an instinctive response of finger are necessary to bring them down in fine style. And then how enamoured you are with your own skill. It is already eleven o'clock, and the warm sun has driven the birds to some shady nook or stream. Let us go likewise; it is useless to hunt until two when they will return for their evening meal. By the side of some ancient oak, from whose roots gushes a limpid spring of cold, delicious water, you lunch and smoke and talk, until the shadows of eventide commence to lengthen themselves over the field. The work begins again, and in love with nature, in love with your noble setters, in love with yourself, you shoot through the purple sunset beyond the hills, through the mellow twilight, through the deepening dusk which has come too soon, while ever and anon the only sound which breaks the stillness is the plaintive fraternal note of some more fortunate one calling his brother, now lost to him forever. Tired, and yet invigorated, you reach home long after dark, where your companions are already waiting. Soon the groaning board is spread, and you amaze yourself with an appetite unknown to city life. The evening is spent before the blazing fire, and as you sit in semi circle, with its glowing flames reflected from each ruddy face, you recount the many incidents of the day—this magnificent point of Nellie, this astonishing retrieve, and that wonderful long shot, or vary the occasion with a friendly game of cuehre, the consoling pipe, and if you have been thoughtful enough, with a glass of nut brown ale, until the old clock on the stairs tells you it is time for bed. And then such refreshing sleep!

So day after day passes, each like the preceding, and yet each different, and you return home a stronger and may perhaps a better man.

S. L. P.

*The partridge of Maryland is the quail of the Eastern States.

—Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem, ourselves, to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed. And yet time is beguiling man of his strength as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.—WALTER SCOTT.

—By subscribing to the FOREST AND STREAM for one year a pair of skates for a boy or girl, or for any one can be secured. All sent free of expense. See advertisement of skates, croquet, cricket, archery, foot ball, Remington, Sharpe and Ward Burton rifles, shot guns, &c., &c.

From Harpers' Magazine.

AN ODE TO A NOSE.

OH Nose! chief feature of the human face!
To whom each varying visage justly owes
Its quaint excess of ugliness or grace,
'Tis meet to give thee prominence and place,
And make thee, too, the feature of my song;
Oh, yes the feature of my song, oh Nose!

Then tune thee, organ, though in senseless strain,
Accompanying with a light catarrh,
My wheezy Muse shall join the strange refrain,
And blow the bellows for thy fa, sol, la.
Alack, that in our first acquaintance, Nose,
We should so readily have come to blows!

I'll follow thee, my Nose, in blind reliance,
As dauntless seamen track an unknown main—
Bid the wild winds and angry waves defiance,
With thee for compass, dial, index, vane;
I'll mock when dire vicissitudes arise,
With thee, my Pole star, aye before mine eyes.

Thy ruby light beams forth like beacon blaze,
Or heat of inward "crater" all aglow;
Thou art a censor of the public ways,
In whatsoever path thou chance to go.
Thus Sheridan, chief of Wits and Beaux,
Erst made a nosegay of his gay nose.

He filched the subtle hue from ruddy wine.
And robbed the mellow punch bowl of its bloom,
Until at length his nose grew aquiline,
Through being bent for want of beaker-room.
A nasal bridge of such portentous size,
Might well sustain a punch between the eyes.

And yet indeed thou art a goodly Nose—
No common snub or overgrown proboscis,
But such a nose as everybody knows
Is fitted for the functions of its office.
Here, then, I pause; I've wasted words enough
On one that seems acutely "up to snuff."

Oh most sagacious Nose! most potent Nose!
When friends desert and bright presages fail;
When life's best hours are fraught with bitter woes,
That fain would make the stoutest hearted quail;
When naught transpires to succor or befriend,
Thou art sure, my Nose to turn up in the end.

Thus words are vain to trumpet forth thy praise—
One brazen note from that strange lute of thine,
One of thy deep sternutatory brays,
Would do thee justice more than pen of mine;
Yet if my muse doth fail in aught to please,
He fain will make my devoirs with his knees [sneeze].

CHARLES HALLOCK.

AUTUMN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

NUMBER THREE.

IT was a cool gray morning, and our overcoats were uncommon comfortable, as we rattled away from Purdy's door in a strong wagon, driven by a young man who combined in one the offices of guide, driver, cook and general attendant. The roads were good, and our nag a most energetic roadster, doing well all the time, and putting forth tremendous speed up hill and down, when Nat, our above mentioned man, reached out and pulled the animal's tail. It was a novel way of bringing out speed, but was as promptly effective as pulling the throttle of a locomotive. Our way led by a brook, full of trout it was reported by Nat, and the view was limited on either hand by spruce clad hills. The clouds hung low, and the huge volumes of smoke from charcoal burnings soon mingled with them. The weather was not doing much, but had a sullen low lurid air that assisted its power to do just as it might happen to please.

An hour's drive brought us to Sutherland's Pond, and soon we were out in the only boat on the pond. It was not all that one could wish. One end had been long under water and was as slippery as the way of the wicked. The other end was fine and dry, well seasoned in fact from lying high and dry under the hot summer sun, so well seasoned that there was a want of intimacy between planks intended to be co-operative, and it took a deal of old rope to so far compromise these breaches as to prevent fish from coming in upon us in a mode not provided for by Wal-tonian counsel.

Huddled in the slippery end, hoping to keep the dry end in its more familiar element, the air, we essayed to throw our flies, sometimes did so, and as frequently threw ourselves into the bottom of the slimy boat. Our efforts were manly, but quite unappreciated; no fish rose. We tried fly after fly, and denounced the pond as a fraud. Nat drew breath between his assiduous bailing, and defended it. Mr. so-and-so caught a basket full, as did Mr. so-and-so. Encouraged, we braced ourselves and did our duty, blamed the pond, and lost faith in Nathaniel. He said we should come in the spring, in June, when flies bite; but every one says "you must come in June," and we did not want to go home and come again, nor were we quite resigned to remain until leafy spring.

Despairing of fly fishing we sent Nat for the despised earth worm, and sat wondering which would come first, rain from an impending cloud, or the subterranean worm, when the sun seemed to take compassion upon us, and gave a look of encouragement through the rent clouds. A little air sprung up; it was mild and pleasant, while with line lying loose and fly hanging over the boat, six inches above the surface, your correspondent sat watching the play of a small fountain like leak that let the water in upon our feet. It was still not an entrancing moment; facts were very real, and rather in opposition, when a blessed little trout popped up and made most spirited efforts to catch the penda fly,

even if he jumped into the boat for it. The little fellow failed after several ambitious leaps, but failed bravely, and his example aroused us. Nathaniel rejoined us and we drifted with the wind, casting on all sides with varied flies. The clouds lost their gloomy hue, and as the water grew brighter the fish rose, languidly at first, going back with only a swirl to show where they sought the fly, then with more eagerness, until their real spirit seemed to be aroused, and they took our flies, as Nat said, like June, and the click of the reels and the hiss of lines that followed the splendid dashes of the fish were music to our ears.

One after another, one at a time, two at a time, the beauties came into the net until our baskets were taken off to ease our shoulders, so full that some fine fellows got their heads out, and wiggled clear of basket and boat. We could well spare them. From a selected few we lunched in the shelter of the woods, and after our drive homeward, a second hunger demanded trout for supper, while goodly portions went to Purdy's neighbors and none of the delicate flesh was wasted.

Before the open fire again, our host said we must go to Fountain Lake, and the next morning found us on our way, favored with one of the autumnal days when all the elements of summer seem to combine in an effort to impress bright memories of the passing season.

Purdy went up a short cut to join us and bring our wagon home, as we were to remain in camp. After a few outlying clearings were passed, the road entered the unbroken forest, all fresh with dew, and adorned here and there with the first scarlet and golden leaves. We had hardly entered this shade when we met Purdy returning. He motioned us to halt, and called us to leave the wagon and join him. When we reached him he pointed to the soft mud in the roadway, and in it, clearly printed were the knuckle-like tracks of a large bear, and among them, often in the large tracks the little footprints of a cub that had trotted along after its dam. They had not been long gone, for the morning dew was brushed off, and there was reason in Purdy's saying that he did not wish to go on alone and unarmed. A she bear does not permit her cub to be hurried or worried, and once raised a good deal of consecutive killing is called for to place her *hors du combat*.

A hunter needs reserve shots to feel justified in forcing a contest when a cub is about, and a cool hand must deliver them to arrest the brutes.

We uncased our guns and leaving our noisy wagon behind, stole on with the faint hope of getting a shot at madam. The deep tracks were in the road for some three miles, but we saw nothing of her, or of her little follower. Where the outlet of Fountain Lake was crossed by a wide bridge bear tracks were all about, they evidently appreciating both road and bridge as very convenient for the little infant Bruin's "learning to walk."

Our camping ground was near the water, and not far from the road, in a fine dry hardwood forest.

A more beautiful pond than this need hardly be sought. Irregular in form, with bays and points that through all the day are charming in light and shade, with a great variety of rich foliage, evergreen and deciduous, surrounding it, it was a place to linger near. Leaving the building of our camp to Nathaniel, we took our rods and went out on a raft built by Purdy, and no better craft was ever made for fly fishing. It was about twelve feet long, eight wide, with a tight floor and plank sides. One could go about on it as on a dock, and when it was anchored all the radius of many yards could be covered with nothing to endanger the back cast. Parts of the lake were not deep, and through the clear water springs could be seen pushing up little circles of moving sand. These were in deep round pits, from five to thirty feet in diameter, and several feet deeper than the surrounding bottom. They were easily found by seeking circles clear of weeds, and a fly carefully cast over them rarely came in without one or more of the bright silver trout that characterize clear and sunlit waters. The trout were not large, few weighing over one pound, but for gameness and pluck, they were second to none. It was the perfection of fishing. As the raft drifted slowly about, the eye fell on nothing that suggested aught but undisturbed nature. None of the annoyances of summer were present, and from the rising of the mist that unveiled the lake at dawn until the last sunset glow faded away, and the moon came up from the tree tops—it was just such a scene of peace as men long for when the hurry and rush of modern life seem to overrun and distance life itself. Here we camped under fragrant balsam boughs, and watched the sparks from our camp fire rise among the tree tops until they seemed to become stars, and the stars and their blue field hung nearer to us than they do when lamps glare, and ambitious roofs rise in monotonous sky line. From this nest we arose at dawn—it is easy to rise at dawn when fresh air sleep gives rest without languor—and went to our trout at the lake. The mist hung over the water, but beyond it the pointed tree tops caught the early dawn; under the haze the lake was placid, stretching in perfect repose into the mystery of the white drifting cloud that opened in wreaths and each moment disclosed new beauties, and then coquettishly snatched them away only to reproduce them with more light and greater charms. Just before us, the only tangible point in the mist and its reflectors, a large male loon floated in his suit of slashed velvet, than which no more fit figure could have appeared, if summoned by the spirit of the place.

He eyed us boldly, turned slowly to and fro, and then sank, leaving nothing to mark the water-line but the circles that widened from the spot.

From dawn to day, amid lake and forest, the transformation scene is one of wonderful beauty, and when in autumn

the early light falls upon the prismatic colors of the hardwood foliage, there are lights and effects that pen and pencil can only recall to those who know them—they cannot be presented.

All these places so pleasantly remembered—now we are again far away from the Cobequid range—and the lakes and streams we so enjoyed, are easily reached, and their pleasures can be shared by any ladies who are strong enough to dance a german, and we are sure the day is not far distant when many a fair dame will seek health and new interest in these rambles, and get in blue flannel more impressions of the beauties sown broadcast, than can ever be gained by drawing silken trains in parlors or garden paths. They will bring home the forest rose of health, and know a firmer step from climbing the ways that lead to the woodlands.

Few of us but would go with more pleasure on our annual vagabondizing could part at least of our rambles be shared by wives and sisters, and there are few places where so much of wild life can be approached and enjoyed by ladies as in many of the resorts of Nova Scotia. The people are kind and friendly; at the farm house inns more comforts are obtainable than in any corresponding places we have found in extended journeys.

Expenses are very moderate, and the disposition to get the traveler's bottom dollar is not yet evident.

It will be many years before the sports of Nova Scotia will be exhausted, and may we wish that the best favors may fall to the rifles and rods of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

L. W. L.

HEDGE HOG vs PORCUPINE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In number thirteen of your paper appeared a very interesting article on "Hedge-hog Shooting." Now I write for information, I want to know whether I am right or Mr. Hersey in regard to the animal. Have we strictly speaking a hedge-hog among us? That is, is it indigenous to this country? In my travels I have never seen one.

We have the white Canada porcupine (the common name *Rodentii* comprising the genus *Ereshizou* family *Hystrioidae* F. Cuv. *E dorsatus*) in abundance throughout all our northern wooded region.

And where is Ossipee Mountain? There is a lake I believe by that name somewhere in the southwestern part of Maine. Was that the scene of his sport?

His description of the habits of, and the locality where he found his animal, corresponds to a certain extent with my own experience with the other hog, the porcupine.

In the old country there is, and they may have perhaps down South the *Erinaceus*, the little fellow (he only measures about ten inches) that when danger threatens rolls himself into a round compact ball, presenting his needlelike weapons in all directions to his enemy. The porcupine, a very sluggish animal is too clumsy for that movement, though they do sometimes thrust their heads into a hole or against a tree, presenting only their posterior extremities with flat bristling tails ready to slap a score of their screw-like spears into the face and eyes of their assailant. The hedge-hog feeds mostly on snails, slugs, mice, frogs &c., and sweet fruit when they can get it. He is also a hibernating animal, that is lays torpid in his warm nest during the winter. The porcupine will I think eat anything from a trapper's old moccasin to an axe helve, and roams the woods (in his sluggish way) at all hours and all seasons.

In winter they feed for the most part (when they can find them) on two trees alternately. Hemlock, *Abies canadensis* and the basswood or linden, *Tiliaceae Americana* and their trail, a well beaten path from their hole in the rocks or hollow tree or under a stump to these trees, can be easily found. They feed on one of these trees for several days in succession, and then try the other for perhaps the same length of time. And I have seen large hemlocks almost stripped of their twigs and smaller branches by a single animal.

Of what earthly use they are I never could tell, only to the Indians who sometimes eat them (as they will eat anything, even an owl), and who do use the quills in large quantities in their ornaments.

We had an old Indian camped near us (too near rather) in the "Big Woods, Wis., and he certainly was the laziest rascal I ever saw. Though the deer were abundant that season he was always two constitutionally tired to hunt them, but would poke around and find a porcupine trail anytime, and it was said that he lived alone on these stinking animals, during the winter of 1856-7 having killed and eaten himself sixty of them.

The porcupine is about two feet in length with a flattish tail of about seven or eight inches. He partakes largely of the worst characteristics of the hog family, being very unclean in his nest or house. He gets very fat and very strong (whew! tremendous strong,) in the fall and sometimes reaches the weight of twenty pounds, and I do not know but more.

I said stinking animal, for of all the awfullest smelling places, next to a he skunk, is a porcupine's den after a winter through—faugh, I can smell them yet.

JACOBSTAFF.

—Most American travellers throw away much of their reading matter at their journey's end. But in England, at each station, can be found a box fastened up, very similar to our letter boxes, but sometimes larger, into which the traveller puts his papers, books, &c. Those are in turn collected by men who carry them to hospitals, homes for old men and women, and similar institutions, where they are gladly received.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

HEDGES AND THEIR USES.

No. X.—THE ENGLISH HAWTHORN, (*Crataegus oxyacanthus*.)

"Mark the faire blooming of the hawthorn tree,
Who finely clothed in a robe of white,
Fills full the wanton eye with May's delight."

WE pass now to the consideration another plant used for hedges, ornamental screens, and picturesque grouping on the lawn, both for beauty and use. It is quite astonishing that so valuable an addition to fallow grounds, our excellently well-tilled farms, our fine grass lands, our orchards, and even grazing lands, as a good substantial hedge, should be so little valued. We are very happy to be able in this paper to say a word or two in answer to a respected correspondent from Pennsylvania, in which he says: "Our forests are rapidly melting away before the axe of the pioneer in search of a home. Our wildernesses and dense woods are no longer. They were—their glory has departed. The beautiful cooling shades of our quiet woodlands yield themselves up to the woodman's axe, and the broad glare of a July sun has forever, we fear, put to flight those sylvan retreats. Cannot something be done to stay this great desolation?"

One has only to pause for a moment and look this sad effect of a great love of "progress," as it is called, fairly and squarely in the face to see that our fine forests are rapidly falling before an everyday increasing population, who, like our corporations, have no souls, and never stop to think that there is a day after to-morrow. What shall be done, then, to stop this march of desolation which is absorbing our fine forests and laying waste our cherished woodlands? Soon all these fine large forest trees—the oak, the hickory, the ash, and the lighter woods—the pines and walnuts—will be wanting for our floating palaces and our ships. Where can we find a substitute for all these? Nowhere. Heretofore our fences have been made from our forests, but we cannot expect, with any reason, that this is always to be the case, and we must, as a natural result, look to our numerous fine hedge plants to fill up this gap.

We think that very few have fully estimated the value of our common fences. Turn your eyes for a moment to the wants of the great West, where we find, at the lowest estimate, we want three miles and a quarter of fence to each quarter section of land, and this will be found just sufficient to enclose and run two partition fences through it. In this estimate we leave our lanes and roads, which often have to be made before we have, in western phrase, a "well fenced farm." Just here comes in our English and American thorn for these partition fences, and that they can be well used we have not a single doubt. When the subject of "live" fences was first placed before the farmers of this country for their consideration very few had heard of such a thing as a live fence, and scarcely one man in ten knew the English Buckthorn from other forest shrubbery. In 1840, in conversation with quite an intelligent Illinois farmer, on most other subjects, he laughed outright at my inquiry as to "live hedge fences." "You can't do nothing nohow, stranger, with these little shoots—a hedge fence. Ha, ha! don't you believe it. Nonsense; I've no time to give to green apple sprouts; all moonshine." Ten years after this my old friend, who so contemptuously turned up his nose at my inquiry, has since learned that even he—"an Illinois farmer," as he boasted—could have been, and was, mistaken in his estimate of the hawthorn for a hedge on the prairies of his native State. He now says: "One of my grave misconceptions with regard to the use and availability and fitness of the buckthorn for hedge-enclosing fences has given way to my practical connection with the same. I have used these and the osage orange for fencing for ten years, and now (1850) I am satisfied I can use no better fencing material than I have in the osage orange and the English thorn."

It is very true that the English hawthorn failed to give satisfaction in the days of its first adaptation to the uses of the hedge, and while some few successfully cultivated this plant others made a failure. This was not to be found in the plant so much as in the man, as future operations and experiments have quite successfully shown. Much of the dissatisfaction given to the hawthorn was the result of lack of culture of the right kind after the plant had started. Many English professional hedgers—experts, as they called themselves—made some "big blunders," and became discouraged at what they did not do, notwithstanding what they did do was bad enough, and charged it upon the country as "not fit to grow an English thorn." They attempted to give laws and theories upon American gardening about the years 1840 to 1850, and great was the ignorance and impudence possessed by them. Under the culture of these humbugs the hedge soon became a choked up mass of weeds, grass, briars, and wild raspberries; literally clogged and choked to death with many kinds of noxious weeds. Then, after this period of three or four years of neglect, just when it needed true scientific nursing and careful culture, along comes a burly English "gardener and hedger," as he calls himself, with a huge pair of shears, and he "goes in," not to prune, but to cut and slash, and if there is anything left of the poor neglected hedge he "finishes it up," and goes on to the next plantation.

The traveller through the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and many of our older States, will rejoice in the view of many beautiful English hawthorn hedges. This exhibition of wealth and beauty shows us the fact that in

the hawthorn we have a good reliable material for partitioning and enclosing large tracts of land, and that all we want to know in order to possess these two elements is how to plant, train, and cultivate the same so that it may prove a success.

In the first attempts with this plant, in the days of "long, long ago," the seeds were procured from England and planted. In later times the plants were, at a very small cost, imported and planted, and now these plants can be raised here in any quantities, and are ready for the hand of the planter at any time, and are of a superior quality.

In order to have a good buckthorn hedge the ground should be prepared in the same manner—by deep trenching and mellowing—as for the osage orange. In fact, the treatment given to the orange will not fail if given to the buckthorn. The plants should not be too closely together; but as soon as set I recommend the mulching of the same deeply with leaves, straw, or, if I can have it given me, tan bark. After the starting of these plants the future trimming is the main thing to be carefully carried out. For the first three years but little is to be done, but this little is all important.

Culture.—Keep the hedge entirely free from weeds of every kind. If possible, as it will be on prairie land, run your cultivator as often as once a week each side your hedge, and let the boys follow after with a narrow hoe and remove every green thing from the row. Let all the shoots grow that push upwards, as you will want them next year. When you mulch deeply this treatment will probably be unnecessary. During the first year let your hedge grow untouched, and firmly fix their rootlets in the earth. Next year you can with safety apply your pruning knife by cutting the hedge row back to within two or three inches of the ground, and the next year, or wherever they have sent out new shoots, cut them back again to three inches of the starting place of these shoots, and *always be careful to leave from one to three inches of the new wood.*

Some have recommended that the hedge be trimmed the first season of planting. My own experience has led me to adopt a *let alone theory* for the first year. By pursuing the above you cannot fail in securing a permanent, beautiful, and strong hawthorn hedge, such as will delight the eye in summer and winter.

In our last paper we spoke of the osage orange in general terms as a good plant for the hedge. We are quite well aware that notwithstanding the great value of this plant for hedge use, it is comparatively not sufficiently understood. We have no doubt, from personal observation and information grounded upon conversations with men who have used the same for hedges, that it will, if properly treated, stand our winters, certainly as far north as Chicago. We shall devote a special paper to the treatment of this plant in the course of this work.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

—ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA.—Trees can be had at some wild groves for the getting. At others, ten to twenty-five cents each is the price. An ordinary sail-boat will carry thirty to seventy-five trees, averaging two inches in diameter, and a round trip of twenty to forty miles can be made with a load in three or four days. If judiciously taken up, carefully handled, and properly planted, from January until March, and the sweet bud put in in May or June, they will grow three or four feet the same year, and sometimes will bear the next. Nearly all will bear the third year, with proper attention, and the fifth will reimburse all expenses. From the present stand-point, looking through the experience of others, and taking success as a guide, and error as a warning, a straighter and shorter path, (fast becoming a plain, well-beaten highway,) can be taken to success. Sweet seedlings, from three to five years old, cost twenty-five cents to one dollar each, according to age and size. They are hardy, rapid growers, and usually bear the seventh year. The effects of budding or grafting is the same on them as the sour tree. Field crops are usually made three or four years, widening each year the space between the rows and trees.

The past has presented no difficulty in the way of orange culture, which energy and good judgment will not overcome.—*Rural Carolinian.*

SLEEPING IN A COLD ROOM.

HALL'S *Journal of Health* says that cold bed chambers always imperil health and invite diseases. Robust persons may safely sleep in a temperature of forty or under, but the old, the infant, and the frail should never sleep in a room where the atmosphere is much under fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

All know the danger of going direct into the cold from a very warm room. Very few rooms, churches, theatres, and the like are ever warmer than seventy degrees. If it is freezing out of doors it is thirty degrees—the difference being forty degrees more. Persons will be chilled by such a change in ten minutes, although they may be actively walking.

But to lie still in bed, nothing to promote the circulation, and to breathe for hours an atmosphere of forty and even fifty degrees, when the lungs are always at ninety-eight, is too great a change. Many persons wake up in the morning with inflammation of the lungs who went to bed well, and are surprised that this should be the case. The cause may often be found in sleeping in a room the window of which has been foolishly hoisted for ventilation. The water cure journals of the country have done an incalculable injury by the blind and indiscriminate advice of hoisting the window at night.

The rule should be everywhere, during the part of the year when fires are kept burning, to avoid hoisting outside windows. It is safer and better to leave the chamber door open, as also the fireplace—then there is a draft up the chimney, while the room is not so likely to become cold. If there is some fire in the room all night the window may be opened an inch. It is safer to sleep in bad air all night, with a temperature over fifty, than in a pure air with the temperature under forty. The bad air may sicken you, but cannot kill you; the cold air can and does kill very often.

Natural History.

THE SEA LIONS AT THE CENTRAL PARK

A VISITOR to the Central Park happening to be in the neighborhood of the Menagerie about half-past three P.M. would naturally be drawn by the crowd to a large tank containing the two Sea Lions. It is their dinner hour, and if a favorable position to witness the meal can be obtained, (for the spectators are early on the ground), it would prove extremely interesting. Some time before the approach of the keeper, the lions are on the *qui vive* and manifest their impatience by repeated barks.

When the food, which consists of different varieties of fish, such as cod, herring and weak fish, (the cod weighing sometimes as much as four and a half pounds), is finally brought, they swallow it with a decided gusto dispensing with the process of mastication. When the meal is finished they show their satisfaction by dashing about in the water for two or three hours, after which they remain on the platform until the next morning. These Sea Lions, *Eumetopius stelleri*, were placed on exhibition last April and are natives of the Pacific Ocean, north of the equator. Their color is of a reddish brown, their hair is straight and coarse, without any growth of under-fur, the nose, palms, soles, and digital flaps naked and black, whiskers cylindrical long and whitish, ears short pointed and curled, eyes large, iris black surrounded with a white ring, the fore limbs large and triangular, terminating in a thick membranous flap and situated almost in the centre of the body. The hind limbs are broad, the width at the toes nearly equaling the length of the foot, toes terminating in strong cartilaginous flaps deeply indented, the three middle ones having well developed nails, the outer two provided with horny disks or rudimentary nails. The hind feet are always directed forward when the animal is at rest.

Their mode of locomotion on the ground is by raising themselves on their fore limbs and placing the hind limbs forward. The larger of the two lions measures about nine feet in length and five feet in girth. The length of fore flipper is twenty-eight inches; hind flipper, twenty-four inches; weight, about nine hundred pounds. Their bark, which is very peculiar, can be heard distinctly in the night at the distance of nearly a mile.

Having given this much space to our sea lions, a brief description of the genus may not be out of place. The color varies from pale yellowish brown to reddish brown, and varies much not only according to age but also according to sex. Full grown males measure from twelve to fifteen feet in length, and weigh from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds. The females seldom attain more than one quarter the weight of a male. About the first of April they commence to visit the breeding grounds, the old males going first and selecting their places on the island. Shortly after the females follow and as soon as a female reaches the shore, the nearest male goes down to meet her and escorts her to his plot. In a few days after landing the female gives birth to one pup, weighing about six pounds. The period of gestation is about twelve months. They exist a long time without food, remaining during the breeding season some two months on the shore without going into the water, consuming their own fat, finally leaving at the end of the season, greatly emaciated. One lion has remained in the menagerie over thirty days without eating, being sick at the time it was received. The sea lions that are seen in the travelling menageries of this country are mostly procured by the fishermen in San Francisco Bay and sold to Mr. Woodward, of Woodward Gardens, San Francisco, who disposes of them again at the rate of one dollar per pound.

W. A. CONKLIN.

—It is almost impossible to rear a young hippotamus, but it has lately been discovered that the mother suckles her young under the water, and in future it may not prove so difficult a task. Out of eleven produced in Amsterdam only one lived, and when nine months old it brought a thousand pounds to go to America; but the man who bought it stopped in London and exhibited it at sixpence a head at the Crystal Palace, and while there the Crystal Palace caught fire, and the only hippopotamus ever reared in Europe was roasted.

—The Parisians have anticipated our own movement in the matter, and are now constructing an aquarium in the Champs Elysées to rival those of Brighton, Sydenham, and Berlin. The aquarium proper is to be supplemented by a museum of fishing utensils, and an antediluvian department where extinct fishes are to be represented artificially with the natural surroundings of the periods in which they lived. The scheme will be carried out on a great scale, and it is expected that the aquarium will be completed by June of next year.—*Appletons' Journal.*

—An English rural sportsman being asked by an old lady with rather confused ideas as to horses and dogs, if his dog was a hunter, said "it was half hunter and half setter: he hunted around till he found food, and then set down to eat it!"

—Two beautiful engravings given with every copy of FOREST AND STREAM. See advertisement.

—There is good sleighing now pretty much all through Canada, and the curling clubs are preparing for this favorite winter pastime.

—Persons who may wish to get up a club, for the FOREST AND STREAM, can select any article on our list of prizes. There never was such an opportunity to secure a fine rifle made by the best makers in the United States. See advertisement.

The Kennel.

—The silent system of dog-breaking, as practiced by the best trainers abroad, will be found very interesting, and give some of our noisy sportsmen a thorough insight into the method of training pointers, setters and other breeds of dogs. We quote from a gentleman in the *Field*:—

"The kennel consisted of about thirty pointers, setters, retrievers, and about half a dozen cross-bred setters and retrievers, rough, hard, wiry-looking animals, which the keeper told me he used for winter shooting, and for that work preferred them to all others, as they stand the wet and cold better than any other dogs, and are most useful in making a varied bag. After breakfast on the morning of my arrival, at the keeper's neat and comfortable cottage, I was introduced to Tom the breaker (who scarcely does anything else, and indeed he has his hands full), who was told to take out three brace of setters, and away we went to the hills. The way they worked, and the quiet, artistic manner in which they were handled, perfectly astonished and delighted me. The heather was first rate and birds plentiful; and I am told that in these islands they never pack and lie well to dogs even till the end of the season, which, of course, is a great thing for dog breaking. After luncheon we had out three brace of the half-bred ones. They certainly were not much to my taste as far as their appearance went, but their breaking and performance were beyond all praise. They were taken out in couples, and when we got on the ground one brace (only nine months old) were uncoupled and sent to work; they quartered their ground well, went at a good pace, and found their birds in good form, but without the style and dash in their gallop of the true-bred setter, and without that beautiful working of the stem which is so expressive in my favorite breed, the setter. These dogs, although so young, were quite perfect in backing and standing, and if a hare jumped up or crossed their path, they dropped as if shot without a word or a sign. These half-bred ones can all be worked like regular retrievers, as, if called to heel, they never offer to move without an order under any circumstances whatever.

Tom commences his work at six o'clock in the morning by taking the whole team out on the roads for two hours' exercise, and they are then allowed to run about, play, and enjoy themselves pretty freely; but after breakfast the day's drill commences by three brace at a time being taken out; one brace is set to work, and the other two to follow at heel in couples. When a point is got they are dropped instantly, and not allowed to move from that spot one single inch till the birds have been sprung, and they get a beckon with the finger to come on. One reason why Tom gets every dog in his hands to such perfection is that he never allows a single fault, however trivial, to be overlooked, and will have the lesson, whatever it is, perfect before giving it up. He is possessed of great patience, untiring walking powers, and wonderful perseverance; and, although he is strict almost to severity with his dogs, he soon gains their confidence, and they all love him, and yield him implicit obedience. After the spring breaking is over, and birds beginning to nest, Tom takes all his dogs by turns to some ground where the birds do not nest, and which is a resort of the old cocks, and there practises them in dropping to shot (an old horse pistol, which makes a wonderful report)—not ten or a dozen times only, but fifty times if it is necessary, until they all drop as a matter of course instantly, and without a word or a signal. Dog-breakers may say we can all do this; so they can; but how often do we see it, and how few there are who will take the pains and do the hard work which it entails? There is no hollering or noise with Tom—his is the silent system, and no mistake; and he possesses more tact, innate knowledge, and real love of the art of dog-breaking than any man I have ever seen, and I hope next spring to see him and some of his team at some of the south country meetings, when the old stagers must look alive to hold their own. After the regular grouse shooting is over, Tom, who is an excellent shot, kills from eighty to a hundred head of all sorts of game every week over his dogs. Practice makes perfect, and here they get it to the truth."

—That beautiful suburb of St. Louis, Cote Brillante, has just been stirred by a ripple of excitement. The house of Colonel Hawk is concealed by dense shrubbery. Night before last it happened to be occupied only by Miss Clara Hawk, a young lady of twenty, and a female house servant. About midnight Miss Hawk, being suddenly awakened by unusual sounds, saw a man in front of her window, who had already moved the blind, and was about to effect an entrance. She seized a revolver, which she had under her pillow, and fired a shot at the intruder, wide of the mark. A second shot, before she had recovered her aplomb, was equally unfortunate. The pistol not only failed in its deadly mission, but sent its ball through the palm of the young lady's hand. The thief attempted to beat a retreat. But this was not so easy. A huge dog which guards the premises had been aroused by the heavy skirmish fire, and now appeared on the scene by way of the left lower entrance. The thief made for the nearest tree, and encosed himself where he would be safe from the attack of any dangerous domestic animal, and also far enough from the house to be secure from ordinary pistol practice. The occupants of the house were terrified, not knowing the number of assailants, and not quite certain of the fidelity and powers of their out-door auxiliary. Neither was there any appearance of assistance from the neighbors. The dog kept his place under the tree; the man kept his seat in the branches, and if he had any partners they made no apparent effort to relieve him; so the hours dragged slowly away until morning, when the dog, fully satisfied in conscience by his long vigil, retired to his kennel, and the thief got down from his perch and stole away in the early dawn. Miss Hawk in the morning coolly told the story to the neighbors, and, coming into the city, had her hand dressed.

—*St. Louis Globe.*

—If ever there was a good excuse for not getting a paper out on time it is that offered by the *Panama Star and Herald*. The editor says that the Government troops were keeping up a continuous fire on the door of his sitting room, and half a dozen shots did not vary three feet in striking. "To this annoyance," he says, "we must attribute our delay in getting out this edition, for it is difficult to persuade men to work under a steady and dangerous fire."

—Schools subscribing to FOREST AND STREAM can get

The Horse and the Course.

—The great race at Ocean View Park, San Francisco, Cal., for a purse and stake of \$2,000 for all ages, \$2,000 entrance, closed with eight nominations; four of which came to the post. Distance, four mile heats. Nett value of the stake \$20,000. The day was lovely in the extreme, and by 12 o'clock the grand rush had fairly set in, and an immense assemblage of vehicles, horse and foot came down over the hill leading to Ocean Park. Conveyances of all descriptions form the four-in-hand drag to the mule cart blocked up the way. Suffice it to say it was the grandest event ever seen in California, and at half-past one, at a moderate estimate, there was upwards of 12,000 people in the Park. The starters were Thad. Stevens, of California; True Blue, of New York; Joe. Daniels, of Michigan; and Mamie Hall, of California. In the first heat Thad. Stevens took the pole, True Blue next, Mamie Hall third, and Joe Daniels on the outside. Mamie Hall won the first mile, with Thad. Stevens second, and True Blue third. Second mile—True Blue first, Mamie Hall second, Joe Daniels third. Third mile—True Blue first, Joe Daniels second, Thad. Stevens third. Fourth mile—Joe Daniels first by two lengths, True Blue second, Thad. Stevens third. Time of heat, 7:45. The horses started for the second heat at five minutes to four. Thad. Stevens won the first mile by three lengths, True Blue second, and Daniels five lengths. On the second mile the relative positions of the horses were about the same. On third mile all of the horses crossed the score in close company, Thad. a neck ahead. On the fourth mile Thad. and True Blue were neck and neck, Joe Daniels crowding on the last half. True Blue shoved ahead and opened a gap of five lengths, which he held in crossing the score. Time, 8:08. In the third heat Thad. took the lead again, True Blue and Daniels running neck and neck. The second mile was a close run between the three. At the first quarter of the fourth mile, True Blue failed, fell behind, and was speedily lost in the distance. Thad. pulled out at his best and parted company with Daniels, crossing the score nearly ten lengths ahead. Time, 7:57. The race was now between Stevens and Daniels, the first favorite in the great race, True Blue having been distanced through the misfortune of putting his foot in a gopher hole, and was lying disabled on the track. He was soon removed and the course cleared for the final heat. A capital start was effected, but Thad. Stevens soon pulled four lengths ahead, and was gaining steadily, when the horses disappeared in the gathering darkness. On the first mile Thad. Stevens passed the score thirty yards in advance. The crowd awaited anxiously the reappearance as the foaming steeds came down the home-stretch. At the second mile Thad. Stevens had about the same advantage. Again the clatter of hoofs was heard, and Thad. Stevens came dashing in thirty yards in advance, the winner of the heat and race. Time, 8:20.

—The autumn running meeting at Point Breze Park near Philadelphia took place on November 13th. The day was very cold and the racing was of a more than average order. The first race was a hurdle race, purse of \$500, distance two miles over eight hurdles. There were three entries, George West, Tammany and Crown Prince. The horses had an even start, after the first hurdle had been jumped George West took the lead and maintained it until six hurdles were passed, when Tammany rushed to the side of George West, both horses jumping the last hurdle together, when it became a race on the flat, George West now showed his excellent form and won the race by a length. Time, 4:31. The second race was a dash of a mile, for a purse of \$500. Three horses entered and started, Lizzie Lucas, Hattie O'Neil and Ortolan. Lizzie Lucas ran from end to end on a heavy track in the fast time of 1:46½. The third race was for all ages, mile heats, Minnie Mc, Artist and Hattie O'Neil started. Minnie Mc took the lead on both heats, and won very easily as she liked in 1:54—1:54.

—The fall meeting at White Plains, Westchester Co., N. Y., came off on November 13th. The track was in excellent condition. The first trot was for a purse of \$300, for horses that had never beaten 2:50, mile heats. Five horses started, Lela Blanche distanced all of them and won the race in grand style. Time, 2:41½. The second event was for a purse of \$500, for horses that had never beaten 2:26, mile heats, best three in five in harness. Four horses started, Joe Brown winning the first and third heats, Blanche the fourth and fifth heats, and the second a "dead" heat between Joe Brown and Charley Green, when darkness coming on, the race was postponed. The second day Blanche won the sixth heat and race. The second race was the purse of \$400, for horses that had never beaten 2:35, mile heats, best three in five, in harness; \$200 to the first. Entered nine horses, five of which came to the post. Ella Millard won the first heat, Tanner Boy the second and fifth, Fred Tyler the third, Ben Smith the fourth, and then Tanner Boy and Ben Smith made a "dead" heat in the sixth, when darkness coming on, the driver of Tanner Boy has claimed the race; it is undecided.

—If the complications with Spain do not become serious, it seems to be probable that the government will send out a vessel this coming spring to Behring's Straits.

—There died lately in Paris Jules Pierre Verroux, an ornithologist, who has been attached for quite a long series of years to the Jardin des Plantes. M. Verroux was a member of the firm of the Messrs. Verroux, so well known to all naturalists. American ornithologists when visiting the fine collections at the Jardin des Plantes have often availed themselves of M. Verroux's services.

Athletic Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

—Skates, croquet, cricket, archery, foot balls, Remington, Sharpe and Ward Burton rifles, single and double-barrel guns, books and engravings offered to subscribers. See advertisement.

—The organ of Harvard University out-door sports, the *Advocate*, gives certain reasons for not sending delegates to the Foot Ball Convention held recently in New York. We have read it carefully and fail to see the "fundamental" or "vital" points in their rules which would prevent them from joining the Convention. If they wish to act the part of playing a "solo," no one will interfere with them. It appears to us that if Harvard would reconsider their determination and join the Convention, the additional strength and morale they would give, would add materially to the furtherance of Athletic Pastimes throughout the Union. We quote:—

"It seems to us that the result of the Convention fully justifies our action. It shows how fruitless it would have been for us to have asserted our rules before the representatives of the other colleges, whose games all differ so radically from ours, while resembling each other in all vital points. In the light of this result we fail to feel, as Yale does, that 'it seems a little strange that any college priding itself on foot ball should refuse to send delegates to a meeting whose prime object was to adopt a set of rules which should be entirely satisfactory to all the colleges concerned, and to place foot ball on a firmer and more scientific basis than has heretofore existed.' Undoubtedly the prime object of the Convention was to adopt such a set of rules, and for this very reason—that we saw not the remotest chance of the attainment of this object, if we had any voice in the matter—we declined to join the Convention. We are modest enough to think that the loss from our action in this, if loss there be to any one, will be ours. We here reprint our Rules:—

RULES OF THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY FOOT-BALL CLUB.

1. The number of players on each side shall be not less than ten and not more than fifteen.
2. The grounds shall be not less than 350, nor more than 450 feet in length, and not less than 225, nor more than 325 feet in width.
3. There shall be two end boundaries and two side boundaries.
4. The two end boundaries shall form the goals. To win a game, the ball must strike the ground beyond either goal, passing over it on the fly; but no game can be won on a fair lick.
5. When the ball passes over either side boundary, it shall be considered dead; and the player first holding it shall be entitled to a fair lick, and shall carry the ball within the bounds at right angles to the boundary line at the spot where it first struck.
6. When the ball passes over either goal, in any manner other than to win a game, it shall be considered dead, as in No. 5, and may be placed anywhere within a line drawn parallel to the goal, and ten feet distant from it.
7. The winners of the toss shall have either the warning kick or the choice of goals. The warning kick shall be taken from a point half way between the two goals.
8. Any player is allowed to catch or pick up the ball. No player is allowed to run with or "baby" the ball, unless pursued by an opponent, and then only while so pursued.
9. No player is allowed to throw or pass the ball to another player, unless pursued by an opponent.
10. No lurking, striking, hacking, tripping, nor butting among the players is allowed.
11. Any player, when on the adversary's side of the ball, must either walk toward the ball, or must walk toward his own goal, in a line at right angles with that goal. Any player not complying with this law shall be considered as lurking, and shall not be allowed to touch the ball until he has reached a point on his own side of the ball.
12. A match shall consist of five games. The side winning three games out of the five shall be the winners of said match.
13. Each side shall appoint an umpire, who shall select in turn a referee.
14. It shall be the duty of the umpires to settle all disputes, see that the rules of the game are complied with, name the victors in all matches, and perform in short all the ordinary duties of an umpire.
15. The referee shall be applied to when the umpires disagree, and his decision shall be final.

Yale's organ asserts that the games of the different colleges differed materially. To us, the differences in the Rules of the colleges at the Convention seemed trivial; the variations being chiefly in the details of the game, such points as the length of the grounds, or the distance between the goal-posts. We should gladly make such changes as these in our Rules, if so inter-collegiate matches could be arranged. But our game differs so fundamentally from that of the other colleges, that no compromise could be effected. We must either sacrifice entirely the principles of our game and learn a new one, or abandon all thought of inter-collegiate matches. We have chosen the latter alternative."

—At the annual athletic games of the Toronto Cricket Club, held in that city on the 8th instant, T. C. Blake walked a mile in nine minutes twenty-eight seconds; J. Buchanan made a running high jump of four feet nine inches; and Mr. Henry ran a mile in four minutes fifty-two seconds.

—A correspondent favors us with the following review of the base ball season at Princeton College:—The ball season of 1873 was ushered in very inauspiciously for Princeton College. With only four men left from the preceding year, and five to select, the chances for success seemed very limited. But with an energy which has always characterized the action of old Nassau Hall, and a Captain more truly devoted to and efficient in his labors, few nines can claim an equal. The men were selected and

trained to such a degree of perfection that they reaped the rewards of their labors, and have a record to show of which Princeton may well be proud. Since the opening of the season the Princeton nine have played nine games with amateur clubs and four with professionals, of which it has won nine, as follows:—

May 5.—Princeton vs. Chelsea, Brooklyn.....	12 to 1
May 21.—Princeton vs. Yale College.....	10 to 9
May 22.—Princeton vs. Harvard College.....	3 to 1
May 24.—Princeton vs. Athlete (professional).....	6 to 2
June 7.—Princeton vs. Lafayette College.....	26 to 11
Sep. 27.—Princeton vs. Irvington, N. J.....	31 to 7
Oct. 1.—Princeton vs. Chelsea, Brooklyn, (11 innings).....	15 to 14
Oct. 16.—Princeton vs. Trenton.....	47 to 3
Oct. 18.—Princeton vs. Yale College.....	18 to 4
168 to 52	

Defeats, four, as follows:

May 10.—Princeton vs. Yale College.....	2 to 9
June 12.—Princeton vs. Athletic (professional).....	6 to 22
Oct. 14.—Princeton vs. Atlantic (professional).....	3 to 16
Nov. 7.—Princeton vs. Athletic (professional), 5 innings.....	0 to 5
11 to 52	

Total runs, Princeton, 179; Opponents, 104.
Base hits, Princeton, 181; Opponents, 114.

Among this list, it will be noticed, are four intercollegiate games for the college championship, of which Princeton has achieved three victories, that over Harvard being the finest amateur game on record. Time and space will not admit of a critical description of all the games played, yet the last is deserving of a somewhat lengthy description, as showing the improvement of the Princeton nine since last spring, when they met the Athletics and suffered a most disastrous defeat.

Friday, November 7, was the occasion of the second meeting of the Princeton and Athletic clubs in the base ball arena. The weather was very dubious, the clouds being dark and lowering. At twelve M. the game commenced with the Princeton boys at the bat, who failed to score a run. The professionals began by their first man retiring at first, when, by the good batting of Anson, and the poor playing of the centre fielder and short stop, they placed four runs to their credit. The next inning was a repetition of the first as regards totals, though G. Mann, by a fine two base fair foul hit, and Williamson, by a poor throw of Anson, got bases. The Athletics yielded the "ash" in one, two, three order, Woods making a fine one hand pick up in this inning. The third inning passed with still no runs for Princeton, as also the visitors were compelled to retire with equal success, though two men had reached bases, Jacobus catching a line ball and making a double play after one hand was out. In this inning, through error, the Princetons succeeded in getting the bags filled, with no men out, when by poor batting and a fine display of fielding not a man succeeded in crossing the plate. The Athletics were again served with a whitewash, making the total 4 to 0 in their favor.

Rain began to fall at this stage of the game, but play was continued until the close of the inning, which was a repetition of former blanks for Princeton, while the "blue stockings" added one more run to their score. Thus, with the totals at 5 to 0 in favor of the Athletics, the game was called.

It is to be regretted that play was interrupted, as it bid fair to be a good game. Though the college boys were somewhat out of trim from want of practice, they need not be ashamed of their exhibition of playing, and we predict for them an untarnished record next spring in their intercollegiate games. The following is the score:—

PRINCETON.				ATHLETIC.					
PLAYERS.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	PLAYERS.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.
Beach, c.....	0	0	1	0	McGeary, c.....	0	0	6	1
Woods, s. s.....	0	1	1	1	Battin, 2 b.....	1	0	2	4
VanDeventer, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	Anson, 3 b.....	1	2	0	0
Bruyere, 1 b.....	0	0	6	0	Fisher, 1 b.....	1	1	6	0
Paton, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	Fisher, 1 f.....	1	0	1	0
G. Mann, 3 b.....	0	1	2	1	Sutton, s. s.....	0	0	0	2
Williamson, 1 f.....	0	0	1	0	Sensendeifer, c. f.....	0	0	0	0
Jacobus, 2 b.....	0	0	3	1	Reach, r. f.....	0	0	0	0
M. Mann, p.....	0	0	0	3	McMullin, p.....	1	1	0	1
Total.....	0	2	15	6	Total.....	5	4	15	8

INNINGS.										
CLUBS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTALS.
Princeton.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Athletic.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	5

Umpire, Crawford, '74, of Princeton College Club.
Time of Game, one hour.
First base by errors, Princeton, 5; Athletic, 6.
Runs earned, Princeton, 0; Athletic, 0.

CHAMPION.

—The Columbia and Rutgers colleges played a match game of foot ball on Saturday, November 15th, on the grounds of the St. George's Cricket Club at Hoboken. Columbia won the game. The following are the names of the twenties:—Columbia—King (captain), Cornell, Adams, Hurry, Walbridge, Bach, Radford, Leonowen, Kent, Weeks, George, Simmonds, Root, Lindley, McMain, Morewood, Field, Smith, Rhodes, and Price. Rutgers—Lydecker (captain), Hendrickson, Fischer, Van Aken, Walser, Martyn, Wyckoff, Ross, Kamble, Anderson, Lyall, Davis, Price, Fuller, P. Vansant, Watson, Vreeland, Stotts, Hawhurst, and H. Fuller. The judges were Mr. Faston for Rutgers, and Marshall for Columbia. Referee, Mr. Johnson.

—A foot race for \$1,000 a side and the championship of America, between John Allison, of Connecticut, and Henry Crandall, of Niles, Michigan, was run at Washington Park, Providence, on November 14th, and won by five inches by Allison. Distance, 125 yards; time, fifteen seconds.

—The Chicago Billiard Tournament is progressing, and meets with success. On November 14th Ubassy beat Snyder, the score standing 400 to 321. The winner's average was 5 60-68. His highest run was 57.

In this day's playing John Bessunger defeated Peter Snyder

in 71 innings, scoring 400 to Snyder's 331; winner's average 5 45-71. Largest runs—Bessunger, 45 and 44; Snyder, 40 and 36. In the second game, between Garnier and Slosson, Garnier won the lead. The game was closely contested and interesting throughout, first one and then the other leading, and each doing considerable safety business toward the close. Garnier finally won in his forty-fourth inning, scoring 400 to Slosson's 390; winner's average, 9 1-11; Slossons, 9 3-43. Largest runs—Garnier, 42, 50, and 77; Slosson, 44, 37, and 40.

The first game at night was between Ubassy and Joseph Dion, and attracted the attention of a large audience. In stringing for the lead Ubassy won, and started off with a run of 3, Dion following with 12. In the ninth inning Ubassy ran 56, and in the next 30, turning his first hundred, Dion making only single counts. Ubassy turned his second string in the twenty-second inning, his score standing 221 to Dion's 67. In the thirty-second inning Ubassy, with a run of 59, turned into the homestretch, and in the forty-sixth inning, with a run of 26, won the game. Dion, who turned into his first hundred only in the twenty-ninth inning, picked up toward the last, his score standing at the close 230. Ubassy's average was 8 16-23.

On November 15th the first game was between Garnier and Snyder, and was easily won by the former in thirty-six innings, the score standing 400 to 108. Winner's average, 11 1/2. Largest runs—Garnier, 82, 45, and 58. Snyder only made three double numbers, 19 being the largest.

The second game was between Slosson and Bessunger, and was close throughout, Slosson winning by 400 to 351; winner's average, 6 26-29.

—On November 17th the first game was between George Slosson and Peter Snyder. Slosson won by a score of 400 to 108. The second game was between Cyrille Dion and Maurice Daly. Daly won 450 to Dion's 250. Daly's largest scores—32, 39, 34, 62, 94. Daly's average was 11 15-35, and Dion's 7 1-7. The first game in the evening was between Garnier and Joseph Dion. In the thirty-seventh inning, with the score standing Garnier 329 and Dion 168, the latter got the balls together, and, by careful nursing, made 124 points, the second best run of the tournament. In the forty-third inning he made 27; but Garnier followed with 33, and ran the game out, Dion being 344. The winning average was 8 24-47th; Dion's average, 7 15-47th. The largest runs were—Garnier, 52, 50 and 43; Dion, 124.

—The Athletic Association of the Stevens' Institute of Technology of Hoboken, at a meeting held Nov. 12, elected the following officers:—President, S. D. Graydon, '75; Recording Secretary, H. A. Beckmeyer, '76; Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Wallis, '76; Treasurer, H. Duane, '76; Captain of the Foot Ball 20, J. E. Denton, '75; Captain of the Base Ball 10, W. F. Zimmerman, '76. The Directors of the Association are as follows:—Denton, '75; Vail, '76; Kingsland, '76; Zimmerman, '76; Richards, '77.

—The Foot Ball 20 of the Athletic Association of Stevens' Institute on Saturday last played a match game on the fields at Hoboken with a 20 from the College of the City of New York, which resulted in a victory to the Stevens' men, who scored three out of the five games. Time, one hour and ten minutes, from 2:30, P. M. A. M. C.

The Magazines.

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.—The colonel of the 46th of the line (French) has re-established an old tradition in his regiment. On June 27th, on the heights of Oberhausen, Latour d'Auvergne, first Grenadier of France, was killed by the lance of an Uhlan, and died with his face to the foe. His loss was deeply deplored by the army, and all the soldiers subscribed a day's pay to purchase a silver urn, in which was placed the heart of their deceased comrade. For a long time this urn was carried at the head of the company by a sergeant who answered, "Dead on the field of honor," when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called at muster. This old custom has now been renewed. Latour d'Auvergne belonged to the house of Bouillon, as did Turenne; he joined the army in 1767, fought against the English, and first distinguished himself at the siege of Port Mahon. He accepted the revolution, and fought as a captain in the army of the Alps, and he afterwards commanded the "Infernal column," composed of 8,000 Grenadiers. In the year '93 he was nearly being dragged before a revolutionary committee and executed as a noble, but his soldiers saved him from the scaffold. He embarked on board a Breton vessel, was captured by the English, and sent to the hulks. On returning to France he was offered a pension and took to study. While thus engaged he learned that the only son of an old friend had been taken by the conscription, and he insisted on replacing him; he joined the army of the Rhine, commanded by Massena, and though fifty-three years of age, distinguished himself nearly every day. Bonaparte wished to make him a general of division, but he refused to accept any grade, and hence the title conferred upon him by Carnot, of First Grenadier of the Republic. Bonaparte added a sword of honor. It was with great difficulty that the veteran could be persuaded to accept these distinctions, and Napoleon declared that, had he been king of France, he would have made Latour d'Auvergne a marshal. A week afterwards he fell. The urn containing his heart was at a later date deposited in the Pantheon, but it was withdrawn during the restoration, and afterwards became a cause of litigation between two branches of the family—for it was worth 60,000 francs!

—A complete set of the best English cricketing implements can be had by subscribing to FOREST AND STREAM.

CARRIER PIGEONS FOR WAR COMMUNICATIONS.—The *Allgemeine Militazzeitung*, at the close of a series of articles on the use of pigeons as letter-carriers and the importance of their use in modern warfare, calls attention to the fact that the events of the Franco-Prussian war have demonstrated that even large and well armed fortifications may find themselves cut off from all communication with the outside world. Metz and Paris were examples of this, and the absolute want of communication, which prevented a

concurrence of action, or agreement as to the operations to be made, is to be regarded as the main reason for the final capitulation of the Rhine army. Had they been acquainted with the value of the carrier pigeons before the war, our cotemporary argues, and established a mail route between these two important fortresses, the communication between them would have remained unbroken, and the issue of the whole campaign perhaps less unfavorable for the French. In view of the important services rendered by the winged letter-carriers, even in their imperfect organization, during the siege of Paris, the French government, at the suggestion of General Ragou, has determined to establish pigeon stations in most of the French forts. In the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris several thousand trained pigeons are housed, the breed of which will be distributed among the various forts as soon as possible. The recognition of the importance of the use of pigeons as letter-carriers is not confined to France. Germany has established a central depot at Berlin, under the direction of Dr. Bodinus, and post-stations at Cologne, Metz, and Strasburg. Should satisfactory results follow here, pigeon stations will be established at all the Prussian forts.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species, governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

M. N.—See our third and seventh numbers. Also editorial on the subjects.

H. N.—Gatlin gun entirely beyond our range of subjects. Address Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, New York.

MEADOW LARK, Washington, D. C.—We are making up some prizes for our friends. See this week's issue.

THOS. S. STEELE, Hartford, Connecticut.—No practical sportsman doubts the ability of a good gunsmith to make a hard shooting breech loader out of a pair of fine quality muzzle loading barrels.

X. X.—1. Charges of breech loaders may arise from over sensitive cartridges. 2. Never heard of a similar case. 3. From your own account we regret to say your carelessness was manifest.

INDIGENOUS, Buffalo.—Your experiences are novel. On the Pampas and the banks of La Plata, some foreign European plants, notably the thistle, have almost overpowered indigenous vegetation.

M. L. JR., Mobile.—An excellent mounting to secure shells to a block. is to make one of starch, gum and whitening, mixed into a paste with alum water. 2. See answers to correspondents of this day.

DUNCAN, Lexington, Ky.—Red head shooting on the Chesapeake, and on the bay side of Capes Henry and Charles, will not warrant any one taking the journey until the month of December.

W. LLOYD JEFFRIES, 34 Devonshire street, Boston. The Vixen sailed over a regular course for a prize, distance 25 miles, in 3 h, 19 min. 04 sec. The Alert and the other yachts sailed over a regular course for prizes.

D. P. K. LORING, Amherst, Mass.—The price of the beagle would be \$35 in New York. Will answer more fully in our next issue; by that time we shall have received a letter from our London agent.

W. H. S., Washington, D. C.—Canvas backs are very plentiful on the Susquehanna near Havre de Grace. Place no confidence in market gunners; go to a respectable hotel and acquaint the landlord with your wants.

J. D. U., Maysville, California.—Dr. Wallace, of Colchester, England, is the best English authority on silk worms. He wrote a prize essay on this subject, received by the Entomological society. 2. There is an oak feeding silk worm, called Bombyx Yama Mai.

Two Boys, Forty-third street.—Small paper boxes, such as are made for jewellers answer very well for shells; they must be square. For very small and delicate shells small glass tubes can be used. Sheets of talc, neatly cut, may be used instead of glass.

G., Baltimore. In the time of Linnæus the brown rat was unknown in Sweden. Its advent then dates from about 100 years ago. Something very curious about the rat is that though he will devour every other smaller animal he leaves the mouse untouched. Would be glad to hear from you.

A SCHOOLMASTER.—Most English schools have a professional to give instructions in cricket. Very often the masters themselves are adepts. Would take great pleasure in recommending a competent person to you in the spring. Feel most gratefully the compliments you pay us. We write for schools.

C. F. F., Sheriff's office, Montgomery county.—The best work on training dogs, &c., is the "Shot Gun and Sporting Rifle," by "Stone-henge." You can procure it at Routledge's, 56 Walker street, N. Y. Price about \$2.

F. A. BROWN, Boston, Mass.—You ask, will a fox climb a tree? A fox cannot climb a tree, unless he can run up the butt, say not more than five feet, and so get on the first limb. If the first branch be ten feet from the ground he could not get there even if hard pushed by hounds. The sole and claws of the fox have no power of elongation or great retraction.

E. A. WHITING, Central City, Col. Ter.—1. From \$50 to \$75 you can get the gun you mention, of the very best quality. 2. Messrs. Smith & Squires, 523 Broadway, are respectable and reliable dealers. 3. A \$45 breech loader is not as good as a first-class muzzle loader. At equal prices the breech loader is far preferable and more serviceable.

This week we have received an unusual amount of questions but without signatures to them. Some of the questions asked are leading ones, which we should only be too happy to have replied to, but under our positive rule, unless all correspondence to us is duly authenticated with signature and address, it shall hereafter go into the waste basket.

W. W. S., Brooklyn.—No. 59 West Thirty-first street, and 211 Wooster street, New York, are the very best places. But go yourself for the first time with your horses. Principle a sound one. Never allow a smith to burn the horse's hoof to fit the shoe instead of working up the shoe to fit the hoof. It is wise in anticipation of a coming frost for our readers to have their horses' shoes pointed and caulked in time.

SETTER AND POINTER, Fall River, Mass.—We cannot warrant or guarantee dogs; but this we will be happy to do for any of our friends: place you in communication with our London agent, H. Herbert, the breeder and raiser of the celebrated stock dog Tartar, who will purchase the setters at different kennels. His opportunities and judgment are of the very best.

WATER-TIGHT.—Out of many recipes recommended, we think this one perhaps the best: In a pint of best winter-strained lard oil, dissolve a piece of paraffine the size of a hickory nut, aiding the solution with a gentle heat, say 100 or 140 degs. F. The readiest way to get pure paraffine is to take a piece of paraffine candle. Rub this solution on your boots about once a month; they can be blackened in the meantime. If the oil should make the leather too stiff, decrease the proportion of paraffine, and vice versa. Another composition for leather is: Melt together 1 lb. tallow, 1/2 ounce neatfoot oil, 1 oz. of rosin, 1/2 ounce lamp-black, a table-spoonful of linseed oil. Should be rubbed in repeatedly the boots or other articles to be warmed. It is said to be perfectly water-proof and not injurious to the leather.

—Boys' single and double barrel guns can be had by subscribing to FOREST AND STREAM. See advertisement.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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In regular advertising columns, nonpareil type, 12 lines to the inch, 25 cents per line. Advertisements on outside page, 40 cents per line. Reading notices, 50 cents per line. Advertisements in double column 25 per cent. extra. Where advertisements are inserted over 1 month, a discount of 10 per cent. will be made; over three months, 20 per cent; over six months, 30 per cent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.
CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

FRIDAY, November 21.—Meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, Natchez, Mississippi.

SATURDAY, November 22.—Meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, Natchez, Mississippi.

TUESDAY, November 25.—Charlotte State Fair, N. C.

WEDNESDAY, November 26.—Charlotte State Fair, N. C.

THURSDAY, November 27, Thanksgiving Day.—New York Caledonian Club Sports on the grounds of the N. Y. A. C.

SPORTSMEN VS. POACHERS.

ALL true sportsmen will read the following account of a trial, which we take from the *New York Herald*. It is idle to suppose for a moment that the preservation of game and fish acts detrimentally to the poorer classes. The poacher will never work, and is always ready and willing to take his chances in private preserves to kill game and fish in all seasons. For what benefit? Certainly not for his poor wife and family. Sometimes, as in this instance, the poacher gets his just deserts. Stock the forests and streams once again with game and fish suitable to the land and water, and the production of food from these sources will be within the means of all.—

"The South Side Sportsmen's Club vs. John Kortright.—This action was tried at Riverhead, and presents some interesting features for sportsmen and owners of fishing preserves on Long Island. The plaintiffs, the well known shooting and fishing club of which Recorder Hackett is President and John E. Devlin counsel, own some nine hundred acres of sporting preserves in the town of Islip. The defendant is a fisherman of Amityville, some fifteen miles west of the club grounds. On the night of Sunday, 16th of March last—a windy, rainy, tempestuous night—he, in company with three other Amityvillians were detected by the club's boatman on watch, in drawing a net in Connetquot Creek, into which they had sailed and rowed from the South Bay. This creek composes part of the waters of the club, in which it owns the exclusive right of fishery under the Nicoll patent. The club, determined to protect its property and fishing privileges brought a separate action against each of the trespassers. The jury was out all night, and in the morning rendered a verdict of \$25 for plaintiffs, which, as the title of the club to its property came in question, is understood to carry full costs in each of the suits. These will amount to about \$150, besides defendants' expenses and loss of time in attending court, and their own counsel fees, making up the pleasant sum of about \$300 for one night's fishing. The value of the fish taken was about \$10. A rather poor investment, but another illustration of the truth that "The way of the transgressor is hard." A venerable piece of documentary evidence was produced on the trial, being no other than the original patent issued by King William III., of England,

to William Nicoll, in 1697, of a tract of land some ten miles square, extending from Blue Point on the east to near the present village of Islip on the west, with the South Bay for its southern and the country road running through the middle of the island for its northern boundary. This interesting piece of parcelment, with the great seal attached, is in the possession of and was produced on the trial by Mr. William Nicoll, now residing upon and still owning a considerable portion of the land granted by the Crown to his namesake and ancestor. His patent is liberally worded, and shows that the colonial gentlemen "in favor" in those days kept a good lookout for the main chance and were "learned in the law." Here are some of the things granted in addition to the land:—"Marshes, pools, ponds, lakes, fountains, waters, water courses, rivers, rivulets, runs, streams, brooks, creeks, harbors, coves, inlets, outlets, fishing, fowling, hunting, and hawking." The club was owner under this patent, and the Judge held that, although, as claimed by the defendants, in the Connetquot Creek the tide ebbed and flowed, the Crown had a right to and did grant to Nicoll and his grantees the exclusive right of fishery in these waters, and that this right belonged to the club, and had been violated by the defendants, for which they must respond in damages. The Game laws limited the recovery for exemplary damages to \$100, and it is understood that most of the jury were in favor of awarding that amount, but that one of them, who did not think that the owners of trout streams, on which they had expended thousands of dollars, had any rights which a Long Islander was bound to respect, kept his eleven stubborn fellows—cold, hungry, and uncomfortable—out for an entire night.

"The result of this trial is encouraging to gentlemen of means fond of outdoor sport with gun and rod, because they can now rest assured of protection in the enjoyment of their property, and that their fishing privileges will be respected and reserved for their own and their friends' enjoyment."

THE ENGLISH HORSE QUESTION.

READERS of FOREST AND STREAM, may have noticed, that from time to time, we have touched on the horse question in England. Notwithstanding a parliamentary committee, with Lord Rosberry at their head, has been convened to study this particular subject, the decrease of horses in England, we were rather inclined to think that complaints were directed toward the scarcity of pleasure horses, as hacks, hunters, or carriage horses, than toward any dearth of agricultural or working animals.

From a more careful study of this important subject, we are forced to admit that the matter is a grave one, and that there are strong reasons to suppose that unless greater attention be paid to the rearing of horses in England, the consequences may be quite serious. "Some ten years ago," says an excellent authority, "a fair horse for cart, harness or saddle might be bought for £30 to £40; to-day he is worth double the money. Any kinds of horses fit to drive in a carriage, providing they are sound, are worth to-day in London £150. If they are anything like fine or handsome, the figures for a pair will go as high as £400. It seems of all the things which have notably increased in price in England, the noble horse is now at the top of such augmented values.

Testimony of well known dealers in London, Tattessall's among them, declares that in the last ten years, the price of horses has increased more than thirty per cent., and in some cases, such as of hunters, 100 per cent. The reason assigned by the horse merchants is the growing scarcity. It has become more profitable to raise sheep and oxen than horses. One of the leading dealers in England, in reply to a question put to him by the committee said "If you told me that you would give me £400 for a pair of carriage horses that you dare put your wife behind, and give me a fortnight to get them in, I would not guarantee to buy them." It seems that to make up for the dearth of horses, foreign animals are imported, and this very strange practice is in vogue. Young English horses are sent abroad to the Continent, kept there for a certain time, and then shipped back again to England as foreign horses. This scarcity of horses includes every variety of horses, from the huge brewer's horse to the diminutive Shetland pony. Here again there comes in a peculiar quality of the horse as to his size, which is worth noticing. Under-sized animals are required to work in coal mines, in England and Scotland, and the want of such animals is a serious inconvenience. Importation of horses from Iceland have been noticed in the United States, as arriving in England, undoubtedly to be used for underground work.

Some peculiarities essentially English of a remarkable character, have apparently cramped the trade in horses. We might imagine a revolution in the United States, under similar circumstances, as it would kill the dicker and swop, the highest aspiration and birth-right of our own free born Yankees.

The law of selling or disposing of horses seems to be as follows: *Chambers' Journal* is our authority. "Any person buying or selling even a single horse is compelled to pay a horse dealer's license of £12.10." An instance is cited of a man going into an English county to buy pigs, who seeing a likely pony, and thinking he could turn an honest penny by it, he bought it, and bringing it home, made ten shillings by the sale of it. A gentleman bought the pony, exchanged him for a horse, and was immediately held liable to pay \$12.10, a horse dealer's license.

It seems curious that particular licenses should be required for selling a horse in England when none are required by a person who disposes of a cow or ox.

The guarantee question on warranty, valid for six months, is another impediment to the horse trade. It renders a horse liable to be returned at any time. In Ireland no such extended warranty exists, nor is a license requisite.

Very interesting information was obtained by the committee in regard to the cost and management of the large London omnibus lines. Almost all the horses used, were found to be foreign animals. They are generally from five to seven years old, and cost about £34. They lasted on an average four and a half years, some fully five years, which we think if any thing is slightly below the experience of New York omnibus lines.

In a late number of the *London Field*, we saw announced that fifty horses would be sold every day for a certain number of days, these horses having been purchased by the Government some time prior, at a high cost, for the use of the army during their late summer manoeuvres. These horses were employed for army transport and artillery service, and were bred almost all of them in France. The history of the purchase of these horses was as follows: A dealer was commissioned to purchase horses in 1872, contracting for 2,000 horses, for the army, and of this number 1,500, at least, were foreign animals, bred in Normandy, and were derived strangely enough from English stock sent to France some forty years ago. They cost about £42 each. So scarce then were and are now horses of this class, that in order to procure them, should England be engaged in war, she would be obliged to provide her artillery and trains almost entirely with imported horses.

Some of the evidence given by practical cavalry officers was as follows: that if it had not been for this importation of foreign horses, there would not have been any army manoeuvres at all, and what is even stronger, Col. S. G. Jenyns stated "that if a war broke out tomorrow (in England) and you had to get 7,000 horses for the combatant branches alone, they would all be unbroken horses, and before they were really broken, the war would be over." Racing matters were thoroughly overhauled by this committee, and though we do not agree with some very strong authorities, men familiar with horses, we give their conclusions which were as follows: and they were "that the world did not want race horses. It wanted horses fit for harness, and horses to carry a good weight, and as for the army; it wanted horses that could take the field and stand fire, and that administrators of Queen's Plate appear to have lost sight of these objects." No one doubts but that England produces scores of animals which are weedy and leggy.

Certain taxes in England, discriminating between agricultural and sporting horses act too detrimentally in the raising of horses. For example, one authority states that "if a farmer allows his son to ride one of his farm horses to a hunt, the duty must be paid for it, the same as if it was a regular riding horse."

In 1872, about, 859,358 horses paid duty in England. In 1870, 7,200 horses were sent to Germany and France, in 1872 only 3,383. To-day imports far exceed exports. Last year 12,618 horses came over to England. The reason for the scarcity and high price of horses does not apparently arise as much from any marked diminution in the number of horses, raised in England, as from the increased demand. Instead of railroads having diminished the carriage of goods by horses, they seem to have increased it. In England wealth has augmented enormously, and more people ride and drive. Merchandise alone in the cities, not counting the transportation of passengers by omnibuses and cars, consumes more horse-flesh than was used perhaps in the whole of England fifty years ago. The remedy for this scarcity of horses we think lies in less legislation in regard to the whole matter, and turning more attention to the breeding of useful, instead of ornamental animals.

In the United States, the total number of horses, according to the estimate made in 1872, was 9,222,470. As to states, Indiana had the largest number, 1,049,400, and of the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, Rhode Island had the least number, some 14,700. The total value of the horses is estimated at \$684,463,957, an average price of \$74.24 per horse, the New Jersey horse being held the highest, at \$127, and the Texas horse at the lowest, some \$37. Of mules the number is estimated at 1,310,000.

From the taking of the census of 1860 up to 1872 the increase in horses, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of animals killed during the war, has been in round numbers, about 1,750,000.

To conclude this interesting subject, the question naturally arises, can we ever hope to send some of our surplus stock to England, in order to fill up the void in horses which is so apparent there. Putting aside the poorer qualities of animals, which would be worthless in England, there is no doubt but that from certain sections of this country, occasionally good horses could be procured, which might even after cost of shipment allow some small margin of profit, but while France is so near, we should think the business would at best be a precarious one.

That our working horses are improving every day at home, there is little doubt about, but as to their docility, or a thorough acquaintance with breaking them, we think we have much yet to learn from England.

—The "St. Louis Ledger" is the title of an illustrated independent journal to be published by John S. Hay for the Ledger Publishing Company, the first number of which will be issued on the 25th of this month. As this paper is to devote some portion of its space to sporting intelligence, we shall be compelled to receive it into the fraternity, and we feel, from our personal acquaintance with the manager, that he will make it worthy of the place accorded to it. St. Louis, with a half million of people ought to support one illustrated paper like this—that is if all the inhabitants take it. Terms \$5.00.

LAKE OKEECHOBEE.

SOME time this winter our Florida correspondent will revisit and thoroughly explore this almost unknown lake, and we hope then to give our readers a minute description of it and the surrounding country. Meantime we are pleased to be informed through the New York *Herald* of the discoveries made there by C. K. Allen, of St. Mary's, Florida, and four companions. The letters of our own correspondent have already brought us to within one mile of its shores, where, entangled in the cypress swamps and deserted by his Indian guide, he was persistently pushing his way through, guided by the sound of waves beating on its shore after a storm.

To reach this point he had travelled forty-five miles from Indian river, an inlet on the Atlantic coast two hundred miles south of St. Augustine, floundering through swamps and quicksands, and meeting no human habitation. Just here we take up the narrative of Mr. Allen, who reports that after encountering the like difficulties, his party finally gained the edge of a bayou which floated them to the lake; and once upon its bosom, no farther obstacles to progress were encountered.

From the first two or three miles out from the shore, they were terribly annoyed by mosquitoes and flies of various kinds, from which they could only in part protect themselves by thick veils over faces and hands. But at eight miles distance the insects were no longer troublesome. Three miles from the shore they found shallow water—five feet—and sundry low islands inhabited by immense alligators. At a distance of eighteen miles from the shore, the water became clear and bottom was found at 170 feet. Here they discovered a group of three islands; the largest about six miles long, and four miles wide. The northern portion of this island was a barren, rocky waste, which extended back from the shore nearly a mile and a half, to the base of a line of rocky cliffs, about one hundred and fifty feet high, which extended across the whole width of the island. To the south of these cliffs is a magnificent forest, composed chiefly of large mahogany, palmetto and laurel magnolia. Many of the latter trees, being in full bloom, presented an enchanting scene. This forest extends over the whole of the southern portion of the island, except to within a few hundred yards of the shore, which at every point is sandy and covered with rocks.

In the forest spiders of a gigantic species were found. One was seen which was fully two feet long. It had long and very strong looking limbs, and would have weighed three or four pounds. In its head, which was jet black, were several eyes, each surrounded by a bright yellow and scarlet circle. The body was encircled by bands of scarlet, yellow and black. Altogether the spider presented a very brilliant appearance.

Upon the largest island, north of the cliffs, the explorers were surprised to find heaps of stones, lying in such a position as to resemble ruins of some kind of structures. None of the ruins were extensive, and the structures must, therefore, have been of small dimensions. Similar ruins, if such they were, were found in great numbers upon the small island, north of this one. Upon the summit of a cliff which stands upon the eastern shore of the large island, the party found a large heap of stones lying in a semicircular form, and facing to the east.

The length of these ruins was nearly two hundred feet. In front of this semicircle, and about fifty feet from it, was a large heap of stones, nearly twenty feet square. The ruins found on the plain below, and upon the small island, were much smaller than those found upon the cliff, being only from five to ten feet square.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—It will be gratifying to those gentlemen who have pressed the matter of stocking the upper waters of the Hudson with salmon upon the attention of the United States Fishery Commission, through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, to learn by the subjoined letter that their wishes have been cheerfully acceded to:—

UNITED STATES COMMISSION, FISH AND FISHERIES,
WASHINGTON, November 11th, 1873.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:—

I am perfectly willing to place a good lot of Sacramento salmon in the Hudson River. Seth Green has 250,000, and I will tell him to so dispose of a portion.

Very truly yours,

SPENCER W. BAIRD, Commissioner.

—Sir Samuel Baker was announced as ready to appear before the English Geographical Society sometime about the beginning of this month. It is to be regretted that on account of his illness—an inflammation of the lungs he was prevented. After Sir Samuel, as far as regards learning something about Africa goes, we think we should like to hear Lady Baker.

—We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a valuable paper from Prof. Gill, of the Smithsonian Institute, which, together with other deferred contributions will appear in our next. Our friends are making earnest, and we think very successful endeavors, to make this paper a valuable one. We could not anticipate such generous aid.

—There is a monthly journal published in Chicago devoted exclusively to bee culture. It is called the "Bee Journal."

—The Assiniboine River is frozen over—so are parts of the Red River.

—A pair of skates for Christmas and New Year's, with a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM*, can be had by every subscriber. See advertisement.

THE SCOTCH HERRING FISHERY.

THAT gifted stonemason Hugh Miller, who was not only observant of stones and strata, but looked at men, manners, and customs—at birds, beasts, and fishes, and wrote wonderfully about them, has left us a charming narrative of the Scotch herring fishery; and his chapters are vividly recalled by hearing of the late great haul of herrings made from Ross, Argyle, and Inverness, on the coast of Scotland. The total yield this year will be no less than 700,000,000 of herrings, worth to the fishermen some \$7,500,000. It has been a year of blessing to these hardy toilers of the sea.

No light work is it to catch herrings. The Scotch coast, with all its nooks and indentations, its locks and friths, is a dangerous coast, and often precipitous cliffs overlook the sea. Squalls, driving storms, blown from the German sea, often dash the frail fishers' crafts to pieces, and many a brave and honest man is shrouded in the seething waves. Even in quiet weather there is constant danger of sudden storms, which burst on the sea without a moment's warning. A fishing fleet may quietly glide out of the harbor, the brown sails tinged with the warm color of the setting sun, and before midnight may be scurrying along under the black sky, with a howling sea behind them, their only safety lying in making some distant harbor.

The dangers of herring fishing are increased by the fact that it must be mainly prosecuted at night time, the fisherman being then forced to meet the storm in the dark. In a second a boat may be swamped, or may be driven against an iron bound coast. A brave, manly set are they, these Scotch fishermen, and accustomed to brave dangers. He has been brought up—

"Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides."

It is now twenty-six years since one fair day, from a single village, there started out a fleet just about this season. The boats went out with a gentle breeze, nor had there been any warning of bad weather; but before morning on the coast more than one hundred of these fishermen, from a single little place, were drowned. Some of the details of this sad event are most touching. Out at sea one fisherman, when the storm had spent its force, picked up fifteen blue bonnets floating on the water, the owners of which must have all perished near the same spot.

This is the gloomy side of the fishing question; but it has a more cheerful one. When the pale grey light rises over the east and steals over the seas there is a mass of silver lying at the bottom of the fisher's boats, and as they near the shore on the shingle stand the wives and bairns, expectant of their husbands' coming. Nonchalant and possibly tired, too, is the fisherman. But up there in the cottage there is breakfast for him, and there, too, is his welcome bed, on which he stretches his tired limbs and dreams of wondrous hauls of fishes.

St. John, in his "Field Notes and Tour in the Sutherlands" says, describing the scenes of herring fishing:—"Sea birds innumerable attend on the herring boats, finding it easier to pick up the dead fish, whether whole or in pieces, which fall into the water, than to dive after the living ones. All these flocks of birds enliven the scene—some, like the gannets, dashing down from a height into calm water, and almost invariably catching a herring; others attacking and diving into shoals far down beneath the surface, while the gulls, for the most part, feed on maimed and broken fish. Every bird, too, seems to be trying to scream louder than the rest, and such a Babel-like mixture of sounds can scarcely be heard anywhere else. Altogether it is a most interesting and animated scene, and to see it in perfection it is well worth while to take the trouble of passing a night in a herring boat instead of in one's bed. In fact, I can truly assert that two nights spent many years ago in herring fishing have kept an honored place in my memory, and are looked back to as among the most amusing of my outdoor adventures."

Whence the herring comes from, and its habits, are every day better understood. Formerly, these fish were supposed to have inhabited the great Polar Basin, and that from thence issued annually as bees swarm from a hive, and that once touching the northern shores of Scotland and Sweden they went back again to their icy home. Now, it is pretty well proven that the herring never travels very far; that, for instance, those which spawn on the shores of the Baltic or on the Scotch coasts never leave those seas. This view is strengthened by the fact that the herrings on the several coasts, differing more or less in appearance and size, never intermingle much, each colony or school having its appropriate station.

We are pleased to notice that a change has come slowly, it is true, but certainly, over the Scotch fisherman. From a creature a slave to drink, whose existence was marred by the use of whiskey, whose boat loads of fish were always at the mercy of some creditor, dating from the last ten years, he has become more careful of his own health and of his means. He has now learned to save money, to keep his fishing smack in good order, to care for his garden, to improve his cottage, and he sends his children to school of week days; and when the fish do not call him to sea goes with his lads and lassies of a Sunday to the kirk on the sea cliff. To-day the pounds and shillings wrung from the stormy North Sea at the peril of his life are no longer wasted at the tipping house over rummers of usquebaugh, for he is reclaimed. Who would not wish such a fisherman, and all other fishermen, luck?

—A finished gentleman: a dead man.

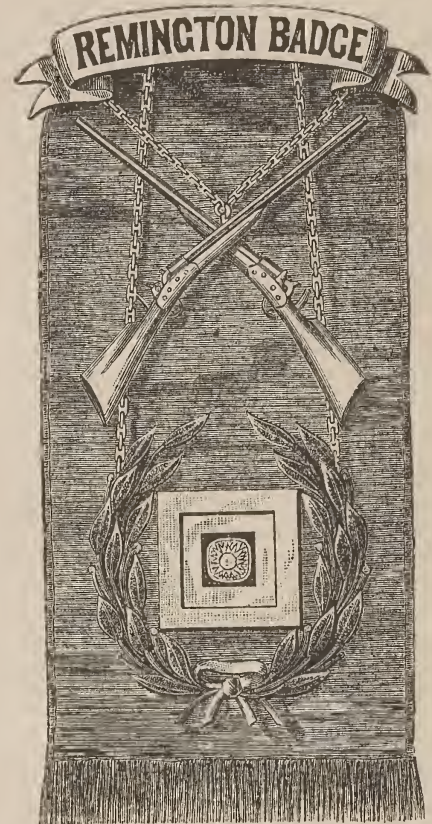
LAST RIFLE MATCH OF THE SEASON.

THE first competition for the Remington Diamond Badge for long range firing, presented by Messrs. E. Remington & Sons, took place at Creedmoor on Saturday, November 15th, under the following conditions:

Open only to members of the National Rifle Association; weapon, any breech-loader not over 10 pounds in weight, trigger not less than 3 pounds test pull; telescopic sights excluded.

Distances, 500, 800 and 1,000. Position, any. Rounds, 7 at each distance, with privilege of two sighting shots. The twenty highest scores at 500 yards alone, to compete at 800, and the ten highest at the distance, to compete at 1,000.

Entrance fee, \$1. The badge to become the personal property of any member winning it three times.



This very elegant badge, a cut of which we give, was made expressly for the Messrs. Remington & Son by Messrs. Kellogg & Decker, of No. 28 Bond street, and was designed by Mr. Decker. The badge is of Roman gold, is in fact a perfect target. The bull's eye is a single handsome diamond. The Centre and Outer are shown by delicately enamelled lines, and a laurel wreath gracefully surrounds the whole. Above it, as supporters, are two Remington rifles crossed, accurately modelled after the originals, and neatly *cisselléd* in the best jeweler's art. A scroll surmounts the whole with the inscription "Remington Badge." The whole decoration is suspended by a gold chain of the finest links. The badge does credit to the good taste of the Messrs. Remington, of Mr. Alford, and to the skill of Messrs. Kellogg & Decker, the jewelers.

The day was dull and overcast, consequently at 1,000 yards a much less elevation was required than had been found necessary during practice, when the sun shone brightly, a fact which some competitors did not observe in time to redeem their scores.

The effect of light wind atmospheric pressure upon the elevation required to be given upon a rifle is one to which sufficient attention has not been paid by either rifle manufacturers or members of the National Rifle Association. The latter are rapidly finding the necessity of understanding the subject, but are hampered, however, in their efforts to improve themselves, from the fact that their rifles are not sighted in such a manner as to enable them to form any definite theories. Many of our best rifles are sold without any distance being marked upon the rear sight at all, and those that are marked are simply divided into divisions of 1,000 yards—divisions, too, which are not adapted to the conformation of the ground at Creedmoor, and the only way of moving the sight being by slipping it up and down with the fingers. This, of course, makes any change in the elevation to a great extent a matter of guess work, and prevents any accurate record being kept by the firer, without which he will always be more or less in the dark. What is wanted is a sight divided into minute divisions and sub-divisions, plainly marked by either fractions of an inch, or degrees and minutes, and the sight moving with a screw, so that it can be set as desired. It is understood that Messrs. E. Remington & Sons have decided to manufacture some improved sights for long range firing, which will be ready by spring, and it is to be hoped that they will produce something which will supply the existing deficiency.

Among the competitors at the match several had spirit levels across the barrels of their rifles, just behind the foresight. The effect of allowing the sight to deviate from the perpendicular is very great, but it would seem as if some better way could be accomplished than by a glass level, which is objectionable from its liability to fracture, as well as from the still greater fault that in using it the eye is obliged to watch more objects than can well be kept in focus. In conversation among the experts at Creedmoor yesterday, it was suggested that a small pendulum having a moveable bar with an aperture, the pendulum being hung

to the upper end of the rear sight so as to swing freely, the aperture being in a line with the sight when perpendicular, would be superior to the level, as it would, by observing the peep hole in the rear sight, indicate at once if the rifle was twisted. It is understood that Dr. Maynard is getting up something of the kind. If he is we shall be glad to notice it.

It has generally been supposed that ingenuity had been exhausted in regard to point sights, every possible device of pin, bar and skeleton having its advocates. Mr. Henry Fulton, of No. 85 Broadway, Williamsburg, a member of the Amateur Club, has invented a foresight, however, that seems entirely novel. It consists of a glass disc, fitting the ordinary globe sight, and having a small hole bored through its centre, and two scratches, one perpendicular and one horizontal, the sight traversing by a screw so as to give a wide gauge. The theory is, that when placed upon the target the glass gives a haze over all the target, while the hole in the centre gives a fine bead of light to sight by, the scratches showing every deviation from the perpendicular. This sight is designed to avoid the objection to "solid discs pierced in the centre," which are forbidden by N. R. A. rules as dangerous, from their concealing the danger signal, when displayed—that is to say, that a rifle-man intent on his butt and the bull's eye, when looking at it through a pin hole in the perforated disc, is unable to see the marker, and the life of the man at the target might be endangered.

As far as can be judged from an inspection the idea is a good one, although the sight seems rather high. The only way to be certain upon the subject, however, is to try it by actual practice on the range. If brought down there—as we understand it will shortly be—the Amateurs will soon decide its merits.

Mr. J. P. M. Richards, the well known and successful shot, is understood to be getting up a score book, by which a rifleman can keep a record, not only of his scores, but of the wind, light, elevation, ammunition, and other similar matters indispensable to secure accuracy. By keeping a careful record of each shot a vast amount of experimental shooting can be dispensed with, and the results to be obtained under all circumstances definitely known. If the book is properly prepared, as we have no doubt it will be, no one intending to stand high at Creedmoor can do without it.

SCORE FOR THE REMINGTON DIAMOND BADGE,
NOVEMBER 15, 1873. AT CREEDMOOR.

Name.	500 yards.	800 yards.	1,000 yards.	Grand Total.
R. Omand.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	222
J. S. Conlin.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	19
J. P. M. Richards.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	66
Leon Backer.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	57
S. I. Kellogg, Jr.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	54
Col. H. A. Childersleeve.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	46
G. W. Yale.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	43
L. C. Bruce.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	37
A. V. Canfield, Jr.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	36
Henry Fulton.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	36
G. Hamilton.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	503
D. Cameron.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	19
Gen. J. V. Meserole.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	18
Alex. Pyle.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	16
A. Alford.	33 33 33	33 33 33	33 33 33	15

Weather cloudy; wind variable and gusty, very cold. The conditions of the Match, allowing only the ten best scores to compete at 1,000 yards, excluded Messrs. Hamilton, Cameron, Meserole, Pyle and Alford.

Regarding the shooting collectively, taking the average of the ten, 503 is in the highest degree creditable. It showed he remembered that at Wimbledon, in shooting for the grand event, the Queen's Prize, at long ranges, the average of sixty of the best shots in England, who had been practicing for years, was 53. At Creedmoor, on Saturday, it was a trifle over 50. Adjustments for differences of wind, etc., are more cared for in England; but as we have before remarked, we may very shortly expect that American ingenuity will supply all the finer points necessary for absolutely accurate shooting.

Mr Omand's score, with a Remington Sporting Rifle, of 23 at 500 yards, 25 at 800 yards, and 23 at 1,000 yards—28 being only possible at each distance—is very wonderful shooting, and speaks well for the man and the gun. Mr. Conlin's score, 23, 23, and 19 with a Sharpe's Sporting, is also highly creditable. Col. Childersleeve, who always makes good shooting, after making three bull's eyes in succession, was unfortunate in having his sight misplaced, while Mr. Canfield was equally unlucky from having his rifle sight injured.

A new interest was given to this particular contest by the fact that T. C. Clark, Esq., of Philadelphia, a member of the Rifle Association, had presented a very elegant Whitworth Rifle, to be won by the second best shot. The

conditions are as follows: The rifle to be taken at each meeting of the Remington Diamond Badge by the person making the second best score. When the contest for the badge is concluded the rifle will become the property of the marksman standing next on the score, who will necessarily be the second person who has held the Diamond Badge the most frequently. If there be more than one contestant for this second place of honor, the rifle is to be shot for at 1,000 yards, under the rules of the Association.

The Remington Diamond Badge Match, shot for on Saturday last, will conclude the Creedmoor season of 1873, which has been in every way a most successful one.

Sporting News from Abroad.

—Heigh now for neatly fitting leathers, for red coats, for hard hats crowded on men's heads, for long stocked whips, and Whoops and Halloas, and Tallyhoes, as the splendid hunters, the paragons of horses—speed, bottom, and courage all united in the same animal—spring over hedges and clear ditches, carrying on their backs the best and pluckiest riders the world has ever seen! But ware—easy—look out for a rasper—a crippler of the worst kind! Perhaps some of our readers, with cavalry experiences, may have had the inexplicable delight of riding at the head of a column, horses going full tilt, with the enemy's skirmishers just within easy reach. Some ambitious men are fully fifty yards in advance, when over they all go, like a pile of bricks, men and horses all in a heap. There has not been a gun fired, and yet some fifteen or twenty horsemen lie prostrate on mother earth, and the animals are struggling alongside of them. No matter now (for, thank God! those cruel times have passed)—no matter now to find out which side did it; the only fact worth recording is that some five to six lengths of miserable telegraphic wire, stretched from about two feet from the ground up to about the nose of a horse, when you ride on it and don't expect it, is one of the meanest and most terrible checks to the movements of a horseman that can be found. Of course, all is fair in love and war, but not in hunting. Now this wire arrangement is exactly what that industrious, painstaking but unsportsmanlike English agriculturist has been using of late for his fences in order to keep in his sheep and cows and to keep out other people's waifs and strays—indifferent to the gallant hunt and fox and hounds—and so, in a most wretched way, putting up his wire lines has brought many good men to grief. "Six months' notice to quit from the landlord to the tenant who, after the 1st of November, so imperils his neighbor's neck, has been found efficacious in some cases, while a pair of strong wire nippers, easily and safely carried in the breast pocket of the rider, will open a road for a whole field of pounded ones." So suggests, in a peremptory way, one of our most worthy English contemporaries. How would it do to have on the whip-stock one of those patent Yankee omnium arrangements, where nippers, pliers, and a number of other ingenious notions are combined? Passing over this little *disagrément* we have to remark that the prospects for the coming English hunting season never were better, and pig skin is more prominent than ever. If good horses command higher figures, men have more money, and three and four hundred pounds for a good mount, capable of bringing in to the death a fourteen stone man, is not thought much about. For months, then, to come we shall hear of the Pytchley and Atherstone hunts, and others of high degree, and the merits of "fashionable dogs" and "old-fashioned hounds" will be thoroughly discussed. Advertisements appropriate to the fox-hunting season crowd the leading journals, such as announcements of hotels and stables adjacent to hunting meets; and there are to be found such curious ones—as nurserymen who offer various kinds of hedge plants, such as the evergreens, laurels, and hornbeams for fox coverts as a substitute for the gorse.

—There has been a great deal of discussion consequent to the decision of the English Jockey Club in regard to the running of two year olds, and a decision was arrived at, by a small majority, that two year olds should be brought before the public even when less matured than they have been in former years. We believe, notwithstanding all the arguments to the contrary, that the early forcing of horses is against every rule of nature, and must in time affect disastrously the best efforts of the English turf. The leading authorities seem to be decidedly on the fence about it. One argument used in favor of the placing of such young stock on the track is as follows:—"That the breeding and purchase of thoroughbreds involves a great outlay of capital, and if the capital is to be locked up for three years there is little chance of utilizing it, and greater expenditure in so doing, consequently a discouragement to the breeder and buyer alike; and the more stock that is bred the larger the entries for the great races." Those on the other side, and we are in with them, state what seems to us to be perfectly obvious, that it must depreciate the soundness of animals, and so the merits of the individual horses. What is certain about it is that among high-bred horses now in England "soarers" and unsound horses predominate, and that the progeny of such a famous horse as Blair Athol all have defects of wind.

—We notice with pleasure the efforts of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to obtain a railway truck suitable for the better conveyance of cattle. The reward is £400. We give a brief outline of what is required:—

CONDITIONS.

"The Improved Truck shall be suitable in gauge, di-

mensions, construction, material, &c., for the same purposes for which cattle trucks are now used; the truck shall be roofed and provided with spring buffers and axle springs, or other appliances to prevent injuries to animals during shuntings and sudden startings and stoppages. The truck shall be provided with appointments for the supply of food and water to animals in the carriage during the time when the train is in motion, or when it is stationary at a platform or siding, so as to avoid the necessity of removing the animals from the truck for refreshment; the cost of the truck shall not be greatly in excess of the cost of cattle trucks now in use; and the truck shall be satisfactory to the judges."

The secretary's address is John Colam, 105 Jermyn St. St. James, London.

In a former number of the FOREST AND STREAM we called attention to an American invention of this character. We should advise those having this model to send the same to England before Christmas, when the competition commences. In the United States we transport cattle much further than in England. We suppose Mr. Bergh would only be too glad to give his co-operation to a matter of this character.

—We notice preparations for the winter season in England—notably by the skaters. We think we make better skates here than those used in England. We observe, however, one arrangement for a lady's skate which might be useful. It is a spring guard. They call them crutches, which, padded nicely over the lady's ankles, must make firm hold and prevent cramping.

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The color of the sky at particular times affords good guidance. Not only does a very rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; and yet the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Malchis</i> .)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer</i> .)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis</i> .)	Red Deer, <i>Cervus Virginianus</i> .)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .)	Quail, <i>Oryzopsis Virginianus</i> .)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Bonasa umbellus</i> .)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Cupidoia Cupido</i> .)
	All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—Rifle Clubs can secure not only the best American Manual of Rifle Shooting, but can get the best Breach-loading Rifles, made by the leading manufacturers, by subscribing to FOREST AND STREAM.

—The shooting season is nearly over in Canada, the cold weather and snow having driven the migratory birds farther south. However, if one does not mind being snowed under or frozen up, there is still time to do some good deer shooting before Dec. 1st in Ontario or January 1st in Quebec. The Toronto *Sporting Times* reports extraordinary duck shooting all through the season, thirty brace per day being nothing unusual. Messrs. Shears and party are having glorious sport at St. Clair Flats, and never in their ten years experience in that section have they had finer luck than this present trip. Their collection includes swan, geese, and every description of duck.

In this connection, we think the observations of our Portland correspondent, who is a worthy and efficient member of the "Forest City Shooting Club," deserving of attention. We print his letter herewith, regretting that it came too late for publication in our last issue:—

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 8, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Many of your readers may have noticed that within the last two or three years there has been a very perceptible increase in the number of sea shore birds, both marsh and water fowl, arising from the enforcement of the Canadian law forbidding the taking of birds' eggs on the islands and shores around Labrador. To the class of gunners interested in this species of game, it will doubtless be gratifying to learn, as they soon will, that gray coot, black duck and teal have been very plenty with us "Down Easters," and now loons, "red divers," shelldrakes, old squaws, grebes and various kinds of coot, are in great numbers in the coves and inlets, giving good promise of fine decoy shooting at "Montauk," "South Bay," "Barnegat," "Currituck," &c. As to snipe, they have been, and are still, here in fair quantities; while woodcock are plenty, and ruffed grouse in greater numbers than for years previously.

One noticeable feature of the movement southward of flight birds this season is its lateness, and the unusual numbers that stop on the way at the various feeding grounds, with every appearance of remaining there till the last flight shall come along, which action on their part, will doubtless be fully appreciated by my numerous brother sportsmen, (of the salt water order), to the southward. While the game laws of our northern neighbors are being looked after so well, and with such beneficial results to all gunners both there and here, we, of Maine, have our own troubles to

look after in the contemptible pot-hunters who make a practice of trapping wood duck for the New York, Boston and Portland markets. These gentry, however, are being looked after this fall by the "Forest City Shooting Club," and as the law lays a penalty of two to five dollars for each duck so taken, their profits, if detected, will hardly be large enough to induce a continuance of the business next year. This organization was formed on the 26th of June, 1871, by twelve gentlemen of this city, and after a prosperous life of two years, has at present a membership of fifty-three, and is quite well off, in a pecuniary point of view, having among its members gunners of all classes, from the fox and deer hunter of New Hampshire on one side, to the sea duck shooter of Pine Point on the other, with a medium of woodcock and snipe men, each ready and willing to give all the aid in his power to others less thoroughly posted in his particular branch. This club will no doubt be, as all sporting clubs should be, a means of doing a large amount of good to others as well as to themselves.

The club officers are at present—Charles Day, Jr., President; Jonas Hamilton, Vice President; Frank W. Smith, Secretary; Frank Merrill, Treasurer; Roscoe G. Hall, Chairman Executive Committee, any of whom would be glad to give all the information in their power with regard to shooting matters in this section to any brother sportsman.

—We beg herewith to acknowledge the receipt of a brace of canvas back ducks from our Wisconsin correspondent, Richard Valentine, Esq. The gift, we are free to say, with all deference to the giver, was the more acceptable, because it completely identified the fowl of the Koshkonong with those of the Chesapeake, the bill being a good two-and-a-half inches in length from tip to base, and not the curved stumpy bill that indicates the variety of redheads, with which the canvas back is so often confounded by inexperts. There was its glossy saffron-colored head, peaked at the top like some farm house gable, a neck of the same hue swelling gracefully at the shoulders and blending with its cape of slaty-black, its back and breast of mottled grey, and wings of the same color tipped with hues of India ink. Faith, 'twas a goodly bird, comely to look upon and luscious to the taste, and by the grace of — the cook, not spoiled in the kitchen, but rare ripe and done to that degree that the juice followed the knife! As it was served, so was it carved, *secundem artem*, each breast first gashed lengthwise and basted with the juice of a lemon squeezed from its golden rind and seasoned with Cayenne pepper and salt; and when this *sauce piquante* had imbued the whole, two longitudinal strips were cut for the ladies, while the wings with their full proportion of breast were laid upon the plates of the gallants. *En passant*, a glass of Chambertin.

The accompanying letter says: "Our duck shooting for this season closed on the first of November, when the weather came on cold and blustering, freezing Lake Koshkonong over and the river also in some places. While it lasted, the sport was very fine, Mr. Ira Bingham, of Koshkonong, alone killing over 700 canvas backs. Should like to see some of you eastern sportsmen out here, either in spring or fall."

A generous wholesouled fraternity are the western sportsmen, and their latch-string hangs always out. It is time we of the east cultivated their acquaintance more. We have no end of invitations for our readers to "go west" in the season of greatest sport, and in due time we trust the FOREST AND STREAM will become the humble medium of making the sportsmen of both sections better acquainted with each other and their favorite hunting grounds and varieties of game.

—Speaking of canvas-backs, *To-Day* has a very intelligent article from the pen of Harry Waring, from which we quote:—

"The canvas-back, the largest and gamiest of all ducks, has given Chesapeake shooting its greatest celebrity; yet there are many varieties in its spacious inlets and bays.

The red-head is scarcely inferior to its more famous congener, and they are often seen in flocks together. This duck has often been charged with the theft of the other's food, the canvas-back feeding on the celery-like roots of a long grass, a species of *valisneria*, which it secures by diving and on re-appearing at the surface, is attacked by the red-head, who easily robs it of its hard-earned spoil; for the nobler bird, exhausted by its efforts under the water, is unable to chastise the impudent forager.

The black duck, likewise highly valued by the epicure, the widgeon, teal, sheldrake, steel-head, butterball and numerous others are often pursued by the sportsman in the absence of canvas-backs, on the wise principle that 'half a loaf is better than no bread.'

A few years ago canvas-backs showed a marked decline in numbers, and their absolute slaughter from the murderous sink-boats and swivel guns led to the enactment of stringent laws for their protection. Although they are but little used at present, a brief description of the sink-boat may interest the reader.

The sink-boat or battery was a long, narrow box, about large enough to contain a man and two or three guns. It was loaded with old iron, so that it could be sunk nearly flush with the water's edge. From stem, stern and sides floating wings projected, which, rising and falling with the waves, prevented the water from rushing into the battery. The unwieldy machine was usually towed to a place on the flats where the ducks congregated, and the shooter, after loading his guns and placing them in the box, with their muzzles resting on its edge, lay down on his back in the bottom of the concern. Numerous decoys were anchored in the water around the battery, and some were even placed on its broad flats. Here, unseen by the ducks, unless they were immediately over him, and patiently gazing into the dim sky, the gunner eagerly listened for the rustling of wings or the splashes that denoted the settling of the doomed birds. Then, barely elevating his head above his prison-cell, he blazed away.

The swivel-gun, a huge blunderbuss-looking affair, se-

cured in the bow of a boat, that brought down whole flocks at a single discharge, was another invention of the sportsman's enemy. Between this and the sink-box, ducks in the Chesapeake threatened to become as rare as buffalo will soon be in Kansas; but the good effect of their partial abolition are already visible in the increasing numbers of the birds.

In order to relieve the innocent red-heads of the charge of highway robbery, preferred against them by Mr. Waring, we offer the opinion of experts that the red-heads eat only the leaves of the *valisneria*, and the canvas-backs only the roots. After the latter have dived and brought the plant to the surface, the red heads regale themselves on portions that would otherwise be wasted. This is only one of the many wonderful compensating schemes ordained by Nature.

—Boonville, Oneida County, in this State, is a good centre of operations for deer shooting. We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. William Bonfield, a well known hunter from this region, who says deer are plenty now in Herkimer County, some twenty-five miles from Boonville. The Hurlbut Hotel, at Boonville, is a good house, and Mr. George M. May, the proprietor, is fully prepared with horses and wagons to take sportsmen to John Brown's tract. Excellent guides can be found at Boonville, among whom are Brinkerhoff, Courteny and Barnes. Take Central Railroad to Utica, thence Utica & Black River Railroad to Boonville.

—Our friends continue to send us accounts of good bags of game made this month:—

At Blooming Grove Park, one gun, three days, a 200 lb. four pronged buck, 15 grouse, and 7 ducks.

At Summit Lake, New Jersey, three guns, two days, with a fox hound and setter, 16 ruffed grouse, 8 woodcock, 7 gray squirrels, 4 rabbits, and one red fox.

—A large party of Brooklyn gentlemen went to Pike Co., Penn., last week, to shoot ruffed grouse in the Beech Woods, they were accompanied by two brace of setters and one Clumber spaniel. It is their intention to stay a week, and we hope to have the report of their success next week.

—At Cobbs' Island, Va., there were seven sportsmen last week meeting with fair success. Very few young brant this year, geese plentiful, black duck and broadbills in immense numbers.

—At Mockhorn Island, Va., a party of six are camped there—all Baltimoreans, weather cold, clear nights, killed 22 black ducks, 18 brant and 7 geese, besides numerous bay snipe.

—At the northern end of Chincoteague, a famous place for redheads in January, a party of Philadelphians are shooting geese and brant.

—At Currituck, (old Club), there were eleven gentlemen present last week; Foster, of Shinnecock Bay, is down there with a large party superintending. There were two swans killed with rifles. Shooting, especially of black duck and geese, never was better.

—John Krider, the veteran sportsman of Philadelphia, shot a crow with a white neck at Lake Mills, Iowa, recently. We are in receipt of the following letter dated Lake Mills, Winnebago county, Iowa, November 7, 1873:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have for the last three years been hunting in Winnebago county, Iowa, and stopping at a small village by the name of Lake Mills, which is located in a large belt of timber and surrounded by lakes, where the hunting is better than I have ever seen in any other place where I have hunted. We have here in the spring and fall snipe, woodcock, field plover, curlew, morble, godwit, rail, yellow leg plover, black bellied plover, pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse, sharp tail grouse, quail, sand-hill crane, the whooping crane, snow goose, white frontell, and Canada goose, with all the ducks except the black duck. Deer are found about a mile from the house that I live in. Elk are killed about thirty miles from here, and bear also. Then we have two kinds of wolves and a variety of foxes. The furs that the trappers go for most are the otter, mink, eon, skunk, and badger. Squirrels and gophers are not hunted. We have wild pigeons and reed birds in great numbers, but no person here shoots them. So you see that our sportsmen have no occasion to go to the west for sport. If you want, you can kill a hundred elickens per day; this I know, for I saw it. But for the larger game, such as the elk, deer, etc., I don't care for it. There are hunters here that go out for the winter with a large wagon with a cover and all the traps and implements for camping. One passed through the town to-day, and don't expect to return before March. Two others started last week. I was out yesterday to see an old trapper fix his traps, something I had never seen before. He had about twelve traps, in which he got four musk rats, one mink, one badger and one skunk. The badger and skunk were alive, and it amused me to see him take them from the trap. The badger fought hard, and the skunk let him have two shots. Yours, etc.,

JOHN KRIDER.

—A bear was killed last week near Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, which weighed 513 pounds, and yielded 16½ gallons of oil.

—The sportsmen of Gorrie and Wroxeter, Canada West, killed 9,010 squirrels in a single hunt about the close of last October.

—The Germantown *Telegraph* says that bears and deer are numerous in the lowlands of Centre county just now, being driven from the mountains, probably, by scarcity of food. Panthers, also have been seen: In Clearfield county, also, four bears have been killed lately and others seen.

—A good many mink are being caught on the Upper Ottawa this fall, and old trappers prophesy a very remunerative season.

—A correspondent at Peace Dale, Rhode Island, says: "Quails are quite plentiful here, and there has been some good snipe shooting, two guns having killed 57 in one afternoon."

—An extract from a California letter, dated October 29th, says:—

"A week ago, last Saturday, I went to Novato for ducks. In the morning, just before the tide began to come in, we could see these ducks sitting out on the flats, and as the tide rose they commenced to fly in. About nine, A. M., the first ones came. They flew in numbers, varying from one to seven, and came along as fast as I could load for them. I never had birds fly better; and, although I did not get but two at a shot and think I must have lost some thirty, as but few cripples were saved, I killed eighty teal and reached the wagon at one, P. M." GEO. S. ESTEV.

—Here is a letter from five hundred miles west of the Mississippi. It makes us feel just as Adam did in the Garden of Eden, when he was surrounded by all kinds of game and had no gun:—

BISMARCK, Dacotah Territory, Nov. 8, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

During the summer months geese, swans, brant and ducks visit this country to nest and rear their young.

After the nesting season is over they afford plenty of sport to the hunter until the small pond-holes or lakes are closed by the action of cold weather, when they migrate to more congenial climes. During the fall months we have plenty of snipe and plover, with the wild hen or prairie chicken; so you can see that we have an abundance of feathered game, and that of the rarest kind. Elk are often seen within a mile of our little town in droves of a hundred and upwards. Deer of the black-tailed species or variety, are very common, and the market is consequently well supplied with venison.

Antelope are as plenty as dogs, and they are very numerous here as well as in any other Indian country.

General Custar, who is in command at Fort A. Lincoln, directly opposite this place, has a fine pack of fox hounds, which, together with the Russian hounds, presented to him by the Grand Duke "Alexis," give an antelope no chance whatever when they once get after him.

Buffalo have not been in this immediate neighborhood for the past six years, but they are at the present writing in the vicinity of Fort Buford; and from all accounts, they are slaughtering them by the thousands for their hides alone.

It seems a pity, for it certainly will not be long until this noble beast is exterminated.

Should you, or any of your friends visit this country, would be pleased to entertain you, or them, to the best of my ability, and furnish any information in my power.

"EDGAR."

—The New Jersey Sportsmen's Club held a field day last week at Fairview, New Jersey. The unfavorable weather prevented many of the members and friends of the club from participating in the sport. The birds were more than the average quality, and the shooting excellent. The champion badge was won by Mr. G. Watson, who, shooting at twenty-five yards, killed all his birds. The handicap challenge cup was won by Mr. Kelly, he killing four birds out of five. The following is a summary of the shooting:—

First.—A tournament open to all members in good standing for the champion badge of the club. The shooting to be under the English rules. The contestants to be handicapped between twenty-five and thirty yards, to shoot at ten birds each from five traps, 1½ ounce shot, use of both barrels. Entrance fee \$5, which includes cost of birds.

- I. Skidmore, 25 yards rise—1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—8.
- G. Watson, 25 yards rise—1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10.
- W. Hughes, 30 yards rise—1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—7.
- R. Buckman, 30 yards rise—1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1—6.
- A. Hughes, 25 yards rise—0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—7.
- S. Kelly, 26 yards rise—1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0—5.
- J. Brightly, 27 yards rise—0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0—6.
- F. Endicott, 26 yards rise—1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—9.
- J. Felker, 30 yards rise—1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—8.
- A. B. Gage, 27 yards rise—0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0—5.

Second.—Match for the handicap challenge cup, the shooting to be under the English rules; five birds from five traps; 1½ oz. shot, one barrel.

- R. Buckman, 26 yards rise—1 0 0 1 0—2.
- F. Endicott, 26 yards rise—1 0 0 0—2.
- J. Felker, 26 yards rise—0 0 1 0—1.
- J. Brightly, 25 yards rise—0 0 0 1 0—2.
- Mr. Kelly, 25 yards rise—0 1 1 1—4.
- Dr. Banks, 26 yards rise—1 1 0 0—2.

There is a party made up of members of this club to shoot quail and wild fowl in southern Virginia.

—The well-known Canadian pigeon shot, J. Ward of Toronto, has been trying his hand at sparrow shooting in England with some of the crack shots there. In a match at Oldham, near Manchester, between Ward and Hough, of Bolton, the conditions were to shoot at 50 sparrows each, use 1½ oz. of shot, stand 20 yards from the trap, the bird to have a boundary fall of 40 yards, £25 a side. The betting which was brisk, was six to four on Ward, who won a closely contested match by a score of 32 to 31. Ward also shot a match with T. Harrison of Oldham; conditions, 50 sparrows each, with 1½ oz. of shot, 18 yards rise, 40 fall, for £55, Mr. Ward staking £30 against £25 deposited by Mr. Harrison; score—Ward, 21; Harrison, 16.

—From the Dundee (Scotland) *People's Journal* of October 25th, we take the following:—

"Last week the Dundee Highland Volunteer Regiment closed their shooting season. A novel feature was that

instead of the usual bull's eye and centre, the figure of a man was painted on the regulation third-class targets, and the competitors had to fire a shot every thirty or forty yards, running in a ziz-zag direction for nearly half a mile the time allotted being five minutes, and if they hit the figure of the man it counted four, while if they hit the other part of the target it only counted two. The competition also embraced the usual target firing, seven rounds at 200, 500 and 600 yards, Wimbledon conditions and no sighting shots. The arrangements were under the charge of Capt. Don. The following were the winners:—

	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	Tl.	Skirmishing.	Men.	Outers.	Pts.	Grand
1 Pte. G. Kilgar.....	200	500	600	64	4	9	36	100	
2 Pte. P. Gilchrist.....	21	23	20	64	6	6	36	98	
3 Pte. T. Morris.....	19	20	15	54	7	6	40	90	

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

COAST FISH.	LAKES.
Bluefish, Skipjack, Horse Mackerel, Weakfish, Squetaug (Trout) thus.)	Black Bass, (<i>Alicopterus nig</i> and <i>archian.</i>) (two species.)
BAYS AND ESTUARIES.	SOUTHERN WATERS.
Striped Bass, Rockfish. (Pompano, Snapper, Grouper, Rockfish.)	Trout, (Black Bass.) Drum, (two species.) Kingfish.
	Sheepshead, Tailorfish, Sea Bass.

—We offer a line of the finest fishing rods to subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM. See advertisement.

—All questions and facts that relate to the habits of the speckled trout and black bass, *salmo fontinalis* and *grystes nigricans*, are so interesting that the subject will never become trite so long as new generations arise to learn the lessons that others have learned before them. Therefore, although much has been said in these columns, they are always open for any new light that offers. Our own opinion as to the "fly" question in bass fishing is based upon personal tests and investigations made in all our waters, from Dacotah to Florida, and cannot be changed; yet while we do not wish to appear obstinate or pedantic in asserting that opinion, we are nevertheless gratified to say that it is confirmed by all authorities accepted as competent to decide. Therefore, to ourselves, as well as to those of our readers who have taken part in the discussion, the value of the subjoined testimony from an official source, which unfortunately the writer wishes to be kept private, will be felt and acknowledged:—

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Having observed an article in one of your papers of a late date under the head "Will Black Bass Take the Fly?" and as I profess to have had some experience in that regard, permit me to occupy a paragraph or two in your interesting columns in the discussion of this subject, as I may, perhaps, have it in my power to throw some little light thereupon.

Black bass will most certainly take the fly; but to a very limited extent, indeed, in the waters of the Potomac or its tributaries. This peculiarity in the habits of the Potomac bass may appear strange or paradoxical to some of your piscatorial readers; nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true, and accords not only with my own experience, but also with that of all of my angling friends with whom I have conversed upon the subject. In a letter which I addressed to the *Turf Field and Furn* newspaper a year or two since upon the subject of the bass in the Potomac, I took occasion to notice this circumstance, and to account for it upon the supposition that the bass, being a new comer in the waters in question, and finding a superabundance of food therein, such as minnows, crayfish, etc., were, in consequence, not necessitated to rise to the surface of the water in order to seek their prey; but I observe by a letter in your columns from a correspondent in Ohio, that a similar reluctance to take the fly characterizes this fish in his section, and inasmuch as the Potomac bass was originally brought (by Wm. W. Shriver, of Wheeling, W. Va.), from the Ohio river, I think it possible that the habit in question may prove to be universal with regard to this particular species of bass. A somewhat imaginative writer (as I think) states in one of his profound ichthyological efforts, that a large number of bass were taken with the fly near the village of Williamsport, on the Potomac. Being well acquainted in that vicinity, I made diligent inquiry upon the subject, but was unable to gather the slightest information concerning this rather remarkable exploit. After repeated efforts, I have taken but a solitary individual with the fly. This fish was captured with a Red Ibis fly in the South Branch river—a tributary of the Potomac.

In other waters, such as the lakes of Minnesota, the rivers, creeks and fresh water lagoons of Florida, I have taken the black bass with the fly in immense numbers. In Minnesota I employed the Red Ibis fly exclusively. I found a warm, cloudy day, the most propitious for this species of amusement—"a warm but not too bright a sun," as good old Walton was wont to say, when treating of the subject of fly fishing. I also preferred a gentle breeze, just sufficient to throw the surface of the water into small ripples, as tending to conceal the movements and gestures of the angler from the observation of his prey. As well as I recollect the fish rise best to the fly in that section during the months of June and July.

In Florida, also, I frequently used the Red Ibis fly, and in the absence of this I was accustomed to make my flies of the deep pink scapular feathers of the roseate Spoonbill (*Patalea ayaya*), and found them a most seductive lure. When the water was cloudy or slightly turbid, I frequently mingled some feathers of the white heron with those of the rare and beautiful birds above named, the combination answering my purpose most admirably. I sometimes also

improvised a good trolling bait by cutting off one of the pectoral fins of the bass, including a small strip of the yellowish or orange colored skin at its base.

During the "Billy Bowlegs" war in Florida, a regiment of the native volunteers co-operated with the Regulars, and I have frequently observed these natives (or "Crackers" as they were jocosely called) rig a novel and outlandish sort of a fly which they termed a "bob" made by attaching a piece of deer's tail to three hooks tied back to back, and with this contrivance they were quite successful in taking bass (or black trout, as they termed them) upon dark, cloudy days.

In conclusion, permit me to remark, somewhat irrelevantly perhaps, that of all the fresh water members of the family of the *Tabridae*, of which I think there are at least four species or varieties of species within the confines of the United States, the Florida bass is beyond all comparison the most worthy of the angler's notice, being a bolder biter and a much larger fish than any of his congeners that I have ever angled for.

Should this article prove acceptable, at some future time I may have something more to say concerning the black bass, as the subject seems to be at present something of a *questio verata* among ichthyologists and scientific anglers.

—We saw a muscalonge last week at the stand of Middleton, Carman & Co., in Fulton Market. It weighed some twenty pounds. Probably it was the last one of the season. As we surveyed his beautiful proportions, his peculiar whitish complexion, and his massive and not greatly elongated head, we wondered how anglers could ever confound him with the green, alligator-headed pike. Surely those who have ever compared the two together, or eaten of their flesh, could not make this error. "An overgrown pickerel," indeed! However, if there is difficulty in classifying the muscalonge, there is equal confusion among the savans in naming him, for Agassiz and Lesuer call him *esox estor*, while Thompson and Gill insist that he is *esox nobilior*. If there be anything in a name, the latter fits him best, for in beauty of form, in game qualities, and in excellence of flesh, he stands at the head of the family; besides, he is the Goliath among them all. For some reason unexplained, unless it be by reason of his nobility, he is a rare fish. In the St. Lawrence, at the Thousand Islands, and in the Upper Mississippi, both waters celebrated for the muscalonge, one will not kill more than one of these to a hundred pickerel. Sometimes they grow to an immense size. The largest we have ever heard of is vouched for by our correspondent C. S. Clarke, who says that in 1840 he saw one at the mouth of the Calumet river, Michigan, which had just been captured in a seine, that was six feet long and weighed eighty pounds. The mouth would have admitted a man's leg; it showed a perfect *chevaux de frisé* of teeth, the canines at least an inch long!

—Maine papers report the land-locked salmon as very plenty in the head waters of the St. Croix river this fall, large numbers of them being caught in the pool below the dam at the outlet. These fish are not in season now, and we call the attention of the State Fish Commissioners to this violation of the law.

—A favorite correspondent writes as follows:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In your first number a correspondent asks, "Did you ever go fishing with a shot gun?" I have, and it was in this wise:

In many Western lakes and rivers may be found a peculiar fish, known to local anglers as the dogfish, mudfish, or lawyer, the latter name being probably given it from its rapacious habits. It is in general aspect something like a large chub or sucker, but has a truculent and savage expression of countenance, and devours everything it can master. Its jaws are extremely hard and long, so that a hook penetrates them with difficulty; it fights long and hard, and when caught is good for nothing, as they say in those regions, "that even the hogs won't eat dogfish." One use I found for it, however, and that was to cut a strip from its white belly to troll with for pickerel.

This fish, *Amina calva*, belongs to the order of *Gonoids*, and is in scales, fins, and the force of tail allied to the extinct fishes of an older world, and it is curious that most of these representatives of the earlier periods are found only in Western waters—the garfish, the paddlefish, and the mudfish.

Well, this disreputable branch of an old family comes in the spring into shallow waters to spawn, and one day, many years ago, being with a friend on the drowned prairies to the south of Chicago in pursuit of snipe, which we found not, we found hundreds of these dogfish on the submerged prairie, and opening fire upon them we soon had quite a number. Being hungry, we thought we would try to eat them, in spite of their evil name. So we took them to dry land, built a fire, roasted them in the ashes, and really gave them a trial. I must add that even with the sauce of hunger we found it impossible to make much of a dinner.

S. C. CLARKE.

—Near the Little Falls of the Potomac, in an humble cabin, is now lying upon a sick bed, Josiah Payne. He is said to be in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and has been a hard-working fisherman for forty years. But more than that, he has lived the life of an honest man, and has always deserved the highest respect of his numerous friends. Our correspondent, Mr. Charles Lanman, has known and fished with Mr. Payne for twenty-five years, and several years ago embodied in an imaginary letter the leading facts and some of the experiences of his old friend's life. Among the noted anglers who fished with Payne

were Daniel Webster, Gen. Geo. Gibson, Governor Geo. M. Bibb, and Hon. J. F. Crampton, the British Minister. Miss Dix, the philanthropist and Miss Frederika Bremer the authoress, also visited him on one occasion.

—We have received from Mr. Albert A. Mowry, of Putnam, Ct., a very ingenious little contrivance for fishing through the ice in winter, which is quite an improvement upon the ordinary tilt or tip-up. It consists of an upright and an arm, the line passing over the end of the latter down into the water. When a fish bites, the line is cast off, the arm falls, and at the same time automatically hoists a little signal flag on the upright. We think we can readily recommend this, even without a trial.

—Mr. Mowry also sends us the following poem in praise of the bull-head or cat-fish. He calls it an "Ichthyc," which is appropriate. "Pouts as big as your feet," is classic:

"Some sing the praise of the toothsome shad,
Which maketh the heart of the epicure glad;
And say they're the best fish to be had.
Well, I'll own myself, they are not very bad.

But talk not to me of shad or trout,
Or any other kind that are hawked about;
Put on my plate, if you please, horn pout.
From the depths of Quadic, just caught out.

To be sure, the color of his skin is black,
The curved lines of beauty he too doth lack,
And horns stick out from his sides and back,
As long and sharp as a twelve ounce tack.

The skin, however, you do not eat,
But the flesh within which is white and sweet,
And cleaves from the bones so slick and neat;
Which fact alone beats the shad complete.
Especially if the pouts are as big as your feet.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARL'ST'N
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Nov. 20.....	11 49	8 32	7 49
Nov. 21.....	morn.	9 21	8 35
Nov. 22.....	0 35	10 10	9 24
Nov. 23.....	1 24	10 58	10 16
Nov. 24.....	2 16	11 54	11 9
Nov. 25.....	3 9	morn.	morn.
Nov. 26.....	4 4	9 51	0 4

—Mr. Ashbury's steam yacht Eothen, owner in command, was off the Port of Pernambuco on the 16th of October. Mr. Ashbury is on a trip to all the navigable ports on that side of the South American Continent, and from thence to the Cape of Good Hope.

—The steamship City of Paris, which arrived at this port on November 17th, reports speaking the yacht Enchantress, N. Y. Y. C., Captain Fairchild, hence for Cowes, on the 14th inst., latitude 41 54, longitude 58 14, with loss of foretopmast.

—A party went from New Rochelle to New Haven, a few days since, in search of a stolen sloop, found it, took on board a good supply of wine, and started to return. During the night the wine vanished and a new light appeared, and taking it for Fort Schuyler, they steered for it, and kept steering for it, and the harder they steered the further the light seemed away, but they regarded the phenomenon as only an optical illusion. At length daylight came to their relief, and they found themselves in Boston harbor. Their Fort Schuyler light was a Boston steamer which they had been following all night. By taking on board a new skipper, who don't like champagne, they managed the next day to get home all right.

YALE COLLEGE, Nov. 18, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The fall regatta at Yale has been a success, and entire satisfaction is expressed both by spectators and contestants. We also have the pleasure of stating that both the style and effect of the rowing displayed in our late races are superior to that of past years, which is evidence that our principles are good and that they are being taken up by our college oarsmen. Our principle drawback is the scarcity of coaches, there being only one or two in the University to look after the various crews.

A new addition to the entries of this year was the appearance of the two juvenile crews from Hopkins Grammar School and Gen. Russell's Military School. Both crews pulled a plucky race, though their style was quite defective from a lack of coaching. This was the first race of the day, rowed in six-oared shells, their course being two miles with turn, the Russells winning in 14 minutes 16½ seconds—Grammar School time being 15 minutes 23½ seconds.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Middletown, Ct., Nov. 13, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The boating record of this college is short, having sent our first crew to the annual regatta in '72. We were represented in that regatta by a Freshmen Crew, which won the victory in 17 minutes 7 seconds. At the last annual regatta at Springfield we had a University Six, who were only two seconds behind the winning crew. The boating spirit still grows. We will have two crews at the annual regatta of '74.

Our aquatic sports ended for the season in a Scrub race on the 25th of October, between three six-oared boats. The '76 crew in gig, '75 crew, in old practice shell and the University Crew. The University were to pull 3½ miles, while the others were pulling 3 miles. The course was up by the island and return. The current was exceedingly swift, which made the great difference between the time made and that made over the same course last June. Some

mistake was made in placing the upper stake boat for the University Crew, and they were compelled to row nearly 3½ miles. '76, won the race. Time, 24m. 19sec. University second. Time, 24m. 57sec. '75 last. Time, 27m. 36 sec. We have recently purchased from Yale two six-oared shells, one double shell and two single shells. Our annual regatta next June promises to be one of interest.

SOWETI.

A single scull race for the Southworth Cup, worth \$300, was the second, there being five contestants. This was the most exciting of all, owing to the honor attached to the winning of this beautiful and valuable prize, which was won by Cook '76, in 15 minutes 29½ seconds, over a two-mile course with turn. The next struggle was the barge race, in which were four entries, viz.: '74, '75, '77 and '76 of the Scientific Department. This was a fine race, and won by '76, S. S. S., in 13 minutes 33 seconds, two miles with turn.

The last race of the day was between the six-oared shell crews of '74 and '67, which afforded a splendid opportunity to test our new stroke. The '74 crew, on a general average, was older, heavier and stronger than '76 crew.

The crew of '74 had rowed together several weeks while '76 had had only two days, and this taken up by coaching. The two boats were started, '74s taking a good lead on their superior strength; but they were gradually gained on, quietly passed and easily defeated in 19 minutes 23½ seconds, over 19 minutes 43½ seconds.

I will just add a list of all the different times of the crews:

Shell Race, Russell's and Hopkins.—Prizes,—Six badges, value, \$60.

Single Scull Race—R. J. Cook, '76, 15m. 29½s. W. C. Hall, S. S. S., '75, 15m. 18½s. A. Wilcox, '73, 15m. 33½s. W. Martin, '75, 16m. 55½s. J. A. Vernon, S. S. S., '75, 17m. 17½s.

Barge Race—Time—'74, 14m. 24½; '75, 13m. 42s.; '76, S. S. S., 13m. 33s.; '77, 14m. 36½s.

Shell Race—'74, 19m. 43½; '76, 19m. 23½s.

Prize for the single Scull Race, Southworth Cup, worth \$300.

Prizes for Barge Race, six silver goblets.
Prizes for Shell Race of '74 and '76, six gold badges.
Yours truly, R. J. ELAY.

—Speaking of the next annual College regatta, the Amherst Student says:—

"We begin to look forward to the races of the coming year. What are the prospects of a crew? Have we men that are, or will make first-class oarsmen? And how are finances? are questions which arise in Colleges, which have, and have not sent crews to Springfield. But these questions cannot be definitely answered, until the Regatta Association has held its convention, and announced its ruling, as to who are eligible for a college crew, and determine the place where the next regatta will be held. One or more of these points are of vital importance to every College, and they are not decided until about three months before the regatta. It is reasonable to suppose that every College would like to be represented at the annual College Regatta, and that they may be well represented it is necessary to commence early, and have men training long beforehand; but no man will give up his time to exercising when it is very uncertain whether he will be allowed to row, regardless of his capabilities. Some Colleges, doubtless, could send a first-class crew, if they were allowed to select their men indiscriminately from all the under-graduate departments; but would prefer not to send any, rather than a poor one, which would be their best, picked from one department. Again ten men may have worked steadily in the gymnasium for six months, and then when the place for the regatta is fixed upon, it is so far away, that the expense of sending a crew will be too great. All trouble of this sort could easily be avoided, were the Convention held in the fall. Sometime in November, would be early enough, and by that time Colleges will know where their strength lies, and how they want matters arranged, so that everything could be settled then, as well as six months later, and it would be a great advantage in many ways. As most Colleges have a short recess in the latter part of November, a Convention could be held then, and everything within its province settled at that time. As Springfield is the most central point, it would be the best place to hold a Convention. We hope other Colleges will agree with us, that this change is desirable, and aid in carrying it into effect."

—The "Halifax Rowing Club" has just been organized at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Chas. F. Vose, President, Peter Hogan, Treasurer, Will Craigen, Secretary.

THE RED RIVER RAFT.

THERE is now a certain prospect that the great raft, which has been an obstruction in the Red River, in Louisiana, ever since the advent of white men in this country, will soon be removed, and that navigation will be opened from Shreveport, La., to Jefferson, Texas. The history of the raft and the attempts to remove it is exceedingly interesting. In 1805 the obstruction of logs reached one hundred miles. Since that time rafts have formed at various points in the river near Shreveport. One of these was removed by Captain Shreve in 1830, by the help of a Congressional appropriation, and another between 1840 and 1844, under a government contract by General Williamson. In 1851 the raft region extended only twelve miles, and at that time Captain Fuller, aided by a Congressional appropriation of \$150,000, attempted to remove it. At the end of two years, however, the appropriation had been exhausted and nothing accomplished, and the work being abandoned the obstruction began to increase. The present raft region extends thirty-five miles, from a point forty miles above Shreveport to the Arkansas State line, and contained, before the present work commenced, nearly fifty rafts, from one-eighth of a mile to a mile in length, and occupying the entire width of the river, navigation only being accomplished through the bayous around the raft, but as these were only available at very high water navigation

was insignificant. In 1871 the attention of the Engineering Department was again directed to this work, and an appropriation of \$10,000 having been made by Congress, the work of preliminary surveying was intrusted to Lieutenant Woodruff, who completed it in 1872, and submitted plans and specifications for the removal of the raft, whereupon an appropriation of \$150,000 was made. The plans were accepted, and Lieutenant Woodruff reached the raft region in January last with a snag-boat, two crane-boats, and all the requisite machinery for his work. The following description shows the difficulties to be overcome:—

Logs, roots, and snags of every description had been crowded and jammed into a tangled mass, becoming more compact each year as the pressure from above increased. Annual freshets had brought down mud and deposited it in and over this mass until in places the raft itself had become entirely covered with earth, small islands, or "tow-heads," thus being formed. Upon these tow-heads were growing trees, usually willows, three feet and more in circumference.

In addition to the removals of logs by sawing and cutting, blasting powder was used, but it did not prove of any use. Dynamite was then tried, but failed, refusing to explode even with an electrical exploder. At last nitro-glycerine was brought into use, and it never failed to do its work thoroughly. All that remains to be done now is the blowing out of some tow-heads and improving certain points in the channel, which will be accomplished in a few weeks. The obstruction of centuries will then have been removed by the skill and perseverance of Lieutenant Woodruff. The saddest part of the record of this great work is that Lieutenant Woodruff has not lived to finish it, having died of yellow fever at Shreveport October 1st.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A BUFFALO FIGHT.

THE challenger advanced from the herd to within some four feet, getting angrier and angrier as he came. Suddenly there was a crash that had in it something Homeric. One rattling onset of that kind leaves one in no doubt as to why the short stout horns of the buffaloes have a splintered appearance at the apices. Then there was a long, steady push, in which every tendon of the huge bodies of the buffaloes was strained to the utmost. Then there was a strategic easing off, then a sudden gladiatorial thrust which pressed the huge heads to the ground in an even balance of strength. Neither beast dared relax a muscle or retreat an inch, for fear of that fatal charge upon the flank, or that dangerous twist of the neck, which means defeat.

A momentary relaxation of the tremendous strain only resulted in the shaggy heads coming together again with a dull thump, and a renewal of the dogged pushing which might have moved a freight train. It was a matter of lungs and endurance, and the white froth began to drop in long, tenacious strings from their lips, and the red eyes to glare dimly through what seemed clots of blood. I could hear the labored breathing where I lay, and see the tendons stand out across the thighs and along the thick necks.

But this dead set of strength could not last always. Every moment of time was telling disastrously upon the shorter wind and decaying strength of the old crusader, who still fought for the loves of his youth. His foot slipped, and the intelligence of this slight disaster seemed to reach his antagonist quicker than a flash of light. No gladiator ever used his advantage more suddenly. There was a huge lunge, a sound of horns slipping from each other, a spring forward and the horn of the younger bull had made a raking upward stroke through his antagonist's flank. The fight now became brisk. Again and again the old one turned and tried to make the old stand of head to head, and as often his more active antagonist caught him behind the shoulder. With the red agony of defeat in his eye, and the blood trickling from the long wound in his flanks, he still refused to be conquered. With failing strength and limbs, which refused any longer to serve him, he finally stood at bay, with open mouth and hanging tongue, unable to fight and disdaining to retreat. His antagonist pushed him and he yielded doggedly. He made no attempt to shield his flank, and pitifully endured all that came. The original plan of non-interference was abandoned, and the young lords gathered around him, and snorted and shook their heads, and gave him an occasional dig in the ribs by way of expressing their contempt for him. The cows came and snuffed at him, and indulged in spiteful feminine butts and walked away. Their manner implied that they had always regarded him as a disagreeable old muff, and they were glad he finally understood their heartfelt sentiments in regard to him.

Through all this the old fellow stood unresistingly, whipped, but still obstinate. Gradually they all left him to himself, and the herd wandered further away. He did not even look around; he was probably forced at last to accept his sentence of banishment, and go and live as long as he could alone, and fight his last fight with the coyotes and die.

—The Dean of Westminster having issued a circular proposing to place a memorial window to Cowper and George Herbert in Westminster Abbey, Mr. George W. Childs, the Philadelphia publisher, asked permission to bear the whole cost of the memorial, and his offer has been accepted. "This generous proposal," says the *London Spectator*, "shows that kink of love for English literature and genius which does infinitely more than mere commercial relations to bind the two countries together; and we may at least admit that, in this case, an American has quite eclipsed English generosity, which seldom goes so far afield in search of the opportunity of appreciating kindred merit."

WHOLESALE—Swell Customer—"Ya-as, this is neat. Auh, I'm wather 'xtwavgant 'n 'umbwellahs!—never go out without one—somebody's; and never go home with one—anybody's. Ya-as. Now—ah—what do you charge for these by the gwoss?"—[*Punch.*]

—When spring comes round, the croquet sets, which may be had by subscribing to the FOREST AND STREAM, will come into use most opportunely. See advertisement of prizes in to-day's issue.

—Men of intellect dislike fish; they prefer a meteor course.

—The forecastle is the sailor's heaven, his tarry home.

Art and Drama.

REHEARSAL FOR A GRAND ITALIAN SUNDAY CONCERT.

A PEEF BEHIND THE SCENES.

CHARACTERS enter, and although the weather is exceedingly warm, they all look as if they were threatened with a chill; they seem indeed as if they had all been suddenly awakened from a sound sleep and stood in a draft of cold air. The pianist is behind time, and the basso growls in undertones—he only goes down to his lowest notes before the footlights. The mild tenor breathes forth scarcely perceptible indignation. The soprano, with a shawl over her shoulders, that half envelopes her head and the entire lower part of her face, shivers out her impatience, and then sinks into an old, worn-out easy chair and marks the passing moments impatiently with her little foot. A more dowdy second-hand, shiftless looking crowd, it would seem, never came together. At last the pianist makes his appearance. He has a piece of hard biscuit in his hand and smells of cheese. Strange as it may seem, he inspires by his *entree*, for his expectant audience enliven at once. Down goes the shawl of the soprano, her eyes brighten, she rushes up to the piano, turns over a page of music, and is congratulated graciously by the basso; compliments as light and flimsy as bits of colored paper enliven the air. Then comes a momentous silence, and the pianist strikes a chord or two, when the pianist, looking at the written music before him, discovers he is very near-sighted, and is tediously long in getting out his spectacles. Then, to the impatient protests, he can't decipher the many pencil marks "for change" that have been put upon the original score. The prima donna again assumes a languid position, supporting herself, indeed, by the assisting arm of a broken-down rocking-chair. The mild tenor arranges on the left, short plump contralto vocalizing over his shoulder; Aldermanic basso profundo, bald-headed, striding up and down beating an irregular measure with his fists, now fast, then slow, upon the various articles of furniture as he passes.

Basso, with preliminary clearing of his throat, addressing pianist with an important tone: "I shan't sing all this, it's too long. Make a few chords here, then play these bars, and join on to this (turning the page). You must play that passage by heart, and I shall pin these pages together so that you make no mistake, or else good bye to my solo. Now—begin." (All essay to sing, coming in one after the other, then—halt!

Imperious basso (to pianist): "You must compose a prelude, so that we all begin together." (Pianist plays a few bars and ends with some chords, and all start again together).

Basso (waving his hand): "Piano—pianissimo." Soprano faintly hums her part, till becoming excited by some imaginary dramatic action suggested by the words, suddenly swells her voice to its full power, and pounds on pianist's shoulders to stimulate his speed, and rushes on with basso till the *allegro* becomes *prestissimo*. Contralto makes two or three futile efforts to chime in, and nervously clutches the arm of pianist and produces a *rallentando*, when suddenly—halt! as bang go basso's fist and feet, and perspiring copiously, he trots off to the window to ventilate his displeasure. "Can't sing, impossible (turns deprecatingly to accompanist) piano don't follow.

Soprano (soothingly): "Have a little patience. (To accompanist). Never *ritardando* till you hear us do it. Play this chord."

Pianist (remonstratingly): "But its bound."

Soprano: "No matter; we want it p'ayed."

Contralto: "I can't sing in this key (to pianist, doubtfully). You couldn't transpose this a tone lower?"

Pianist runs his eye over the music a moment and begins in another key—thum, thum, thum, etc., etc.

All: "That's it!"

Music proceeds very smoothly till tenor and contralto have a long note to sustain. Pianist keeps time well marked. Bass and soprano ecstatic, making roudades, trills and bronchial gymnastics *ad lib.*, accompanied by a mimic pantomime and prolonging their slow agony—ca-a-a, etc., when tenor and contralto simultaneously stop, breathless, and soprano's hands fall like hammers upon the back of pianist. General halt.

Basso (assaulting player): "Slower, slower; have you no ear? Listen to me."

Pianist: "Tenor cannot hold that note; I follow him. It is the principal part."

Mild Tenor: "Consider the length of that note."

"Impetuous Basso (in an undertone) "No artist. Has no heart."—(aloud) "I have sung in every opera house in the world, and always sing this so."

Soprano: "Let's try from here" (pointing).

Obstinate Tenor: "No. The more we sing it the more of a muddle we shall make of it. It will go well enough."

Basso (contemptuously): "It don't go at all."

Then commences a grand quarrel, in natural voices, the pitch being on decidedly high keys. The astonished listener is confounded with the query, how so many disagreeable and ear-rending notes can come from throats which, a few moments before, uttered sounds as solemn as the murmurings of the Norway pine in a storm, or as do the larks when they greet the morning sun. The voices are now decidedly unmusical, the piano disappears early in the contest, but the action is magnificent. The men become Salvinis and the women Ristoris, when at the critical moment—the moment when blows would seem to be imminent—a waiter appears with some cheap wine and lager, the frown disap-

pears from flashing eyes, the voices mellow down into twitterings of courtesy and kindness. A nip is taken of the refreshments, compliments are passed that roll so glibly from Italian tongues. The basso and soprano lock arms, and kiss their hands to the mild tenor. The contralto and the pianist have a few confidential words, and in another instant the rehearsal for a Grand Italian Sunday Concert is at an end.

—The appearance of Miss Clara Morris at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night was of course the dramatic sensation of the moment. The "Wicked World" at the Union Square is in every particular as far removed as possible in sentiment and plot from the "wicked world" that Miss Clara Morris has been heretofore identified with on the stage. To pass from the fetid atmosphere of the "Magdalens" into the pure air of beautiful ideas and poetical diction is a change indeed, and curiosity was on tiptoe to see the result, evidenced by a most crowded house. Though the play ran in London for several weeks, it appealed to a national sentiment of the English audiences—viz., a taste for fairy tales at Christmas times—that has no response in this country. In fact, we think it almost preposterous to put a play on the stage in this city the chief characters of which are supposed to be of dream land. Our people are imaginative enough in money speculations, but never take stock in fables. They are too skeptical and materialistic for such petty nonsense. We have no opportunity this week to treat that part of the performance which only interests us, or allude to Miss Clara Morris' ability to take a higher range of characters on the stage than has heretofore been displayed in the generally most questionable nothings in which she has appeared. What the stage wants is an actress who can portray the higher passions of the human soul—a woman who can call forth admiration by swaying the heart and firing the imagination by rendering Nature in her sublime and most serious moods. In the "Wicked World" (the name is a misnomer) Miss Morris certainly has but little of this opportunity, and we think, on the whole, the management will be disappointed in the final verdict of the public. Mr. Marston, the scenic artist, was deservedly called before the curtain. He was evidently the favorite of the evening.

—At Wallack's we have the fourth of the comedy series, the presentation being the favorite comedy of "Ours." It is quite unnecessary to say that the theatre is nightly crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

—The complimentary testimonial to William N. Griffith, which takes place at the Brooklyn Academy of Music November 21st, bids fair to be the social event of the season. Tickets are already in great demand. Mr. Ower Marlowe, whose *Captain Hawtree*, in "Caste," created such a sensation some few years ago, will make his last appearance on the stage on this occasion, he having decided to confine his efforts hereafter to reading. We trust that both Messrs. Griffith and Marlowe will be completely successful in their new vocations.

CINCINNATI, November 16th, 1873.

—At Robinson's Opera House during the week the largest possible audiences have been delighted by the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe. On Monday evening the house was so full that before half-past seven the sale of tickets had to be stopped. The troupe gave on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday "Mephisto;" Thursday, "Robin Hood;" Friday, "Blue Beard;" matinee, Saturday, "Robin Hood;" Saturday evening, "Aladdin." They remain all next week.

—At Wood's Theatre Lawrence Barrett, the young tragedian, has not met with the reception his talents deserve. The panic seems to infuse the spirit of sadness into the people, and so they turn to something more mirthful than the tragedies of Shakespeare to cheer them. He appeared during the week in "Richelieu," "Hamlet," "Marble Heart," "David Garrick," "Home," and "Richard III." I am glad to say that he will be here all next week. W. L.

A GREAT BIBLIOPHILIST.—The late Rev. E. Goodrich Smith of Washington, D. C., formerly chief clerk of the Patent office, collected, previous to his death, one of the best private libraries in the country. It comprised upwards of fourteen thousand volumes of English, French and German works, nearly all solid and valuable, and many of them old and rare. In theology, Egyptology, and philology it was very rich. Three thousand of these choice volumes have passed into the possession of the Harvard University. Yale University School has received the bequest of two thousand excellent theological works. Six hundred of the rarer class of works on general subjects will probably be sold to the library of Congress. Among the collection were many books of famous anglers—Isaac Walton, Cotton, Bethune, etc.

The Canadian Government have sent a steamer to supply the wants of the destitute colonists at Anticosti Island, some four hundred souls in all.

—All the goods offered as prizes by the FOREST AND STREAM are of the finest quality. The Panic has allowed us to secure the best grades of goods. See advertisement as to prizes, skates, rifles, cricket, archery, books, engravings, fishing rods, &c.

The long evenings are now coming, and the children should have good games to help pass them pleasantly. Avilude, with its birds and their descriptions, is the best ever published. Sold by all booksellers and toy dealers, or sent post paid, on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.
"From its meritorious character deserves the widest circulation."—*Banner of Light*.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

BOOKS.

MANUAL FOR RIFLE PRACTICE; Including a Complete Guide to Instruction in the Use and Care of the Modern Breech Loader. By George W. Wingate. With diagrams and illustrations. New York: W. C. & F. P. Church. 1873. Second Edition.

This most excellent work is fortunate in having for its compiler Capt. Wingate, who, as secretary of the National Rifle Association, and as one of the original founders of Creedmoor, not only thoroughly understands the theory of the rifle, but happens to be at the same time one of the best of its practical exponents, as may be readily seen from the accounts of the Creedmoor matches, published by the FOREST AND STREAM, where the author's name is always to be found among the best of our marksmen. The book has a double end in view of not only teaching the rifleman the theoretical reasons for every step taken, but to show him in the simplest language how to practically carry such lessons as are given in the Manual, into use on the rifle range. A great many people desirous of being proficient in any manly exercise, are exceedingly dubious as to their faculty of acquiring any small amount of skill from reading books. "How to learn French without a master," involving the purchase of a book, may perhaps give some very slight smattering of the true Parisian accent; but "How to learn to swim or fence without a master," very naturally causes people to be quite sceptical, even after the most diligent course of study as to their capabilities of taking to the water or handling a foil. Rifle shooting is however an art which combines intimately both theory and practice, and it is surprising how little of each is requisite to convert a "muff," a person who never could even touch a barn door with a bullet, into quite a fair marksman. How and where to get exactly such instruction is to be found then in this manual. From actual experience, Mr. Wingate having taught many of the National Guards how to shoot, he is enabled to impart information in the most thorough and natural manner. As we are constantly in receipt of letters from correspondents not only in regard to the absolute manual of the rifle, but as to the proper laying out of rifle ranges, with questions as to construction of bns. &c., and as all these subjects are treated in an exhaustive way by Captain Wingate, we know of no better book to recommend than this Manual of Rifle Practice. It is not to be supposed that the book under review is entirely devoted to the instruction of the soldier. It will be found of practical use to every sportsman and marksman. Questions of trajectory, theories of projectiles, sighting, judgment of distances, effects of wind, suggestions to marksmen, and all information as to how a rifle range is to be built, are given by Captain Wingate. Of no less importance are the full details in regard to the cautionary measures to be used on a range to prevent accidents, found in the manual. Within a small and handy volume, the author has happily condensed all that a marksman wants to know in regard to breech loading rifles and rifle practice.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE. By Hestia Stretton, author of the "Doctor's Dilemma," &c. New York: Dodd & Mead.

As a work of fiction, this romance will be approved for its elevated tone and lack of the sensational element that makes the entire capital in so many novels of the day. The scenes of the story as they pass under our eye, with their varying lights and shades, are true and invigorating. We like the ending of the book much better than its beginning. Bitter experiences are often but the pathway to a better and brighter life. The work is a healthy and commendable addition to the light reading of the day.

THE LITTLE CAMP ON EAGLE HILL. By the author of "Wide Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Bro.

This is one of quite a number of interesting serial tales for our young folks, and so pleasantly is it written, so cleverly is the story told, that even our "older folks" may derive instruction and amusement from its pages. It is not a dry, prosy story, but one of every day life, in which is clearly shown that for all who have the will to do good, to even the young children around them, there is an open way provided. We wish most heartily that the world had more men after the style of Mr. Murray, whose trip to Eagle Hill will be read with great pleasure by all.

FLAMMARION'S ATMOSPHERE; The Atmosphere. Translated from the French of Camille Flammarion. Edited by James Glaisher, F. R. S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 86 wood cuts and 10 chromo-lithographs. \$3; cloth, \$6. New York: Harper & Bros.

In this superb work one can scarcely imagine how so much of the artistic beauty of illustration can be done at a cost so comparatively low as the price of this book. Thanks to the Messrs. Harper for the introduction of such artistic illustrations as those setting forth the grandeur and beauty of the "Aurora borealis," "The Halo," "The Rainbow," and "The Storm." These pictures are truly superb, and fit to grace an album upon any centre table in the land. This English edition is, we think, not only an improvement upon the matter of the original French, but in point of execution superior.

GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER, With Hints to Consumptives. By Robert F. Speir, M. D. Illustrated. Third Edition. New York: Edward O. Jenkins. 1873.

Dr. Speir has made a readable book on this most interesting subject. It is sad to think that consumptives must have a literature of their own, but since, as the author states, fully twenty thousand invalids seek that section of the country south of Richmond, "Going South for the Winter" will doubtless prove interesting to many. Dr. Speir, in the introductory portion of his book, gives the various causes of lung diseases, as arising from bad ventilation, from dissipation, from want of exercise, from over toil, and, especially among women, from tight lacing. He tells of a woman now the occupant of a lunatic asylum the result of having worn too tight stays, and the rather cynical remark made by some one "that all women who lace tightly are insane, and the only difference in this case was that this woman was found out." "Going South" tells of all the various routes to be taken to reach Charleston, Aiken, Augusta, Savannah, and the various towns in Florida most beneficial to invalids. The hotels are mentioned and the various charges made for lodging. The different thermometrical changes in various places are noted, and the book contains many useful hints as to the diet, clothing, and treatment of those suffering from Pulmonic complaints. The book concludes with a brief account of other sanitary points, such as Honolulu, Lisbon, Naples, Nice, Madeira, Havana, &c.

SUB-TROPICAL RAMBLES: By Nicholas Pike. New York: Harper & Bro.

This book, aside from the pleasant narrative, story-telling style in which it is written, is one of more than usual attractiveness, and may truly be called a valuable acquisition to the literature of the times. We find ourselves transported (without any inconvenience,) to the island of Mauritius, where the author was for a time resident United States consul. He made good use of his eyes and his pen while there, and gives us the best description of an island little known to the aggregate of American readers. In this cleverly written work, Mr. Pike has placed all of much interest to his readers before them in a full report of its topography, climate, products, society and customs. Several chapters upon the great cyclone of 1868 will be found interesting, especially to the scientific reader. The author also tells us all about the mysteries and curious festivals of the Chinese, Hindoos, and a description of a wedding among the Malabar Indians. This work contains handsome illustrations, and is a credit to the author. It is issued in the publisher's usual tasteful style.

NINA'S ATONEMENT, and Other Stories: By Christian Reid, Author of "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," &c.; with illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The leading story, Nina's Atonement, is a quite interesting, and somewhat sensational story, one that carries with it quite an interest of the kind found in some of the old-fashioned novels by Charles Brockden Brown. It was written to illustrate the often fatal folly of giving way to indecision. Had Nina felt the full force of her mental reasoning, (see page 23,) she never would have realized the fearful epitome of her character, as it afterwards appears. Everything would have been better or worse. As it was she succumbed to a temptation which a nobler nature would have resisted, while she stood firm where a more selfish nature would have given way, and walked over all obstacles to its end. It was she who learned that to pause midway between good and evil, to strive to reconcile honor and dishonor, truth and falsehood, is the most hopeless problem that a human soul can possibly attempt to solve.

MIND AND BODY: Theories of their Relation: by Alexander Bain, L. L. D., Professor of Logic, &c., University of Aberdeen. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

We have read no work of the class of thought to which this book belongs that has interested us more than this discussion of the connection of mind and body. The consideration and study of the laws that govern the physical and intellectual man, as seen through the operation of the mind, complex and metaphysical from their very nature, are made very plain and comprehensive to ordinary readers, and so handled that they deeply interest every reader. The chapter treating of the soul, the immortal, the everlasting part of man, together with the theories of past ages, will be found by no means a dry study. The thoughts entertained by great minds and philosophers of different schools from time to time are clearly set forth by Dr. Bain. We commend this work as deserving the candid perusal of those persons who are sceptically inclined, as one of the aids to reflection in which they will find a steady and bright light upon a dark subject, and we doubt not that much good will be derived from Dr. Bain's valuable work upon Mind and Body.

PICTURESQUE NORMANDY: By Henry Blackburn. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is truly a gem of the first water. It comes to us in beautiful style, both as to typography and illustration, just the thing for a present to a friend. The rambles are pleasantly related; the scenes through which our author passed unfold themselves from the pages of this work like the unrolling of a panorama of beauty and life. We hold a pleasant half hour chat with the painter; we hob-nob the architect. We are well pleased with all the places we visit in company with Mr. Blackburn; Lisieux, Caen, Bayeux, Arranches, St. Lo, Rouens, and other places. Here they pass before us in the very best style of graphic pen-painting. Although not intended as a guide book, yet there is no better work the traveler who intends to visit picturesque Normandy can put in his pocket than the one we now so cordially recommend to his attention. The value of this book is much enhanced in its excellent illustrations. It will be a charming and beautiful addition to any library.

OUR COMMON INSECTS: A Popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens and Houses. By A. S. Packard, Jr. Salem: Naturalists' Agency.

This will be found a very useful guide to all in any way interested in the Horticultural world. The battle of the amateur fruit grower, the lady cultivist of the rose, the beauties of the garden, the flowers of the streamlet, in short all who love and cultivate the beautiful either of fruits or flowers, is with the bugs. All such will buy this neat and useful book, published by the Naturalists' Agency of Salem. It is graphically illustrated with four plates and 268 wood cuts, showing these little winged and creeping rascals with their well furnished workshop of cutting and boring tools, and the way they use the same to our vexation and loss of fine fruit, clearly shown. The price of this book is very low compared with the great amount of sound, practical, tried, experimental knowledge it contains.

WHITE ROSE AND RED. A Love Story: By the author of "St. Abe." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.: pp. 342. Price \$2.50.

This is a continued story or narrative of more than four thousand lines, which strongly reminds one of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," but is, nevertheless, dissimilar. The writer has chosen a peculiar subject for his muse, not, we think, very successfully. While we sometimes find a lack of refinement, or a little of what others would call "a coarseness" of expression, it is, perhaps, a "rough humor" that the reader will tolerate in a work of its kind. There are many passages of clever humor, and many spicy personalities peeping out of well-sketched characters. The story is commonplace. The scene is laid in a Maine forest, in which the woodman first meets his dusky maid. His amours with his "Red Rose," of whom he soon tires, give place to another attachment. Being smitten with the charms of "White Rose," he forsakes his first love forever. These adventures he puts into a somewhat easy and flowing rhyme. This work, though not of great literary merit, will, nevertheless, find many readers.

SHE SPOKE OF HIM. Being the recollections of the loving labors and early death of the late Mrs. Henry Denning. By her friend Mrs. Grattan Guinness. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

Under the quaint and striking title of "She Spoke of Him," we have a very well written and interesting religious memoir of a young and gifted English lady whose success as a missionary preacher of the Gospel and teacher accomplished much good. Ever ready to give a good word to the poor and down-trodden of earth, she always found her life-work planned and marked out for her. These recollections are the records of a lovely character, in which all missionary laborers, particularly ladies, will find much to comfort them by the way in their labors for the good of their fellowmen. A perusal of this interesting book of recollections will give the reader some entirely new ideas upon the subject of woman's rights, which is still an "open question."

GEOLOGICAL STORIES. By J. E. Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We have often felt the want of such a work for young students and others interested in the study of the geological composition of rocks and the stratas of which the earth is composed. When we began the study of a piece of quartz, it was a study indeed, and if any study could be called "dry," this was to us the perfection of the term. Then we were told to "get a hammer, bag and chisel" and go out and fill the bag with bits of stone chips, &c. This study was without help, yet it was thorough. We never heard of such an autobiography as "The Story of a Piece of Granite," or "The Story of a Piece of Quartz." These stories are replete with the same kind of information we worked so hard to acquire. This pleasant and humorous instructor, while it enlivens by the way, imparts the same rich scientific truths which we and many others labored so hard to acquire. We recommend to all who love geology to become the possessor at once of this little work.

IN PRESS.

Robert Dale Owen's Autobiography, entitled "Threading My Way," which G. W. Carleton & Co. have in press, will be particularly rich in reminiscences of General Lafayette, Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Slave-Trade" Clarkson, "L. E. L.," and other celebrities of a half century past.

James Parton has recently prepared a brief life of the late Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) which G. W. Carleton & Co. will shortly publish as a memorial volume of Fanny Fern, with selections from her best writings. Illustrated by Arthur Lumley.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

BRAVE HEARTS. An American Novel. By Robertson Gray. 12mo. New York: J. B. Foster & Co.

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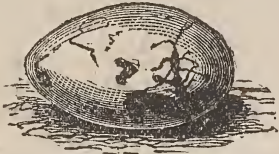
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II.

Prime's I Go A Fishing,
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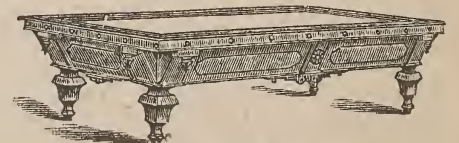
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1873.

Volume 1, Number 16.
103 Fulton Street.

THE INN.

THE queer, old-fashioned Inn stood on the heath,
Nine bowshots from the peak-roofed country town;
Steeds halted at its door to gather breath,
Before the sheer rush for the Southron down.
In front, reposed the long neglected pond—
Fissured with mosses—green with stagnant weed—
Around, were old-world flotsam, and beyond
One loop of river, crystal as a bead.
It was deep summer, and the simmering heat
On stile, and stone, and tree, and hostler beat,
But the night gathered, and the air grew sweet.

Sweet, and of summer music redolent;
There piped the blackbird on the bush behind
The parlor lattice, with throat sideways bent,
Whilst imaging his shadow on the blind;
A red-cheeked damsel sang unto her kine
A fireside song in the extremest tone
Of sadness; then the distant clock struck nine,
A lusty horn, at intervals, was blown.
"From London!" went the cry, "the Mail! the Mail!"
And in it dashed—four beasts with foam-flecks pale,
And ribbons knotted around ear and tail.

Booted, and pistoled to the very teeth,
The scarlet guards with ringing heels leaped down,
A glow of pleasantry half hid beneath
The purport of his grave, official frown.
Where had he learned to swear? The roads were vile,
The times atrocious; empires cried for sale;
Yet grief was tempered in the side-long smile
Which hailed the landlord and the proffered ale.
"There"—and his hand convulsively would clench—
"Whether within the dock, or on the bench,
God save old England, and confound the French."

So passed; a smoking cloud of dust alone
Betrayed his passage, leaning to the west.
The Inn, its peace a moment overthrown,
Relapsed again into its dreamy rest.
I heard the landlord's daughter—rooms away—
Fingering the ancient harpsichord;
In tangled cadences I read the lay;
"A Devon maiden dared to love a lord;
And she proved true, but he proved false! Ah, me!"
There was an instant shift of voice and key,
Shut instrument, and wildering hush for me.

The ancient bed with rusted damask hung,
The stern brown pictures in the candle-light,
The coifed canary at the window swung,
O'erpowered me with a weird, fantastic fright.
Low moans came from the panels in the dusk,
And rustling garments trailed along the floor,
The scentless vases breathed anew of musk,
And some one whispered through the oaken door.
'Twas midnight, and from stall and shed below,
The cocks, with outstretched necks, began to crow,
And then, again the bells chimed sweet and slow.

Most ghostlike room—white bed, the conch of peace,
With lavender between the linen set—
Quaint sill, whereon, to charm them to increase,
Full in the moon, stands pots of mignonette:
To-night I am your lord; sheer cleaves the spire
Above the lightless streets; no soul's abroad;
Over the houses, meadow, croft, and byre,
Brood silence and the quietude of God;
And so till morning, hour succeeding hour,
Timed by the sleepless watcher in the tower,
Till sunrise in the east once more shall flower.

—Chambers' Journal.

—The Florida pecan nut is a profitable one for cultivation. For instance, ten acres could well sustain 210 trees, which would yield the seventh year about 300 bushels, making over \$2,000 from ten acres. That is nearly equal to an orange grove.

—A number of rabbit establishments have been started in London. The scarcity of animal food creates the demand.

—Mr. Allen, of Texas, a thrifty farmer, owns five thousand square miles of land in that State, and one hundred and twenty thousand cattle.

—Slow matches are unlike matrimonial ones; they are aided in going off by a refusal.

—A vane bird is the weathercock; yes, vainer than a peacock.

Wild Life in Florida.

SHOOTING AT SALT LAKE.

NUMBER FOUR.

NOMINALLY three miles in length by two in breadth, this little lake is reduced to half that area in the low stages of water, thus accounting for the landing of the steamer in a creek a mile or more away. A vast plain of waving reeds and salt grass surrounds the lake on three sides; on the eastern, the pine woods come down to the shore, offering the only landing. Having boats of our own we succeeded in evading the extortionate charges of the lightermen, and pitched our tent in the pine barrens, a mile from the lake.

The morning after our arrival I sallied out to taste the pleasures my observations the day previous had prepared me for. The breezy freshness of that morning comes to me now as I write, laden with the odor of flowers and the songs of birds. The quail called from an old field in the hammock; the woodpecker rattled joyously over the pines, and that odd bird, the fish crow, "haw-hawed" from the broad-limbed, moss-draped live-oaks. As I reached the shore, I caused a flutter in the vast swarm of *tringe* feeding there, and provoked the "killdeer," that pest of the shore, to send forth a warning cry. Overhead, the graceful seamew winged their way, anon dipping into the water for food. The fishhawk drew from the lake a mighty bass, but hushed his exultant screams, and fled in sudden terror before the piratical attack of the eagle. Ranged along the shore were the various representatives of the heron family, from the watchful great blue to the wary and graceful snowy heron. Starting up the busy multitude upon the shore, I let fly a single barrel at them, picking up near thirty birds, yellow legs, killdeer, and red breasted snipe. Then, (for I wasn't bloodthirsty at all, and cared more for variety than quantity,) I deposited my birds in a place of safety, and cautiously waded through the long matted grass, the abode of moccasin snakes, to a space swept clean by fire. Scarcely had my feet touched its border, when my ear was delighted with the sound welcome to all sportsmen, "scaip, scaip," denoting the presence of genuine snipe. From every side, before, behind, came that welcome "scaip," as the birds arose at my approach, or at the report of my gun. Wisps of them would launch into the air, whence after a few fantastic evolutions they would return to earth again. I frequently got double shots, and might have loaded myself, but as there was no one near to share the sport, and future wants might need supply here, I drew off early, depositing my booty with their cousins of the shore. This was sufficient for the small birds, and launching my boat and running out from the little creek, I made an onslaught on a flock of coots, (for coots' breasts and drumsticks are good, well broiled,) and then skirted a broad bay, where were feeding large flocks of pin-tail ducks, teal, and scattered groups of black ducks. Without inflicting upon the reader a detailed account of the approach, through blind ponds, and within shot of countless hundreds of busy plover and snipe, I will add that there shortly reposed a goodly pile of well favored ducks in the bottom of my boat.

It was now near noon, and while munching my frugal lunch, I cast about me for some larger game more worthy of my labor. Running my eye along the shore, I saw wherever a sandy reach stood out from the reedy margin, dozens of long, black objects stretched motionless upon the snowy sand. These were alligators which the sun had called from the depths of the lake to enjoy his beams in the open air. There were all sorts and sizes, from the little snapper, a foot long, to the old bull alligator of a dozen feet in length, patriarch of a large tribe. Softly paddling my boat up a crooked creek, I watched the "gators" as they slipped off the banks into the water, where they would remain an instant watching me, then disappear. Soon came my opportunity; rounding a sharp curve, I discovered a nine-footer, fast asleep, with mouth wide open. The vulnerable parts of the alligator are the eye, ear, and the heart,

reached by placing a shot behind the fore leg. This I well knew, but just as I sighted his ear, a snake slipping into the water, distracted my attention a trifle, and the bulk of the charge was placed too far behind. It seemed to be effectual, however, and running my boat alongside, I essayed to roll him in. As his paws were working convulsively, affording no hold, I stuck my bowie knife full into his eye to facilitate operations. This seemed to have an enlivening effect, for he at once commenced a series of gymnastic evolutions that would have struck terror to the heart of Dio Lewis himself. Finding that he was retreating toward the creek, carrying my eighteen inch bowie with him, I seized my gun and stretched him upon his back with quivering paws. Then rolling him into the boat, I soon had him at the landing. As the best time to skin an alligator is while he is warm, and some say kicking, I skinned him at once. Cutting a slit down the back of each paw, and running a continuous line from the under jaw to the tail, just below the bony mail, on each side, I removed the skin easily by pulling from the tail toward the head.

Observing an alligator on my way back seemingly two feet longer than the one secured, I determined to capture him. Rowing cautiously along shore, I at length espied him crawling under water toward a narrow though deep creek. Getting between him and the object he was aiming for, I stopped him, and he finally seemed convinced that the best thing he could do was to lie still. I fancied I could discern a sinister gleam in his eye, that boded evil in case we came in contact. Placing my gun across the thwarts, and pushing carefully toward him, I held myself in readiness for attack at any moment. But he seemed to fancy himself so secure with the slight covering of water over him that the boat almost grazed his side before I had sent the contents of one barrel of my gun into his ear. Contrary to my expectations he lay motionless, and instead of shooting the boat out of reach of his tail, as I was prepared to do, I lay alongside, and passed over his head a noose of stout line preparatory to towing him ashore. No sooner did he feel the line tightening about his throat than he concluded to come to life again, and after a few preliminary kicks and flourishes, proceeded to roll over and over, much to my grief and discomfiture. With strange shortsightedness I had omitted to cast off the line from the bow of the boat, and now that the 'gator was winding it about him with the rapidity of a patent windlass, I suddenly thought of it; but 'twas too late. Bracing myself against the rail of the boat, I held on till my arms seemed about to bid me good bye, and the sides of the boat cracked again and again. Then he stopped, but just as I had dropped the line and started for my gun, he commenced again. This time he untwisted what he had twisted before, and commenced twisting in another direction, and when he had drawn out the last available inch, and I was thinking sadly what a good boat this used to be, and whether my friends would find me before dark, he stopped again. In gratitude for this action on his part I ought to have cut the line and let him go; but no, my blood was up, and I determined to conquer at all hazards. Carefully drawing the gun toward me, I opened a ragged hole in the top of his skull in such short metre that he hadn't time to tighten up on the rope. Then after resting and reloading, I attempted to roll him into the boat. This time he was as dead as it is possible for 'gator to be, I knew; but when, just as I had him poised on the rail, he made a fearful lunge and came down in the boat where I had wanted him, I was astonished. I was so astonished that I immediately jumped out on the other side where the water was leg deep in order to get a better view. When I had looked at him to my satisfaction, I didn't get in. Oh, no. That boat was only built for one; two crowded. Though his head seemed as inanimate as a log of wood, his tail seemed charged with concentrated lightning. A little wriggle and the thwarts would fly in all directions. A short, sharp rap and the boat seemed to crack from stem to stern. If a dead alligator acted thusly, how would one in the "full vigor of early manhood" act? I began to fear I had "missed my calling;" that alligator shooting was not my forté. The more I thought it over, the stronger was my

conviction. By rapid calculation, the boat would go to pieces in just eighty seconds. Then where, oh, where would I be?

It was half a mile to the landing, and deep creeks and bays intervening. My friends were all hunting further east. Seeing just then that he had stopped wriggling, I ventured to get into the boat. I have an impression that I didn't make much noise; and I also have an impression that I made that half a mile in tolerably quick time, and the perspiration that streamed down my face wasn't altogether caused by the heat.

Gathering my birds together, I returned to camp to find my friends engaged in skinning a deer they had just shot, and planning an excursion to a neighboring lake for heron. Notwithstanding my weariness, after placing a pound or two of venison and slap-jacks where they would benefit me most, I was ready, and launched upon the lake just as the sun went down. Having a trolling spoon, I drew forth from their retreat several broad tailed black bass with mouths like steel traps and possessed of the strength of young alligators. After an hour's rowing and wading, we burst through the cane-brake and emerged into a little lake, upon one side of which was a long low willow island, from which scores of herons silently flew away. Concealing ourselves, we waited. Soon they came; by dozens and fifties the immaculate and glossy plumaged birds approached. Then the firing commenced, and continued till each one was satisfied and ready to return. Emerging from the canes, and rowing across the lake we returned to camp laden with birds nearly as large as ourselves. In the soft moonlight we looked strange and ghost-like with our burdens of white. Leaving the preparation of the birds till the morrow, we kicked together the campers, arranged afresh the light-wood knots, and soon had a delicious aroma of coffee and venison enveloping us. Then to our beds of pine boughs, to sleep as only tired hunters can. Such was a representative day at Salt Lake; one of many with varied scenes and incidents.

FRED. BEVERLY.

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING.

HANNIBAL, Missouri, November, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In answer to your request for an account of a hunt after wild turkeys, allow me to jot down the results of a day's sport. My usual mode of hunting the turkey is by stalking, while there is a good tracking snow. Many are often killed in the autumn before they are fully grown, when they become comparatively an easy prey to the hunter, who coolly knocks them off from the trees in which they will alight when frightened. They are occasionally hunted by parties who, obtaining sight of a flock, watch them carefully so as not to disturb or frighten them until they go to roost, and deliberately pick them off; but this hardly seems to be sport. The necessary equipments for stalking are a good gun, a turkey call, clothing as near the color of dead leaves as possible, and some knowledge of the habits of the game.

One clear bright morning a trio fully equipped started for a certain portion of the Mississippi River bottoms, some three miles away, the said trio being composed of B., C., and the writer. Some forty minutes' drive brought us to the foot of a once cultivated field, but now abandoned to weeds and undergrowth. B. and myself got down and proposed to skirt the east side of the field to see if we could discover any fresh signs, agreeing to meet C. at the upper end of the field, along the west side of which he was to drive, and in the mean time to keep a sharp lookout for signs.

B. and myself had been on the search but a few moments when we found the trail of two turkeys that had entered the field. Carefully and silently we followed the trail through its devious windings, with our fingers on the trigger, expecting at any moment to see a body of dark glistening plumage rise from some tangled mass of weeds or clump of brush and start away in rapid flight. We had followed the trail but a short distance before it separated, and B. followed one track and I the other. In a few moments B., who was in a position to see the upper end of the field saw a turkey fly across and alight in some tall weeds on the east side. Quickly leaving the trail that he was on, he made his way as silently as possible toward where the turkey went down, but the wary ear of the bird soon detected the noise and took to wing, but too late, for with a steady hand the gun was brought to shoulder, a quick eye glanced over the glistening barrels, a sharp report rang out on the clear frosty air, the extended pinions were suddenly arrested, and with a heavy thud one of America's grandest game birds succumbed to the skill of the hunter. Supposing that B. had flushed the birds that we had been following, I hurried forward to where he stood, and then learned that such was not the case. I also found that C., in the meantime, had reached the upper end of the field, and had seen a couple of turkeys fly across it, and that he had followed a trail which led into the timber on the east. As the flock was scattered he had taken up his position behind a large tree, and with his caller was giving an occasional "keouk" in imitation of the note of a turkey. B. and myself soon joined him, taking up our positions behind trees at a short distance, and waited quietly for the answering call of a turkey. We had not long to wait before "keouk" was heard, and in a moment more, with head erect, and swiftly moving feet, a magnificent gobbler came into view, with eye and ear on the alert to discover his missing comrade. He had hardly approached within range of C. when a mo-

tion of some one arrested his attention, and I will here remark that while a turkey will approach very nearly to a person if he remains perfectly motionless, they are very quick to discover the least movement, and also, if they have the least suspicion about the call note, whenever they stop to look they are very apt, in case there is a tree about, to stop behind it and with just their neck and head extended peer cautiously ahead. The moment he discovered the suspicious movement he turned to fly, and at that moment C. sprang from behind his tree and with a quick aim fired. The turkey had spread his wings to rise, but quickly closing them again as he discovered they would not obey his will he darted forth into the thick brush, running the gauntlet past B. and myself, who gave him a shot each, although at long range. It was evident that he could not fly in consequence of a hit on the wing; but he had a first-class pair of legs under him, and I wish to say that the hunter who thinks a turkey is his meat because he can't fly has a very poor conception of their powers of locomotion, or the ready instinct which teaches them many "ways that are dark." It is then that the sportsman must possess some endurance and have some practical knowledge of turkeyish tricks, and know when and where to look for him, or he will assuredly come to grief, and discover (as the writer often has) that after a long and hot pursuit through tangled weeds and underbrush that Mr. Turkey has given him the slip and made good his retreat. I took up the trail of the wounded gobbler, while B. and C. took up a fresh trail which they had discovered. I followed with swift and wary footsteps for about half a mile, when the trail entered a mass of tall grass. Here I knew full well I might at any moment see the old fellow break cover and dart away. I was following cautiously, when hearing a rustle behind me I turned just in time to see the broad tail of his lordship sliding down from a high log and disappear among the trees. My gun was quickly at my shoulder, but a provoking snap was all the result, while the turkey was going out of sight at a three minute gait. He had cunningly led me into the grass, and then doubling back on his trail squatted beside the log, and as soon as he thought I was far enough away to give him a chance to elude me had darted away. I was quickly in pursuit, and for the next half mile his course did not take him to any good hiding place, but it took him to a fence that skirted an old field. Along beside this he travelled for several hundred yards, endeavoring to find an opening to let him through; but being unable to find one, and all being still, as I was too far away to be heard, he carefully hid himself in a clump of weeds in a fence corner. But this time his strategy was unavailing. When I came up in pursuit he sprang to his feet and started for tall timber. I drew a bead on him, and this time, fortunately, my gun did not snap. A sudden stopping of the swiftly moving feet, and a spasmodic beating of the snow with the broad wings, told me that my aim had been true, and as I stood over that noble bird, with his dark plumage glistening in the sunlight, I said to myself, "Well done." Wiping the reeking perspiration from my face, for the pace had been a hot one, I threw the old fellow over my shoulder and started for the wagon, and in doing so passed up the west side of the field first mentioned, and there discovered that one of the turkeys of which B. and myself had been in pursuit in the earlier part of the day had passed through the field and taken to the timber. I went to the wagon and deposited my burden, and then concluded to return and take up the trail I had abandoned, for turkeys, when in good cover, will often lie quiet for half a day at a time when aware that there is danger abroad, unless they are very nearly approached. I had taken up the old trail, and was following it, when I was met by another hunter and stopped for a moment's conversation. In the meantime, B. and C., having followed their turkey for a short distance and killed it, had returned to the wagon, and were shouting vociferously to me to return, as they were anxious for their lunch, and I held the key. I reluctantly turned back, feeling at the same time that I was missing a turkey by so doing. I remarked to the party with whom I was conversing that I believed there was a turkey not twenty steps away, and I had not gone thirty yards on my return before I heard the discharge of a gun, and turned in time to see a fine young gobbler tumbling to the ground. Will I ever cease to regret my loss?

We heartily ate our lunch, and took our way to the place where the turkeys had first scattered. B. and myself soon struck another trail, and had followed it but a little time when from a fallen tree top another bird took wing. B., who was in advance, fired both barrels, the first without effect, but the second did not seem to be a clear miss. With careful eye I followed the turkey's course, noting its movement and actions. When nearly out of range of my vision I discovered a slight irregularity in its course. A little farther on and the wings stayed their regular motion, and the body plunged downward to the earth. Marking the place as well as I could from such a distance, we hurried forward, and were soon found by C., who had heard the reports. Reaching the place as near as we could judge, we commenced a careful quartering of the ground, and had at last nearly given up finding the turkey when we were approached by a man coming from an open field beyond us. We very naturally asked the question, "Did you notice a turkey fall in this vicinity?" He replied that he did, and judged that it had fallen near to a shanty that stood a little distance beyond on the skirts of the timber. A moment later he exclaimed, "Here is your turkey; what is left of it." And sure enough, beyond a high fallen log lay the

bird, rapidly disappearing down the rapacious maw of a half starved swine of the female persuasion. It seemed that she had stood nearly under the turkey as it fell, and no doubt thought it a good day for her that rained such food, and had fallen to with a will and about half devoured it while we were searching for the place where it fell. Never was the temptation to take the life of another person's animal harder for me to resist than at that moment, and as we stood gazing at that famishing old sow, whose dry and wrinkled sides looked as if they would need soaking to hold water, I suspect that the presence of a small and needy looking family, coupled with the appearance of two or three dirty and half starved looking faces at the door and windows of the aforesaid shanty, whose prospective winter's meat would be taken away from them, was the means of prolonging the life of the offender. But to say that we were mad, and spoke not, would be to draw it too mild. I claim that I am not a profane man, but for the sake of the law and the commandments I trust I may not often be thus tempted. Calling to a little boy who was passing out of the door he came reluctantly forward. We gave to him the remaining portion of the turkey, which we had replevined from the aforesaid swine, and bade him take it to the house. He departed with a broad grin on his dirty countenance, evidently pleased with the addition to the bill of fare which those remains would produce. We then retraced our steps.

Brother sportsmen, as you sit beside your cheery fire and read this sketch imagine for yourselves how, after a long tramp through snow and wood, you finally had your patience and perseverance rewarded with the capture of such noble game, and then to have it retrieved in such a manner.

We were soon on the trail of another turkey. In a few moments it broke cover from a mass of weeds and took wing. Again it happened that B. was in advance, and he quickly pulled trigger, the result of which was a broken wing, which brought him to the ground, and as he darted away through the wood C. sent a charge of shot after him, which brought him to bag. Soon after, C. and myself were on another trail, and had followed it but a short time when another fine gobbler rose from cover. A quick shot from me through the tree tops sent him away a badly wounded bird. He flew some four or five hundred yards and lit in a fallen tree top near where the hunter happened to be who had killed the one that I had first been on the trail of. He very coolly walked him up and shot him. This about ended the day's sport, and at the place where our team was left the whole party assembled, including a couple of country boys, who had driven the turkeys some two or three miles before we struck them. The total count was five for our party, including the one we had (in) voluntarily donated, three for the country boys, and two for the party previously mentioned—ten in all. A good bag for about a half day's sport.

I could give you an account of many a day's tramp after wild turkeys, the inventory of numbers of them being an empty bag and a tired and disgusted hunter, but these are not the stories that sportsmen tell.

HERBERT.

ON THE ELAPHURE OF CHINA.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 17, '73.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

My attention has been called to a paragraph under the caption of "One who goes to Menageries," in your last number, requesting information respecting the "*Elaphurus Davidianus*;" this I am happy to be able to give.

The animal in question is a deer larger than the stags, and distinguished by its comparatively robust legs, the spreading hoofs, long and bushy tail, and especially the horns; these are very remarkable, and deserve extended notice, especially as their structure has been apparently not understood. They may be compared to those of the typical stags, so far as the main antlers (homologically speaking) are concerned, but with the *brow antlers* extraordinarily developed, branched, and usurping the place of the "main" antlers; in other words, the several elements of the horns, compared with those of ordinary deer, are reversed, the direction of the growth being upwards or forwards instead of backwards, so that what in most deer are the "main" antlers are thrown out of axis and deflected backwards, while those which correspond to the brow antlers of other deer take the place of the "main" antlers, and develop two to four times, according to age.* This mode of growth is unexampled in any other deer, and apparently justifies the generic distinction of the species from the others, as M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards has proposed. The generic name (*Elaphurus*) given by Edwards refers to the stag-like characteristics (*Elephas*, or *Elephas*, being the old Greek name of the stag), combined with a long tail (*oura*—tail; the specific name (*Davidianus*) has been given in honor of the missionary, Mr. Armand David, who discovered the animal. The Chinese name is *Mibou*, or *Sze-poo-Seang* (according to French pronunciation *Tseu-pou-Siang*). The last is said by Father David to convey an allusion to the combination of four characters which are elsewhere separated, that is, the horns of the deer, the feet of the cow,

*The growing antlers of the young three year old exhibit approximately proportions like those of the three year old red deer ("spozod"), but they are much more robust, and the brow antlers relatively larger; the difference, then, is the result of the disproportionate increase or hypertrophy of the "brow" antlers, and corresponding atrophy of the "main" antlers.—Trans. Zool. Soc., of London, vol. vii, pp. 333, 336, January, 1871. Further information may be had by reference to the following authorities:—A. Milne-Edwards, Comptes Rendus, 4th May, 1869; Am. Sc. Nat., ser. 5, v, 380; Nour Arch. de Mus. II, Bull., p. 27, pl. 4, 1866; Alcock, P. Z. S., 1868, pp. 210, 580; David, P. Z. S., 1868, p. 210; Swinhoe, P. Z. S., 1868, p. 530; Selater, P. Z. S., 1868, p. 561; 1869, p. 463; Frank, P. Z. S., vii, 333, 1871.

the neck of the camel, and the tail of the ass; by another writer, apparently with less reason, it is reported to mean "like none of the four," that is, the deer, the cow, the goat, and the horse. The color is a reddish brown, with a blackish stripe down the withers, and with the tail, which is unusually "full," also blackish. The fawn is spotted like those of other species.

The latest information respecting the species has been given by Dr. P. L. Selater, the Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, in an article on the deer living in the gardens of that Society, and is as follows:—

This fine animal is one of the many of the zoological discoveries which are due to researches of M. C. Pèrè Armand David, missionary of the congregation of Lazarists at Pekin, an active correspondent of the Museum of National History of the Jardin des Plantes, etc. M. David first made known the existence of this deer in 1865 in a letter addressed to Professor Milne-Edwards, having become acquainted with it by looking over the wall of the imperial hunting park, in which it is kept in a semi-domestic state. This park is situated about two miles south of Pekin, and is called the Nan-hai-tsze, or "southern marsh."† No European is allowed to enter it. It is stated to contain deer of different species, and herds of *Antelope gutturosa*, besides the Elaphures. M. David saw from the wall more than a hundred of the last-named animal, which he described as resembling a "long tailed reindeer with very large horns." At that time he was unable, in spite of every effort, to get specimens of it, but being acquainted with some of the Tartar soldiers, who mounted guard in the park, subsequently succeeded in obtaining the examples upon which M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards founded his description of this remarkable animal.

Shortly after this M. Henri de Bellonet, Chargé d'Affaires of the French Legation at Pekin, managed to procure a living pair of Elaphures from the Imperial Park and kept them for nearly two years in a court near the embassy in that city. Upon his return to Paris, in the summer of 1867, M. de Bellonet, having heard of our applications to our correspondents at Pekin to obtain living examples of this animal, was kind enough to place this pair at the disposal of the Society upon our undertaking the expense of their removal to this country. This the Council willingly agreed to, and application was at once made to H. E. Sir Rutherford Aleock and our other correspondents at Pekin to make arrangements for their transportation. Unfortunately, however, these animals died before this could be effected; but the skin and skeleton of the male were carefully preserved under Sir Rutherford Aleock's direction and forwarded to the Society, along with two pairs of the shed horns of the same animal. They were exhibited at our meeting on November 12th, 1868, after which the skin was deposited in the British Museum and the skeleton and horns in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Meanwhile Sir Rutherford Aleock lost no time in making application to the Chinese authorities for other specimens, and after interviews with Prince Kung and other high officials ultimately succeeded in procuring several young pairs, one of which reached the Society's gardens in perfect health and condition on the 2d of August last, [1869].

The general aspect of the Elaphure is much more like that of the true *cervi* than I had anticipated from the description and figure of M. Milne-Edwards. The only two very noticeable points of distinction besides the horns of the male, which are not at present shown in our animals, are the rather larger, heavier legs, the longer and more expanding toes, and the long tail.

The latter character, however, seems to me to have been somewhat exaggerated in M. Milne-Edwards's figures, the tail in our specimen not nearly reaching the hocks, and though of somewhat different form, being really little, if any, longer than that of the fallow deer and some of the American deer, such as *Cervus Virginianus*.

The muzzle of *Elaphurus*, as M. Milne-Edwards has already stated, is quite naked and moist as in the true *cervi*.

The lachrymal sinus is small, and the eye also remarkably small. The muzzle is terminated by a good many single straggling bristles, as in *C. Duvancelli*.

The insides of the ears in this deer are very closely filled with dense hairs.

I cannot ascertain positively whether the usual gland on the outer side of the metatarsus is present or not in this deer, but it is certainly not very highly developed.

On the whole, I cannot consent to take this species out of the genus *cervus*, as I think it ought to be understood. The Elaphure is no doubt very distinct in the form of its horns from every other described species of the genus, and should be placed in a section by itself, just as *Rusa*, *Axis*, *Hylaphus*, and the numerous other (so-called) genera of some authors. Those who regard these subordinate groups as generic will likewise use *Elaphurus* as a genus. To me its nearest ally seems to be perhaps the *Barasingha* (*C. Duvancelli*), which has likewise a long muzzle, terminated with outstanding hairs, and rather long expanding toes. Like the *Barasingha*, the Elaphure is in all probability an inhabitant of marshes and wet grounds.

M. Swinhoe informs me that the young *Cervus Davidianus* is spotted with white like other *cervi* at its birth, and retains the spotted dress about three months, when these markings gradually disappear. THEO. GILL.

†The imperial hunting ground, or Hae-tsze, as it is called, is three miles outside the south gate of the Chinese city; it is a tract of country enclosed by a wall forty miles long.

× MIGRATIONS OF SQUIRRELS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Among the first to visit on my trip West were the B.'s, located at that beautiful and then rising city, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Samuel, one of the boys with whom I had been initiated in many a college scrape in earlier years, possessed in a high degree, even then, not only a keenness for fun and practical jokes, but a courage, perseverance, and sagacity in carrying them out, that has enabled him no doubt in a great measure to reach that success he has since achieved.

Here was where I first owned a bear. On my arrival, both the boys, Sam and Charley, were absent on a tramp north, "land looking." But on a previous trip they had brought home a cub bear, about four months old, and one of the blackest and cunningest little rascals I ever saw. He was chained to a post in the yard, was as playful as a kitten and supposed to be perfectly harmless. Mrs. B., whose especial pet he was, as she could apparently do anything she chose with him, always fed him, patted and played with him, came home from church the Sunday following my arrival, and taking a piece of cake in her hand, proceeded to feed little Bruin. The villain sat up, as was his custom, and very solemnly ate it from her hand, then, either on account of the kid glove, which she had not removed, or from one of those diabolical impulses that human kind are said to take on at times, very deliberately bit the hand of his benefactress through and through, his teeth cutting from palm to back. Well, you may well presume there was a scene. Mr. B., a man of few words, but tremendous and determined in action, was decidedly wrathful. He rushed toward me, saying: "Here, young man, remove that animal instantly. Away with him! Let it be your capital, your stock in trade, anything; off with him!" In vain I pleaded to let him remain until the following day, when I might sell him to advantage. No, I must away with him at once, and putting the chain in my hand he fairly drove me out of the yard. And that on a Sunday! Just think of it. Here was a nice scrape to be in. Two churehes were just out, and pouring their congregations into the street, and I, a perfect stranger, toting along a cub bear. If ever I felt profoundly streaked, it was then. What in thunder to do I didn't know. Had I had my wits about me I might have hurried to a barn or livery stable and had him housed for the night at least. But the whole matter came so suddenly that I was more than considerably confused. What a figure I did cut, lugging along that bear! Everbody must have seen how cheap I was; the bear was cheap any way, for on arriving at the corner of the business street, I was surrounded by a crowd of boys, among whom towered in ample proportions the proprietor of a Teutonic restaurant. To this gentleman, for the amount of five single silver dollars (and half a dozen tickets to the supper) I transferred my right and title (?) to Mr. Bruin. Thus, you see, for about twenty minutes I was an owner and showman of a beast, and that was full as long as I had any desire to play Barnum. I felt decidedly relieved when the chain passed from my hands and the black whelp was led away.

I told Mr. B. he must settle the matter with the boys on their return, and though they never said a word to me about it, one way or the other, I am afraid Sam never fully forgave me for the part I had innocently taken in the case.

What times we did have among the game that fall! The boys were both keen sportsmen and splendid shots. Quail were plenty, and the snipe and ducks around and among the islands of Beaver Lake, their name was legion. Here it was, too, that I first saw squirrels on "an emigrate," as they call it. Charley had been down to the station one morning and came back nearly out of breath, and asked me if I wanted to kill more squirrels in one day than I ever saw in my life. I replied, "Count me in on a squirrel hunt, but I don't think we'll get quite as many as that, for I have killed a few in my time."

"Well, don't say a word, I just learned it from the engineer, the squirrels were seen by millions twenty miles from here going West. We'll run out about twelve miles, and I guess we'll strike them; if we do, you'll see a sight."

While Charley was getting the traps ready I ran down town and got the ammunition. I got ten pounds of squirrel shot and the rest in proportion.

"Pooh!" says Charley, "we shall want three times that amount; go and get a 25 pound bag."

We took the 9 A. M. freight train, and in an hour were dropped at a watering station. We started for the first piece of woods, about forty rods distant, and before we even got there we began to see squirrels on the fences and the ground; now a single one, then two or three together, hurrying along. On entering the woods I got the first shot at a gray fellow on the side of a sapling. At the sound of my gun—whew! what a barking commenced all over the woods, and the scamps could be seen in nearly every direction on the trees and scudding along the ground. This was only the outskirts of the army. We pushed on, firing as we went, until we must have got into the main body; and then such a sight, thousands and thousands of them!

Squirrels to right of us,
Squirrels to left of us,
Squirrels in front of us,
Chattering and scampering.

Well, there is no necessity for me to tell you how many we killed that day within the distance of a mile from the station. On our way back we picked up the piles we had made of our slain, strung them together on a pole, and it was all we two could do to get them to the railroad.

Of course on our arrival home the story was told. The next day a dozen of the boys started for the place (we had had enough), and will you believe it, all that those twelve men got was four squirrels for their day's work. Not another squirrel did they see. Had they gone father west six or eight miles I think they would have hit them, for word came from the farmers in that direction that they passed there then and did considerable damage to their cornfields on their march.

Now, the before mentioned day's work may not have been very sportsmanlike, as it is termed by gentlemen of the trigger, but who does not recall with genuine pleasure his boyish days among the bushy tails? JACOBSTAFF.

× DEER HUNTING IN MARYLAND.

CUMBERLAND, Maryland, Nov. 18, 1873.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Your highly prized paper comes every Saturday full of interesting matter concerning the field sports and various athletic games of our country. It is not only interesting on account of the glowing descriptions it gives by means of its correspondents of the splendid hunting grounds of Lake Okeechobee, in Florida, and the primeval forests of Nova Scotia, but its correspondents are men of intelligence and education, and the valuable scientific information combined with the stories of bag and basket, find an important place in the estimation of your correspondent, if I may so term myself.

To all sporting men and to those who are fond of the good things of life and a jovial landlord, I would recommend the St. Nicholas Hotel, and mine host Samuel Luman, a true disciple of Isaac Walton and a Nimrod of no mean pretensions. It was under the auspices of this landlord that a deer hunt was organized and conducted by William Halland with his eight hounds.

All my preparations had been made the night before, and a ring at the door bell at four o'clock, A. M., notified me that it was time to start. I was soon ready and in the saddle, accompanied by six other gentlemen. A ride of eight miles through the cool frosty air of an autumn morning brought us to our destination. We were told that the dogs had already started.

We selected our stands and I soon had my gun loaded with a heavy charge of C. and H's diamond grain powder, covered by one of Eley's patent wire cartridges for large game. I was satisfied that if the dogs should run in the deer at my stand, that I would be able to damage his hide. My stand was between the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the Potomac River, which at this point are only separated by about twenty-five yards, at the end of a ridge called Iron's Mountain, upon which ridge the dogs were to be started.

I had been standing for perhaps an hour trying to catch the least sound indicative of the approach of the deer, when about a mile off I could hear the tongueing of one of the hounds; nearer and nearer came the sound, and faster and faster beat my pulse. I was evidently getting the buck fever and I trembled with excitement, but braided myself for action and thought that now was the opportunity to show my qualities as a shot.

I had not long to wait on the bare hill side. About three hundred yards away was a fine four pronged buck making for the river just ahead of three of the dogs. I saw he would cross the canal about two hundred yards below me, too far for my gun to reach. I ran as fast as I could to intercept him, and as he emerged from the water on my side, (I was probably eighty yards from him), I stopped, steadied myself, and as he paused to jump a fence on the line of the towing path, I fired. Over the fence he went right on his head. Getting up he started off, when my left barrel brought him once more to his knees, but he recovered and staggered to the river bank, where he laid down, and upon my approach, got up and crossed the river. But a shot from another of the party put an end to his travels and our morning hunt. In the afternoon we killed another deer about the same size, and the rest of the day was spent in jollification over our success, and in telling stories of former hunts and camp experiences. In my next I will give the different varieties of game found in this section of country, and some of the prominent characteristics of the same, as often seen by Yours, OBSERVER.

A CHOPPER AT WORK.—The choppers do not stand on the ground, but on stages raised so as to enable the axe to strike in where the tree attains its regular thickness; for the redwood, like the sequoia, swells at the base, near the ground. These trees prefer steep hill-sides, and grow in an extremely rough and broken country, and their great height makes it necessary to fell them carefully, lest they should, falling with such an enormous weight, break to pieces. This constantly happens in spite of every precaution, and there is little doubt that in these forests and at the mills two feet of wood are wasted for every foot of lumber sent to market. To mark the direction line on which the tree is to fall, the chopper usually drives a stake into the ground a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet from the base of the tree, and it is actually common to make the tree fall upon this stake, so straight do these redwoods stand, and so accurate is the skill of the cutters. To fell a tree eight feet in diameter is counted a day's work for a man. When such a tree begins to totter, it gives at first a sharp crack; the cutter labors with his axe usually about fifteen minutes after this premonitory crack, when at last the huge mass begins to go over. Then you may hear one of the grandest sounds of the forest. The fall of a great redwood is startlingly like a prolonged thunder-crash, and is really a terrible sound.—Charles Nordhoff, Harper's Magazine.

—Antiquity of rowing: the Ark was guided by a Noah.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lies those happier hills and meadows low,
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go!

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear!

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were loveliest only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure!

E. C. STEDMAN.

DYSPEPSIA.

AH me! what mischiefs from the stomach rise!
What fatal ills, beyond all doubt or question!
How many a deed of high and bold emprise
Hath been prevented by a bad digestion!
I ween the savory crust of filthy pies
Hath made many a man to quake and tremble.
Filling his belly with dyspeptic sighs,
Until a huge balloon it doth resemble.
Thus do our lower parts impede the upper,
And much the brain's good works molest and hinder
We gorge our cerebellum with hot supper,
And burn, with drams, our viscera to a cinder;
Choosing our arrows from Disease's quiver,
Till man in misery lives to loathe his liver.

For Forest and Stream.

A PASTORAL PARADOX.

Oh! why doth the Granger grimly groan,
And wherefore the mower he scythe?
Ah! well may he sigh, for his (s)teers are dry,
And for water he vainly crieth.

J. J. R.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Your agitation of the question, "Shall a portion, at least, of the Adirondacks be made a perpetual preserve," is timely and strong. Keep it up. Your theories are correct and your facts incontestable. Mr. Headley disputes the position. He asserts that there is no less water in the Hudson River to-day than when the Indian paddled his canoe in it, a hundred years ago. How does Mr. Headley know? What proof does he give? The case needs something more and better than his naked assertion. If an exception exists in the case of the Hudson, then nature must have some very singular—possibly pardonable—American favoritism.

This is a question with which fact has more to do than theory. We are first to know *if* it be a *fact* that the cutting away of forests diminishes the amount of water in springs and water courses.

This *fact*, if established, ought to determine Legislative action this winter in favor of preserving the Adirondack forests. After that, it may be well enough to attend to the theory.

Having devoted some attention to the points here involved, let me indicate a few facts which will be admitted to bear upon the question:

A scientific gentleman who has lately traveled extensively in Syria learned from the Savans of that country that within the last twenty-five years there has been a great increase of tree-growth upon the mountains. Keeping pace with this, has also been a marked increase of humidity in the atmosphere, occasional showers and a restoration of some springs, which have long been dry. Observing a cloud wreathing around one of the mountain summits he called the attention of a scholarly Englishman to the phenomenon, who remarked: "Twenty-five years ago such a sight as that was never seen here."

The historian Strabo says that the country of Babylonia used to be in great danger of inundation. To prevent it, required constant precaution and labor. The menace was from the river Euphrates, which became swollen in spring by snows melting on the mountains of Armenia. Not so now.

M. Oppert, a French traveler through Babylonia, recently reports that the volume of water in the Euphrates is much less; that there are now no inundations; that canals are dry; that the marshes are exhausted by the great heat of summer, and that the country is no longer unhealthy by the miasma from morasses.

He affirms that this retreat of the waters can be accounted for only by the clearing away of the mountains—forests of Armenia.

Now, as the Hudson River never does such damage by either flood or fen, no such reason for denuding the Adirondacks can be pressed.

Long ago, that well-known traveler and geographer, De Saussure, proved that the diminished volume of water in the Swiss Lakes, especially Lakes Morat, Neuchâtel and Bienné was due to the foray upon the surrounding forests.

In the time of Pliny, the river Scamander was navigable. Its bed is now entirely dry. Choiseul Gouffier was not able to find it at all in the Troad. The significant fact to read with this, is that all the cedars which covered Mount Ida, whence it rose, as well as the Simois, have been destroyed.

Is this coincidence merely, or effect and cause?

Oviedo, the historian of Venezuela in the 16th Century, says that the city of Nueva Valencia was founded in 1555 at the distance of half a league, (1½ miles), from the Lake of Tacarigua. In the year 1800 Humboldt found that the city was distant 3½ miles from the lake, and asserts that the retreat of the waters has been due entirely to the destruction of the numerous forests. This authority, it might be rather audacious in Mr. Headley to dispute.

To the same cause Mr. Boussingault directly traces the diminution of waters in New Granada. Sixty years ago two lakes, near which the village of Dubaté is situated, were united. The waters have gradually subsided, so that lands which only thirty years ago were under water, are now under *culture*.

In the Island of Ascension, a fine water-source discovered by Richemont at the foot of a mountain became dry as the neighboring heights were cleared of forest trees, but has been fully restored since the forests have been allowed to grow.

From these and many other facts which might be stated, it is not only fair but inevitable to conclude that *extensive clearings anywhere do diminish the quantity of spring or flowing water in a country.*

It is not claimed that the removal of forests does *always* produce a diminished *rain fall*.

Indeed the pluviometer shows that in some instances the rain fall has increased—as in the experiment at Marmato, Bolivia.

But it is claimed, and susceptible of the most abundant proof, that extensive destruction of forests does diminish, and occasion the disappearance of *sources*, and will in time reduce the bulk of even so vast a river as the Hudson so much as seriously to impair navigation upon its upper waters. Does any one say that the incursions of lumbermen upon the great North Woods are not extensive?

There is one saw mill in the John Brown tract which consumes spruce butt-logs enough to make half a million feet of "fiddle stuff," as it is called, for one piano factory of New York city, annually.

Last June, while I was whipping the waters of the Lower Raquette, one single drive of 200,000 logs went down to Colton and Potsdam. This was only one of many. The havoc goes on remorselessly. What the Potsdam saw millers do not lay low in the forests with the axe, they flood and destroy by their gigantic dam at Raquette Pond. If it were not melancholy enough to row your boat among dead and dying trees for forty miles, each tree a silent but eloquent protest against cupidity, the saddening cup may be filled by the complaints and wails of the smaller millers whose water-power these monstrous monopolists have ruined.

This matter must not rest. Legislature will soon convene. With such a list of advocates of forest preservation as your journal once published, and which might easily be increased to a legion, our legislators might be memorialized on this subject with an emphasis and dignity which they would heed.

Yours truly,

J. CLEMENT FRENCH.

A BANK THIEF.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I think, as you cast your eye on the heading of this letter, you will be inclined to consign my manuscript to the oblivion of your waste basket, from an impression that it was intended for the *Police Gazette*, or some financial journal, but it is not. Just at this time the hunters who have been making game of the bulls and bears in the *wiles* of New York, with little regard to game or any other laws, are doing all that is needed to fill the columns of journals that note breaches of trust (not breach loaders), and, without desiring to add one more to the instances that render bondholders and share-owners distrustful of all their race, I premise by saying that the case now to be stated was in good old specie days, and happened in the secluded woods wherein we do so pin our faith on absence of speculation.

Knowing that in late May and early June there are a few days during which the red maple is so beautiful, and the tassels of the aspens are drooping, when trout bite, and the mosquitoes and flies do not, I went with our chosen friend into the wilderness that lies north of John Brown's tract, and west of the tramping ground of the many who come in from the Adirondack region proper. This was then a glorious place. The guides were trappers—unsophisticated and full of simple wood lore—and the few who went in with them were men ready for hard work, and hard work it was to get in when roads were not, and no chains of lakes made water routes feasible.

We had some fine boating up the Oswegatchie, and on Cranberry Lake, a beautiful water then, but now ruined by being raised by a dam, that has drowned out all the surrounding forest. Desecration it was, indeed, but be it known to the favored who seek information in your columns that team with the hints we all so value, where this back water has set up the inlet, flooding miles of swamp-growth, there remains a tangle in which trout do now find refuge, and the angler who can lead them by dainty work from the maze of trunks and branches will now and then get a fish that will make a worthy record on the scales. From this inlet a two hours' tramp took us, with all our possessions on our backs, to Umpsted's Pond, a small sheet of water; but I would like to own it and its environs as a preserve. In a shell canoe of red cedar I sat with a paddle, while my companion was drowning a large trout that died hard, when a deer came out on a shallow beach within six rods and dipped her dainty feet in the water

with no idea of fear, and lingered about us a long time. It was not shooting season, and we did not disturb her. Often little herds, with fawns, would come out on the shallows, and we watched them with infinite interest and pleasure, but harmed them not. So far all was honesty. Leaving this pond with regret, we tramped nine miles over mountains, carrying all our packs. Snow fell, and so did we. The leaves were wet and greasy under the snow; the snow was slippery above and below, and the tracks we made did no credit to our temperance reputations. It was a hard tramp, and a long one, but in a small pond splendid trout bit during the snow fall, and made our noonday lunch.

We slept that night near Bog River, just by Great Trout Pond (justly named), and slept without soothing syrup or bromide. The next day was cold—no fish; so we set our men at work upon a tall pine, and at even tide eighteen feet of it were in the form of an excellent canoe. The following day was milder. As we were by the river bank an old hunter drifted down with the skin of a panther, just killed near by (howling had been noticed), and the head of a five pound trout; the latter he nailed to a tree as a sample.

In the afternoon we floated down Bog River, getting fine fish, on our way to the ruins of an old dam, made many years ago to gain a flood for running logs, and abandoned when the pine near the stream was cut. Here I was left alone, my friend going on with our guide. The water rushed in volume into a deep boiling eddy, and every fisherman knows how such a pool fills one's mind with bright anticipations, and I felt that good sport was surely mine. With my rod I crept out upon one of the timbers that had resisted many annual floods that were recorded upon its abraded form. From its top I commanded a full sweep over the pool, free from brush, and a perfect stand. Hardly did my hook catch in the whirling stream before a trout seized it, and was saved. The slippery, agile thing was mine, but hard to land. There was no place by me on the log, I had no basket, and it was too big for my pocket. I could not get down with it, and was in a quandary, when I saw below me a shingle beach, cast up by some unusual flood, lowest on the shore edge, with bright fresh grass—as dainty a place to lay my fish as Nature ever provided. It was a long toss, but the fish fell fair, and many a silver sided one followed him. Once and a while they would slip too soon from my hand, and, to use an equivocal phrase, *land* in the water; but more than enough were cast on the green sward. Deeming any further captures a waste, I ceased fishing, crept back dry shod, and sauntered on to meet my companion.

His string was a fine one, and with pride I guided him to my shingle beach and bade him give me congratulation. He looked very politely interested, but rather blank, and I discovered an incredulous smile getting the better of his confidence. I joined him to share the pleasure of gazing upon the picturesque group I had left there; but did my eyes fail me? There was not a fin nor even a trout spot there! I looked all around; there was the dam, and the old log; before me the hill rose in familiar form, and the tree that shaded the fish hung over me, and, by Jove, there were the prints of the fish on the weak, damp grass; but the superb fish—where were they? Police, detectives, where were they? But there were no police on that beat, and my outraged honor was powerless.

I assured my skeptical companion that I had caught many fish, declared I had not been dreaming (how could I dream on the end of a log?), and never had told a fish story. But where were the fish? A closer examination told the story. Just under the water worn roots of the tree that overhung the spot we found a hole leading into the bank—a round burrow, evidently well travelled, and it was evident that its respectable occupant, doubtless honest all his life up to this offence (a great shock to his family and friends, the well-known minks and fishers), had been unable to resist the temptation of my delicious trout, and had deliberately stolen them, or, in modern parlance, become a defaulter to that extent.

It became evident that there was no hope of recovering my treasures. The blamed otter was in his own bank, and suspended; availed himself of sixty days notice, and didn't mind a crowd at the door, even if they were ragged and hungry. It was a lesson to your correspondent, and be assured that if he ever gets any good thing out of a pool he will not put it on a margin again. It remains unknown whether the bank alluded to remains open, but beyond doubt the slippery fellow can be interviewed by some of the reporters, and the real truth, or an authorized statement, obtained.

L. W. L.

A REMINISCENCE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

THAT indifference to hardships and even to perils of life, so frequently displayed in the Indian character, is to sportsmen a subject of constant remark. Our use of Indians as guides on lake and river, or as we follow their noiseless steps through the forests, makes us look upon them sometimes as wonderful beings.

I remember a little scene which happened under my observation while passing a few months fishing and shooting on Lake Superior during the autumn of '63. The wind had been blowing steadily from the northeast for the previous three days, and the waters of old Superior, as far as the eye could see, were covered with white caps. The thunder of the surf on the shore could be heard many miles inland, for a northeaster on this lake is one of the things to be most dreaded.

One steamer during this fall had laid her bones on the bottom of the lake, leaving only one survivor to tell her sad

history. The blinding snow and sleet hid the bold cones of Porcupine Mountains from view, while away to the east we could faintly discern the rugged face of Fourteen Mile Point. The regular steamers which plied between the town of Ontonagon and the lower lakes, had one by one been obliged to pass the port and run for Bayfield and take shelter behind the Apostle Islands.

Camping out was disagreeable business, and I had returned to the village and the inhabitants were mostly indoors, except now and then a solitary individual who could be seen moving about in the snow snugly encased in his warm capote. Suddenly it was passed from house to house that an object had been discovered far out on the lake which looked like a boat. The news of an object of so much interest on the lake in such a fearful storm soon drew to the beach a large portion of the people.

We leveled our glasses through the blinding storm at the strange object as wave after wave swept it towards us, and many were the speculations concerning it. The clouds of snow grew thicker and thicker, drifting into the most inaccessible parts of our hoods and gathering on to the waves and shore in such quantities that it was difficult to distinguish land from water.

First the object was seen on the crest of a wave, then it sank to reappear on the top of another. Some thought it was part of an ill-fated vessel until it was finally discovered to be some kind of a boat, and on closer examination proved to be one of those most fragile of all crafts, a *birch bark canoe*.

Now we thought it must be capsized as sea after sea swept over it. Now we thought we could distinguish a human form in it struggling to make the shore. When the canoe had approached sufficiently near for us to discover its occupants, there in the stern sat an Indian stripped to his waist clenching in his hand his trusty paddle, while in the bottom of the birch bark sat his squaw, clasping to her breast her pappoose, and vainly endeavoring to shelter her charge from the pitiless storm. In the bow of the canoe was rigged an impromptu sail consisting of a ragged blanket stretched on poles and the company was furthermore increased by the irrepressible dog.

This family of Chippewas (as it was afterwards found) had started from Isle Royal intending to make some harbor on the north shore, but in the thickest of the gale had lost their way, and been driven a distance of sixty miles in this egg-shell to the south shore of the lake. From crest to crest they flew, until they reached the Ontonagan River, (from which the town takes its name), and with a last stroke of the paddle they shot into still water amid the shouts of the gazers.

The Brave without looking to the right or left, or noticing in any manner our anxiety for his safe arrival, hustled his family out of the bark, drew it up on the shore, threw his gun over his shoulder, and with his dog at his heels, disappeared into the woods with as little concern as if nothing unusual had happened. T. S. S.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

CAMP IN GENEVA PARK, COLORADO, Nov. 8th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

AMONG the many different species of game in a country possessing such a variety there are none so difficult to capture as the Rocky Mountain sheep, or big horns, as they are sometimes called. Living remote from civilization and the haunts of man—ranging along the roof of the Continent, on the almost inaccessible peaks high above timber-line, and endowed by Nature with keen scent and hearing, they are considered by hunters as being the most difficult to approach of any animal among the deer kind. The horns of the male are sometimes of enormous size. I have seen them eight inches in diameter at the largest part, and weighing sixteen pounds. Those of the female are small and sharp, resembling the horns of the goat; in fact, but for the horns, and a fine silky wool at the roots of the hair, they might readily be mistaken for deer. They feed upon the short nutritious grass which grows upon the treeless ridges and ravines along the Snowy Range, and when fat weigh from one to two hundred pounds. The flesh is very much like that of the deer, but juicier and of superior flavor. They are almost constantly on the move, ranging from one mountain to another, feeding as they go, and finding some rocky cliff sheltered from the Range winds, where they lie at night. Sometimes several hundred may be seen in one drove, but generally from two or three to a dozen. When pursued they make a break for the highest point of rocks in sight, where they stand looking curiously at the hunter as he slowly picks his way upward over the debris to get withing shooting distance. When that has been gained, however, the sheep have disappeared; nor does the tired sportsman get another glimpse of his game until he has reached the cliff they have just left, when they may be seen standing on some point higher up on the mountain, and still beyond rifle shot. Should the hunter have perseverance and plenty of musels, he will probably follow them to the highest pinnacle of the Range to find at last that his climbing has been in vain, and that the game he has been following so faithfully and hopefully have mysteriously vanished from his sight.

The only successful method of hunting the mountain sheep is to get above them, unseen, and, if possible, get a shot before being discovered. In this way the herd get confused, not knowing which way to run, and sometimes four or five may be killed before they recover themselves. Once started, however, pursuit is useless. Throwing back their heads they throw themselves into space as if shot from a cannon, and in a few minutes are miles away, taking leaps of twenty or thirty feet, and hardly ever making a mishap, however rapid and headlong their flight. A.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

THE LAWN AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

—“Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May turn the clod and wheel the comfort home;
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind.—Cowper.”

ONE of the principle elements of the beautiful, as applied to the art of laying out landscape gardens, is a goodly sized, well-made, well-kept lawn.

“How shall we construct such a lawn as lies in front of Mr. H.’s fine residence?” said a gentleman to me last April. “I have just purchased some eighteen acres of good land, and it lies in a good situation for forming a good lawn, but I do not know how to do it.”

This apparently frank question deserves an equally frank and explicit answer. Every one well knows the fact that a fine lawn, properly decorated with groups of trees and shrubs, is one of the indispensables of landscape gardening.

I do not mean to be understood, when I speak of lawns, that I refer to many little green spots of ground of from one half to one acre of land, that one beholds in riding through many of our country villages. These I call “plats” of greensward; and there are many of them very well laid out, and answer the end for which they were designed. A small piece of land of half an acre in front of our several dwellings is much to be preferred, if it is well kept and frequently mowed to the same ground when designed and set apart for flowers. These little plats should, like the grand old lawn of many acres, be well and truly made, to give general and lasting satisfaction. We would prefer to trench to the depth of two feet to two and one-half feet the little grass plat that lies before our door.

Having determined to have a “small lawn,” as we call it, with some two or three fine shrubs, such as every family who possess the same are desirous of enjoying, we will endeavor to give you some of our own ideas upon the best manner of doing the same. And first, a large and extensive tract of ground, made into a fine and beautiful lawn, with all the accessory adornments of trees, shrubs, lakes and islands, are elements of the beautiful, however simple they appear to the beholder, that cost money. So with our little bright spot of evenly cut, finely rolled land, the joy of our hearts; this, small as it is, with all its harmony and beauty, this costs money also, but not so much as our grand old lawns. So we say to all our friends: “Stop a bit, before you begin your work on small or large plats, and see how much money you will necessarily have to expend upon the same, to give you something like a realization of your idea and your wishes.

Here is the starting point in fact of your future operations.

Having settled in your own mind that you will spend such a sum of money, begin your operations. It does not follow of a necessity that making a good lawn involves so great an expenditure of money as many may suppose.

I therefore propose to answer for the benefit of my readers the question proposed: “How can I obtain a fine lawn?” The soil which constitutes your lawn must be prepared by deep and thorough trenching, or by very deep and thorough ploughing. Many of our farmers deem it one of the first steps to be taken in order to give them even a good crop of coarse grass. They do not feel assured of a remunerative crop by ordinary ploughing, and sowing grass seed in the ordinary manner.

Many men, no doubt, have followed the thriftless practice to some extent; they have found their mistake in meagre crops of grass, thinking doubtless that all they would have to do in order to realize the fruits of their labor, would be in sowing their fields with grass seed and patiently awaiting the result. One season has generally brought its corrective, and the man who knew how to build a church, did not know how to raise a good crop of grass, with every appliance for the same beneath his hand, except the knowledge of how to prepare his five acre lot.

Some men have pursued the same idea, or a very similar one, as applied to making an American lawn, and as singularly failed. It is quite impossible to obtain a thoroughly good, lasting, even lawn by the “sodding process,” however neatly and evenly the greensward may be laid, it often fails in giving the satisfaction that the trench or deeply ploughed grounds give.

We love to look upon a green and even lawn, with its broad acres of velvety carpet, and we can, if we have the patience to prepare our grounds properly, have before us not perhaps everything pertaining to an English lawn,* but a beautiful, never-failing source of pleasure.

A deep trench is to be made in the first place, and it will be found of great value to the future lawn that all stones should be removed from the same. True, this costs time and money, but you desire that your “labor may not be in vain.” Then do your work thoroughly and well, and you can safely trust a kind Providence for the result. Sunshine and showers, a good season, and all is well with you, for you will reap your reward. By deep and even trenching every foot of your lawn is to be stirred to the depth of three feet at least; four feet would be better.†

The trenching should be commenced at one end of the ground designed for your future lawn, and the earth, to the

*The English lawn derives much of its beauty from the natural humidity of the atmosphere, which our brighter skies and warmer climate do not give us; still, with proper culture, the American lawn will never fail to please and remunerate.

†I have seen the roots of clover and strawberry plants running from two to four feet on good ground.

depth of three feet, thrown out upon the top of the ground, and all the stones you may find, if you desire a smooth lawn. Having proceeded once across the end of your ground in this manner, you will make a second trench, and throw the soil you move back into the first trench you made, and so to the end of the lawn. If it is necessary to add manure it can be done while sub-soiling, and the good judgment of an intelligent farmer will at once determine the quantity to be used. Mr. Downing, from whom I received much of my agricultural knowledge, in answer to the question, “What do you consider the grand requisites for a good lawn?” replied, with much emphasis, “Deep soil, the proper kind of grasses, and frequent mowing.”

These essential requisites, if applied as noted, will give you a lawn every way desirable, and one which will last in all its beauty for years, and such a lawn is worth the making. You must guard against the droughts of our hot sunny season by the best natural means you possess, viz.: a thoroughly pulverized, deeply trenched or ploughed soil. Such a soil will safely carry almost any of the grasses through. Remember that grasses have root, and the clovers particularly love to strike deep into the cool, damp soil.

I need not say to any of our New England cultivators, that a surface drought or a “dry spell,” as it is called, has no power over plants whose fibres or rootlets rest in the cool moist under-soil or lower stratum of earth. So with a well prepared lawn soil, if you desire to look upon a beautiful green, undulating lawn, even in mid-summer, take the proper means to secure it by preparing every foot of your ground, whether it is one-eighth of an acre, or garden plat, or your fifty acre lawn. We do not expect all our lawn makers will deem it expedient to trench with the spade according to our directions, as here laid down, but it would amply pay in the end to do so. Deep ploughing will be the means generally used for lawn making for the present; this, with proper draining‡ and manuring, will give quite a good lawn. We prefer deep trenching to any preparation of lawn grounds we have yet seen. This month and the month of December, if open, are the best seasons for lawn making, and if a finished lawn cannot be obtained in autumn, your ground can be trenched and cleared of stones and then left to rest until the coming spring, when the ground can be ploughed, top-dressed and sown at an early day. We suppose your ground now fit for the reception of the seed. And here the question again occurs, “What seed shall I sow?” You wish for a close, compact turf; you will sow only grass. The best, and seeds usually sown for this purpose are, a mixture of “Red Top,” (*Agrostis vulgaris*) and “White Clover” (*Trifolium repens*). These are short, hardy grasses, and will give you satisfaction. They are, in our opinion, better adapted to our climate and soil than any we have ever used. The seed sown as follows: Three-fourths of Red Top to one of Clover. Sow four bushels to the acre—the minimum. This done, finish your lawn by passing over the same some four times with a heavy roller, and you may have a reasonable hope of looking the next summer upon a magnificent, well-made lawn.

As a top dressing for all lawn grounds, the one recommended by Downing is the best we have ever used, and the good effects of the same prove its great value. Downing says “one bushel of guano and three bushels of ashes to the acre, to be applied in March and April.” Rough and coarse manure should be applied as your lawn gains in age, and applied in the fall—October, November and first December—left evenly spread during the winter, and carefully raked off (the coarser parts) by the 5th of April. Lawn grass, when cut, should be left to fertilize the lawn, and should be cut whenever it has attained the height of an inch or an inch and one-half in length.

By following strictly all the above directions you will have a lawn you will feel a just pride in showing to your friends. Try it, and if you do not succeed to your mind, we will tell you “what’s the matter.” OLLIPOD QUILL.

‡Of drainage in general and particular, how and when to be used, we shall speak in another paper.

Few people have any clear idea of the extent of forest land in Germany, and most imagine that of the Black Forest little is left except a tradition and a conventional blister of woodland, so-named. On the contrary, in Hanover alone there are 900,000 acres of wood under state management; while nearly a fourth part of the area of Prussia is in forest, although half of that is in private hands. As is well known, the forest administration in particular districts has long been famous, especially in Thuringia and the Hartz mountains. In North Germany generally the responsibilities are allotted in districts among a carefully organized body of officers, presided over by a forest director. The appointments are fairly remunerated; and they are so eagerly sought after that candidates will remain on probation for years at their own cost, or with moderate and precarious pay, in the hope of securing a place in the corps at last. In Austria things are on a somewhat different footing. The Austrian forests are magnificent—so magnificent, indeed, that the forest management has been neglected.

LILY OF THE VALLEY FOR WINDOW GARDENS.—While we are taking up our plants let us not forget to take a few tubes of the Lily of the Valley, the loveliest flower of all Flora’s kingdom. Select large, healthy clumps, and plant them in boxes filled with very rich soil, mingled with one-third sand. Put the boxes beside a warm stove, or on the shelf of the kitchen range. Give them water, at first sparingly, but as the sheathed leaves appear increase the quantity. Too much at an early stage would cause the roots to decay. When the flowers appear, put the boxes into the sunniest location you possess. All window gardeners will be charmed with this lovely gem, and its fragrance is not too powerful in any room.

HYACINTHS FOR WINTER BLOOMING.—Nothing can be more charming and attractive during our dreary winter weather than a few glasses or pots of different colored hyacinths. Success in growing them depends upon a few simple rules which, if followed, will beyond doubt give abundant satisfaction. They will bloom equally well in pots of earth or glasses of water. If the former method is most convenient, fill the pot (a five or six inch one is plenty large) with light sandy soil; then press the bulb into the earth nearly even with the surface; water thoroughly and set away in a partially dark cool place—a cellar or dark closet will do, they should remain there four or six weeks, and need not be watered or cared for. If examined at this time it will be noticed that the roots will have grown so as to fill the pot, while the bulb has perhaps not begun to sprout.

This is exactly what is needed, for the roots must get started first, in order that the plant may have strength to throw up a vigorous and well-filled flower shoot. On the other hand, if potted and immediately placed in the light, the top will begin to sprout and flower before the roots have made scarcely any growth, and the flowers, if they come out at all, look sickly and soon drop off.

After they are brought out to the light they should have plenty of water or the flower buds will wither. They will bloom nicely if the pots are immersed in a vessel of water.

If grown in glasses the same is true in regard to putting away in the dark; the glass should be filled so that the bulb touches the water, and in four or six weeks, if kept dark, the glass will be nearly filled with beautiful white roots; then if brought to the light they will flower in four to six weeks, and will well repay you for all extra care.

As to the varieties, the single are usually the best for flowering, and the unnamed varieties, costing only about half as much as the named, produce as fine flowers, though the range of color is not so great.—*Danbury News.*

The Kennel.

AFFECTION OF THE GREYHOUND.—A farmer turned up a rabbit's nest with the plough, containing her young ones. The rabbits being too young to stand the least chance of surviving, in their exposed situation, they were taken home as a treat for a greyhound bitch that was sucking a litter of six puppies. To their surprise, instead of greedily devouring the rabbits, as they expected, she carried them tenderly and carefully in her mouth to her nest, and seemed to consider them a most welcome addition to her family, bestowing upon them the same fondling caresses, and offering them a share of the same support, which nature had furnished for her own offspring. This the poor rabbits did not refuse, and there appeared no doubt of their doing well. Unfortunately, however, they were doomed to suffer death from their young companions, though not exactly in the manner that greyhounds generally kill rabbits. One after another got overlaid by its rude and robust foster-brothers and sisters, and the poor mother with evident reluctance and regret, saw them carried away, and did not part from them, even when dead, without remonstrating against it as much as she durst.

TRAINING SETTER PUPPIES.

ACCOMAC, VA., November 20, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Since my last to you from Northampton county, Va., I have been doing very little shooting, waiting for the geese and brant, but have occupied some of my leisure in training a brace of setter pups, some short account of which may be interesting. My experience about breaking dogs is that, with the assistance of an old dog who can play the part of Mentor, the puppies have their natural instincts brought out quite rapidly. In this case you may remember my old dog, Hero, an orange and white setter (you can see him for a mile from his peculiar brightness of color, in the scrub oak), and Hero was "coach" and school master. About the beginning of this month I received an invitation to go quail shooting with Colonel J. who, I think, is the best general sportsman in this section of country. At his request I brought Rapid and Punch, my two youngsters, together with Hero, their father. I stopped overnight with Colonel J., and in the morning early we started for the birds; with my friend's setter we had four dogs. In the first ground—a cornfield of some fifteen acres—the two old dogs taking to the right and left, quartering cleverly, the pups followed each one straight, after the old dog their father keeping their heads well up. Suddenly Hero stopped short, and it was wonderful to see the two little fellows backing up their sirc, their back-bones and tails as stiff as pokers, their fore feet daintily raised, the living pictures of old Hero, and as perfect in every respect as if they had been in training for years. I knew by the look of the old dog that there was a bevy of quail ahead. I walked up steadily, all the dogs remaining staunch; the birds rose and I killed three with a left and right. Keeping the pups to heel, I told the old dog to fetch and he returned the birds one by one without ruffling a feather. The Colonel, in the meantime, had found birds, his dog pointing, so he told me, at two cock quails fighting, one of which he killed, missing the other. Over a fence we came to a wood and hoing on the dogs, Hero again came to a point. The conduct of Punch and Rapid had been, so far, admirable, and they were backing the old dog, when suddenly Punch, getting impatient, made an unlucky plunge, running in and flushing the birds. Though not prone to whip dogs in the field, in this present instance, as the puppies were at school, I was forced to inflict a slight castigation on the spot which Punch was the recipient of. I believe I never lose my temper on such occasions, but I could not help suppressing a smile at the contrite appearance of the father and brother of the offending puppy, and the amazement with which they seemed to appreciate the flagellation of a

member of their distinguished family. Here Hero did something which was quite wonderful. He seemed for a moment to hesitate whether my action in the premises was exactly proper, and having after mature thought come to the conclusion that it was, with the utmost deliberation, he walked up to the contrite Punch and knocked him completely over.

As I was keeping a dog school and the Colonel was shooting, his bag far exceeded mine. After this first discipline Punch was a trifle shy and hesitating for a while, and was not anxious to place himself too much in prominence, and no longer backed the father but backed his brother Rapid. The next three points of the puppies were in good style. On going through a swale the old dog got his fore feet in a hummock, his hind-quarters being in the water, pointing at what I thought must have been an English snipe. Rapid and Punch did not exactly understand this, but nevertheless attempted to back him, which was highly meritorious and duly appreciated by me. I however called the puppies to heel, which order they obeyed, when, holding up my finger, I cried "Down charge." I walked into the swale and cocked up a pair of jack snipe, of which I shot one, winging the other badly. The wounded bird flew about sixty yards, I suppose, and fell. Hero retrieved the dead bird, and on sending him after the wounded one he soon got on the trail, and in ten minutes, after quartering all over the ground, brought it to me. All the dogs now were very wet, and I waived them back to the ground we had been shooting over, in order to give them a run and to keep up their circulation, as it was getting cold. In the meantime the Colonel, on the other side of the wood, had failed to find any more bevs, and on joining him, we turned our steps towards home. Just before we came to a cotton field within three hundred yards of the house, near a clump of persimmon trees, the old dogs both stood on a point, the puppies backing as usual. I told Colonel J. to shoot as I wanted to try an experiment with Rapid, as he seemed to be the stauncher dog of the two young ones. The Colonel killed two birds I sent in Rapid to retrieve them. Rapid had had two months' instruction with dead quail and with old gloves, and was a fair pup retriever. The old dog did not appear to like this usurping of his privileges, so they both started together, the pup leading. He seemed, however, to understand it, and it was a beautiful sight to see the old sire allow his son to go ahead and retrieve his bird, the father following close every one of his son's movements. After picking up the bird, Rapid seemed in doubt what to do with it. Here Hero became the tutor, and led the way up to me. As Rapid raised his muzzle to my hand, with the bird daintily held in his mouth, Hero was apparently telling him what he should do. My companion here remarked to me, "that he had often seen first-class academics, with their instructors, but had never seen a teacher yet who had such facility in imparting information as my good old dog Hero." Our combined bag was five jack snipe, twenty-eight quail, one rabbit, and a plover. I am going to see my old gunner Jake about geese, as he is painting some stools especially for my benefit, and may write you again in a few days. Sincerely yours, C. B.

—The sale of mastiffs on Saturday last attracted a good deal of attention. The dogs were sold by auction at Baker & Chase's. The mastiffs belonged to Mr. McHenry, of Sudbury, Maryland, and were of a fine breed. The old dog was imported and fetched \$60. The female and whelp brought \$50 and \$35 respectively. The male whelp brought the highest price, \$80. Mr. Williams, of Williams & Guion, owns the purest breed of thoroughbred mastiffs in this country, purchased, or presented by a member of the Mastiff Club in England. One of his sons is owned by Mr. Clay of Hackensack.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

IN October, 1361, there occurred a memorable fight between a man, who was known as the Chevalier Macaire, and a dog, which has passed into tradition as the dog of Montargis. The contest took place on the Isle of Notre Dame, in Paris, in the presence of King John. The tradition formed the plot of a play which was presented at the Bowery Theatre a few years ago. The story goes that M. Aubrey de Montdidier, a gentleman of Montargis, in passing the forest of Bondy, was murdered and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog was with him at the time, and remained at the grave till driven away by hunger, and then found his way to Paris to the house of an old friend of his master. In Paris, he did nothing but howl. At intervals he would catch the pantaloons of his dead master's friend, in his effort to drag him out to where poor Aubrey was buried. For some time, the dog was not understood, but at length, connecting Aubrey's absence with the inseparable companionship of the man and dog, and the violent pertinacity of the animal in attempting to draw them after him, they followed, and after a time he led them to the foot of the tree in the forest of Bondy, where they dug the earth away and found the murdered man. There was no doubt that Aubrey was murdered, but there was no evidence to convict any living being with the crime. The eyes of God had seen, and the dog had seen too, but dogs are dumb. A certain Chevalier Macaire had been the enemy of M. Aubrey. Perhaps in consequence of the knowledge, somebody, the friend for instance, had his suspicions of the Chevalier, and confronted the dog with him, thinking, very likely, if the dog had reason enough to lead them to Aubrey's grave, he would have enough to detect his murderer if he saw him. In these conclusions they were right. The dog, directly he saw Macaire, attacked him with an almost invincible ferocity. Wherever he saw the Chevalier he attacked him; and as the friends of Aubrey took care, as may be supposed, to throw the dog as much as possible into the company of the now suspected man, the life of the Chevalier came to be diurnally uncomfortable. To have an

unpleasant dog eternally flying at your cravat and anywhere else lying open to his fangs, may be seriously regarded as the reverse of cheerful. The Chevalier Macaire probably thought so! The conduct of the dog towards this particular man—he being notoriously of a gentle disposition and kind to every one else—quickly became the talk of certain circles in Paris. It was known to the court; it reached the ears of John, and then the king ordered the dog to be brought before him, and the Chevalier to be placed among the courtiers as one of them at the same time. Being at court, the dog conducted himself with perfect propriety for a short time, until he saw Macaire mixed up among the Courtiers, and then, dashing at him furiously as usual, with an awful growl out of his great red throat, he pinned him against the wall. In those days the judicial arbitrament of battle was in full force; the popular belief being that the "judgment of God" would be manifested in favor of the innocent and against the guilty. The known enmity of the Chevalier to Aubrey, the fact of Aubrey's murder, the dreadful antagonism of the murdered man's dog—these settled the question with King John, and it was directed that the man must fight the dog, as the only way to justify himself in the eyes of Paris and purge himself of the suspicion of murder. It was the custom in the middle ages occasionally to try the lower animals for offences with much of the parade and ceremonial bestowed in the cases of their supporters, and from this we may understand that a combat between a man and a dog was not so strange an occurrence after all, away back in the fourteenth century. There was no cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris in 1361, and so the open space of the island served as a capital place in which to pitch a ring for the combatants. The Chevalier Macaire was armed with a strong heavy stick, and the dog of Montargis had his teeth and a tub. This last, which might more properly be called an empty cask, was an ark of refuge for the dog to retreat to and make his springs from. But the dog of Montargis had no use for the tub. He scorned it. He flew with astonishing activity and fury at his opposer, first on one side, then on the other, he dodged under the cudgel, and finally with a terrible bound, fastened his deadly grip on the murderer's throat, and there was an end of the Chevalier Macaire, who lived just long enough to confess his crime before King John and the court. Of course everybody in Paris cried, "Well done dog," and was more than ever satisfied of the truth and justice of "trial by battle." We can readily understand that the faithful dog, having nobly avenged the death of his master, took up his quarters with his master's friend, looked after the rats and was made comfortable the remainder of his days. This is only conjecture, however, because he may have been put in the dog-pound for non payment of the tax; but what is not conjecture is the fact that over a chimney in the great hall of the ancient chateau of Montargis, in France, there is a curiously carved representation of this memorable combat; and as long as the old chateau stands, and the wrought oak wainscoting is spared the inroads of the worm, that carving will stand as the monument of the fidelity of a dog.—*Exchange.*

Natural History.

PECULIARITIES OF ANADROMOUS FISHES.

ONE of these characteristics is the infallible instinct of finding their way back from sea to the river, the tributary of a river or even a small affluent brook where they emerged from the ova. It has been pretty well ascertained that however they may mingle on their marine feeding grounds, when they are impelled by the reproductive impulse towards fresh water the Connecticut shad ascend that river, the Hudson shad again passes up between the New York and New Jersey shores, and that those of the Delaware are again and always will be Delaware shad. So also with herring and salmon.

At Little Russia, a point on the Bay of Chaleur, ten or twelve miles above Bathurst, the stake nets set off from shore sometimes take salmon seeking the mouth of the Restigouche as well as that of the Nepissiguit, and the habitants who attend these nets will point out a fish of each river with as much confidence as a stock fancier would an Alderney or a Durham cow. The salmon—and it is so also with shad—of some rivers are inherently small, or of some known conformation—short or long—of others very large.

Another peculiarity of these fishes, which enter fresh rivers only to spawn—for the sea is their pasture ground where they acquire growth, fat and flavor—is that they are invariably found without food in any process of digestion in their stomachs after entering the fluvial portions of a river. That organ, after they have been in the rivers a few days, becomes a contracted cord, in appearance not thicker than a pipe-stem and filled with a hard cheesy substance, mixed, perhaps, with a little bit of yellow fluid. It is certain that the young of both of the fishes mentioned, until their first migration to sea, feed on flies, their larvae and on aquatic insects, which may be found in their stomachs; but on returning from sea to their native streams, it is solely that they may carry out the law of their nature to continue their species.

"Why then," the reader may ask, "does a salmon or shad rise occasionally to a natural fly or the counterfeit of the angler." We can only refer such fact to a remnant of an old instinct or recollection of the food they fed on before their first migration to sea and their predatory habit. But the few natural flies they may devour do not, however, appear to distend the stomach in the least; no effete matter is pressed from the vent in handling them.

A young shad, according to Mr. Theodore Lyman, of the Massachusetts Fish Commission, during its sojourn in fresh water from the time its yolk sac is absorbed until it descends the river, is provided with teeth, which the adult shad has not. The naturalist mentioned has even found one or two small species of flies, and the larvae on which they feed in the stomachs of shad fry.

A young salmon, in its parrhood, in its habits, its food and manner of taking it, scarcely differs from a trout, and

to an unobserving fisher taking trout, is scarcely distinguishable from that fish.

A not less remarkable peculiarity than those already mentioned is that the males of both salmon and shad are fecund a full year earlier than the females. Young male shad, it has been definitely ascertained, return to their native river with mature milt the summer after leaving it. The female does not return until the following summer when two years' old. The experiments at Stormontfield, and on other rivers than the Tay, in Scotland, have shown that the male parr before going to sea is fecund and will impregnate the ova of a full grown female salmon. The embryos from such eggs have been kept by themselves in rearing ponds, and are as thrifty as the fry of a pair of mature salmon.

In the early days of salmon culture in Scotland, before breeding establishments like the one mentioned were inaugurated, there was much discussion in sporting and other periodicals between a Mr. Young and a Mr. Shaw as to the time when young salmon set out on their first journey seaward; one maintaining that it was when a little more than a year old, the other that it was not until a year later. Observation and experiment at Stormontfield have shown that the contestants were both right and both wrong; that about half of a brood go down during the spring or early summer freshets when somewhat more than a year old, and the remaining half the spring or summer following. From this it has been argued that males being fecund a year earlier than the females, go first, and the females not until they are over two years old. Taking these rules as a basis, we may infer that it takes two years to produce a male grilse and three years a male salmon; or three years a female grilse and four years a female salmon.

Of course those who have given much observation and thought to the subject are cognizant of most of the facts set down above, but the article may interest the general reader.

THADDEUS NORRIS,
West Logan Square, Phila.

—The Smithsonian Institute has just received from Newfoundland the beak or jaws of an immense cuttle fish captured at Newfoundland last year, which the local papers represented at the time as having a body as big as a hog's head, and arms twenty-seven feet in length, with suckers the size of a dinner plate. The jaws just received hardly come up to those proportions, but may have shrunk by drying.

—St. George Mivart in a series of admirable articles on the frog, published in *Nature*, in speaking of the ability of the frog or toad to inflict wounds and to convey venom, states that this power is not found in any animals which are even near allies of the frogs and toads. This high authority, however, tells of a very perfect organ for both wounding and poisoning discovered to exist in the *Thalassophryne reticulata*, a fish having a superficial resemblance to a frog. Dr. Günther found in this creature no less than four spines, each perforated like the tooth of a viper and each having a sack at its base.

In No. 5 of the FOREST AND STREAM we published an account of a poisonous frog, mentioned by Dr. Saffray as the true source of that deadly poison the Wourari. The account given by Dr. Saffray was very positive, and the name *Phyllobates melanorhinus* was given by him to the venomous frog, a native of New Grenada. The same authority says that the naturalist Pison, states the same fact, and that there is also in the East Indies, a saurian called *Laerta Gecko*, from which a deadly poison can be made. In the seventh number of FOREST AND STREAM there was a communication in regard to a poisonous lizard in Nova Scotia, and the author of this letter is among the most reliable of our correspondents.

It might be curious if this discovery was made, which is not impossible, that though certain species of the Batrachians would be incapable of imparting their poison by biting, still they might within themselves contain such poison. We should only be glad if some of our readers would give us information on this most interesting subject.

—From the *Bulletin Mensuel* of the Paris Acclimatization Society we take the following:—

"The results of the experiments to produce different colored silks go to show that silk-worms fed on cherry-leaves produce a bright chromo-yellow-colored silk, those on pear-leaves a darker shade of the same color, those on apple-leaves a nearly white silk, but coarser than that of the silk-worms fed on mulberry-leaves. There is an interesting paper on the breeding of ostriches in captivity contributed by Capt. Crepu, who had kept several pairs of these birds. His observations threw much light on the natural history of the ostrich. M. Comber described the mortality which has seized the deer and other animals in King Victor Emmanuel's park at La Mandria. The calamity he attributed partly to over-crowding and partly to the want of shelter and proper protection. In 1865, when the park and grounds were carefully cultivated, 13 deaths occurred. In 1873, the park being left in its natural state, 172 deaths are recorded."

—The sagacity of a parrot is recorded. A lighted cigar happened to fall just under the door of the bird's cage. The fumes soon attracted her attention, and she instantly set about abating the nuisance. Taking a small cup of cold tea which was in the cage, the bird doused the contents on the burning end of the old stump and extinguished it.

—A pair of skates for Christmas and New Year's, with a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, can be had by every subscriber.

—What is the difference between a restaurant and a bank chief? One cooks your hash, the other books your cash.

The Magazines.

COCKNEY AND DUFFER.

THERE is a legend to the effect that cockney comes from *cock* and *neigh*, for that once upon a time a true-born John Gilpin went into the country and, as we are told, for the first time in his life hearing a horse neigh remarked, "How that horse laughs!" But being told that the noise made by the horse was called "neighing," he stood corrected. As a matter of course, in the morning a cock crew, whereupon the cit immediately exclaimed, with exultant conviction, that "the cock neighed! In Chaucer, it imports no more than a "silly fellow" devoid of wit or courage, as in the Reeve's prologue—

"I shall be held a daffe, or a cockney."

Daffey means a "fool," and has obviously been converted into *duff*, whence the term *duffer*, signifying a "stupid fellow," and in common use amongst the lower orders everywhere. Shakspeare in one passage apparently contrasts the idea of a cockney's cowardice with a swaggering braggadocio, where, in "Twelfth Night," the clown says (Act IV. Scene 1),—

"I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney."

Congrave, whose mind apparently was always intent on the supposed French origin of the word cockney, draws our attention to the fact that the French have an old appropriated verb "*coqueliner*," which means to *fondle* and *panper*, as "*coqueliner un enfant*;" the participle passive of this verb is *coqueliné*, thence *cockney!* Such are the extremes to which men have gone in attempting to find a derivation for this word; it seems to be as deep-rooted now in our language as it was in Shakspeare's time, and the conservatism of the city is such that in all likelihood it will be found within sound of Bow bell at the millennium. Its origin is shrouded in mystery, and the researches of antiquarians have failed in throwing any light on the subject.—*Saint James Magazine*.

INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS.

IT is wonderful to what a state of perfection the Indian has carried this simple mode of telegraphing. Scattered over a great portion of the plains, from British America in the north almost to the Mexican border on the south, are to be found isolated hills, or as they are usually termed, "buttes," which can be seen a distance of from twenty to more than fifty miles. These peaks are selected as the telegraphic stations. By varying the number of the columns of smoke different meanings are conveyed by the messages. The most simple as well as most easily varied mode, and resembling somewhat the ordinary alphabet employed in the magnetic telegraph, is arranged by building a small fire which is not allowed to blaze; then by blacing an armful of partially green grass or weeds over the fire, as if to smother it, a dense white smoke is created, which ordinarily will ascend in a continuous vertical column for hundreds of feet. This column of smoke is to the Indian mode of telegraphing what the current of electricity is to the system employed by the white man; the alphabet so far as it goes is almost identical, consisting as it does of long lines and short lines or dots. But how formed? is perhaps the query of the reader. By the simplest of methods. Having his current of smoke established, the Indian operator simply takes his blanket and by spreading it over the small pile of weeds or grass from which the column of smoke takes its source, and properly controlling the edges and corners of the blanket, he confines the smoke, and is in this way able to retain it for several moments. By rapidly displacing the blanket, the operator is enabled to cause a dense volume of smoke to rise, the length or shortness of which, as well as the number and frequency of the columns, he can regulate perfectly, simply by the proper use of the blanket. For the transmission of brief messages, previously determined upon, no more simple method could easily be adopted.—*General Custer in Galaxya*.

THE FUTURE STATE OF ANIMALS.—In these days, when a flesh and blood school of poetry shuts out heaven altogether, the question of a future state for animals seems more than ever out of place; but eminent writers in all ages have thought the subject worthy of discussion. Landor and Southey evidently believed in a new life for animals after their worldly end. Mr. Jacox, who has an interesting chapter in one of his recent commentary compilations, thinks Landor rather implied that some of his horny-eyed readers might be soulless than that the insect king is immortal when he wrote:—

Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live forever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing.

Mr. Charles Bonnet, the Swiss naturalist, settled in his own mind the nature and character of the various paradises to which both man and animals would be translated. Mr. Leigh Hunt regretted that he could not settle the matter, at the same time confessing that he would fain have as much company in Paradise as possible, and he could not conceive much less pleasant additions than of flocks of doves or such a dog as Pope's "poor Indian" expected to find in that universal future. A London car-horse, upon the doctrine of punishments and rewards, is surely entitled to some consideration in the future. Meanwhile, I would like to leave him with his 'bus companion in the hands of Mr. Smiles and his "Friends in Council," who have lately taken certain of our dumb animals under their special literary protection.—*Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman's Magazine*.

—Among the officers in charge in Houston during the late war was General Griffin. A freedman, Pomp, was one day conversing with the general, when he spied his former young master, whom he had not seen since the commencement of hostilities. Pomp ran to him, and exclaimed, "God bless you, Mars Charles! I's mighty glad to see yer! How's de ole missis an' Mars John?"

After Pomp had finished his demonstrations of joy the general said, "Pomp, you need not call him master now; you are just as good as he is."

"What!" said Pomp; "me jus' as good as Mars Charles? No, Sah, General Griffin! I may be jus' as good as you is, but I ain't so good as Mars Charles—no, Sah!"—*Harpers' Drawer*.

BARBADOES.—Negro huts are scattered along the sides of the roads all over Barbadoes; in fact, they are as thick all over the island as plums in a pudding. It is said that it is not possible to raise your voice in any part of it without being heard by some neighboring house. These huts are dotted about without the slightest regard for regularity—sometimes a number of them in a kind of promiscuous heap, sometimes one or two by themselves. They frequently have little patches of land or gardens attached to them, but often are set down on the bare face of a piece of stony or waste ground. Sometimes an almond or a gooseberry tree grows close to them, but apparently more by accident than design. Some of the huts are kept nicer than others; and many have a pig, or a sheep, or a goat tethered beside them, or in rarer cases even a cow or a donkey. Chickens and turkeys abound among the huts. Sheep have no wool, but a kind of coarse hair, and are of as various colors as our cows—black, brown, chestnut, and pie-bald, occurring nearly as commonly as white. Cows are much smaller than the average size in England. Oxen and mules are the beasts of burden, horses being kept solely for riding and driving.—*Appletons' Journal*.

—According to the latest statistics, the globe is inhabited by 1,228,000,000 human beings, viz., 360,000,000 belonging to the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 Mongols; 190,000,000 Ethiopians; 176,000,000 Malays; 1,000,000 Indo-Americans. 3,642 different languages are spoken, and there are 1,000 different religions persuasions. The annual mortality of the globe is given at 33,333,533, or 91,554 daily, 3,780 hourly, sixty-two per minute, or nearly one per second, or pulsation of the human heart. The average duration of life is thirty-three years, one quarter of the population dying at seven years or under, one half at seventeen or under. Out of 100,000 persons one only reaches the age of 100 years, one out of 500 ninety years; one in a 100 sixty years. One eighth of the male population of the globe are soldiers. The cannibal portion of humanity is vaguely set down at 1,930,000, viz., 1,000,000 in the Polynesian land, 500,000 Niams-Niams, 80,000 in the Niger Delta, 50,000 in Australia, etc.—*Land and Water*.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

TROUT FISHING, 166 Gates avenue, Brooklyn.—A map of Clinton Co., Pa., can be had by writing to a first-class bookseller in Harrisburg, Pa.

GAME FISH, Seneca Lake.—Is it sportsmaalike to fish for brook trout through the ice? Certainly, but not unless you are hungry.

MOHAWK, Nimrod Shooting Club.—Over the powder of course. A piece of card board will answer for the shot wad.

HAND A., St. Catharines, Ca.—A most useful little work on the subject is "Napiers' Food, Use and Beauty of British Birds," Grombridge & Son, London.

F. W. CLARKE, Paterson, N. J.—Rabbits breed all the year round, except, perhaps, in the three colder months. Most likely those you noticed were pairing, as they often live together during the winter months.

G. M. F., Jr.—Many thanks for contribution, which will appear in its turn, say in two weeks. Each subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM is entitled to a copy of "Hallock's Fishing Tourist."

L. A., Galveston, Texas.—We think the bird you describe must be the Radiated wood-pecker (*Peckurus radiatus*). It greatly resembles Wilson's red-bellied wood-pecker (*C. Carolinus*). It is very common in the West Indies.

WALTER G. SMITH, 14 Gallatin Place, Brooklyn.—What kind of a dog is best for partridge hunting? Where can I get one? and what would it cost? Ans. The proper breed of dog for ruffed grouse shooting is the setter. E. H. Madison, 546 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has one for sale.

THOM'S AND HINES, Baltimore.—1. Cannot place our hand on the authority. Think it was in the London *Field* of August, 1872. 2. We cannot recommend the person you name. See the dog yourself before you purchase.

NOBLE, Hoboken.—Glad to have awakened your interest. There are two schools of anthropology—the physical and philological. The first dwells on the external form and anatomical peculiarities of man, the second considers physical peculiarities of less importance than language as an indication of the origin and filiation of races.

JOE E. FISHER, Brooklyn, L. I.—1. What bore do you consider best for quail, woodcock and ruffed grouse shooting? 2. What size shot is best? 3. What part of Long Island do you think is best for the above named birds? Ans. 1. Quail and woodcock, 12 bore gun; ruffed grouse this time of year, 10 bore. 2. Quail and woodcock, No. 10 shot; ruffed grouse, No. 8. B. F. Sammis, Smithville, near Belport, L. I. R. R.

S., New Orleans.—The drift is the direction a bullet takes towards the way the groove or spiral is cut. Whitworth made a table; at 100 yards it was 2 inches; at 1,000 yards, 65. The progression of the drift increases perceptibly all the time. Between 100 and 200 yards it was only three inches; between 600 and 1,000 yards it was 11 inches. (See Wingate's Manual.)

A. W., 101 Duane street, New York.—The answer would be too long for our columns. Read "Stonehenge," Shot Gun and Sporting Rifle, page 62. The age of a stag is generally reckoned by the number of points or tines protruding from the main antler. Up to 7 or 8 prongs it is reliable; above that number you must judge by the general appearance of the animal; his teeth, hoofs, &c., will be much worn, and the stag will have a dirty appearance.

A. W.—The woodcock migrated, or moved south, from Orange county about Oct. 25th. They usually go on or about 15th October; they were ten days later this year. They were found this year on their summer ground. This question as to route of migration is interesting, though not treated of in books, so far as we can discover. We have seen woodcock around here as late as Christmas in open seasons. They probably migrate in an irregular path according to prevailing winds, &c. Their food must influence their migration. A dry autumn probably sends them away earlier, as is the case this year. Sorry we cannot answer more satisfactorily.

J. N. U., Pottsville, Pa.—You ask how to make clothes water-proof. Take half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum, dissolve them in a bucket of rain water, then pour off the fluid with the ingredients dissolved into another vessel. Take your clothes—a shawl is good to try it with—and steep it thoroughly in the solution, letting it stay for a certain time. Then hang it up to dry, but do not ring it out. The water of a rain-storm seems to hang on it in globules and does not go through it. It is an excellent method of making canvas tents water-proof.

Mrs. F., Chestnut Hill, Pa.—Regret to inform you that, although magnificent as to appearance, the Cedar of Lebanon, as a wood, has not the incorruptible power the ancients gave it. It has been grown in England and France, and in the United States. The Deodar has been frequently assumed to be identical with the Cedar of Lebanon. This is a different tree, and may perhaps correspond better with the sublime accounts of Ezekiel. If we remember rightly, specimens of timbers made from the Deodar have been found in India, some of them undoubtedly many centuries old and perfectly sound.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us one subscription and Five Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

This paper sent gratuitously to all contributors.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,

Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

THURSDAY, 27TH.—Barnum's Athletics at the Rink. . . Festival of Staten Island Shooting Club at New Dorp, L. I. . . Foot race, \$2,000, Providence, R. I.

FRIDAY, 28TH.—Trotting at Charlotte, N. C. . . The Rink.

SATURDAY, 29TH.—Trotting at Charlotte, N. C. . . The Rink.

MONDAY, DEC. 1ST.—The Rink.

TUESDAY, DEC. 2D.—Billiard match at New York Academy of Music, Garnier vs. Cyrille Dion. . . Pigeon shooting tournament, Toronto, Canada. . . The Rink.

THANKSGIVING.

IN this practical age of ours we are somewhat prone to regard all festivals, revelries and merrymakings with a philosophical eye.

It seems pretty evident that nationalities must have their days of amusement, for if "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," this most excellent proverb is quite as applicable to the community as to the individual. Collectiveness is also a necessity in taking pleasure. We may grieve in silence, but must be glad in company; somebody must be with us to share our happiness. American rejoicing has its peculiarities. What slight infiltration of the old Greek Saturnalia may enter into our uproariousness, may be difficult to determine. Perhaps the different ways in which we amuse ourselves may be owing in fact to the strange assemblages of races and people we are trying to weld into some kind of a homogenous mass, in this new world of ours.

Our country is so large that each section takes its frolic differently. On the Pacific slope there may be a slight smack of the fandango; in Louisiana it may take semblance of a French festival; but here among our more sedate and sober northern people, the holiday, the Thanksgiving, settles down into a day of quiet rejoicing, with the most solid anticipations of roasted turkey and pumpkin pie.

If the older people take their pleasure at sumptuous boards, loaded down with the good things of this earth, the younger people must have their fun with turkey shooting. Strange is it again that all demonstrations of joy must be accompanied by detonations. There is your turkey in a box, with his red crest just on the top of it, like some giant head defending his castle. There he stands some fifty to a hundred yards from you, and how carefully the shooters take their aim. No diamond badge at Creedmoor could cause a greater excitement. Some half dozen rifle shots are fired and the gobbler is unscathed; when comes some skill-

ful hand, and "pop" goes off poor turkey's head. Laden with the spoil, the gallant bird is taken home by the crack shot, and cooked; done to a turn, the cranberry sauce, with its ruddy hue, contrasting with the delicate rich brown tint of the nicely roasted bird, a feast is made worthy of a king. Jack who has shot the bird, may have before this performed some meritorious action, and may possibly later in life render himself illustrious, but the memory of that gobler won by his prowess on a Thanksgiving Day will be a consolation to him, and likely to remain as long in his memory as most other things in this world.

Thanksgiving is getting to be each year more and more a day devoted to athletic sports. To-day, in and around New York, and throughout the country, though the grounds be soft, tens of thousands of boys and men will play at base ball, and hardy cricketers will drill in the wickets, and bowl merrily for the last time of the season.

Our current number greets our readers bearing the date of Thanksgiving Day, A. D. 1873. We have too few holidays, provided we could spend them in healthful recreation. Thanksgiving Day is most certainly one of our festivals which is popular with the people, and the inspiration it suggests is that of sociability and merrymaking. The season is the beginning of winter, and throughout most of the northern and western States there is added the fun and frolic of the first snow and the consequent sleigh ride and extemporized parties, and all kinds based on out of door amusements. To the rural districts Thanksgiving may be properly called the American carnival. Now the toilsome work of summer and the severe labor of gathering the fall crop is ended. The barns and storehouses are full, the wheat, the pumpkins, the luscious apples, the nuts, the succulent vegetables invite admiration on all sides, and the most irreverent have a sense of the blessings of Providence, and the heart involuntarily rejoices.

A little reflection makes the conclusion inevitable that Thanksgiving Day and its festivities are not conventional or arbitrary, but the irrepressible desire to mark an era of good feeling that wells up spontaneously in the heart, and is as necessary for our happiness as the air we breathe.

Now it is that separated families get together and sit close, because the weather is cold and the blazing fire necessary for physical comfort. The son who has wandered off, or the favorite daughter who has changed her name and left the paternal roof, come back on Thanksgiving Day to the old homestead, and for the nonce live over their youthful days and make new allegiances of love to kind parents and devoted relatives. Nor are those who have departed forever forgotten; a silent tear is dropped on their memory, and the boisterous mirth is chastened but not suppressed by these sad recollections.

The return of Thanksgiving Day in the country calls forth various devices for amusement. The old rusty gun is cleaned up, and shooting matches of all kinds are extemporized, the most popular and harmonious with the occasion being that of turkey shooting. Doubly hilarious is the festive board when the favorite bird has been obtained "by the best shot," though the expenditure for lead and powder cost possibly five times its market price. These are jolly exhibitions, these turkey shooting matches, and we are pleased to know that they prevail in our rural districts with all the spirit and fire of the olden times, at which often crashes with sharp report some old Queen Ann's fowling piece, that has done a good century's service of wear and tear.

Now ambitious lads have their peculiar sports. They get out their fowling pieces—old flint locks, and "single barrels" without any locks, and with a stump tailed dog make the hickory groves ring with the explosions of villainous saltpetre. The objective points are innumerable squirrels, that at first, alarmed by the noise, run into their holes in desperate fright, but presently, finding out there is no harm in the scattering shot, it being so badly aimed, "bushy tails" resume their foraging work, and from their high nestling places laugh and chatter derisively, to the great annoyance of the jolly juveniles. But stump tail barks, the woods ring with echoes, the boys laugh, and the enjoyment, alas! is sweeter than will be found in after life.

There was a cunning old publican, when we were in charge of a boarding school, who got up a Thanksgiving shooting match for the "Academy boys" who didn't go home for a Thanksgiving dinner. It was very kind in him to recollect us when we were left literally out in the cold. We thought well of that old publican because he furnished us at a low price with a fowling piece loaded with shot, and a bird tied to a stake thirty yards away for a prize. We, *infants perdus*, with all our holiday spending money, repaired to his inn, and in presence of all the "Solon Shingles" of the vicinity commenced our grand display as marksmen. The victim, or prize, as you please, was an old game rooster called General Santa Anna, that had lived for years in the vicinity to the terror of all dung hill fowls; but he was getting old now, his feet were gouty, his head out of shape from innumerable fights, and in fact, as we subsequently learned, he had nothing left of the original bird but his indomitable spirit. By the laws of our shooting match with the publican the first boy that brought down Santa Anna was to have him for a prize. We, one and all, pegged away, making the dust fly about the old hero; but beyond this, to him harmless annoyance, he undauntedly faced the fire; in fact, he seemed to like it. Once and a while a stray buck shot would lodge in his neck, or crease his unprotected legs, whereupon he would stand on his tip toes and scream out his defiance, then cuddle down and cluck to us with affectionate notes, as if we were a brood of chickens. The result was, that in piecemeal we fired

away all our Thanksgiving pocket money, and when we departed from the scene of our juvenile exploits old Santa Anna gave a screeching note of derision at our poor aim and harmless shot, and the various Solon Shingles, who, with the landlord, enjoyed our discomfiture, unanimously agreed "that that ere game cock could have stood up agin our fire for six months." And we think he could.

But all hail the festivities of Thanksgiving Day. Under its cheering influence and inspiration we will endeavor for the moment to forget the panic, the unavoidable troubles of a "wicked world," and offer the incense to heaven of a grateful heart.

A time honored and goodly custom is the keeping of this day of rest. May we—though times have been hard and fortunes have been swept away, though horrid war seems to loom up in the distance—may we still assemble on this and future Thanksgiving Days and thank the Beneficent Giver for all the acts of mercy and goodness he has shown to us.

THE SACRAMENTO SALMON.

THIS journal has already published in general terms, in common with other newspapers, a history of the operations of the United States Fish Commission in California, and its success in procuring and forwarding to eastern waters a large quantity of the salmon ova of the Sacramento. We are now gratified to be able to present our readers with an official account of the same by the kind courtesy of Livingston Stone, Esq., the indefatigable gentleman who had charge of the U. S. Salmon Breeding Camp on the McCloud River. Mr. Stone writes to the FOREST AND STREAM from his "Cold Spring Trout Ponds" at Charlestown, New Hampshire, under date of November 19th, as follows:—

"Our operations this year in getting salmon spawn in California were more successful than they were last year. Last year I received my instructions barely in time to reach the spawning grounds of the salmon by the first of September. The McCloud River, which offered the best facilities for the work, is, as you are probably aware, inhabited only by Indians, and our nearest source of supplies at that time being at Red Bluff, fifty miles distant, it was the middle of September before we could get to work to collect the eggs.

Judging from precedents at the east, where the salmon never spawn before October, we supposed we had plenty of time, but to our astonishment we found on catching the parent salmon that they had nearly all spawned, the season here being at least six weeks earlier than on the eastern rivers, the Minimichi for instance, where the salmon begin to spawn about the 15th of October. It was too late to make a great success that year, so we contented ourselves with taking a few thousand eggs, and waiting till the next to complete the experiment. It was the fault of no one, for after the funds were ready for disbursement at the Treasury Department, not a day was lost in pushing the work to its accomplishment.

This year, however, I started in good season, and on the 19th of August the water was turned on to the hatching troughs and everything was ready for collecting eggs. We considered the day an auspicious one for this event, because on the same afternoon about sundown, with the help of our whole force of whites, and a dozen Indians, we erected a fifty feet flag staff and hoisted a large American flag over the camp.

On the 26th of August we took the first salmon eggs, 23,000 in number, and continued taking eggs from this time till the 22d of September. The number which I was instructed by Prof. Baird, the Head of the United States Fish Commission, to furnish, was one million, but knowing the great liabilities to loss in hatching and transportation, I took two million eggs in all, allowing 500,000 for waste in hatching, and 500,000 for loss in transportation. On the 12th Sept. the first eye spots made their appearance, and on the 20th Sept. I sent eastward the first shipment, numbering 300,009. The balance of the eggs, as they became properly matured for forwarding, was shipped at intervals up to the middle of October, when the last of a quarter of a million was packed and sent to Dr. Slack of New Jersey.

The waste in hatching and transportation was about what was provided for, so that very nearly the stated quota of a million eggs arrived at their destinations alive.

They were sent in various proportions to Dr. J. H. Slack, New Jersey; Mr. James Duffy, Pennsylvania; George H. Jerome, Michigan; Seth Green, New York; Charles G. Atkins, Maine; E. A. Brackett, Mass.; F. W. Webber, New Hampshire; A. P. Rockwood, Great Salt Lake, Utah. Their final destinations are the Susquehanna, Potomac, Delaware, Schuylkill, and James Rivers; Lake Superior, Lake Champlain, Great Salt Lake, and the tributaries of the Mississippi.

Very truly yours,
LIVINGSTON STONE."

It will be perceived that the waters of the Hudson are not included in the distribution designated above, inasmuch as our correspondent had not been advised at the time of writing, of the determination of the Chief of the Fish Commission to include the Hudson, as announced in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM over his own signature. There can be no doubt of the wisdom of Prof. Baird's decision in this matter, for certainly no waters are better adapted for salmon propagation and growth than the clear cold tributaries of our noble river; and those gentlemen who have urged it upon his attention through the columns of this paper are very competent to judge of the whole subject in all its bearings, *ab ova usque mala*. We are informed that

the young fry will be ready for planting in about a month. They should go into spring brooks of a very few feet in width, which are not likely to freeze during winter.

One of our worthiest and best informed correspondents, J. Carson Brevoort, Esq., earnestly opposes putting these fish in the Hudson. He says they are a heavy, slow, and logy fish, that do not take a fly and are not very delicate as food. But for all this, we will not allow our noble river to remain barren of fish. These salmon will serve as fish food and be taken in abundance with the shad in nets in years to come. And albeit they are now coarse in flesh and afford the angler no sport, they will improve in flavor in due time, and also adopt the habits of their Labrador kinsfolk, and rise to the fly as gracefully as the best educated of them all. And if they should herein disappoint these cherished hopes, what of it? We can still go to the St. Lawrence or the Bay Chaleur for our rod-fishing, as we now do, while the poor will be fed on salmon at prices within their reach.

BALL CARTRIDGES.

AMONG the sportsmen and guides of Nova Scotia, there is a great deal of the most direct and practical information to be obtained upon almost all branches of wood craft, and well may it be so, for there is hardly any point in the Province, sea-side, estuary, mountain, or plains, where some game does not exist that is worth all a huntsman's skill.

The rifle is fully appreciated, and at various ranges, and with frequent competitive trials, all kinds of arms are well tested; but the men who go out for large game are very partial to a smooth bore. The Snider rifle is, with its large ball, a favorite, and is carried more generally than any other; still it hardly suits many of the best guides as well as a musket. One reason is found in the fact that moose, when called, are usually shot at short range, and in dim moonlight, or twilight, when the fine sights of a rifle are quite useless.

Beeswanger, the well known guide of the River Phillip region, advises the use of a musket for moose, "with two balls, sir; large balls, sir; one to cut away the twigs and one to kill, sir!"

And Beeswanger should know, for he has killed more moose than any man in the Cobequid, and has some twenty children to follow in his footsteps.

Acting upon his counsel, a number of ball cartridges were ordered at Halifax, and they were so well made that it may be worth while to mention their form. The gun for which they were loaded was a ten bore Scott. The ball used was eleven, and when placed over $3\frac{1}{4}$ drachms of powder and a thick wad was retained by drawing a strong cord around the shell just above it, making a deep and permanent crease. The round form of the ball would endanger wedging and a consequent strain were the cartridge rimmed over, but the crease kept the ball safely in place without forming an obstacle to its egress. It must be understood that the cord was not left on the shell. It was only used to form the crease evenly around it.

A strong double gun is a formidable arm when loaded with one ball and one buck shot cartridge. The ball may be relied upon for ten rods, and at a still longer range with slight elevation, and for snap shots at running game, will do fatal work about as often as a rifle.

The round ball is considered as more immediately destructive than any other. The blow is very powerful, and the "shock" to the animal consequently great, while the flesh and skin will hardly close over the wound to retard bleeding. It is claimed that large game will succumb more rapidly to the ragged crush of such a large ball, and save many a mile of trailing or the loss of game. As to the accuracy of such shooting, the three first shots with the gun mentioned, at forty-five yards, without rest, placed all the balls in one hole, hardly enlarging it, and it was just where it was intended to be.

There are many long arduous tramps taken after large game, when every ounce is to be well considered in arranging packs, and when but one gun can be carried, the use of ball in double guns may enable a hunter to decide upon taking a gun that will bring ducks, spruce grouse, &c., to the larder.

CREEDMOOR.

NOW that the rifle range at Creedmoor has closed for the season of 1873, a *resumé* of the practice which has taken place there, giving the scores made in the different matches, including those of the teams of the various regiments, will doubtless be found of great interest. Heretofore no account has ever been produced of these matches available to the public, so that means could be afforded of making comparisons in regard to the merits of the different regiments as marksmen. Another point of great interest will be the study of the various arms employed and their excellence as deduced from the scores of the winners, and such nice points as how far the military arms have kept pace with the sporting or target weapons. The improvement which has resulted at Creedmoor, taking the first matches and comparing them with the last ones, will be better discoverable when we have grouped together the entire series of matches. This bringing of the scores together has heretofore been a want that has been felt not only by those using the range at Creedmoor, but by all who have been interested in the subject of rifle practice, and the deductions made from them will be sought for by manufacturers of arms not only at home, but abroad.

It is our intention to publish the official score, whether good or bad, and to publish nothing but what is strictly

official. Many remarkable scores have been published as having been made at Creedmoor, which we have no doubt were accomplished by parties whose performances, however, in public have not equalled their practice in private. The only true way is to give the official figures, and by doing so no questions of favoritism or personal influence can arise which might occur did we adopt any other course. We also propose working out a careful comparison of the scores of the winning teams, as also of the best individual shots in these teams, and to place them alongside of the shooting at Wimbledon and in Canada, so that our American riflemen will be enabled to determine not only their exact *status*, but what it is necessary for them to do in order to become the rivals, if not the victors, of the best English marksmen.

To show that our marksmen do not grope in the dark, and are not too prone to be led by precedent, they seem to have come to the opinion that at Creedmoor the tables of elevation and the rules in regard to atmospheric pressure, as affecting the accuracy of aim, and the necessary elevations or depressions of the piece, as laid down by the best English authorities in rifle practice, will require material alteration or modification for use. The purity of the atmosphere, as compared with that of England, undoubtedly makes a difference in sighting, and the variations from light to shade of a bright or a dark day are somewhat less noticeable on this side of the world. Exactly what are these differences can of course only be determined by practice and experience. This important question is being rapidly brought to solution by the amateur Riflemen at Creedmoor, and we may trust by the publications we are about to commence that we shall be able to collate facts which will be of material service.

So far as we are aware, no publication has been made of scores except of the winning teams at the fall competition of the National Rifle Association. This is a matter which many are interested in knowing, and we trust to supply this want by printing all the scores in each of the matches.

The experiment of starting a rifle range was one which was doubtless entered upon by the National Rifle Association with misgivings. Though many of the original projectors were enthusiastic about it, the officers and directors had grave fears as to whether a rifle range would prove popular to the public, or even to the National Guard. Of course the originators of the enterprise had no actual experience in the undertaking, and were doubtful of their ability to manage it successfully. The year's single experience, which has come to so fortunate a conclusion, has done away with all such misgivings. We can safely assert that no public movement of any kind has been instituted which has so rapidly become popular as the National Rifle Association. From its incipency up to the present moment no newspaper, in fact no one, has mentioned the subject save to commend it. To-day nearly all the prominent members of the National Guard belong to it, and on all sides, from the press and the public, it meets with a most hearty support.

The range at Creedmoor has been laid out on an improved model, and is universally conceded from natural causes, aided by judicious improvements, to be superior to the best rifle ranges abroad.

Notwithstanding that all the officers of the National Rifle Association are business men, in order to insure the success of their enterprise these gentlemen have devoted an amount of time and attention to create and carry out this undertaking which can hardly be understood by those not cognizant with the fact that the difficulties were many, and only to be overcome by no small amount of personal sacrifice. It would perhaps be invidious to make any distinction when all have done so well. Especial credit is, however, due to Colonel William C. Church, the President; to the Vice President, General Alexander Shaler; to Captain George W. Wingate, the Secretary; and to General John B. Woodward, who was for a long time Treasurer, and who has had charge of the headquarters tent during the different matches.

It is a matter of congratulation to all concerned that the multifarious business of the range has not only been managed with a liberal spirit, but that the expenditures have been at the same time most carefully administered. The pleasant feeling which exists among the officers and directors has extended to the range itself, and although the managers of foreign ranges at first somewhat appalled the officers of our National Rifle Association by the statement that there was no class of the community so captious and quarrelsome as riflemen, yet at Creedmoor everything has passed off as pleasantly as a summer day. Those who practiced at the range understood intuitively what were the difficulties and annoyances officers had to contend with, and both officers and men made allowances for them. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed, which were inevitable in the starting of a new enterprise, were always quickly and harmoniously arranged, and on the part of the marksmen the wise disposition was shown of making the best of everything. Occasionally, of course, a grumbler made his appearance, but the vast majority of competing marksmen, by the good humor and alacrity with which they obeyed the laws of the range, have been of great aid to the officers in charge.

Conceding the fact that much the larger majority of those who have used the range this year were to a certain extent unused to arms, it is an extraordinary fact that not a single accident of any kind has occurred, save a marker, who, unnecessarily exposing himself, was slightly cut by a splash from a bullet. This cause of accident has been

deemed impossible for the future by an alteration at the butt where the accident occurred.

The effect of the practice at Creedmoor on the National Guard has been remarkable, and will undoubtedly be permanent. Our volunteer soldiers recognize the fact that their rifles are something else than implements, to be used only for the manual of arms in the drill room. During the winter Wingate's Manual on Rifle Practice will receive a careful study, and aiming drill and candle shooting, hitherto but little known among the different regiments, save by the gallant members of the Twenty-second Regiment, will form a prominent feature of the winter's drill. The Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-third, Thirty-second, Seventy-first, and Seventy-ninth regiments have determined that if practice will accomplish anything, to be powerful antagonists at the next general match of the National Rifle Association.

Individual members of the National Guard will appreciate the glory which is to be obtained as the winner of a prize at future contests. It is something which may give him a position well worthy of an honorable ambition. There is no one thing by which a member can bring himself in such honorable prominence as by a display of marksmanship. While affording pleasant recreation for leisure hours it must draw forth at the same time his best military qualifications. When rifle shooting, as a military art, is taken hold of by the whole of the National Guard, as they seem disposed to take hold, a large class of young men will undoubtedly be brought into the ranks who otherwise would hold aloof from military organizations. A healthy emulation will then be excited among the different regiments, and the State will obtain a substantial benefit by securing a National Guard which will not only be enthusiastic in time of peace, but efficient in time of war.

THE CINCINNATI ACCLIMATIZATION SOCIETY.

THE preservation of game and birds and their acclimatization entering particularly within the province of the FOREST AND STREAM, we hail with pleasure any effort made to foster enterprises of this character.

It is wonderful when we think how feeble were the early attempts of this kind. To Philadelphia must be given the credit of having been the first to foster the squirrels in the public squares. We remember perfectly well the time, some twenty years only ago, when if an occasional squirrel was seen in Washington square in Philadelphia, a hundred boys would troop around, and poor Bunny would be pelted with stones. To-day squirrels abound in the Philadelphia breathing grounds, and these pretty animals live the happiest of lives. Such a small matter as the preservation of a squirrel's life may seem to many as insignificant, but their immunity from danger and the interest even the roughest portion of a population take in their movements and preservation, cannot but have had an excellent effect. It has been the better not only for the squirrels but for the boys and men.

The introduction of the English sparrow in New York, is now a thing of the past. To-day the sparrow is part and parcel of this huge metropolis, and the benefits derived from his presence are universally admitted. The Cincinnati Acclimatization Society, has for its object the introduction into this country of all useful, insect eating European birds, as well as the best singers, and to see to it that the imported, as well as the domestic birds have a better protection against the attack of heartless men and thoughtless boys; that the shooting of useful birds be prevented and the destruction of birds nests be stopped, with all legal means at the disposal of the Society. From A. Erkenbrecker, Esq., the President of the Cincinnati Society of Acclimatization, we have received a most interesting letter on the subject of their organization, from which letter we make the following summary: The Society has to-day 250 members, and is steadily augmenting in number. Last spring \$3,000 worth of European songsters of ten different varieties were set free, and the experiment proving a perfect success, as the birds remained and bred, the Society have sent an agent to Germany for another installment of such varieties as had not yet been received. To make sure that these birds when received shall not suffer from the sudden effects of climate, arrangements have been made to house the birds this winter, so that somewhat accustomed to the climatic change, they will be ready for liberation in the early spring. In this way young birds born abroad will have a better chance of existence. The President informs us that the sparrows are becoming very thick in the outskirts of the city, and that next year they will, he believes, enter into the heart of the good city of Cincinnati. The birds spoken of as expected, will arrive very shortly in charge of Mr. A. Tenner, the Secretary.

The Society has issued a number of circulars, in which they call on teachers, parents and lovers of birds to help them in awakening a love for these merry songsters, and to give their aid in protecting the birds, and promoting their increase. No less excellent is the idea of a placard printed on white cloth, to be nailed in proper positions, which reads as follows: "Ten Dollars reward will be paid by the Acclimatization Society of Cincinnati for any information that will convict any person or persons of violating in this vicinity, the State or municipal laws framed for the protection of birds."

Apart from the highly beneficial effect of insect-eating birds in protecting orchard and shade trees, the Society, as may be seen, have not forgotten the more kindly influences the songs of birds exert in all classes. We trust to see other cities emulate the good example shown by the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society.

MORE ABOUT THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

AN exceedingly interesting letter has been received by the Messrs Appleton from Mr. W. Saville Kent, of Brighton, England, in regard to the proposed aquarium at Central Park, which is published in the last number of *Appleton's Journal*.

Mr. Kent speaks of the advantages likely to accrue in an educational and recreative point of view by the establishment of a grand aquarium in New York City. Once in working order, Mr. Kent anticipates remarkable results from the stocking of the tanks with the wonderful marine fauna of the West Indies and with species from the Florida reefs, and even from the more remote Pacific. The system of transporting living fish in the United States—the aquarium cars—already pursued by the American Fisheries Commission, Mr. Kent thinks is of wonderful importance as a means of transit, and Mr. Kent predicts that the time may not be far distant when a well appointed aquarium, representing all the fauna of a marine world will illustrate this portion of Natural History quite as thoroughly as does to-day a menagerie stocked with animals.

In speaking of the Brighton Aquarium, the largest in the world, and the porpoises in the monster tank, Mr. Kent thinks there is no reason why the beluga, or white whale, some 15 to 16 feet long, which abound in the St. Lawrence, should not be captured and placed in our tanks. Some exceedingly curious fishes, as the bony pike (*Lepidosteus*) and the paddle-fish (*Polyodon*), remarkable examples of extinct races, and only found in the United States, would, if captured and put in the aquarium, lead to new fields of research. "Another zoological problem," says Mr. Kent, "of the greatest consequence yet undetermined is associated with the embryology of the king-crabs, the only existing group of their class throwing light on the ancient paleozoic eurypteridæ, and forming a connecting link between the spider tribe and true crustacea. One species (*Limulus polyphemus*) is a native of America, and it may yet be left to the aquarium of the Central Park, New York, to furnish through this species the details deciding this important question."

The whole letter is a most excellent one, showing the practical and scientific knowledge of the writer, and we sincerely trust that before six months are over, the constructing of an aquarium in Central Park will be under the supervision of Mr. Kent.

—Since the English Palestine Expedition, under the patronage of Lady Burdett Coutts has been so successful, we are glad to learn that the American Expedition, under charge of Lieutenant Steever, has been most fruitful in its results. Some five months ago Lieutenant Steever arrived at Beirut, after five months' of exploration, with many remarkable Archaeological and Geographical discoveries. Some 600 square miles of the land of Moab have been triangulated, and elaborate studies have been made of Nebo and Pisgah, and quite a number of rivers and streams unknown to travelers have been found. At an early day the Geographical Society will hold a special meeting, when Lieutenant Steever will lay before the Society some of the results of his five months' explorations. We are pleased to state that numerous additional subscriptions to the fund of the Palestine Expedition have been received, and that many new discoveries are to be expected.

—Poor David Livingstone! There is now no chance for this ubiquitous explorer, for no less than two expeditions are after him. On the west coast Lieutenant Grandy, R.N., left on June 16th from San Salvador in search of Dr. Livingstone, and on the east coast Lieutenant Cameron is trying to head the missionary traveler off. At late accounts Lieutenant Cameron was near the Lake Region with a fair chance of reaching a distant country where he would be likely to obtain information about Livingstone. There will be a wonderful discovery made some day. Whether geographical or not, we are scarcely at present prepared to say, but certainly a mystery will be unravelled.

—It is stated that a line of steamers established between Pensacola and Havana would enable a traveler to go from Louisville to Havana and return within six days.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Yes; it is all very well to say "return," but how about the passengers of the *Virginus*?

—Cuban bonds are being purchased freely in Philadelphia at twenty-five cents on a dollar.

—A horse at Murfreesboro, Tenn., is fond of meat diet and eats bacon and game with great gusto.

—Cattle men say that in no previous season has the grass on the plains "cured down" so finely as the present fall.

—The Patrons of Husbandry now have "Granges" in every State, except Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

—The cultivation of oranges in East Florida has had the effect of enhancing the value of real estate on all the navigable streams.

—Farmers of Tazewell Co., Ill., complain of wolves killing sheep, the wolves coming right up to the barn lots after them.

—A bundle of shingles fell from a wagon on the ferry-boat the other day and struck fairly upon the head of a colored woman, who said, "Y'oughter b' shame to muss a cullud wom'n's har dat away. I wish de shingles fell ova-

Sporting News from Abroad.

"Listening how the hounds and horn,
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill."

So sang the grand John Milton, more than two hundred years ago, and long before him, Twice in his rhymed "Treatise on the Craft of Hunting," says:—

"And for to sette young huntiers in the way
To venery, I cast me fyrst to go;
Of which four bestes he, that is to say
The hare, the herte, the wulf, and the wild boar,
But there ben other bestes, five of the chase,
The buck the first, the second is the do'.

So undoubtedly may have thought that elegant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen and fine horses who collected at a railroad station in the West end of London, Paddington by name, one day early in this month to follow her Majesty's hounds from Salt Hill after the stag. We find no notice of the stag or the hounds having been brought up from London in the same special train, which might have been ever so much more convenient. At Bayles' court the stag was found (in his box) all ready waiting, and was turned out, and with some difficulty having extricated himself from the mob, off bolted the quarry, with some hundred horsemen and dogs at his heels. The poor Baron (for so the stag is called) ran along wire fences, through plowed fields, over the London highroad, across a brickyard, and at last was taken in the garden of Mr. Drew's cottage. It sounds a little bit tame when put in this way. A stag is brought on the ground like a show beast in a menagerie van, is let loose and then caught in the midst of a gravel walk, perhaps in the immediate vicinity of a greenhouse. Of the many who started, some thirty huntsmen are represented to have been in at the death, and some nice falls came to the lot of many of the huntsmen. It is kind of a put up hunt of course, adapted to the period, a little bit theatrical, but it is all right we suppose, though it cannot have the full flavor of real hunting, as expressed by Twice or Chaucer. Though on a grand scale, it has the least smack of barbarity about it, and when some future Leekie will diseant on hunting morals, he will tell of the time when the last hunt of this nature was held in England.

—Some time ago *Punch* had a most clever picture in regard to driving partridges, which represented several kid glove gentlemen seated on easy chairs knocking over partridges, the birds being sent to them through the process called partridge driving. One of most able foreign contemporaries takes umbrage at this; and declares that it is no easy sport, and describes the process. From our own experience of driving partridge in England we must perfectly agree with the *Field* that it is no easy sport, though in our time no horses or flags were in use; these are more modern complications. The birds flew almost as swift as black ducks to the wind, and we are not ashamed to say that of seven which passed over us during a whole morning we killed only two, and then to our surprise were congratulated at being "quite a decent shot." We cannot say that the sport was an amusing one, on the contrary, it was stupid to a degree. To-day partridge driving, we believe, is becoming more and more in vogue in England. The poor bird are scared up by heaters, while men on horseback with fluttering flags keep the birds going in one line, and from hedges the concealed guns let them have it. We think it an abnormal sport, and to use a French maxim, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*." All ultra refinements of sport are unnatural.

—The subject of *refreshing the moors* is now being agitated in England. Some are of opinion that all the old cock and hen grouse should be exterminated; others are in favor of very careful shooting for the year to come. Questions of the introduction of new birds from other sections of the country are spoken about, and there is a dispute whether it is better to produce fresher breeds by the eggs or by placing young birds on the moors.

—A piece of red pepper, the size of your finger-nail, put into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

—The amount of timber cut on the head waters of the Mississippi River and its tributaries, the past year, was equal to 1,579,000,000 feet. This quantity, estimating the yield of pine land at 10,000 feet per acre, would require the denudation of 155,000 acres, or nearly 250 square miles of land.

—"Do black bass take a fly?" This is a question of a pinion.

—The Brooklyn *Eagle* says:—

Some days ago a match was made between two horse-shoers of South Brooklyn, each man betting \$100 that he could make more horse-shoes than the other within a specified time. The names of the men are John Burns and George Boyle and as both have the reputation of being adepts in the art of horse-shoeing the contest excited a good deal of interest. The match came off yesterday, and was attended by large numbers of horse-shoers and sporting men from New York, New Jersey, and even the neighboring States of Connecticut and Pennsylvania. The men worked eight hours, during which Boyle turned out 11,010 shoes, while Burns manufactured but 11,000, thus losing the match. As an exhibition of endurance and skill, the feat was a most remarkable one, and surpassed anything in the horse-shoeing line ever accomplished in America. Some

The Horse and the Course.

VALUE IN HORSEFLESH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New England Farmer* has written an exceedingly sound letter on the horse, and what constitutes a good horse, from which letter we take the following:

We have objections to the statement by Mr. Murray that speed and flight are the standards of appreciation and value. We believe that utility is the standard of value, and that the race horse, whether the runner or the trotter, is almost valueless unless we make his availability as a gambling instrument a standard of value; and it does seem to us that this is the position the reverend gentleman virtually assumes; and we are not alone in this view, as expressed by others.

To a certain extent, however, the stallion may be an exception; its value may depend upon its ability to improve stock. Value in this respect might be real, but the value of the gelding is entirely fictitious.

Now I believe a good road horse is useful, and valuable because he is useful. When I was a boy I remember driving a mare fourteen miles inside the hour, accompanied by a lady, in an English gig, a vehicle with two wheels, which would weigh about 350 pounds, the lady and myself 250 pounds, making 600 pounds. This mare had had no training, no particular care, and was worked more or less every day, in a regular way. Mr. Murray's 2:40 horse on the course has been trained for months; his whole work has been to get ready to trot a mile at his best speed; the sulky he draws weighs 60 pounds, the driver about 140 pounds, making together 200 pounds. The mare I drove never broke in the whole fourteen miles; her pace was one steady trot, with neither skip nor break. Now when the pains taken to get a mile in 2:40 is compared with the achievement of this mare, under the circumstances, it seems to me the 2:40 performance dwindles to an insignificant affair.

I own a mare to-day which I keep to plow, harrow, draw out manure, and drive. She brought myself and wife from South Framingham depot to my house, a distance of ten miles, in fifty-five minutes. She trotted steady the whole way; was harnessed to a common sized top-buggy, drawing about 700 pounds. This was done without the use of whip, without any training, and on only common feed. The same mare harnessed to a double-seated beach wagon has carried four persons from Boston to my house, a distance of twelve miles, in one hour and twenty minutes. I call this mare a horse of value, because a horse of utility; in which are combined speed, strength and endurance. Yet she was never trained, has no pedigree, and is not a perfect horse. I have never driven her so fast that she could not eat as soon as she entered the stable—something a 2:40 cannot do when he has trotted a mile in his best time; but must then have the best of care—two or three men to rub him dry, and everything possible must be done to restore his exhausted energies. This nursing cannot be given to our common business horses. If after a few miles sharp driving they have a blanket thrown over them it is all, and many times even this is omitted. Mr. Murray says that old Topgallant trotted his sixteen miles in forty-five minutes and forty-four seconds. Compare this with the time of the two mares to which I have referred, and it appears insignificant indeed. But when we consider that he had been in training for weeks for this purpose; that everything had been done which art could accomplish to perfect him in this work; then remember that he did not trot these sixteen miles consecutively, but in four mile heats; that at the end of each heat he was rubbed dry, allowed to breathe and rest, and brought almost fresh to the succeeding heat; that it took much longer time to rub him dry between the heats than it took to trot them, so that we shall find the time occupied in accomplishing these sixteen miles was over two hours, with at least two grooms to assist, and that he did not draw over 200 or 220 pounds, and that over ground made the most favorable to the effort—it appears to us that after all it was no very great achievement; that there was really nothing of a useful character, but was simply a gambling operation that made its owner rich, and many others poor. If all the breeders in the country should follow the advice of Mr. M., and produce three minute and 2:40 horses, how profitable would this kind of horse breeding be? Supply and demand regulate prices. In this case what would be the price of a fast horse since every one would be fast? Then let it be understood that although you breed from the fastest horse and the fleetest mare, some of your colts may prove fast, and if not fast they would be worthless, because good for nothing else. But let the farmer ask this question—What kind of horses are most in demand? Common observation, aided by a little common sense, would answer, every day horses; good road horses; horses with good stylish gait; horses that can make from seven to eight miles an hour; horses that have strength to draw our hackney coaches, our omnibuses and our horse cars. We want good stout twelve to thirteen hundred pound horses for our farms, and we want the heavy dray horse of from fifteen to twenty hundred pounds for the cities. These horses have a commercial value, and a degree of utility which the country never fairly realized until last fall, when that fearful malady swept over the country and kept the horse from our streets—suspending commerce throughout the whole country. Now if all the fast horses in the world had been thus afflicted, and our common drudges had been spared, we should have realized no inconvenience.

TROTTING ON THE ICE.—There is every reason to believe that during the present winter there will be more public trotting contests than ever before. All over the country the trotting men are bestirring themselves and promising to bring on an issue soon after the snow commences to fly. The following are likely to be the leading events of the season, and we advise the different Associations to give timely warning of their intentions. Last year several meetings were poorly patronized, simply because the managers did not give sufficient publicity to their programmes. Horse owners like to be posted in time. Toronto, Brantford, Hamilton, Barrie, Orillia, Port Hope, Cobourg, Grafton, Picton, Brockville, Ottawa and Montreal. In addition to these there will be numerous re-unions in the province of Quebec.—*Toronto Sporting Times*.

Anoint the inside of a horse's ears with a drop or two of *knile de cade*, so says a French horseman, (an oily liquid obtained from the wood of *juniperus oxycedrus*), and it will save the animal from annoyance by flies. The oil need not be applied more than once a week, and it is perfectly harm-

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Macchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Caricus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Ortyx Virginianus.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Bonasa umbellus.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Cupidoria Cupido.</i>)
	All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—On Saturday, November 22d, we paid a visit to Hempstead, L. I., and its vicinity, for the purpose of deriving some accurate information as to quail, &c. We stopped at Hewlett's Hotel, an old comfortable house where every attention was shown us. We were told that quail could be found in the immediate neighborhood. Mr. Hewlett proposed to drive us out and verify his statement, and we were nothing loth, as the weather was lovely and it was the finest day for shooting we ever saw. About five miles from Hempstead, passing through excellent quail cover, is a tavern called the Sportsman House, kept by B. F. Sammis, at Smithville, a clean, small house, the landlord having every appliance for quail, snipe and duck shooting, such as boats, stools, &c. We saw a young setter tied up in the barn and proposed to see some of these beavies. Not three hundred yards from the house the young setter (Webster Stock,) pointed; we walked in and killed two quail, and following up the bevy killing another, after which, turning our steps towards a spring swamp, the dog came to a point, when up jumped an old cock, which was killed, also another about fifteen minutes afterwards. We were not on a shooting expedition, but only to ascertain the facts of the case, since, when inquiry is made in regard to game, the reply almost invariably is, "Oh, yes, plenty," which really means that the person has seen one bird or so a week or two before. There is, however, no doubt that in this section the quail shooting is fairly middling, with good cover, easy walking and the brush not above the middle of the body.

—The Staten Island Shooting Association of Port Richmond, although less than five months old, now numbers 116 members, including many prominent residents of the island. Their object is chiefly to prevent the destruction of game out of season, and at their instance several persons have already been arrested and heavily fined. They also devote attention to the propagation of quail, grouse and small game.

—Messrs. Polhemus and Mr. Harry Palmer, of Niblo's, went to Chesapeake Bay last week, and shot a hundred brace of canvas back duck. Heavy work!

—R. Robinson and party, from Brooklyn, killed, in Ohio, over 400 quail in ten days' shooting; three guns, two brace of setters.

—The shooting on the eastern shore of Virginia has not been so good last week, the weather having been stormy and the fowl shy and scattering. Many sportsmen have left the several islands.

—No reports from Chincoteague, Hog, or Mockhorn Islands.

—At Nott's Island, Va., there were five swans killed last week, besides immense numbers of geese and black ducks. Brant are wary and hard to kill, as they refuse to notice the stools. The "calling" is by no means equal to that of the Currituck or Cobb's Island gunners.

—Alpha Phillips, of Bergen Point, and party, left for Raynor's at West Hampton, Long Island, on Friday; geese and duck said to be plentiful. Have not reported yet.

Cor. Bennett is at Barnegat with his yacht Muskodeed and a party of sportsmen shooting geese and black ducks. Birds are plentiful. There are also two other parties there one of which killed on the main land sixty-two quail and two English snipe, to three guns.

—A party of Brooklyn gentlemen killed last week in Pike Co., Penn., forty-one ruffed grouse to three guns, when they left the snow was eight inches on the level. They struck on the tracks of four deer, but failed to connect.

—Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna, is crowded with sportsmen killing canvas backs. Two gentlemen from Baltimore killed on Monday last forty-seven canvas backs, eight broad bills and seven black ducks.

—A white deer, weighing 160 pounds, was lately shot in Centre County, Pa.

—Did our readers ever see a woodcock "boring?" We have, and this is how he did it: Once on a time we surprised one of these gentry at his matutinal occupation, and so intent was he that he never noticed our presence. We had always supposed that he thrust his long bill into the moist earth and drew out his grub, snipe fashion, and swallowed it; but no, he pegged away vigorously at the ground, something as woodpeckers hammer, digging deeper and deeper, until he actually stood on his head to reach the greatest depth. Then when he had one hole bored he began another, and so continued until he had made nine, as we ascertained by counting afterwards. But never a worm or grub did he draw forth from subterranean sources. He had been merely preparing his little stratagem, setting his traps, so to speak, and when all was ready he laid down on his stomach, with his bill flat to the ground, and commenced beating the perforated earth violently with his wings. Presently a little worm or a grub or other insect came to the surface, and peering above the edge of one of

the holes was incontinently sucked into the long protruding bill. Directly afterwards a red well scoured angleworm was victimized—we could see it distinctly as it passed into the bill—and possibly others would have followed had not our stupid dunderhead of a setter worked up on the scent and flushed the bird.

—We are much gratified to receive from such good authority as the writer the following information of the favorite ducking grounds to which our sportsmen resort for winter shooting. They include the Susquehanna flats, (Havre de Grace,) Spesutic Narrows, Bush river, Gunpowder river, and Currituck Sound:

NEW YORK, November 15, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Seeing an article in your valuable journal from the Germantown Telegraph relative to wild fowl on the upper waters of the Chesapeake Bay, and knowing that the article would lead some of your numerous readers astray, I pen you a few lines. I have shot for several years on the headwaters of the Chesapeake Bay, also on Bush river, where I leased a shore for two seasons.

The shooting at Havre de Grace is monopolized by fifteen or twenty parties who shoot altogether for market, and the tri-weekly shooting is applied to them only and not to parties who shoot from points. There is no point shooting on the Susquehanna flats; all box boating or sink boats. These parties own a sloop, small boat and 300 decoys; each craft is licensed, and quite a revenue is collected, for what purpose I am not aware. The first day's shooting this season they killed thirty-five hundred ducks, canvas backs, red heads, and broad tails, (black heads.) I have had capital sport at this place. I had 300 decoys and craft, but found that the hard labor connected with this kind of shooting was too severe for one who shot for sport only.

The "Narrows," which begin about six miles south of Havre de Grace, sometimes afford good shooting from the shore, either side; but not until after a severe storm do the ducks leave the flats and resort to these contracted waters, to afford sport enough to pay to leave New York, and then the stranger would find trouble in shooting if he was not accompanied by some one known to the land owners.

The shooting on Bush river is from point only. The only shore that I know of for rent is the one owned by Mr. S. Sutton, P. O. address, Perryman'sville, Hartford county, Md. This shore is a good one; the shooting is red-head principally. This shore is opposite the celebrated Leggoes' Point, the extension of Gunpowder Neck, and is one of finest the rough weather points on the Gunpowder. Carrol's Island, and in fact all the points on the Gunpowder, are rented for fabulous prices.

Currituck Sound, North Carolina, is where I wish the general reader to make up his mind that for the finest kind of wild fowl shooting it cannot be equalled in the United States. The variety includes all the wild fowl, embracing the largest, the swan. English snipe in goodly numbers during December and January. Quail on the mainland abundant; no blue noses or stiff limbs when shooting at Currituck; no ice, no snow.

We will place ourselves on one of the steamers of the Old Dominion line, Saturday preferred. We arrive at Norfolk six o'clock Sunday evening, and stop at the "American." I give particulars to insure comfort. Monday morning, 6:30 o'clock we board the little steamer Cygnet, and after a very monotonous trip, reach Poplar Branch at 6 P. M. Here we take row or sail boat, and cross over to the Boston Club House, owned by D. C. Lindsay, who has opened his house for the reception of sportsmen from the North. These marshes join those of the old Currituck Club. Now my dear reader, a few words as to your outfit will not be amiss. Your ordinary field clothes will answer in clear weather; let them be marsh color. You will want rubber boots, high ones; rubber overcoat, marsh color. Your heavy ten gauge breech loader, and powder. Shot can be purchased at Poplar Branch. Don't forget to take some *Olibejoyful*, as that purchased at Currituck is not warranted for medicinal purposes. You will want your light breech loader for quail and snipe, as you can vary the sport by taking the field and looking out for the bay birds that are constantly to be seen around the marshes. There are a great many fish, chub by name, but most assuredly the black bass of the South. Thad Norris says these fish, that is the inhabitants of these waters are the *grystes salmoides*, and will take the fly.

The board at Mr. Lindsay's is five dollars per day; that includes man, decoys, skiff, and marshes. Post office address, care of Capt. Cain, Steamer Cygnet, Norfolk, Va. Mr. Lindsay has a large stand of wild geese decoys.

Yours, fraternally, G. H. WILD.

—Why have wet feet when you go duck shooting, when you can make an excellent preparation to prevent it? Take a quarter of a pound of beef and mutton suet, a tea spoon full of lard, half pint of neatsfoot oil, one ounce of beeswax, half an ounce of Burgundy pitch, and a half ounce of turpentine. Melt up the suet, the lard, the pitch and the beeswax in a pot, stir in the oil, and when off the fire, and cooling a little, put in the turpentine. If you want to be elegant add a half box of blacking to give it a color. Warm the compound and paint the boots, upper and soles. It makes a boot quite water tight, and salt water cannot faze it.

—It is a mooted question among sportsmen whether a muzzle-loading gun can be altered to a serviceable breech-loader. The numerous advantages of breech-loaders are obvious to all, and many a man who has a pair of superior and well-tried barrels, is tempted to endeavor to combine their excellencies with the improvements of the more

modern arm. With what chances of success this can be accomplished is shown by one trial at least, as attested by the letter herewith appended, from a gentleman of no limited experience:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

From every number of your paper I gain hints and ideas that are welcome and valuable, and I shall venture at times to send in return the results of experiments, and personal experience, successful or the reverse, that others may perchance profit thereby.

I have purchased at the price of a good plain gun some experience in altering guns, and if any of your readers contemplate the changing of some well tried muzzle-loading gun to a breech-loader, let me give the advice of London Punch to people contemplating marriage—"Don't."

I placed a fine gun, Moore & Sons' make, in the hands of a mechanic who guaranteed a successful alteration, and all that could be done to effect the change was done with a fair amount of ingenious skill, and I have in my gun-case a gun that works well, has an easily managed action, shoots well, but I am afraid to use it. The weakness is the result of boring out the breech for the shell.

The first step in converting barrels is to cut off the breech as far as the breech pin entered; and then the barrels are bored out for three inches to receive the pasteboard cartridge.

The barrels not being intended to lose this amount of metal are left almost always so much reduced at the point where the explosive force is generated, as to found reason for such an amount of distrust as will usually prevent their being used with confidence when charges of any weight are desirable. It will be noticed that the barrels of modern guns are enlarged rapidly toward the breech to afford the proper weight of metal after they are bored out. How far the use of carefully made steel shells will reinforce altered guns I cannot say, but would very much value the opinion of some of your readers who may have found one upon some experience.

L. W. L.

—We were shown by a most skillful rifleman who, to expertness at Creedmoor, adds the peculiar talent of being able to bring down a buck when going at full speed, and more than all that, is a clever gunsmith and an ingenious experimentalist with cartridges and various forms of projectiles—we were shown by this rifle-and-shot-gun Craighton a most simple and easy method of making an explosive bullet. All you have to do is either to cast your bullet with a hollow cylinder in it, or if necessary to drill the bullet out. Then take a number 1 Smith and Wesson cartridge and slip it in, of course lead downwards, the square end of the copper case where the fulminate is, being at the apex of your compound projectile. Don't you see? It is no more difficult than that. Even if you have no bullet mould you can make the hole in your solid ball with a common drill, and slip in your No. 1 Smith and Wesson metallic cartridge. It need not be a nice fit, but only tight enough not to slip out. Our informant told us of two shots made with his bullet this year. With one he struck a buck in the head. On examining the skull of the animal, who dropped as if struck by lightning, he found the whole bone case shattered. In the second instance he hit a deer in the neck, the vertebra was shattered, and the animal hardly moved any distance before he was stone dead. This home-made compound shell seems to us so perfectly simple that we would advise its use. Should any of our readers "try it on" please let us hear of it. Should they kill a grizzly, we would claim a tooth or a claw or two.

—In the N. Y. Herald of the 22d November, there is a challenge from a Mr. A. B. Leech, of the Irish Rifle Association, stating that he will select from the members thereof, a team which he proposes to match against a similar number of representative American shots, to shoot in the United States, in the autumn of 1874, on the following conditions: The targets and shooting to be according to the Wimbledon rules. Ranges, 800, 900, 1,000, and 1,100 yards. Rifle, any under ten pounds, and without telescopic sights or hair triggers. Position, any without artificial rest. The American team to be composed exclusively of men born in the United States, and rifles to be used by them, to be of American manufacture. The Irish team to shoot with the Rigby rifle. The match to decide the championship of the world; the Irish team having carried off the Lord Elcho shield. Mr. Leech will require a sufficient deposit, not as a wager, but as a guarantee that the match will be shot. Though this notice appeared in the Herald, the National Rifle Association have no cognisance of the same. Should Mr. Leech be desirous of shooting with the members of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor, the method he should adopt would be to address the President, Colonel W. C. Church, or the Secretary, G. W. Wingate.

—Last Friday a meeting of the Board of Directors of the N. R. A. was held at the New York Hotel, the financial condition of the Association was discussed, and the ways and means were arranged for the coming season at Creedmoor.

—A stag in the Macon Park (Ga.) recently attacked two boys—one white the other colored, throwing the colored boy over a fence twelve feet high, and running one horn through the fleshy portion of the left arm of the white boy.

—"Little Tommy didn't disobey mamma, and go in a swimming, did he?" "No, mamma; Jimmy Brown and the rest of the boys went in, but I remembered, and would not disobey you." "And Tommy never tells lies, does he?" "No, mamma, or I couldn't go to Heaven." "Then how does Tommy happen to have on Jimmy Brown's shirt?"

—James Storey, of Sheffield, England, and W. E. Harding, of this city, run to-day at Providence, R. I., ten miles for \$2,000.

—The New York Caledonian Club will hold an athletic meeting to-day at the New York Athletic Club grounds, One Hundred and Thirtieth street, Harlem.

ENGLISH BILLIARDS.—When men can be found who, like Cook, not only in a match play for, but make such marvelous strokes, what may not happen in the billiard world in the next ten years? It was not uncommon to hear it said that we should never see anyone like Roberts; and we recollect a marker, an old man, at a room in Oxford street, who used to maintain the opinion single-handed against the jeers of almost everyone who frequented them, that "billiards was yet in its infancy, and that before long Roberts's breaks would be thought nothing of." This old man seems truly to have had the gift of prophecy, and we wonder what the old *habitués* of the room in question say to the present handicap which takes place at the Guildhall Tavern on the 8th of next month, where three men are handicapped to give Roberts 120 points in a game of only 500 up, two second-class players give him ten, and four more start level with him?—*Land and Water.*

INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOT BALL.—*Princeton vs. Yale.*—A game of Foot Ball was played at Hamilton Park, New Haven, on Saturday, Nov. 15th, between the Twenties of Princeton and Yale. The grounds were the lower portion of the inclosure of a half-mile track and opposite the judges' stand. The boundaries were well defined by posts and rope, while the turf was all that could be desired.

Princeton having won the toss, chose the extreme end of the grounds with first "buck." A "buck" is when the ball is first kicked and opens a game. The contest was a spirited one for about forty minutes, when the ball became cut, and a delay of twenty-five minutes was necessitated, in order to procure another ball from the city. This interval was not without its benefit to the visitors. Yale had a style of "butting" against a man when in pursuit of the ball, and at first, our rustics (?) were unable to cope advantageously against it, but our men proved themselves apt pupils, and when play was resumed, the orange waved triumphant over many a wearer of the blue, who had "gone to grass." The strength of our play was in keeping the ball in the centre of the field, while Yale worked vigorously on the flanks. The manner in which our boys "batted" and followed up the ball, was the secret of their signal success. The first goal was contested for an hour and twenty minutes, when Beach kicked the ball over the goal and Princeton had started the ball of victory rolling.

This termination of the first goal seemed to take all the "vim" out of the wearers of the blue. Our boys at first acting rather on the defensive, and saving their wind, entered upon the second contest with renewed zeal and vigor. In twenty-five minutes the ball again was sent through the goal by Beach, with the representatives of Princeton in high spirits.

The third goal was won in ten minutes, the ball being forced home from the start, while Yale seemed utterly powerless to prevent their defeat. Elder is accorded the credit of kicking the ball home.

The fourth goal was commenced, but this time the game had to be called at five o'clock, to allow our men to reach the 5:20 train for New York.

The best of feelings prevailed between the contestants, and we cannot speak too highly of the courteous and gentlemanly treatment received at the hands of those whom we visited. We sincerely hope that other institutions, seeing our spirit of brotherhood, may follow in our footsteps, and that each College may form a potent and enduring link in the chain of fraternal affection and generous rivalry.

The players were:—
Yale—Deming and Peters, Post Graduates; Halsted, Stokes, Waterman, Humphrey, Scudder, Bushnell, Sherman, Bristol, Melick, Robbins, Porter, Guern, Duuning, and Henderson, of '74; McBirney, Avery, Grinnell, an Hotchkiss, of '75.

Princeton—Marten and Chambers, Theological Seminary; Beach, Bittenbender, Dersheimer, R. Boyd, Huston, Van Deventer, Cowart, Cooke, and Whittlesay, of '74; Biddle, Elder, Moffat, Lionberger, Hutchinson, and Rodgers, of '75; Dennie, Woods and Sheets, of '76.

Umpires—Mr. Kelly for Yale, Mr. Peckett for Princeton. Referee—Mr. Harvey of Princeton.

CHAMPION.

—An interesting series of quoit matches took place at Cleaver's "Light House" grounds, Brooklyn, November 20th, the occasion being the last match of the season in Brooklyn, and the return match of the series between Brown and Mitchelson, the first of which was won by Brown the previous week. The opening play of the afternoon was a scrub match between Messrs. Hudson and Peck on the one side, and Miller and Woods on the other, the latter winning by creditable up-hill play by a score of twenty-one to nineteen. The match between Brown and Mitchelson followed, with the appended result:—

Players.	Doubles Scored.	Singles.	Blanks.	Total Points.
Brown	6	19	22	31
Mitchelson	5	17	25	27

Markers—Messrs. Hudson and Rollin.

This was supplemented by a test match between young Brown and the veteran Staylor, which resulted as follows:

Players.	Doubles Scored.	Singles.	Blanks.	Total Points.
Staylor	4	13	12	21
Brown	5	7	17	17

Markers—Messrs. Miller and Hudson.

—Estimate a toper as you do a reindeer: Take him by his horns.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLST'N
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Nov. 27	5 3	1 49	1 3
Nov. 28	6 4	2 50	2 4
Nov. 29	7 3	3 48	3 3
Nov. 30	7 59	4 44	3 59
Dec. 1	8 26	5 41	4 56
Dec. 2	9 49	6 35	5 49
Dec. 3	10 41	7 25	6 41

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I send you an account of the Beverly Yacht Club for the season. The club is formed for such yachts as are too small to be admitted to the Eastern Yacht Club, namely, those of thirty feet or under, on the water line, and at the end of its second year numbers over 100 members and about fifty yachts. The yachts are divided into three classes according to their size. There are five regular regattas each year, where prizes are given to the winning yachts with club allowances in each class. There is also in each class a champion pennant which is taken by the first boat without allowance, and held till the next regatta, finally becoming the property of the yacht winning it the greatest number of times. In the following races the yachts are set down in the order of the actual time:

First regatta, June 23, at Beverly.—There was a good southeast breeze. The 1st and 2d classes sailed over a nine mile course, and the 3d class a six mile course. 1st Class. Firefly, Fanchon, Arrow, Surf. The Firefly took prize and pennant. 2d Class. Peri, Water Lilly, Curlew. Peri took prize and pennant. 3d Class. Nora, Bessie, Blucbell, Frolic. Nora took prize and pennant.

Second Regatta, July 12th, at South Boston. There was a light breeze from the southeast. Course for 1st and 2d classes was eight miles; 3d class, six miles. 1st Class. Firefly, White Wing. 2d Class. Peri, Avon. 3d Class. Frolic, Nora, Bessie, Virginia, Pink, Merlin. Firefly, Peri, and Pink took the prizes. Firefly, Peri and Frolic the pennants.

Third Regatta, July 28th, at Nahant. 1st Class was divided into two divisions, sloops and cat-rigs. Two prizes were offered in each division, as well as in the third and second classes, conditionally that over two boats should start in each division. Sloops, Waif, Fanchon, Surf. 1st Class cat-rigs, Firefly, Lady Clara. 2d Class. Peri, Maud Curlew, Water Lilly, Avon. 3d Class. Tulip, Pink, Frolic, Nora, Bessie. Waif, Firefly, Peri and Pink took first prizes. Fanchon, Maud, Tulip, took second prizes. Firefly and Peri took the pennants for the third time, and consequently keep them. Tulip took 3d class pennant.

August 2d, the club started in company with the Dorchester Yacht Club on the annual cruise. The following yachts assembled at Hull: Firefly, Fanchon, Ruby, Surf and Fairy, of the Beverly club. Veritas, Jessie, Cruiser, Kelpie, and Dolly Varden, of the Dorchester Yacht Club. From Hull the fleet proceeded to Cut river, Plymouth, Barnstable, Provincetown, and hence to Marblehead, and dispersed on the 7th.

Fourth Regatta, August 11th, at Swamscott.—Good easterly breeze. 1st Class. Firefly, Ariel, Surf. 2d Class. Peri, Thetis, Water Lilly, and Hebe. 3d Class. Tulip, Frolic, Nora, Bessie, Pink, Sadie. Firefly, Peri, and Tulip took the prizes. Tulip also took the 3d class pennant.

Fifth Regatta, August 30th, at Beverly. This regatta was open to all yachts of thirty feet or under, the yachts were divided and prizes were offered as in the third regatta. 1st Class. Sloops, Fanchon, Waif, Surf, Arrow, Nellie J. 1st Class. Cat-rigs Firefly, Ariel. 2d Class. Lizzie, Peri, Curlew, Water Lily, Hebe, Petrel, and Columbia. 3d Class. Tulip, Bessie, Frolic, Rose, and Pink. The Nellie J and Lizzie belong to the Lynn, Y. C., the Columbia to the South Boston, Y. C., the Rose to no Club, and the rest to the Beverly Club. Fanchon, Firefly, Lizzie and Tulip took first prizes; Waif, Peri and Bessie took second prizes; and Tulip took third class pennant for the year.

Sixth Regatta, September 6th, at Beverly.—For cups presented by William Sohler, Esq.—1st Class. Fanchon, Surf, Firefly, and Ariel. 2d Class. Tulip and Hebe. 3d Class. Pink and Bessie.

The Surf, Tulip, and Pink took the prizes. Several yachts tried to go round from Swamscott, but were becalmed, and arrived too late to start.

The officers of the club are as follows:—Commodore, Edward Burgess; Vice Commodore, Wm. C. Loving; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. F. Whitney; Measurer, W. W. Lewis; Regatta Committee, Walter Burgess, N. H. Gibbs, H. W. Lamb, C. H. Williams, Wm. F. Whitney.

One of the boats belonging to the club, the Firefly, has made a better record, as far as the number of prizes goes, than any other yacht in the country. She was built last spring by Pierce, of South Boston, for Commodore Burgess. Her dimensions are:—Length on water line, 21 feet 6 inches; beam, 10 feet; draught, 1 foot 10 inches. She sailed last season in six regattas of the Beverly Yacht Club, taking five first prizes and the champion pennant; in four regattas of the Dorchester Yacht Club, taking three first and one second prizes, besides the champion cup; and in one regatta of the Lynn Yacht Club, taking the first prize, making in all eleven first and one second prizes in eleven races.

The Peri was built last spring by Hereshoff for Mr. S. Burgess, is cat-rigged, measures 18 feet on the water line, 8 feet 3 inches beam, 1 foot 6 inches draught, and has taken the champion pennant, four first prizes and one second

prize from the Beverly Yacht Club in five races; also taking the champion cup, three first prizes and one second from the Dorchester Yacht Club in five races.

The Tulip was built in the spring of 1872 by Hereshoff for Mr. S. Burgess, was sold this spring, and was repurchased by Mr. Walter Burgess about the middle of July, after which she won three first prizes and the champion pennant, and one second prize from the Beverly Yacht Club in four races, and one first prize from the Dorchester Yacht Club in the only race she entered.

The Waif was built last spring by Mayberry, of Quincy, for E. W. Codman, Esq., and though she was designed for comfort rather than racing, she took a prize in every race she entered. She is sloop-rigged and measures 28 feet 3 inches on the water line, 11 feet 10 inches beam, and 2 feet 5 inches in draught. All these boats are centre-board yachts.

A MEMBER.

—Our article on American Oarsmen vs. English, which appeared in these columns two weeks ago, seems to have attracted a good deal of attention. We publish from the London *Field* another view of the matter, and let it pass without comment merely saying: Will you have the kindness to exert yourselves a little, in fact just sufficient to give us a trial over here for once, with a good four-oared crew? for it will have to be first-class to win:

"The decision of the Henley Committee to row all four-oared races without coxswains has not given general satisfaction, as it is felt that it is handicapping severely rowing clubs situate in places like Dublin, where it is not possible to get any coaching from the bank, and where men are obliged to rely for nearly all their good coaching on the mentor in the stern.

The crews that have appeared from time to time on English waters from America, to whom we owe the introduction of coxswainless fours, were chiefly remarkable for every fault of form that, in addition to annoying every true connoisseur's eye, prevent men from exercising their full strength to the advantage of their boat's speed. We may fairly lay the account of this general want of form in a great degree to the too general use of coxswainless fours on the other side of the Atlantic; and it is to be hoped that our form may not suffer in coming years from the same cause.

University men, however, are not likely to let themselves be behind the age in any point connected with rowing, and will spare no pains to prevent any new legislation with regard to racing having a prejudicial effect upon either their form or their speed."

EDUCATING YACHTSMEN.—In Hunt's list there are given the names of between two and three thousand yachts, varying from the stately 300-ton schooner of the Solent down to the little 5-ton cutter of the Thames and Mersey. Every one of these is called a yacht. Surely the Board of Trade does not imagine that the masters of all these are ever likely to pass such an examination as they put forward, or to teach these men how to handle a yacht in the fine weather of summer? Why, any one of these men knows better how to sail his little vessel—how to deal with her under any circumstances in which bad weather or other causes are ever likely to place her—than any half-dozen sea-going captains you could find. These latter have to hand over their ship to the pilot directly they come near the coast; whilst the yacht captains who are to be instructed know every nook and corner of the coast, every buoy, beacon, and set of the tide, as well as they know their own names, and nineteen out of twenty yachts never go out of sight of some one or other of these marks. As far as the larger yachts are concerned, some of which do go to foreign waters, let the Board of Trade take care of the owners of these, if it thinks they are such fools as not to be able to take care of themselves. I presume no owner would go a distant voyage in his yacht without being thoroughly satisfied of the competency of his captain; I believe self-preservation to be a more powerful motive than any Government regulation. It must not be forgotten that yachtsmen go in their yachts themselves. A well-appointed yacht, large or small, has guarantees of safety traveling ships could not have. A yacht does not overload, and most yacht-owners consult their barometer and avoid going out in present or prospective bad weather, from considerations of comfort to themselves and others they may have on board. Every yacht carries the owner himself, often his family, all he holds dear in the world.—*London Field.*

—The College *Argus*, Middletown, Ct., says:—

The Wesleyan navy is growing fast, as will be seen when we say that the boat-house (which, by the way, is raised five feet from its old position) contains nine shell-boats owned in college, as follows: University practice boat, just bought from Yale '74, six months old, fitted with sliding seats and English oars; '76, shell, bought from the university; '75, shell; '77, shell, bought from Yale '75; '76, gig; double scull, owned by Blake and Holcomb, '76; three single sculls, owned respectively by Stow, '75, Heermans, '75, and Andrus, '77. The rents charged for use of the boat-house to persons in college will be: For six-oared boats, \$15 per year; four oars, \$8; and pair oars, \$6. Closets extra.

—The rowing season is oar.

—The better part of a potatoe is the *melior*.

—Theatres are honest concerns. They never have short weights.

—A Scotchman is ambitious of ganging hame; a criminal of hanging game.

—We offer a line of the finest fishing rods to subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM. See supplement, with this issue.

—Boys' single and double barrel guns can be had by subscribing to FOREST AND STREAM. See supplement with this issue.

—Every subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM may, in the choice of prizes, have a pair of beautiful engravings 10x14, entitled "Hunting" and "Fishing."

Art and Drama.

THE Academy of Music on Saturday last presented a scene of excitement that has had no equal in the way of a magnificent audience and genuine enthusiasm since the days of La Grange. The occasion was the presentation of Meyerbeer's grand opera of "Les Huguenots." Many things combined for the creation of a genuine sensation. The difficulty of bringing together the numbers of first rate artists that are demanded is almost an insuperable difficulty; this was very satisfactorily overcome on Saturday. There is also a sort of religious influence in the air, called forth by the recent meeting in this city of the Christian Alliance, the revival of the pilgrimages to the shrines in France, the quarrels in Germany and Italy regarding ecclesiastical interference with the civil authorities, and in our own country those elements of serious thought that affect almost every one, found some food for illustrative sentiments in the story of the Huguenots, and the refined circles of fashion had a new kind of stimulus added to the charms of the grandest music.

The ladies crowded the parquette and the boxes, decked out in the grave but fascinating colors of the fall styles. There was something massive in the prevailing tone, for there was nothing "loud" or harsh to mar the general effect, while the waving ostrich plumes gave queenly grace and lightness that was unusually delicate and attractive.

As the opera proceeded the pleasure of the audience was first evinced by flashing eyes; then white gloved and tiny hands dared to affect the motions of applause. The noise of approval was of course a myth, but the softly expressed encouragement evidently cheered on the Italians and gradually added fire to their semi-tropical temperaments, until they began to swell and grow animated, and at last, in the temporary triumphs of the moment, they became in feeling and spirit the realization of the characters they had assumed.

On Nilsson the trembling atmosphere worked wonders. The lassitude and indifference that have characterized so many of her later performances entirely disappeared, and she rose to a pitch of grandeur that partook of the days when she earned her first triumphs.

The action and reaction on the musicians and the audience was to us more fascinating than even the musical harmonies. It is a great thing to see the charming women of our best society gradually breaking away from the stiff conventionalities of fashion and ignorance, if you please, of their just rights, and abandoning themselves for the moment to the enjoyment of intellectual pleasure. In this excellent work the heavenly strains of the Huguenots were an unusual success. By the time the second act was ended the tongues of the ladies broke loose, and their pent up feelings either had to find verbal expression or end in epilepsy. They preferred to talk and keep their senses rather than be unconscious and spoil their complexions, so, without waiting for introductions or any ceremonies whatever, they became universal, and gave expression to their enthusiastic admiration by rapturous exclamations of "divine," "charming," "wonderful," "heavenly."

Then came the spontaneous proposition that the successful artists should come before the curtain; and such plaudits, such patting of kid gloves, such smiles of approval, such delicately flushed faces, and such glorious abandon that some of the really earnest beauties exhibited, were enough to place the grand opera ahead of all other dramatic institutions, and make last Saturday's matinee an event that will be memorable until something more exciting displaces it from recollection.

It would be invidious on this occasion to make comparisons, a general enthusiasm prevailing that seemed to unite Nilsson, Maresi, Cary, Campanini, Maurel, Del Puente, and Nannetti into a unity of representation. Minor faults for the moment disappeared in the general perfection, and when the several artists were, between the acts, called before the curtain, each had an ovation; but Nilsson, it must be said, was, in the matter of answering a complimentary call, more charming than usual. Strange as it may appear, one half of this great triumph arose from the fact that the audience ceased to be cold and formal, and spontaneously agreed to be pleased. In all audiences not English or American this state of mind always makes the opera a necessity, not a fashion.

—The Marezek Opera Company has gone to pieces. The season has been most unpropitious, and because the manager was under the necessity of reducing the salaries of Mme. Lucca and Mme. Murska they refused to sing. One or two important performances will not take place, and the money for tickets sold will be refunded.

—The "Wicked World," at the Union Square Theatre, is a decided success.

—On Saturday "The Liar" was brought out at Wallack's. The name is the most offensive for a play that could possibly be used. The performance was greeted by a fashionable and crowded house. The management promises a succession of novelties.

—It is promised that the new Fifth Avenue Theatre will be opened on the evening of December 3d, with an opening address from the pen of Olliver Wendell Holmes.

On Friday, the 21st inst., occurred the Griffith benefit at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Mr. Griffith, a gentleman well known in social circles, having adopted the theatrical profession. The plays of the evening were Victor Hugo's tragedy of "Ruy Blas," and the farce of "A Kiss in the Dark." In the latter piece Mr. Ed. Lamb convulsed the audience with his inimitable personation of *Pettibone*, his

make-up being unusually effective. A vocal interlude introduced Mr. John Clarke in two of his best songs.

—Mrs. Maria Jourdan Westmoreland gave a reading on Saturday last at the theatre of the Union League Club, entitled "Social Myths." She has intellectual ability, a fine personal appearance, and that ease and grace of manner that promise great success. The audience was large and select.

CINCINNATI, November 22, 1873.

ROBINSON'S OPERA HOUSE.

—The Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe have been drawing fine house all this week. They gave on Monday and Tuesday, "Sinbad;" Wednesday, "Blue Beard;" Thursday and Saturday, "Kenilworth;" Friday, "Aladdin" and "Sinbad." Monday, November 24, E. A. Sothorn as "Dundreary."

WOOD'S THEATRE.

—Lawrence Barrett has been meeting with much better success this week. He appeared on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday in "Julius Cæsar." The rest of the week he gave to fine houses "Rosedale." Monday, November 24, Furbish's Fifth Avenue Company. Manager Macruley, of Wood's, played *Brutus* to Mr. Barrett's *Cæsar*. W. L.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

BOOKS.

THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL. By J. S. Howson, D. D.; 12 mo. 314 pp. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is a work of a religious character, and as such will find many readers. First to recommend it to the religious community is the subject matter of the work. If any man at the present day is capable of giving an instructive, readable work upon the character of the great Apostle, that man is the Dean Howson. Eminently fitted for his pleasing task, he brings an earnest, devout heart to the work before him. The deep Christian faith, added to the thorough scholarship of the author, will not fail to lead the "blind by a way they know not." All Christian men cannot fail to be impressed with the purity and kindly leadings of this eminently good book. The themes spoken of in this work are St. Paul as living a Christian life in the world, and being not an anchorite, or ascetic, sour professor of a dead gospel. He speaks of his tact and presence of mind, as two remarkable characteristics of the Apostle's success among his fellow men. Again, he notices with much plainness his tenderness and sympathetic heart, helping so many around him to bear with humility the burdens of life. Then of his great conscientiousness, his high-toned integrity, his thanksgiving, his prayerful spirit, his Christian courage, daring "to do all things for Christ," and lastly, his perseverance in his Divine Master's service, even to the close of his life, makes this work deeply interesting to every Christian who would improve his own spiritual condition. We can only say of this work, it commends itself to every reader by its truthfulness and practical power.

HALF HOURS WITH THE MICROSCOPE. By Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S. Illustrated by 250 drawings from Nature. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A complete manual of a very large collection of objects for the microscope. The story is told in a clear and conversational and practical talk with the young amateur. This work is very plain and easily to be understood. The subject of microscopic examination of minute objects, both in-doors and out-doors, in the field, and by the side of the streamlet has given us, personally, much real knowledge, valuable as a reference in after times, and always amusing. Speaking from practical experience with the microscope, we pronounce this "Half hour's talk" as an indispensable accompaniment to every one who would "look from nature up to nature's God."

THE MODERN BABES IN THE WOODS. By H. Perry Smith and E. R. Wallace. Illustrated. Columbian Book Company: Hartford, and Watson Gill, Syracuse.

We perfectly agree with some other old-fashioned critic, that the title of this book is a singularly unfortunate one, for it designates in no manner whatsoever the character of the contents or the object of the work, which is in reality the most complete guide to the Adirondacks, by long odds, that has ever been published. It gives the minutest details of routes, distances, localities, shooting grounds, hotels, expenses, and in other respects "does" the wilderness so thoroughly and intelligibly, that we see no need of any ambitious person attempting anything more comprehensive or complete, until time has wrought such changes as to render a revised edition necessary. We speak in this matter from a large personal knowledge of the Adirondack region, and, as in all other matters which concern the interest and comfort of sportsmen, are very much in earnest. The book is a fit companion for "Hallock's Fishing Tourist," and resembles it in the care and accuracy of its preparation. "Babes in the Woods," indeed! Why, this book is intended for sturdy, full grown men. It is published only by subscription, and can be obtained as above or by personal application to E. R. Wallace, the author, at Syracuse. Price \$2.50.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH; November No. New York: S. R. Wells.

"Sickly Country Girls," is the heading of an article by Elizabeth Dudley. She not only talks like a "book" upon this subject of the future development of the healthy mothers of our Republic, but understands the whole theory of what constitutes delicate girls, of whom so much is written and spoken, but who are very seldom seen. Our lady friends should read carefully this healthy article in Wells' Monthly, and after reading endeavor to make themselves felt in the world by acting up to its wise suggestions. How many of our weak and sickly girls like those pictured in the above article will lay aside the silken robe, rise early in the morning, and by way of a change help mamma to do the accustomed duties of the family? We fear very few, if any, will feel the necessity for such a beneficial change. The contents of the number before us are as usual varied and instructive. Disease and its treatment, piano pum meling and many other timely topics make up the sum total of this valuable *vade mecum*.

EDMUND DAWN; Or Ever Forgive. By Ravenswood. G. W. Carleton & Co. Publishers. New York: 1873.

This is a most fascinating book of home life, some of the scenes laid in New York, and written in a plain and easy style. The reader is carried in one portion of the book to Washington in times before the war, where one of the heroes enters political life, and incidents in the old regime of fifteen years ago are cleverly handled. The motto "Ever Forgive" is the leading action in the book, and the *dénouement* shows both ingenuity and familiarity in romance writing. Here and there there is something of sadness about Edmund Dawn which but contrasts with the pleasant ending. It is an interesting book, and no doubt will be received with favor.

THE DEAD SIN, And other Stories. By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life." New York: Dodd & Mead, pp. 444.

Why such a singular title should be selected by our author for this work we cannot conceive. We fail to see its appropriateness. But then we do not pretend to know everything. Suffice it to say the author has, notwithstanding the name, given us a half dozen very readable, improving stories of the higher class of fiction. These stories are decidedly good, and should have a place in every Sunday-school library. This will do good, encourage the practice of many virtues that have been for a long time barren of good. We expected much from the perusal of this work; we are not disappointed; this popular book will have a large sale.

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THE STORY OF GOETHE'S LIFE. By George Henry Lewis. With portrait; 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL MANIPULATION. By E. C. Pickering, Thayer Professor in Physics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Riverside press.

The preface to this work truly states "The object of all Physical Investigation as to determine the object of certain natural forces, such as gravity, cohesion, heat, light, and electricity." The work proceeds to elaborate by quite a number of experiments, interesting and familiar, the necessity of a work of this kind being almost a *sine qua non*. The whole course of experiments here presented by the Professor can be carried out at a comparatively small expense in any of our colleges, and a large amount of information given and received. Having carefully read this work, and having some previous knowledge of the subjects treated in the work, we pronounce the same, if carefully studied, just the book the student is in pursuit of. One that will give him not only a concise theoretical text, but a thorough understanding of the principles of all the science named within. The rules whereby one is to perfect himself, by the right modes and investigations in all the sciences, are clearly, concisely, and practically given in a manner so plain, that he who studies can learn and learn well what is herein written. We thank the author for placing before us the four years of hard study, and the publisher for the substantial style of the "Physical Manipulations."

WHAT CAN SHE DO? By Rev. E. P. Roe. Author of "Bamen Burned Away." Play and Profit in My Garden." New York: Dodd & Mead; pp. 509.

Every one who has read "Bamen's Burned Away" will with pleasure turn to the perusal of "What Can She Do?" expecting something very interesting and exciting. We think, however, they will not find this work quite up to the literary or graphic standard of Mr. Roe's first book. This work has by no means the artistic or literary merit of "Bamen Burned Away." Still, we cannot in justice call it commonplace. We have, after a careful reading, come to the conclusion that, although it attempts to solve in a satisfactory manner one of the gravest problems of our American social life, it fails in the attempt. A slight analysis of the book give us a millionaire of to-day, surrounded with all that gold in profusion can give to him, high in social position on account of his wealth; to-morrow bankrupt, fallen from his high estate. False education has made his daughters fit companions only for men of great wealth. In his present state of absolute bankruptcy, for what situation are his daughters fitted? For the wives of poor men, honest, noble-souled, industrious men, whom they in the days of their affluence shunned? Certainly not, for such sensible men would not seek them now. No wonder that their elegant Dundreary sniters drop off one by one; no wonder that Tom Fleming, the exquisite, after a profound strain through his eyeglass at the "old man," should ignore him altogether and pass him on the other side. "O no," says he, "it will not do for a man of my expensive tastes to marry with a poor girl." So what shall our girls do? We refer them to Mr. Roe's book for the solution, a work although not up to the standard we expected from the author, is a good story, taken as a whole, and its readers can get good from a perusal of the same.

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THE LAND OF MOAB. The results of travels and researches on the east side of the Dead Sea and Jordan. By H. B. Nostram, M. A., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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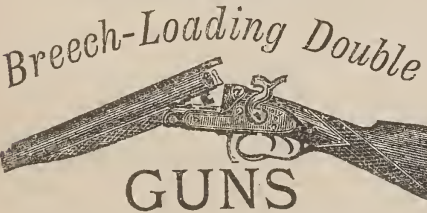
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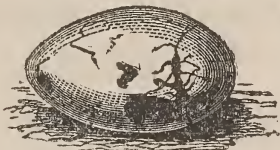
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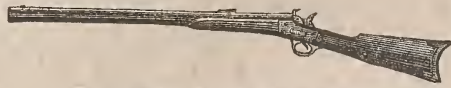
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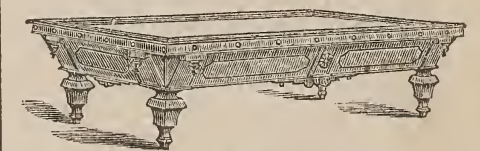
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1873.

{ Volume 1, Number 16.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

AURORA BOREALIS.

AS SEEN BY A SALMON FISHING PARTY AT LABRADOR, JULY 1873.

MIDNIGHT over stream and shore!
Midnight over Labrador!
Midnight o'er our log hut home,
O'er the breaker's curling foam.
Midnight on the drifting cloud,
And the mountain's mighty shroud;
Midnight in the solitude
Of the unknown savage wood.
Midnight deep, profound and still,
Over swamp and shore and hill.

'Tis a midnight fair to see;
Wondrous in sublimity;
Lingering at our cabin door,
Fast beside the river shore.
Dazzled is the gazer's eye,
With the pomp that fires the sky.

Clouds are flying in mad chase,
O'er the moon's celestial face;
In the blue concave of air,
Stars, like diamonds, flash and glare;
While with evanescent glow,
Springs aloft the Lunar bow.

See, like arch triumphal high,
How it soareth up the sky,
See, like heavenly rainbow bent,
How its gorgeous columns climb,
With majesty sublime.

Now a grander pomp is there,
Flaming thro' the midnight air,
Blazing, flashing, shooting far,
Lovelier than moon or star.
See, the Auroral Boreal show
Fills the universe with glow,
From the horizon to the pole,
See the conflagration roll.

Shooting flames and sparks ascend;
All the hues of rainbows blend.
Amber, amethyst and gold,
Twisted in one gorgeous fold,
Gilding with supernal glow,
Sailing cloud and lunar bow.
Gazing on the skies' parade,
How all earthly splendors fade!

I. McLELLAN.

One Fishes of East Florida.

FROM NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

I HAD always supposed that the fishes of the northern coasts were of better quality than those of southern waters, but an experience of three winters on the east coast of Florida has convinced me of my error. In a day's fishing at Mosquito Inlet, on the Indian River, we often took six or eight species of edible fish, all of which were quite equal to those of the North. They are also very abundant, and not being much pursued are easily caught. This is particularly the case in the Indian River, where the angler might say—

"They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me."

The Indian River country is mostly wilderness, and can only be fished and hunted by camping out, which, however, in a Florida winter, is delightful, the weather being much like the finest October days in the northern States. At New Smyrna, near the Mosquito Inlet, there is also good fishing, and there is an excellent hotel, kept by E. K. Dowd, (the Ocean House) mostly frequented by anglers and hunters from the North. Here you are near the fishing grounds, and behind the house stretches away to the south an immense forest and swamp, containing bears, panthers, deer, wild cattle, turkeys, quails, squirrels, and all kinds of ducks and water fowl. The house is clean, the table very good, the host and hostess obliging and friendly, and the charges moderate—about \$14 per week. The route is as follows:—From Savannah by rail, to Jacksonville, ten or twelve hours; fare, \$8. From Jacksonville to Enterprise, on the St. John, per steamer in two days; two hun-

dred miles; fare, \$9. At Enterprise you hire a wagon to take you through the pine woods thirty or forty miles to New Smyrna; time, twelve hours; perhaps more if the swamps are full of water; fare, \$7. You can employ a day or two at Enterprise (Brock House) in fishing for black bass (here called trout) in Lake Munroe, or in hunting deer or wild turkeys in the woods. The expenses of a trip to Florida will be from \$100 to \$150 per month, according to the habits of the traveller.

During parts of three winters spent in this region I made some notes of the food and game fishes, from which I have prepared the following sketches:—

SHEEPSHEAD, (*Sargus ovis*).—DEKAY.

This is one of the most abundant species, as well as one of the most valuable as food. Though much more numerous than on the coasts of the middle States, they are of smaller size, averaging at Mosquito Inlet and in the Indian River about three pounds. A six pound fish is large, and a seven pound one is rare. The baits generally used are clams (better boiled, being tougher), crabs, fiddlers, and conchs. The latter bait is very tough, well resists the strong teeth of the sheepshead, but is, I think, less attractive than the others. We find the best fishing usually in the channels which run along the banks, upon which is a thick grove of mangrove bushes; the roots of these are in the water, and are covered with barnacles, which attract the sheepshead. From half flood to high water they usually bite most eagerly, though here, as elsewhere, there sometimes comes a day on which fish do not feed—affected probably by the wind or weather.

I am disposed to believe, with Norris, that the sheepshead found on the northern coast are the surplus production of more southern waters. In April, the sheepshead on the coast of Florida become heavy with spawn, and lose their fine flavor. I think they spawn in May. We often take them quite small, only a few ounces in weight. Most fishermen use a hand line, with two hooks resting on the bottom, but anglers find more sport in the use of rod and reel. A four pound sheepshead will make a strong fight, and a pair of them will try the angler's skill to save both. Owing to the hard pavement of enamelled teeth in the mouth, it is difficult to hook this fish, and when hooked his jaws are so strong that few hooks can resist their power. After trying many kinds I have found but two that I could depend upon. One is the hook used at Newport for tautog, and the other is figured in Norris' book under the name of the Virginia hook. It is the best of the two, having a sharp cutting edge to the barb, which gives a better penetration. Sinkers of different weights are required to suit the force of the tide at different times, the sheepshead being a bottom fish. Two, four, and six ounces will be found sufficient. We usually averaged a dozen fish to a line in one tide, even when half a dozen persons were fishing from the boat, most of whom were unskilled. I have taken twenty-five sheepshead in a tide to my own rod, and I have known two anglers to kill a hundred in a day. We used generally to fill a two bushel bag, hanging over the boat's side in the water, so as to bring the fish home alive, and then put them in a car anchored in the creek in front of the hotel.

REDFISH, OR CHANNEL BASS, (*Corvina ocellata*).—CUVIER.

This is a very common and numerous species on the Florida coasts, and is a fish much resembling in habits its congener, the striped bass of more northern waters. It is taken with similar baits, such as shrimp, crab, or a piece of mullet; it fights long and hard on the hook, and in the proper season is an excellent table fish, boiled, cut in steaks, and broiled, or even fried. I consider it after the month of March to be equal to the striped bass. In the fall and winter the redfish is lean and without flavor, but improves in March, and in January it is the best of the coast fishes, as well as the most abundant. At that season it swarms in the river mouths and sounds, and can be taken with almost any bait. It is also found of large size in the surf on the sea-beaches, and can be readily taken by casting a baited hook with a hand line from the shore.

Norris represents the redfish as "stringy, and lacking fla-

vor," while Herbert calls it excellent. Both are right, since its quality varies with the season. Mr. Norris, quoting Holbrook, describes the redfish as of a beautiful silvery color, and iridescent when taken from the water, adding that in the Gulf it is invariably red. I have found that specimens under seven or eight pounds weight have the back of a steel blue, sides golden, and belly white—the larger fish are of a brilliant golden red on back and sides. All have the black spot near the tail, from which the specific name is derived. Sometimes there are two or more spots. The cut in Norris' book gives a correct figure of the redfish, or channel bass. It comes into the rivers with the tide, and is best taken in the channels near the shore at half flood. As in sheepshead fishing, most persons use the hand line, with the bait on the bottom, but I have found better sport with a bass rod and reel to hold sixty or seventy yards of line, using a float to keep my bait within three feet of the bottom. The same hook as for striped bass; this fish has a tough, but not very bony mouth, and is easily hooked and held. In March and April we get them in the rivers and inlets of five to ten pounds weight; later in the season of larger size, say from fifteen to thirty pounds. My largest was taken by trolling with a hand line from a boat in the Indian River, and weighed twenty-five pounds. I have known a dozen to be taken by one rod in the spring, averaging eight pounds, but in summer a wagon load could be hauled out of the surf with a hand line almost anywhere along the coast from Mosquito Inlet to the Indian River.

SALT WATER TROUT, (*Otolitus Carolinensis*).—CUVIER

This belongs to the same genus as the weakfish, or squeeteague of the Middle States (*O. regalis*), differing chiefly in this, that the southern species has rows of black spots on the back, like the lake trout of the Adirondacks, which it much resembles in figure. It is, however, not a salmon, but rather allied to the perches of the order *Otenoid*, of Agassiz. Our southern species is not much esteemed as food, becoming soft and flavorless soon after capture. It is a game fish, and affords good sport to the rod fisher; a very handsome and lively fish, from two to ten pounds in weight, and is taken usually with mullet bait. It is of very rapacious habits, and on a still night in spring and summer the snapping of their jaws may be distinctly heard as they chase the mullets and small fry in the creeks. Holbrook gives a good figure of this species.

THE DRUM, (*Pogonius cromis*).—CUVIER. (*P. fasciatus*), HOLBROOK.

There seem to be two species on the southern coast. *Pogonius cromis* is the black drum, the larger and coarser, sometimes weighing fifty or sixty pounds. *P. fasciatus*, the striped drum, of ten or twelve pounds, is the better fish. They appear at Mosquito Inlet about April, and spawn, I think at that season. The roe of the drum, salted, is a favorite dish on the coast, and was formerly exported in large quantities to Cuba. In Charleston, Savannah, and St. Augustine the drum is the common dinner fish when in season, though I think it much inferior to the sheepshead or the redfish. It is taken in the same way as its cousin, the sheepshead, and with the same bait, and behaves in the same way when hooked, though from its greater size and strength its capture is more difficult. This fish derives its name from its habit of emitting a hollow, drumming noise, principally, I think, in the spawning season. This sound, like the drumming of the partridge, is difficult to trace, as it appears to diffuse itself in space.

THE WHITING, BARB, OR KINGFISH, (*Umbrina nebulosa*).—STORER.

The whiting is considered one of the best of the southern fishes, and is prized higher by the natives than even the sheepshead; perhaps because it is a scarcer fish. We seldom get more than six or eight of them in a tide. The flesh is both rich and delicate, and the average weight about a pound; but its resistance is greater than would be expected from the size of the fish. They are taken in rather deep water on the bottom, with either clam, crab, or mullet bait. The figure in Norris' book is accurate.

RED SNAPPER, OR GROUPEL, (*Serranus erythogaster*).—CUVIER.

This fish seems to be called by both names in different localities. In east Florida it goes by the name of "snapper," and is known by the large canine teeth and by its rapacious habits; when put with other fish alive in a car it proceeds to devour those smaller than itself. It has large scales, with spines in the dorsal fin, and has been placed by Cuvier among the perches. At Mosquito Inlet they are small—from one to three pounds, but in the Indian River Inlet I have taken them of ten or twelve pounds weight, and I have seen them brought in from the Gulf of double that size. The snapper seems to be a wary fish, and requires finer tackle and more careful fishing than most of the coast species. I have found that a *rather small hook, fine line*, with mullet bait cast from a reel, using a float so as to let the line run off down the current thirty or forty yards from the boat, was the most successful way to deduce the snapper. It bites sharply, fights hard, and is good eating, either boiled or fried. Color, reddish brown on the back and sides, growing darker after death; belly silvery. Holbrook, in his figure of this fish, gives it rows of black spots on the back.

BLACK GROUPEL, (*Serranus nigrilus*).—HOLBROOK.

Commonly known on the Florida coast as the "grouper," it is a perch also, and is of the very best quality on the table, being rich and well flavored—a better fish than the preceding, in my opinion. It is shaped something like the black bass of fresh water, the color an olive brown, with dark mottled lines, resembling tortoise shell. At Mosquito Inlet it is taken from two to eight pounds in weight with mullet bait on the bottom. The grouper has a stronghold under the mangrove bushes, or in a hole in the bank, to which it retreats when hooked, and being a vigorous fish often succeeds in reaching its fortress, from which it can with difficulty be dislodged, and the loss of fish and tackle is the result. More hooks are lost by the grouper than by any other fish, but as it affords good sport and excellent food it is a favorite object of the angler's pursuit. A bass rod and reel, with a strong line and Virginia hook, with lead enough to keep the bait on the bottom, is the best rig for the grouper, and, after all, the prospect of getting him is uncertain. He fights so hard that you have to give him line, and if you give him too much he is sure to escape into his hold.

COBIA, CRAB-EATER, OR SARGENT FISH, (*Elucate Atlantica*).—CUVIER.

This fish I have never seen except in the Indian River, where it is a common species, lying under the mangrove bushes in wait for prey like a pike, which it much resembles in form, and in the long under jaw, full of sharp teeth. It derives its trivial name from a black stripe running along its silvery sides, from head to tail, like that on the trousers of a sergeant. I found it rather coarse and indifferent food, in that also resembling the fresh water pike. Size, from two to three feet long.

THE POMPANO, (*Bothrolasmus pampanus*).—HOLBROOK.

Most persons who have been in Mobile or New Orleans have heard of the pompano. Perhaps few have seen or tasted it, though it has the reputation of being the finest fish in the world, and brings in the southern markets three or four times the price of any other fish. It is a rare fish, which may in part account for its high reputation, though having had the good fortune to catch and eat a pompano in Florida I am prepared to admit its claims for merit of the highest order. Holbrook is the only writer who, to my knowledge, gives a scientific description of this fish, and he apparently confounds it with the cavalli or crevallé, which much resembles it in appearance. In his "Fishes of South Carolina," he heads his description "The Pompano, *Bothrolasmus pampanus*. Synonyms—*Lichia Carolina*, (DeKay and Storer); *Trachinotus pampanus*, (Cuvier and Val.); vulgo, cavalli or crevallé; known in New Orleans as pompanosc."—Page 11.

The fish known on the coast of Florida as the cavalli or crevallé, I take to be *Caranx defensor*, (DeKay) which belongs to the same family as *B. pampanus*, but is of very different habits and merit, and has important structural distinctions.

The pompano has a truncated snout, rather a small mouth without teeth, jaws strong and massive, eye of moderate size, body much compressed and deep, about one-third the length; first dorsal fin represented by six spines; second dorsal soft, and extending to the tail; anal fin extending to the tail also. The pompano is a bottom fish, and is found singly. My specimen was taken in the Hillsboro River, near New Smyrna, with clam bait, while fishing on the bottom for sheepshead. It weighed only two and a half pounds, but made so furious a resistance that I thought I had a large sheepshead hooked foul. It ran in circles, darted under the boat, fouled our lines, and made fuss enough for a fish of three times its size. As soon as our boatman saw it he shouted, "A pompano! and the first I ever saw caught with a hook in this river!" This man had fished on the coast all his life, and knew every fish in the waters. He had been with us when we caught the cavalli in the Indian River, and named both species at once. My specimen was a splendid creature. His colors were as brilliant as those of a fresh water salmon, but instead of bright silver he was like a bar of frosted silver. This changed after death to dark blue above and lemon yellow beneath. We had him cut in slices and fried, and even under that treatment, which I suspect was not the most appropriate, he was superb. A combination of richness and delicacy of flavor quite unique—like a New Brunswick salmon and Lake Superior whitefish, which, of all the fishes on this Continent, I hold to be the best.

This specimen measured eighteen inches long and six in depth.

THE CAVALLI, OR CREVALLÉ, (*Caranx defensor*).—DEKAY.

Belongs to the same family as the last, and much resembles it in appearance. The cavalli has a more pointed head and snout, with moderately large conical and pointed teeth. The mouth is larger than in the pompano, the body not as deep in proportion to the length, the eye is larger, it has two dorsal fins, and at the junction of the tail with the body it is smaller than the pompano. In color it is olive green, and silvery above and yellow beneath. I found it quite numerous at the Indian River Inlet. It goes in schools, swims near the surface, and takes readily a troll, either bait or red rag. It is an active, sporting fish, but of indifferent quality on the table, being dry and tasteless, like the dolphin of tropical seas. Those I caught were of about two pounds weight, but I am told that it grows to five times that size.

It would appear that these two species, from their strong resemblance to each other, are often confounded, and I think it very probable that specimens of the pompano reported to have been taken this year in Buzzard's Bay were in reality cavalli, this being a more roving as well as a more numerous species than the pompano.

BLACKFISH, OR SEA BASS, (*Centropistes nigricans*).—CUVIER.

This seems to be the same species which is known in New York as the sea bass, and at Newport as the blackfish. Like the sheepshead, those in northern waters are much larger than we find them in Florida waters, so that I am inclined to believe that they breed here and go North in the summer. At Mosquito Inlet they are very abundant, and being voracious feeders can be taken almost at will, and with any bait. Usually under a pound, while off the reefs at Newport I have taken them of six or seven.

SAILOR'S CHOICE, OR HOGFISH, (*Hemulon fulvomaculatus*).—DEKAY.CROKER, (*Micropogon undulatus*).—CUVIER.BLACK GRUNT, (*Hemulon arcuatum*).—HOLBROOK.SKIP JACK, YOUNG OF BLUEFISH, (*Temnodon saltator*).—LINN.

The above are small pan fish, which can be taken in vast numbers in the bays and creeks, but the larger species being numerous few persons seek for these, though they are all nice eating. The full grown bluefish are numerous on some parts of the coast at certain seasons, as I am informed, as are also the Spanish mackerel, but I have never met with them.

MULLET, (*Magil lineatus*).—DEKAY.

I think there are several species of the mullet here. They are found everywhere in the bays and sounds in immense shoals, and are taken in seines and cast nets in size from half a pound to six pounds. It is a very valuable fish to the inhabitants, since it takes salt better than any other southern species, being equal to the mackerel in that respect. It also furnishes a valuable food in its spawn, which is salted and smoked. It is also used extensively as bait for most other fishes. The mullet appears to subsist upon the minute animals found in the mud, with which substance its stomach and intestines are usually found to be filled. Eaten fresh, the mullet affords a rich and savory food.

SALT WATER CATFISH, (*Galeichthys marinus*).—CUVIER.

Much resembles the fresh water catfish, but is a handsomer fish, both in form and color. It has the barbels pendant from the mouth, and strong spines in the pectoral and dorsal fins, capable of inflicting painful wounds upon careless hands. As to its value as an edible species, I cannot say; they are numerous, and greedy biters, but are generally thrown away, or left for the coons and buzzards. Size in the Indian River, ten or twelve pounds. At Mosquito Inlet, from two to five pounds.

SHARKS AND THEIR CONGENERS.

Sharks are very numerous in these waters, from six to nine feet long—probably the mackerel shark, *Lamna punctata*—Storer. There is a species here called the nurse shark, *Somniosus boeipinna*, De S., which is sometimes taken with a hook; it is about five or six feet long, and its teeth are very small.

Other members of this family are the garfish, angel fish, rays, skates, &c. The garfish, *Pristis antiquorum*, (DeKay) is shark like in form, with a cruel weapon projecting from its snout one-third the length of its body. This is studded with sharp spines on either side, and is used to kill other fishes. The sawfish has a large mouth, but no teeth in it, so he slashes his saw among a school of mullets, killing half a dozen at a blow, which he then gobbles up at his leisure. He is dreaded by fishermen, who disable him by a blow on the saw.

The angel fish is a very bad angel indeed, judging from his appearance, which is between a shark and a ray—a hideous combination.

The rays or skates belong also to this class, and they are of large size and numerous on this coast, particularly the sting ray, *Trygon hastata* (Storer), which is a terror to fishermen. In wading to cast their nets they are in danger of treading on this creature, which lurks in the mud or on the sandy bottom, and when touched strikes with his terrible barbed weapon, making ragged wounds so difficult to heal that they are popularly supposed to be poisoned. These rays are often six feet long, including the tail, and three feet across. They appear to live upon the small molluscs so numerous in these waters. I have seen a ray, when hauled ashore, disgorge a pint or more of these small bivalves.

The torpedo ray, or crawfish, is also found on this coast, which animal carries with him an electrical battery of 250,000 plates, as described by naturalists, capable of giv-

ing a very severe shock to the incautions fisherman.

Cephaloptera vampirus.—MITCHELL.

The great ray, vampire of the ocean, or devilfish, is found also in these waters, although it seldom enters the rivers. This is often fifteen feet in length, and the same in breadth, and is strong enough to drag off a small vessel, when it becomes entangled with the cable, as sometimes happens. In Charleston harbor they are pursued in whale boats, and captured with harpoons, affording great sport. In Victor Hugo's romance, the name devil fish, which belongs to this ray, is wrongly bestowed upon the octopus, or cuttle fish. This great ray, when propelling itself through the water with its immense pectoral fins, which look like the wings of a bat, is a wonderful sight. On its head are two horns, which, with its long tail, complete the resemblance to his satanic majesty. This is a fish, and the cuttle is not.

THE FRESH WATER FISHES OF FLORIDA.

Of these I have less knowledge than of the sea fishes. The species most widely diffused, and also the most valued, is the black trout, or bass, (*Grystes salmoides*). This species is also found in the western lakes and rivers, but in Florida it grows to a larger size; specimens of eight, ten, and twelve pounds being sometimes taken. The native method is with a bob, which is a bunch of gay colored feathers, with two or three large hooks concealed in it. This is fastened to a yard or two of strong line, and this to a stout reed pole. The fisherman sits in the bow of a canoe, which is paddled by one in the stern, and kept at such a distance from the weedy shore that the bob may be skittered along the margin. Out rushes the bass, and cannot well escape being hooked; he is either hauled in by main force, or breaks away. Northern fishermen use the spoon, or sometimes cast with a long line and gaudy flies. Once on the Upper St. John, near the Everglades, two of us took with spoons, trolling from the stern of a steamer, twenty or thirty black bass in an hour or two; they were from two to six pounds weight. Parties who go out from Enterprise upon Lake Munroe in small boats often bring in great strings of bass.

In the lakes and rivers are also found the yellow perch, *P. flavescens*, (Cuvier); sunfish, *Pomotis vulgaris*, (Cuvier); blue bream, *Ichthetis incisor*, (Val.); red bellied perch, *Ichthetis rubicanda*, (Storer); goggle-eyed perch, *Pomoxis rhomboides*, (Linn). S. C. CLARK.

LOONS UNDER WATER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Some interesting notes in one of the earlier numbers of your welcome journal referred to the rapid flight of the loon under water, and recalled to me an occasion when I was witness to the motion of one of these superb birds.

A few miles from St. Paul there was, and still may be, a fishing resort on Lake Minnetonka, and many famous strings of pickerel and black bass were caught by the sportsmen who drove out from St. Paul. Going there with a friend, we concluded, after fishing in the main lake, to try new ground; so a boat was placed upon a wagon, and with it we went to a small pond lying apart from the ordinary line of travel, and after a contest that was not far from an appeal to force with a settler who falsely claimed exclusive ownership of the lake, we were launched upon it, with an oarsman to row for our trolling. It was, beyond doubt, the first time the fascinations of the modern mechanical baits, spoons, and glittering bits of spinning metal were displayed before the gaze of the myriad fish, and with eager credulity they took them as willingly as our eastern capitalists at that time took ten per cent. western bonds, and they were taken in as fatally. Great rushing, rustic fellows, they did not wait for half a line to run out, but were as dazed by the shining temptations as squaws are by a little finery, and followed them as readily.

Passing a small bay that opened beyond a narrow inlet, we saw a female loon with a little one hiding behind her, and our curiosity to see more of the little family induced us to reel in our lines and paddle toward them. As we slowly approached them, the anxiety of the mother was really touching. She swam alertly about, seeking in vain to hasten the little one toward the concealment of some friendly sedges, and coaxed and pushed it by turn, becoming each moment more alarmed. As the distance between us lessened, she became the victim of fear for herself, and as equally solicitous for her fondling, expressing it by diving hurriedly and coming up, rising half upon wing and dropping again, and with every air of intense maternal anxiety. We continued nearing them, until it was evident that the little convoy would not gain the reeds before us, when, with a desperate plunge, the old bird went under, and in a moment went by our boat, seeking the open pond by the narrow and shallow outlet we were in. The depth was not sufficient to conceal her, and for a few rods her rapid course was plainly discernible. Her form was as straight as possible, making her as sharp as a cigar steamer, and her feet did not seem to be used unless for steering. Her motion, as rapid almost as the eye could follow, was derived from her wings, and probably from both the upward and downward stroke, like sculling. They were powerful, indeed, inspired by fear, and in a moment the dark form was gone like a shadow, seen only long enough to impress us with wonder and surprise at this use of wings under water, and at the result.

The little loony remained like a ball of grey down, reposing lightly on the water, and was not at all impressed with instinctive or imitative fear of us. It swam rather to the boat, and was not unwilling to be closely admired; in fact, it so freely accepted our complimentary criticism that

when, after carefully studying it, we rowed away, it swam in the eddy under the stern until it was dislodged and left behind.

We were not long gone when the fond mother rejoined it, when her demonstrations of delight were as unmistakable as her former distress, and it was a pleasant thing as time and again we passed the bay to see the two playing about in entire contentment.

The loon seems unable to rise from calm water, or to gain elevation in flight unless very slowly, or when aided by a high and opposing wind, and hence I infer their long and pertinacious resort to diving as their mode of escape. One I frightened from a small mountain pond in the "north woods" of this State flew around and around, gaining, like a spiral stair, a little height each time, and labored in alarm a long time before in the calm air it could rise over the lowest cut among the cliffs and escape to some more undisturbed retreat.

Not unfrequently do they rush along on the surface of the water, using their vigorous wings and scattering spray in showers along their course, and beyond doubt their movements below are equally rapid and ready. L. W. L.

THE HUNTER NATURALIST IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

A SUMMER in Acadia, the land of countless lakes and luxuriant forests, will furnish the sketch book with rare scenes, the cabinet with choice minerals, the basket and bag with fishes and game, and impart to the invalid and wearied, vigor, health and hope.

Three months amid the rural and forest districts of the Provinces has convinced me that they possess greater attractions for the tourist, sportsman, and health-seeker than the majority of regions of resort in North America—the Adirondacks, one of my favorite haunts, not excepted.

In these are old primeval forests, grand and picturesque, like the actual forests of my childhood. Here the lumberman has never laid the proud pine low, nor his axe, the destroyer of our forests, sounded amid these solitudes. There are woods in the Provinces where he has been at work, but tarry not in these; beyond are preserved lands where the trees stand as they ever stood, in majesty of growth and beauty of foliage. But penetrate the Maine and the Adirondack wildernesses to their desert heart, even there will be signs of the lumberman and his axe, the scourge and curse of our woods. The lumberman is not satisfied with robbing our wildernesses of their pride and beauty—the trees—but must fire valley and mountain, leaving the latter bald and bare as the head of a Franciscan monk, obstruct rivers with floating logs and ugly dams, fill trout streams with tree tops and sawdust, and build his saw-mills and human habitations on the most eligible camp sites on stream and lake. In a word, seeming to delight in defacing and marring nature in her every member. Come, ye poets, artists, naturalists and hunters; ye lovers of primeval forests, to the Acadian woods!

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring

"Pines and the hemlock, bearded with moss and in garments green,
Which Longfellow immortalized in his 'Evangeline.'"

Here, too, is some of the finest scenery to be met with in any land. Its sky scenes may not be so soft and subdued and sunny as those of Italy, but are not so monotonous and quite as enjoyable. The tourist in search of wild, bold, broken and rugged mountain scenery, towering and naked cliff views, should penetrate New Brunswick, enter the county of the Restigouche, look upon the outline sentinels of our own Alleghanies, sleepy and silent and hoary with age. It would be hard to find a more wild picturesque region than this. Or does he delight most in half subdued, quiet and rural scenery, then a sail up the St. John river, the Rhine of the New World, whose hills are low and soft in outline and cultivated to the very summits; or down the Bay of Fundy, encircled with green hills and fanned by an eternal sea breeze; or out into the waters of the Bay of Minas, the basin of waters in the garden of Nova Scotia, the rich prairie waters, the cliff-bound waters, and the never-to-be-forgotten tidal waters. Such scenes to the student of nature afford immortal pleasures. Here meets the eye as remarkable a phenomenon, as grand and awe-producing as that of the Falls of Niagara. View this scene at the quiet village of Windsor, on the river Avon. The river is without water, the vessels are high on land, laden with precious freight, sails fanning the face of the breeze, sailors looking seaward, who cry "Ho! water!" Far in the distance appears a little stream of light; nearer and nearer it comes. Ah! it is a rippling rivulet that increases in volume and strength, bounding and leaping past in full glee, filling corner and crevice. Now a brook rushes on like a running steed, now it surges and rolls over the wide expanse, now a river, next a lake, and anon a sea, whose waves beat against the banks and whose waters bear up the mighty ships from their dry beds and on to their destined ports. Yonder is the steamer coming to bear us over the basin to Parrsboro, thirty miles distant, ere the tide goes out twelve hours hence emptying these banks of sixty feet of water and leaving the scene as we found it.

These Provinces abound in mineral wealth. Nova Scotia is rich in gold fields. These have yielded no mean amount of this precious metal already, and yet scientists are of opinion that its main beds of gold have not been discovered, and that the examinations and explorations of the ledge rocks that contain gold on the Atlantic shores, said to embrace several thousand square miles, have been but partially and very superficially made, leaving its rich gold veins yet to be found. Its iron and coal mines are numerous and prolific. New beds are constantly being found

about the Bay of Minas and other ore regions. Here the mineralogists may collect rich and rare specimens. In game, the Provinces are unsurpassed. In these may be found the hunter's and angler's paradise. The sportsman will find the beautiful and attractive forests inhabited by moose, caribou, bear, otter and beaver, their extensive marshes covered with the choicest of game birds—American snipe, golden plover and curlew. There, too, will be met in their haunts geese and duck, also grouse and woodcock, plentiful in certain localities, their rivers and streams filled with silvery salmon and spotted trout.

I shall venture to embrace in five divisions the hunting centres or districts of Acadia. By hunting districts is meant regions remarkable for game. These hunting grounds will not include those parts which do not contain both moose and caribou.

First is the Mirimichi district, N. B. This includes all the wilderness in and about the great southwest branch of the Mirimichi river and its tributaries, together with all that territory in and about all the little Mirimichis. The southwest Mirimichi lies north of Fredericton, N. B., the seat of government, about fifty-five miles. This river and its branches traverse the very heart wilderness of the Province. It is reached by taking the European and North American Railroad at Boston, to Fredericton Junction, which lies close by the dividing line between Maine and New Brunswick. Here change cars for Fredericton on the St. John river, where supplies must be obtained for the wilderness, since there is no place beyond this point where provisions can be bought.

Guides and dug-outs (boats) can be secured at Boiestown, Mirimichi river, (southwest branch) or by addressing the Palmer or Stickney Brothers at this village. John Stickney has no superior as a guide in angling and hunting in this region. One of the Palmer brothers can call moose with much Indian art and success. Both of these have accompanied me salmon fishing and moose and caribou hunting. There is a stage running every other day from Fredericton to Boiestown, which will convey you and your supplies to the Mirimichi river. When up river to "Burnt Hill," the *ne plus ultra* of salmon pools, you can strike off from either side a few miles and find moose and caribou, bear and beaver and small game, or ascend the river twenty miles farther and see many of these animals, together with other fur-bearing quadrupeds, without leaving the steamer. Far down the river I saw the summer camp of a beaver and his fresh work. Bears are so abundant here this fall as to enter the settlements below and destroy both sheep and cattle.

Another excellent district in New Brunswick, and one that embraces a vast wilderness, is the country of the Restigouche river. This is a famous hunting and angling region. By some it is thought to be far superior to the Mirimichi country. The forests of both regions contain the same kind of game, and their streams afford fine sport in salmon and trout fishing. Number 6 FOREST AND STREAM contains a complete guide to the routes leading to this district.

Again, there is the Indian Lake district, Nova Scotia. This is in the vicinity of Halifax, and because of its close proximity is much frequented by English officers stationed at the city. Yet, notwithstanding this, the sportsman from a distance may have excellent success within twenty miles of town in bird or moose shooting. Within this distance there are, too, many excellent salmon and trout centres. The next game district to which I shall refer embraces the wilde ness extending from Yarmouth into the Annapolis country, and lying north of what is known as the lake region of this Province, and only lacks, as Mr. Hallock says, the grand old mountains to make it physically as attractive as the Adirondacks, while as for game and fishes it is in every way infinitely superior. The region north of the lake country is a dense and extensive wilderness, in which game is but little disturbed. The Micmac Indians have always considered this and the lake country one of their best angling and hunting grounds. Here the beaver still builds his dam and erects his house. These animals seem to be on the increase since beaver hats have gone out of fashion. There are also in this region many varieties of fur-bearing animals, such as otter, mink, marten, together with bear, lucifée, and other game animals. These are common to all the districts inhabited by moose and caribou, and the streams will afford fine sport to the fly fisher in killing salmon and trout.

This district can be reached by steamer from Portland to Yarmouth. On angling in these Provinces, see "Hallock's Fishing Tourist," the only complete and reliable work of the kind which we have met—as true to the streams as the needle to the pole.

The next and last district, and one that has not only superior attractions for the sportsman, but as well for the naturalist, artist and resortist, is the Parrsboro district.

Parrsboro, beautiful and romantic, is situated on the basin of Minas, a quiet summer retreat. In picturesque bays, islands, and green hill views, it has never been my fortune to meet its equal. You may bathe in its full tidal waters and walk on the beach of the same sea dry-footed a little afterwards, when the tide is out. And woe betide the mineralogist who dares venture a visit to one of the sister islands that lie half a mile in the bay from shore, if perchance he tarry long, until warned by the incoming waters which are moved by a law as regular, sure and unchanging as the sun, that danger is nigh. He now lifts his hammer and chisel and satchel of minerals, and commences a hurried retreat, but ere two-thirds of the way is reached the water is knee deep. Deeper and deeper it grows,

higher and higher it advances, faster and faster he speeds. His safety now turns upon his casting away that satchel of precious stones. But it contains rare specimens, which have cost much labor to knock out of the rocks. He hesitates; only for a moment, however, and it drops at his feet, and now he leaps through the water and finally reaches the shore wearied and exhausted. This is no fancy sketch, but an actual experience. And yet there is not the least danger from the incoming and outgoing tide. Ladies and children walk these shores, collecting minerals and watching the waters day in and day out without a thought of danger.

Parrsboro Minas is destined to be the Newport of Nova Scotia. It would be impossible to overrate its romantic position. The Ottawa House, kept by an estimable lady (Miss Wheeler), is a first-class summer resort, located with a view to command the sublimest prospects of Cape Blomidon Cliffs, and other mountain peaks, of which there are many, in and about the Basin. Up the mountain sides, at the base of which rests the hotel, are many retreats, where you may rest in the mountain ascent and watch the sail boats near and far on the bay waters, and listen to the song of the birds and the hum of the insects, or examine the entomological specimens that light on bush or crawl on ground. But words fails to describe the pleasure of such scenes. These belong to that rare class of scenery that needs to be visited to be appreciated. Besides its scenery and sea bathing facilities it abounds in rare and choice minerals, and is much visited by mineralogists of all countries. Several of the professors and students of our own universities come here every year. A company of nine students from Yale College collected in four weeks this year nine barrels of minerals. I collected in a day in and about the bluffs of Partridge Island, which is not more than half a mile from the hotels the following specimens: Amethyst in quartz, jasper, red and yellow, stellite, silicious silt, gypsum, agates, copper, iron; and during my hunting tour my wife and children collected many others, and we brought away a keg of these, which adds much to our cabinet. Years ago two rare and remarkable amethysts were found here. One was presented to a French king, who wore it in his crown, and the other is said to sparkle in the crown worn by Queen Victoria. There are, too, many interesting and picturesque drives along the bluffs of the bay, and also one to a newly discovered cave filled with relics of the past.

This region will be found equally prolific in animal life. Portions of its forests are but moose-yards, browsing pasture grounds. I have seen, this summer, upwards of twenty of these pastures in a radius of thirty miles, and the tracks of these animals were as the tracks of the cattle upon a thousand hills. On this same ground, as my Indian guide assured me, four Indians, out of season, during the deep snows of last spring, ran down on snow shoes and killed sixty moose, leaving their carcasses to rot in the wilderness, all for the paltry price their hides would bring. "This is barbarous," as John said, "in an Indian, but there are white men here who practice this mode of hunting as well."

The caribou travel on the hard-wooded ridges, the moss-covered ridges. These are as abundant in their haunts as moose, but since they do not yard like the moose, but pass and repass from yard to yard, feeding as they go, the hunter thinks them not so numerous. While moose and caribou occupy the same forests in this district, they are yet separate. Here, too, other portions of the same forest are occupied by bears. While other animals pass through these bear districts, yet the latter hold and defend them against all intruders.

I met with one of these bear districts near the Bucktagen Plains, thirty miles from Parrsboro, that contained bear trails as well travelled and as numerous as any I ever saw in moose or deer regions. There are many red and cross foxes here, and other fur-bearing animals, including the otter, fishes, martens, &c. These are found along nearly all the streams. There are also in the forest both ruffed grouse and black grouse. The black or spruce grouse (*T. canadensis*) are met only in cedar and spruce swamps. Near Parrsboro both woodcock and duck shooting is good. One of the best snipe, plover and curlew shooting centres in the world is embraced in this district. I mean the famous Lockville and Amherst marshes. These (*Tantramar*) marshes are reached by daily stage from Parrsboro which connects with the Intercolonial Railway, or from St. John by the same railway.

The trip to any of these districts named can be made as quickly as to the Adirondacks or Maine woods, and with much less expense, and where game is infinitely more abundant.

The best guides in the Adirondacks, including boats, cost \$3 per day, while the best guides in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick cost from \$1 25 to \$1 50 per day, gold. The fare from Boston by rail or boat to St. John, will not exceed \$9, while it costs about \$10 from New York to the Adirondacks, and many of these districts are as well adapted to hunting and fishing in canoes as are the Adirondacks to boats. Should any think me over enthusiastic for these Provinces, let them visit them. This is addressed to patient, appreciative sportsmen, and not to grumblers and easy-chair anglers and shooters, who lounge about civilized woods and border streams, and who return to curse the man who wrote on their advantages and beauties.

One of the best guides in all Nova Scotia is John Logan, of Half Way river. He is a most competent, reliable and willing guide. I have found him perfectly familiar with the woods and equally acquainted with every species of game therein found.

A. B. LAMBERTON.

For Forest and Stream.

CASABIANCA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE INTO "PIGEON ENGLISH."

ONE boy he stop topside that night;
All man hab chop-chop makee while;
He see that fire, he shine so blite,
On muchee man hab makee spoilo.

He No. 1 handsome; allo same Joss—
Spouse he wanchee, he can talkee.
That piecee typhoon velly closs,
That typhoon quick, he makee walkee.

By'mby that boy he wanchee go;
That fire he blun he litty hand.
He fader no hab talkee so—
He makee die down side, how can?

He sing out stlong, "Hi fader, hi!"
This pidgin maskee, wanchee while.
He no saby, he hab makee die,
And no can hear he piecee chilo.

"Hi, fader!" one more teem he cly;
"My wanchee go; what for no can?"—
That gun just now he bobbly high,
That fire he come, he no hear man.

He facee now he catchee hot;
He tallee too commencee blun.
He look all side; no man hab got;
He no got fear—but wanchee lun.

And one more teem he cly so stlong,
"What fashion! My no likey he!
Too mutchee nonsense!" Yet all along
That fire blun junk; he burzey he.

All side that junk, he got that fire.
He go that mast, chow-chow that sail;
Chop, chop, he walkee high and higher,
That boy he lookee allosame pale.

Hi yah! What ting! He makee bust!
That boy galah my no can see.
What side hab walkee? Allosame dust;
Look, see that wind, he catchee he.

PISECO.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS.—*Top-side*, on deck, upstairs; *chop-chop*, quickly; *while*, get away, clear out; *allosame*, the same as, like; *joss*, deity; *typhoon*, hurricane, storm; *downside*, below; *pidgin*, business, affair; *no saby*, no savez; *bobbly*, row, noise; *blun*, burn; (*r* is generally pronounced *l*); *what ting*, what fashion, what do you mean; *hi yah*, exclamation; *galah*, exclamation; *chow chow*, verb to eat or devour; *maskee*, enough said, finished; *he*, his, her, it, his, hers, she, he, &c.; *my*, me, I, my.

PRACTICAL FISH CULTURE.

NUMBER TWO.

[Taking Trout Spawn.]

HAVING shown how the fish deposit their ova when in a state of nature, we will now explain how the fish-culturist manages to secure all the eggs and impregnate a much greater percentage than the fish can possibly do. We will therefore leave the building of ponds and such other work as may be done only in the spring and summer months, until a more favorable time, and take up the artificial manner of taking spawn by hand, or stripping, as it is sometimes called.

The implements necessary for this operation are: a couple of tubs, a small hand net, or a large dipper, some impregnating pans, a few feathers, and a large net to catch the fish with. This net should be six or eight feet long and fastened to a square frame at the mouth, which should either slide in a groove at the lower end of the spawning place or fit so closely at the sides and on the bottom that the fish cannot dodge past. It is astonishing how quickly a trout's eye can take in the situation and take advantage of the smallest aperture that may be left, even when he is frightened and rushing down a raceway, which has always been open, but is now found to be closed with some large unfamiliar object. The small end of the net is closed with a string, which, when untied, will allow the fish to swim out into the tub and so avoid pouring them out at the large end. When all is ready the net is quickly slipped over the mouth of the raceway, the board covering removed and the fish driven down into the net; water is then put into a tub, placed as near the net as possible, which is lifted from the raceway into it. For this operation a net made of coarse bagging or coffee sacks, is preferable to one that is knit, as it is so fine that in the transit through the air from the pond to the tub, it will hold water, while a knit one will leave the fish dry and floundering, which may cause the death of every ripe fish in the lot.

And here I would remind the beginner that he cannot handle a gravid fish too carefully if he expects it to live after the operation.

Having untied the lower end of the net and emptied the fish carefully into the tub, it will be found most convenient to sort them and put the males in the other tub; take them out with the small hand net or large short-handled dipper, and dip the edge of it in the water, that they may not be injured by being poured in. The object of separating the sexes is that it often happens that their numbers are unequal, or if nearly so, then there may be a scarcity of ripe males, even though this sex should be in excess, and sometimes a male fish will have but a small quantity of milt as a consequence of a former mating, but as one good ripe male will serve to impregnate the eggs of several females, it ordinarily happens that there is enough; still, it is well to be prepared for a scarcity, as there are few things more provoking than to take a fine batch of eggs and have no

milt to impregnate them with; therefore, while it is a good thing to use it freely if plenty, and so make assurance doubly sure, it is better to spin it out and make it go as far as possible if the supply is limited.

As for the manner of holding and manipulating a fish, there are almost as many ways as there are operators. A person will soon find a way in which it is the most convenient for him to do it, and this will soon become his fixed manner from which he will find it hard to deviate; there are certain rules however that must be observed and on which all agree. Force must not be used; if the eggs or milt will not flow freely at a light touch, the fish must be put back in the pond to ripen. Do not grasp a fish anywhere on the abdomen or gills, but take it up with one hand on the strong bony arch behind the gills, and the other grasping the tail between the vent and caudal fin; here the fish is solid and is not easily injured by pressure. Never handle a fish with a dry hand; if one should jump from the tub or be dropped to the ground by any mischance, always wet your hands before touching it, then the slime will not rub off from the fish; it will stick to a dry hand, and it is that which causes finger marks to show so plainly on a fish that has been handled; these marks often become sores covered with a fungoid growth which generally kill the fish. The slime on a trout is necessary to its existence, and they never have as much of it at any other season as they do during the spawning period. The loss of this slime or of a few scales is much more serious to them than a clean cut. If a trout should be taken carefully from the water and laid in a dry towel, dried off gently and quickly and then let go in the water, he would swim off apparently all right, but in the course of a week or ten days would look woolly, and in a few days more would die.

Wherever this woolly fungus grows, the flesh beneath it appears ulcerated and the edges highly inflamed. I will refer to this again under the head of diseases of adult trout, and in the mean time make some microscopical examinations of it, provided I get a better instrument than the one I have; and now will try and get back to the subject of taking spawn. How easy it is to digress on such a subject!

If the day is cold, as it generally is, the tubs can be taken to the hatching house in order to work comfortably, as a lively fish in numb fingers may make sad work if it slips into a pan of eggs.

My manner of handling a fish is to put both hands in the water with the backs up and take the head in the right hand with the thumb and second finger grasping the fish behind the gills, leaving the forefinger free, the other fingers will keep the fish from going through the hand without pressing too much on the gills; the left hand grasps the fish by the tail below the vent. A male is usually taken first, and if ripe, will yield a few drops of clear white milt; if it is of any other color, or has a streak of blood in it, it is not good. Bloody milt will come if too much pressure is used, but will be so sometimes without it. It requires but a few drops of milt to fertilize a pan of eggs, yet we take all we can get; if the water is slightly tinged with good milt it is sufficient. It was formerly the custom to put a little water in the pan and then strip a male fish so that the egg as soon as taken could absorb milt, but now I think it is the custom of most operators to take the spawn by what is known as the Russian or dry method, in which it makes little or no difference, which is taken first.

The fish is stripped by a slight pressure of the forefinger of the right hand. Other operators hold a fish so that they use the thumb instead of the forefinger and some use two or three fingers.

More care must be used in handling the female. If the eggs feel hard, like shot, put her back, for if ripe the eggs will generally flow if she is held in position over the pan. Holding in position is, with the head and tail thrown back as she bends herself when depositing her own eggs. If ripe, the belly will feel soft and the eggs, by changing their positions at the touch, will show that the tissue that enveloped them is ruptured. This is the condition in which the shad and herring are when called "shotters" by the fishermen, and I would advise opening a fish to see how the spawn lays before attempting to take it. A trout has the spawn in two layers, each enveloped in a thin membrane, and in the last stage of its development it reaches from the vent to the pectoral fins, almost behind the gills.

The female must be pressed more slowly and carefully than the male, as well as oftener. Commence the pressure at the pectoral fins and do not allow the finger to move faster than the eggs; hold the vent under water, if you use any, and after moving the finger an inch or two, repeat the stroke, but do not press near the vent or the fish may be permanently injured.

If the fish struggles do not squeeze it, and if, as is sometimes the case, one proves obstinate, put it back in the tub and try again. The male is stripped from the ventral fins to the vent.

Spawn and milt are taken according to your judgment. After the first pair are stripped, that is, if the water is "thick" enough, you can handle several females in succession; if not, use more milt, give the pan an occasional light shake, or stir the water with a feather, or tail of a fish so as to bring the contents in more immediate contact, and after the bottom of the pan is well covered, take another; a common milk pan will take four or five thousand to completely cover the bottom. After the operation is finished the pan should be left undisturbed for half an hour; it requires about this time for the eggs to "free."

It has been said that the eggs when first taken were furnished with a glutinous matter which caused them to

adhere to the pan and to each other, but we now know that this is caused by the absence of water between the coverings which causes them to stick to what they touch by the pressure of the water, and as they fill, the pressure on the inside causes them to "free." As soon as this happens the eggs are washed from all superfluous milt—for they will take no more—by being placed under a small stream and the water changed repeatedly.

Taking spawn may appear to be a very formidable operation as described, and there really is a great deal of skill required to perform it neatly and quickly without injury to the fish, yet I am confident that I could show a person how to do it in a great deal less time than he could ever learn it from written instructions. There is a great difference on these points even among operators of considerable experience, and a beginner must expect not only to be awkward at it, but also to kill many fish. The greatest danger is in using too much force. If the fish are ripe you will know it, if not you may have doubts, and I beg of you to give the poor fish the benefit of them, for if your entertain a doubt of it after you have her in position and have touched her abdomen, then she is not ripe.

There are signs of ripeness that will enable one to form a near guess. There are in the female a fullness of the abdomen, which however looks the same if the fish is gorged with food, and a protruding purple vent which a novice at first sight might think was injured or diseased.

Did you ever see a ripe male? If not, then, you that have caught thousands of trout in season might possibly ask, as many visitors do, "What fish is that?" For in addition to his brilliant fins and deep orange belly, which gets brighter as the spawning season approaches, he appears to be of a rich drab color on his back when fully ripe, and his sides appear darker than usual as you stand near the edge of the pond and look down upon him. The female, if not of a more sober hue appears so by contrast with her gaudy mate. At other seasons the sexes are not so easily distinguished, but as a general rule it may be said that the female's nose is the roundest, and she presents a more corpulent appearance. These signs however are not infallible, and a person of experience will rightly pronounce the sex nine times out of ten without being able to explain just how he does it. If a doubt is raised in my mind as to the sex of a trout, as it is, if I cannot pronounce from the first look, then I would not care to hazard a guess, so subtle is the difference of expression, if that word may be used in this connection. It is as if one were to pronounce on the sex of human faces; the majority are unmistakable, but occasionally one would puzzle him. At the spawning season there is not the slightest difficulty.

I have not taken spawn from trout in this manner for several years, as I use the invention known as the Ainsworth screens, where the fish deposit their own eggs, and I gather them once or twice a week, or when convenient; but this is matter enough for another chapter.

FRED. MATHER.

SKETCHES IN FLORIDA.

FISHING AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE is a quaint old Spanish city, for a long time dull and quiet, but now waking up with the influx of Northern people, many of whom have built stately and beautiful residences for their winter sojourn.

For real enjoyment, St. Augustine far surpasses any other part of Florida. You avoid the bustle of business in Jacksonville, as well as its sharp frosts and hot days; you are not "out of the world," as at Enterprise, nor is it so warm.

The climate is charming; a happy medium; nor is it so variable as at most other places in Florida. Frost is almost unknown; also, extreme heat. You have good hotels, your daily mail, and, though the "morning papers" do not reach you until the afternoon, still, you are "in the world;" while the facilities for boating, hunting and fishing are unsurpassed.

The bay is beautiful, and affords a fine opportunity for sailing. Whether your party tries the "Osceola," or "Belle of the Bay" of Mr. Ivanowski (Neé Sweeney), the "Water Witch" of Captain Walton, or any of the smaller craft in the harbor, you can enjoy a pleasant and comfortable sail under safe pilotage.

While for fishing, one has but to go to the sea-wall, or the long wharf, or take a skiff or canoe, and push out in the bay, and there will be no want of sport.

The only drawback is the universal prevalence of the cat-fish, which is of all sizes, from the tiny youngster of three inches to the full-grown paterfamilias of two feet or more. These are of a grey color and shaped like their Northern brethren, but covered with a thick tough slime, just as the eels of the north are, and the result is, your hook, line and fingers—and often clothes get covered with this sticky substance. Your hook and line must be thoroughly cleansed, or no other fish will touch it—your hands and clothes are at your option.

Another favorite fishing place is from the bridge over the San Sebastian, just at the back of the town.

At any or all of these places you can catch bass, trout, sheepshead, mullet, flounders, sharks, and many other varieties.

One of the pleasantest amusements is fishing in the surf for bass. The "modus operandi" of this sport is somewhat as follows:—

Remember that I am giving the custom of the country, and shall not be surprised if scientific bass-fishers, who re-

joice in forty-dollar reels and sixty-dollar rods with agate-mounted tips and rings, are somewhat disgusted.

The line ordinarily used is nearly as thick as a cod-line, and about 50 yards long. A sinker, weighing about a half or three-quarters of a pound—with a hole through it—is strung on the line, and is kept there by a large knot on its end. Below this knot, and attached to the line proper by a somewhat smaller cord, is the hook—a cod-hook being generally used, or one a little smaller.

The fisherman is usually clad in an old flannel shirt, woollen trousers and old, loose boots—with a broad-leaved straw or felt hat.

The bait used is a string of mullet, procured at the early market—(price five cents)—which is cut into chunks about an inch square.

Thus equipped, and with the end of the line tied around the waist, or to his wrist, to prevent its escape as it flies out, and neatly coiled in his left hand, to run off easily, and with a yard or two above the sinker hanging from his right hand, the fisherman wades into the surf, about waist deep, and, swinging the sinker around his head, launches it out as far as he can, and then draws it gradually in, so as to keep the bait moving.

When he feels a bite, he gives a jerk, to hook the fish, and, if successful, he puts the line over his shoulder and starts for the beach, going as fast as he can—for if he lets the line slack, he will probably lose his fish.

On emerging from the water he runs out on the beach and drags the fish upon the sand, where he secures it—and, re-baiting his hook, starts for another throw.

The hook, or hooks, (sometimes two or more are used), are put on a smaller piece of line, on account of the abundance of small sharks, which literary swarm in the breakers, where the bass and other fish most do congregate, and are very apt to seize the bait and break the line, carrying off sinker and all, if it breaks above it.

The sinker is perforated so that the bite can easily be felt, the line readily slipping through it.

The surf is about fifty yards from the edge of the beach, there being a line of shoal about that distance, over which the waves break. Between this and the shore the water is shallow; about thigh-deep at low tide, and the fisherman wades out to the bank.

As the tide rises he is obliged to come in, the surf breaking all the way to the shore when the water is two or three feet deep on the bar.

It is not a very comfortable feeling to turn when on the shoal, and see a shark or two swimming up and down between you and the shore—especially, if you have a bite and are making for the beach. But they are very shy, and quickly get out of the way. I never heard of anyone being bitten. They are usually about three or four feet long, and are often caught.

Still they are unpleasant neighbors. I remember one day, before a storm, when the water was dark and I could not see, while standing about waist-deep in this "middle-ground," and fishing busily, feeling a sudden sharp nip on the ankle. I sprang clear of the water, for I thought it was a shark. But it was only a large sea-crab, which pinches powerfully. Fortunately, I had on very heavy pantaloons, so no damage was done—but the shock was tremendous, for sharks are very bold in dark water.

There are many large sharks and sword or saw-fish in the Bay, and during the summer they are caught for the oil contained in their livers. From ten to twenty fish is about a fair afternoon's catch "during the season"—so they say.

Speaking of the bass-fishing in the surf, reminds me of a somewhat ludicrous incident, which is said to have occurred to one of our distinguished Generals, just after the war. It seems, a party were fishing at Brazos, in the Gulf, somewhat in the manner I have just described, and the General feeling a bite, started with the line over his shoulder in orthodox style for the beach, and ran out hauling his line. In course of time the fish was drawn out, and to the amazement of the General and the amusement of the rest of the party, proved to be only about six inches long.

It is needless to say the General's champagne suffered that evening, but the story leaked out nevertheless. So much for the fish.

Quail are plenty in the neighborhood of St. Augustine, and within a few miles deer and wild turkey are abundant; while occasionally one gets a chance for a "scrimmage" with a bear or panther.

As to wild fowl, "their name is legion"—shore birds of all kinds, ducks, geese, herons, *et id omne genus*, can be had with a reasonable degree of trouble.

Enough sport can be found in the neighborhood of St. Augustine to reward the most ardent sportsman, and I know of no place, this side of Humboldt Bay, in California, where so many facilities for hunting and fishing are offered, or where the variety of game fish, flesh and fowl is so great, or where a few weeks may be more agreeably passed by the sportsman.

MONMOUTH.

—A Russian naturalist claims to have found living mammoths in Siberia. He has seen five small ones twelve feet high, eighteen feet long, and having tusks eight to ten feet in length. The brute haunts great caves, and feeds on grass, etc.

—Johnny attends school, which will explain the following short dialogue between him and his father: "Johnny, I didn't know you got whipped the other day," said he. "You didn't? Well, if you'd been in my breeches you'd have known it."

—This is the season of the year when a boy examines the wood-pile in the next yard and wonders why on earth his father don't buy small, straight sticks.—*Danbury News*

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

RHODODENDRONS.

HARDY VARIETIES. RAODODENDRON. (*Catawbiensis*.)

"Long years ago it might befall
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all."

AMONG the evergreen plants used for garden, lawn and other decorative situations, where one, six, or a larger number are to be used, commend us to the grand old rhododendron. The king of the city garden, the pride of the village green, the pet flower of every ten by twelve grass plot, and, grandest of all, the flowering climax of every well stocked, elegantly decorated park.

This magnificent flower is so well known, or should be to all the lovers of beautiful plants, that a familiar description of the same would scarcely seem necessary. Yet such is not the case. There are many persons, ladies and gentlemen, too, of good taste, who delight in a well stocked garden, who have never seen a rhododendron in full bloom. Said a lady to me one day, "I saw a very beautiful flower in full bloom in front of a gentleman's house in New Jersey the other afternoon. I wish I knew what it was. It had bright glossy leaves, grew about three feet high, and had about ten short limbs, all covered with an orange shaped leaf, that looked like a leaf made from wax. From the middle of the bunches of green leaves there sprang a large pink colored flower as large as my hand, and oh! so beautiful. I do much wish I knew its name. I want to purchase one, as I never saw a more beautiful plant."

This very natural exclamation of the lady would probably find a response in very many hearts when looking upon this plant for the first time. This would be the case with any one who could spend an hour in the garden of the Messrs. Hovey, near Boston. There your eyes would be delighted with specimens of this beautiful flower twelve feet in height, and in its season of blossom all covered with flowers.

We have been told that familiarity breeds contempt. Not so with the rhododendron. Beautiful! indeed, the more we become acquainted with the rare qualities of this valued plant of the garden the more we love its bright shining leaves, its rich and enduring flowers, and well may the term of a "thing of beauty" be applied to it. Magnificent is a well fitting title for the *rhododendron catawbiensis*. While there are many varieties of this flowering shrub which, with care, can be cultivated to perfection upon the lawn and beneath the shelter of the deepening woody borders of our gardens, we can recommend for hardy culture the *catawbiensis* as perfectly reliable. Plant this kind and you will have a reliable plant. And a "sure thing" in the garden is a matter of much consideration to all our lady friends who love these beautiful flowers. This article upon the rhododendron was written at the express solicitation of two of our lady friends, who know something about garden flowers.

The *R. Ponticum*, and many of the hardy varieties—hybrids—will grow well beneath the shady sides of woods, but we feel that all who do not tolerably well understand their cultivation had better confine themselves to the culture of one or two of the perfectly hardy species. There are thirty varieties of the *catawbiensis*—all hardy; from these they can choose their plants and go to work on a half dozen or a dozen with a good degree of confidence in ultimate success.

Like the azaleas, the rhododendron does pretty well in ordinary garden soil, but is greatly improved in size and beauty of color by a skillful adaptation as near as possible to its natural soil and situations. Make them as much at home in their new home, by a judicious combination of soils, as they were before they were lifted, and your work is done.

There is not a more superb plant than the rhododendron cultivated, and our earnest plea is for our pet plant. It can be planted in pots if you desire it, and you can keep it in the greenhouse in the winter and bring it out in the spring to beautify the plot or garden. Amateurs and others desirous of trying their hand with three or five of these plants, can obtain perfectly hardy varieties from any of our seedsmen.

If we could have but one "garden pet," our choice would be the rhododendron. It is hardy, vigorous of constitution, not liable to insect attacks, possesses beauty and symmetry of growth, and when in flower it pays you a hundred times over for the care you bestow upon it. We have often felt a surprise at the lack of appreciation this flower seemed to command, and were thus led seriously to consider why it was this sparsely cultivated. Perhaps a prominent reason may be found in the fact that considerable care and attention is required to make an appropriate bed, soil, and situation for the growth of this plant.

In hopes of giving our lady friends and, incidentally, others a few reliable hints as to how to prepare a bed for the rhododendron, I will tell them just how I made one for myself last week, and they are at liberty to improve upon my plan as much as they please. If our friends have patience sufficient to induce them to make such a bed as we describe, and sufficient faith in our experience, they will have as good a show of rhododendrons as any of their neighbors.

First, this plant, to thrive well, requires a deep, well prepared soil. Belonging to the family *ericaceae*, its rootlets

are exceedingly delicate, and are always found very fine. Now, whenever you find these delicate rootlets dry, from any cause whatever, you may throw your plant away at once, for however green its leaves may appear your plant is dead.

On what are called the most "unseemly places" you can make your plant bed, as I did mine. The hillside upon which I have prepared a bed for the next spring planting faces the southeast. I first determined the size which I designed for my bed. This I staked out in outline, which I think a good plan, using sharpened sticks six inches long. The bed is of an oval form, in the longest measurement ten feet, in breadth, or shortest, five to six feet. Carefully cutting the sod with a sod cutter, I removed all the same from the top of the bed. This being done I removed the earthy loam and placed it outside the excavation for future use. Then I removed the gravel to the depth of four feet; this gravel you will need to make the side of the lower embankment of your bed, for I made the upper side of my bed four feet below the level of the sod in its original form. From this level, to be determined by the circumstances of the case, by those who follow these suggestions, I, in making my bed, made a level bed, or plateau. This was the foundation, or pit, of my bed. Now comes the filling up process. On a side hill like the one in question you will not often need much artificial drainage. You will, as I did, prepare for a too rapid drainage, which is death to your plant, by covering the whole bottom of your pit with pine needles, or oak leaves, or fine meadow hay, to the depth of from one to two feet. Now pass back again into the pit your loam, and your leaves are fixed, and should be trodden down to make what you have already placed them, about six inches deep from the bottom. Now you are ready to place old sod soil—the soil that should compose the bed, and that which I used was a mixture of one part peat, or well rotted leaf mould, one part of rich loam, and one part sharp sand. Let these be most thoroughly mixed and let lay in a heap three or six days; then fill up all the space left of your bed, level with the former brow of the hill, and outwardly forming a level at the top of the embankment of some two or three feet, which should be sodded to prevent the earth of your bed from sliding down hill. Now you can, after doing this, leave your bed over the winter, and in April, on some bright warm day, spade the whole over preparatory to planting out your rhododendrons.

You can always procure good plants from reliable nurserymen. If you want the cheapest of plants there are always humbugs enough to cheat you out of your money. Having obtained what you believe to be good plants, set them say from one foot to fourteen inches distant in rows lengthwise of your bed, or, a general rule adopted by some landscape gardeners is, "so that they shade the ground by their foliage just touching each other." This is as good a rule, perhaps, as can be given, and I adopt it whenever I set out grounds. If possible to obtain, I prefer to mulch, say two inches in depth, over the plants as soon as set out, with ground tan bark, always easily obtained, and there can be nothing better.

Now let your bed alone, unless the summer should be extremely dry. Two copious waterings with the water pot or hose pipe will be all sufficient, and nine chances out of ten you will not need any water. Because why? You have set out your bed as you should have done, and they will probably live and thrive.

As a protection from frost and cold in winter, we use boughs of cedar, hemlock, or pine, the ends well sharpened, and a crow bar to make holes to receive them, and the boughs firmly set about the bed is a sufficient shelter from the coldest weather. More of these plants are killed from sunshine in winter than from the intense cold. *Protect them well from the winter sun.*

In the course of time, as your plants grow in size, you will of course make new beds by removing from the old bed every other plant year by year, until you have left one or two very large plants, whose value, singly, would pay a large percentage of time, care, and the money expended.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

BINDING LADIES' FEET IN CHINA.—Doctor Macgowan, an American gentleman of great experience in Chinese matters, gives a somewhat different account of the origin of the practice, placing it three centuries later. The custom, he says, is of comparatively modern origin, and owes its existence to the whim of Li Yuh, the licentious and unpopular prince of Keangnan, whose court was in Nanking. He ruled from A. D. 976 to 976, and was subdued and finally poisoned by the founder of the Sung dynasty. It appears that he was amusing himself in his palace, when the thought occurred to him that he might improve the appearance of the feet of one of his favorites. He accordingly bent her foot, so as to raise the instep into an arch, to resemble the new moon. The figure was much admired by the courtiers, who began at once to introduce it into their families. Soon after the province of Keangnan again became an integral part of the empire, from which point the new practice spread throughout all provinces and all ranks, until it became a national custom. Many lives were sacrificed by suicide; those females whose feet had not been bound, were persecuted by their husbands; so much so, they hung themselves or took poison. About one hundred and fifty years after the origin of the practice, we find a poet celebrating the beauties of the "golden lilies," and from his description it would appear that seven centuries ago they were of the same size as those of the present day. According to the upholders of the development theory, such continued compression for centuries should have occasioned a national alteration in the structure of the Chinese foot, but nothing of the kind is observed.—*At the Year Round.*

Natural History.

A HINT TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.

NOW is the time to collect the chrysalides of the large moths. The leaves are off from the trees and bushes, and they may be easily seen. Those of the *Attacus ceropia*, *a luna* and *Arpromethia* are very numerous this fall. Any one who wishes to secure some of those large and beautiful moths, should collect them at once. It is customary to collect them early in the spring, but it is much better to do it in the autumn. During deep snows in the winter, thousands are eaten by the mice.

The *Cecropia* chrysalides are most abundant in the elder thickets near the margins of swamps. They are generally attached to the bushes about eighteen inches from the ground. Those of the *Promethia* are found hanging to the twigs of the wild cherry and spiced bush curled up in a leaf. The *Luna's* may be found under the walnut and oak trees on the ground among the fallen leaves. The *Luna* moth is the most beautiful of its genus, and its chrysalides are much more difficult to find than those of other species. When collected, they should be put in a box, and kept in a cool part of the house (out of the way of mice) until the first of May, they should then be fastened on strings and stretched across a room in rows until the moths come out, which will be about the middle of the month. When a moth's wings are fully stretched and dried, they should be caught before leaving the chrysalis from which they suspend. If allowed to fly about a room they soon spoil their wings and are worthless as ornaments or specimens. When taken from the chrysalides they are in a perfect condition, and may at once be prepared for the case or cabinet with all their natural beauty. A dozen or twenty chrysalides may be found in a proper locality in an hour's searching. Ladies as well as gentlemen can easily collect them and prepare the moths as they come out in spring, and arrange them in cases with rustic frames, made of bark or covered with moss, thus making a beautiful ornament.

CURIOUS FORMS IN PARASITIC LIFE.

"Big fleas and little fleas
Have lesser fleas to bite 'em;
The lesser fleas have smaller fleas,
And so ad infinitum.

EVERYWHERE the great earth teems with life. The very ground almost moves with its suppressed vitality, and even the air we breathe leaves on its invisible globules myriads of forms active with life, and bent on the one great work of reproduction. Upon examination it will be found that the minute forms have a great work laid out for them—that of holding in check certain divisions of animal life, and in their turn their numbers are reduced by some "lesser flea." So we find in every case that the elimination is in exact proportion to the production, and every animal, from the highest form to the lowest mass of Algæ has its individual exterminator. Thus the lower forms of life are kept within bounds, and the parasite, although a repulsive object, is shown to be necessary to our well being, and even life, and foras one of the greatest powers wielded by Nature.

Some of the most interesting forms of this class are found on the marine animals, where their numbers and great size make it a study of care as well as interest. The fishes particularly are the victims of this necessary persecution, and probably the most common are the little crustaceans known as Fish Louse. Around the gills and on the tongue is a favorite point of attack. Here they attach themselves with their long knife-like claws, and either gorge themselves with the life blood of the victim or live on food that comes from an outside source. In the pouch of the *Medusæ*, or sun-fish quantities of little crustaceans of the genus *Hyporixæ* are found, some clinging to the sides and others moving around as if newly arrived and not yet well acquainted with their future habits. In the division Isopodæ, we find the *cymothoadae*. They are found on the gills of many of our fishes, and form a no mean enemy, as frequently the continual drain of their "little moustes" causes the death of the fish, and not until then do they desert the fortunes of their victim. They are very curiously formed; the gills have the general appearance of large round membranous plates, placed at the extremity of six pairs of members attached to the abdominal segments, and called false feet. The exact number of feet, however, are seven pairs, which are armed with a long, sharp, and generally prehensile claw, admirably adapted for the work they have to do. The female is a miniature marsupial, as beneath the thorax and attached to the base of the feet is a pouch for the purpose of carrying eggs. Here they are held until they have arrived at perfection, and that important time having arrived, the mother opens the pouch and the brood swim off in search of some unfortunate fish, with whom they can form an attachment. The *Argulus alosæ*, a stronger, hard shelled parasite, about half an inch long, is found on the gills of the Alewife (*Alosa vulgaris*). It is protected by a large obovate or obcordate shield, which covers the first two pair of legs; from this extends the long abdomen, supported by three pairs of legs, all of which are fringed with a remarkable substance, resembling hair. The extremity of this strange parasite is ornamented with two short folia, covered by two others, and each as long and as broad as the exposed portion of the abdomen. In other species, however, nothing is seen but the shield, which gives it the appearance of a small shell clinging to the fish.

The small disc-shaped fish louse (*Caligus piscinus*), with its jointed body, is familiar to all sportsmen. It is commonly found on the Cod and any of the deep water fishes. I have frequently taken it from the tongue, where it had grown so large as to almost prevent the passage of food, and in one case, on the Florida reef, I found six in the mouth of a small fish, completely filling it. Considerable force had to be used in removing them, and when it was effected they were extremely lively and would grasp my finger and endeavor to fasten their claws in any crack or crevice. The *Penella filosa*, a long, worm-like creature, with a veritable horny head and bushy tail, is found frequently cutting its way through the sides of the above mentioned sun-fish, and on one specimen figured by Farrel, a large number of the *Paranella sagitta* were found imbedded with their hairy tails, waving to and fro like tentacles, and on them were found numbers of the *Cineras vitatta*, while in the liver of the fish were found immense numbers of *Cysticerci*. Truly he labored under a disadvantage.

Hordes of parasites, crustaceans of the genus *Nebalia*, are frequently found in the stomach of a single fish. Only one species, however, is well known. They are exceedingly minute, and are protected by a cuirass-like shield. The tail is long and finally terminates in two sharp-pointed bristles. Another singularly beautiful parasite, the *P. armulæ cornis*, has never been found out of the fish. It is about four inches long, the elongated and beautifully variegated red and white antennæ, however, making it appear longer still. It forms one of the most striking and elegant of all the crustaceans; having the parasite characteristics.

The whale louse is a common and well known member of the *Laemodipods*. They have no special spot of attack, but cover the whale on any available part, and at some portions of the year so changing its color that the great white mass of parasites can be seen at a great distance. In appearance it is long and thin and resembles a number of hooks hanging at intervals from a stick. The first claw is prehensile, and is attached to the head; the other legs are armed with a long hook, flexible and more or less prehensile.

The *Hermiteal* has a slight claim as a parasite. Very fierce and brave, they do not hesitate to attack the inmates of the largest shells or any that suit their purpose, and as they grow rapidly, a constant warfare on the poor Periwinkles is the result. They are easily tamed, and at Tortugas, Fla., we had one that had taken possession of an old pipe bowl. We named him "Diogenes," and for some months shared bed and board with him. But one day, in attempting to climb on the table by a very smooth cloth, he fell to the floor amid the ruins of the old pipe. His nervous system received so severe a shock that the best medical skill the reef afforded was unavailing, and a few days after, it being extreme high tide, he passed away. He is still mourned by a large circle of acquaintances.

Molluscus parasites are quite rare, although the common *Barnacles* are frequently found imbedded in the flesh of whales and deep water fishes. The *Balani* or sea acorns are immovable in all their parts, and attach themselves to sluggish fishes, where they sometimes so cover the head that the fish becomes blind, and eventually dies. We have several wonderful cases of parasitic "fish," but before speaking of them it would be well to mention the *Echeneidans* or ship-stayers. The members of the family are included in the single genus *Echeneis*, which was translated to *Remora* by Pliny. They are noted for the remarkable disc-like head, covered with an organ capable of attaching itself to anything. Anyone who has seen a shark has certainly had a view of this beautiful creature; generally they are dark blue, and when clinging to the white sides of the shark, with their tails waving back and forth, they present a very striking appearance. They show great affection for their huge consort, as I have frequently, in catching sharks, pulled them far up on the beach before the *Remora* would relinquish its hold. To show the power of the suction, it is said that in Mozambique they capture Twittles with them by fastening a ring to the tail of the *Remora* and holding it by a string. On the approach of a Twittle the string is let out and the fish fastens itself on to the shell and the animal is drawn in. The old writers had a great respect for its powers, as they thoroughly believed that it could stop vessels of the largest size, and it is stated in all good faith that a *Remora* retarded Anthony's galley in the fights of Actium, thus allowing Cæsar to obtain the advantage, and Pliny thus moralizes "that such magnificent ships and men should have to bend the knee, as it were, to a fish two feet long. Still another finny parasite is found in close company with the beautiful, as well as dangerous *Physalia* or Portuguese Man 'o War. This little fish I have never seen figured or described, although they are quite common on the Florida reef. At first sight you can hardly distinguish them from the deadly tentacles of the *Physalia*. So alike are they in color, being a deep sea blue.

Here is a wonderful phase in the economy of nature. We find a fish living, as it were, in the midst of death, making its home in the snaky mass of tentacles, the mere touch of which is instant death to fish of twice its size, and sometimes fatal to man. How this mere bubble, far down in the scale of being, can discriminate between its little companions and foreign fish, is a question that is still to be solved. Instinct it cannot be. But still, these little parasites make their home there, while other fish are entangled in the slimy folds and drawn up to be devoured by this mass of life. I have often watched them in the harbor of Tortugas, where, after a storm, they are found in immense quantities. When hungry, the tentacles are ex-

tended to a distance of four feet behind them. The little sail or membrane is lifted to the breeze, and away they go, like the eulprit Fay.

"Spring to this craft with a lightsome leap,
And launch afar on the calm blue deep,
The imps of the sea may yell and rave,
And summon all forces beneath the wave."

Soon the tentacles assume a horizontal position, and soon the bits of red and blue shooting through the water attract the attention of an unfortunate sardine. He dashes at the "worm," and is dead! The shock of the thousand stings is fatal. The tentacle is rapidly drawn in, and soon the fish has disappeared in the mass of red blue and white tentacles that form the greater part of the body of this fairy fisherman. I have seen a Hawksbill Twittle, weighing five pounds, completely conquered by one of them, and indeed I nearly lost my own life by accidentally swimming over one. The most serious symptom was dyspnoea, and almost entire prostration of the nervous system, and the red and blue marks or welts I carried to New York seven months after, showing the immense power wielded by one of the lowest forms in animal life. Many other parasitic forms, especially among the *Annellidæ* or worms, might be mentioned to show the great system of Nature, and the perfect adaptation and fitness of the smallest mite to its peculiar work.

C. F. H.

S. H. WALES, Esq., President Department Public Parks:

SIR: The following are the donations to the Central Park Menagerie since November, 1873:

2 Red-shouldered hawk. Presented by Mr. Henry Steinway and James Halpin.

1 Horned Toad. Presented by Miss Nina Worth.

1 Burrowing Owl from Brazil. Presented by Captain A. W. Lavender, ship Clarendon. This bird alighted on deck of vessel when 100 miles off the coast of Uruguay.

1 Merlin. Presented by Mr. John Sutherland. This bird was captured on board steamship Cuba, 250 miles from Queenstown, Ireland.

1 Red-shouldered Hawk. Presented by Mr. James Halpin.

Fourteen Box Turtles, 1 Eagle, 1 Agave, 1 Yucea, 1 Bald Eagle, 1 Flying Squirrel.

Very respectfully,

W. A. CONKLIN,
Director.

The Kennel.

—Philip Meyers, of Brooklyn, died last week in terrible agony from hydrophobia. He was bitten through the thumb by a small spitz dog in September last. The dog was killed the same day, but was not thought to be rabid. The wound healed, and no ill effects followed until the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. Then Meyers was taken sick and died soon after midnight.

THE FOOD OF SPORTING DOGS.

IN feeding dogs, as well as horses, an anatomical and physiological view cannot fail to be a safe index to the system to be pursued. By these aids we are led to conclude that dogs are neither wholly herbivorous nor wholly carnivorous, but are so formed as to be capable of deriving nutriment from either vegetable or animal matter. The dog is by nature predacious, and intended to live on the flesh of other animals, but at the same time it is clear that his organs fit him for receiving nourishment from vegetable substances also, and occasionally we see them voluntarily seek it, most likely as a necessary mixture to prevent the frequent tendency to putridity which a diet confined to animal food alone begets. It seems pretty plain, therefore, that a mixture of animal and vegetable matter is the proper food for dogs. On this point I believe most persons are agreed. Not so, however, as to the proportion and nature and quality of each to be administered. In many of the old works on the chase, this system of giving raw animal food to hounds is strongly recommended, and in some cases the steaming entrails of a newly-killed horse were advocated as being the best possible restorative for hounds after returning from an arduous day's work. Bones are good food for poor hounds, as there is great proof in them. Sheep's trotters are very sweet food, and will be of service when horse flesh is not to be had. Bullocks' bellies may be also of some use if you can get nothing else. Some sportsmen are unfavorable to the use of flesh as food for dogs, on the ground that it is injurious to their olfactory powers, but this I cannot but think is an erroneous notion, if only on the ground of what actually occurs in a state of nature. All the members of the canine race, dog, wolves, and foxes, are carnivorous, and, as such, live by means of their exquisite scenting faculties, which enable them to hunt down the animals they prey on, and it would be altogether out of reason to imagine that the pursuit of these natural instincts should frustrate the end for which they were ordained. Flesh, therefore, if not given out of all proportion to the amount of exertion undergone, is never likely to impair the scenting powers. It is only where a superabundant supply of animal food is given to animals out of work, or not taking a proper amount of exercise, that the olfactory powers become impaired, as then the secretions of the body become vitiated, and those of the nose suffer equally with the rest; in fact, by sportsmen, any defects in these latter organs are more readily detected than in any others, except those which are palpable to an ordinary observer. Animal food, therefore, when given in a judicious manner, forms the most nutritious food, and is better adapted for sustaining the sporting powers of dogs, more particularly foxhounds, than any other. The raw flesh of animals appears particularly to increase the courage and ferocity of the participators; and where these qualities are requisite, this mode of feeding will undoubtedly tend thereto, and therefore we consider that it is the best possible food for hounds. Of the varieties of animal matter none answer the purpose so well as horse-flesh. When animal substances are becoming putrid, by burying them two or three feet under ground, the putrefactive process is arrested and the earth tends to sweeten the meat. It is doubtful, however, whether putrid meat is so

RHYMING PROPHECIES.

IT was a proverb in Scotland that if the deer rose dry and lay down to dry on Bullion's Day, there would be an early harvest. Considering the soldier-saint was the chosen patron of publicans and dispensers of good liquor, it seems odd that a shower falling upon St Martin's Day should be supposed to indicate a twenty days' opening of heaven's sluices. Martin, however, when he went in for wet, was more moderate than his uncanonised brother Swithun, commonly called St Swithin; he, as every one knows, is content with nothing under forty days:

Saint Swithin's Day, gin ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain;
Saint Swithin's Day, an' ye be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Why this should be, has been explained in this wise: When the good Saxon Bishop of Winchester departed this life some thousand years ago, he was, in accordance with his expressed wish, buried in the churchyard, so that his humble grave might be trodden by the feet of passers-by, and receive the eaves-dropping from the abbey roof. Thus he was permitted to rest undisturbed for a hundred years; then the clergy of the diocese took it into their heads to have the saint taken up, and deposited inside the cathedral; but when they set about the work, the rain came down with such violence that they were compelled to desist, and finding the deluge continued for forty days, interpreted it to be a warning against removing Swithin's remains, and therefore contented themselves with erecting a chapel over his grave. As poor robin sings:

Whether this were so or no,
Is more than you or I do know.
Better it is to rise betune,
And to make hay while sun doth shine.
Than to believe in tales and lies
Which idle monks and friars devise.

Mr. Earle, however, has shown that while it is true that St Swithin did leave directions that he should be buried in a vile place, under the eaves-dropping, on the north side of Winchester church, there was no supernatural protest on his part against his relics being removed to the magnificent shrine prepared for them in Ethelworld's cathedral. On the contrary, the weather was most propitious for the ceremony. Whoever was at the pains of inventing the story of the forty days' tempest, misapplied his imaginative faculties altogether, since the phenomenon popularly associated with St Swithin is as apocryphal as the story concocted to account for it. From observations made at Greenwich in the twenty years ending with 1861, it appears that during that term forty days' rain was never known to follow St Swithin's Day; while, oddly enough, the wettest weather came when the saint failed to 'christen the apples.' In only six instances—in 1841, 1845, 1851, 1853, 1854, and 1856—did it rain at all upon the fateful day; and the forty days following showed respectively twenty-three, twenty-six, thirteen, eighteen, sixteen, and fourteen rainy ones. On the other hand, there were twelve wet days out of the forty after the dry St Swithin of 1842, twenty-two after that of 1843, twenty-nine after that of 1860, and no less than thirty-one after that of 1848. Not that any evidence is likely to shake the faith of believers in the ancient notion. Convinced against their will, they will hold their old opinion still, like Hone's lady friend, who, finding her favorite saint's day fine, prophesied a long term of beautiful weather; but when a few drops of rain fell towards evening, veered round, and, was positive six weeks of wet impended. Her first prophecy turned out to be correct; but the obstinate dame would not have it so, declaring stoutly that if no rain had fallen in the daytime, there certainly must have been some at night. There are rainy saints beside Swithin; in Belgium they pin their faith to St Godeliève; in France, to Saints Gervais and Protais, and St Médard.—*Chambers' Journal.*

KEEP THE LEGS AND FEET WARM.

DURING the damp and cold season, the legs should be encased in very thick knit woolen drawers, the feet in thick woolen stockings, (which must be changed every day,) and the shoe soles must be as broad as the feet when fully spread, so that the blood shall have free passage. If the feet are squeezed in the least, the circulation is checked, and coldness is inevitable. This free circulation cannot be secured by a loose upper with a narrow sole. If when the foot stands naked on a sheet of paper it measures three and a half inches, the sole must measure three and a half.

I will suppose you have done all this faithfully, and yet your feet and legs are cold. Now add more woolen, or if you are to travel much in the cars, or in a sleigh, procure a pair of chamois-skin or wash-leather drawers, which I have found to be most satisfactory.

I have known a number of ladies afflicted with hot and aching head, and other evidence of congestion about the upper parts, who were completely relieved by a pair of chamois-skin drawers and broad-soled shoes. Three ladies in every four suffer from some congestion in the upper part of the body. It is felt in a fulness of the head, in sore throat, in palpitation of the heart, torpid liver, and in many other ways. It is well known that a hot foot-bath will relieve for the time being any and all of these difficulties. This bath draws the blood into the legs and feet, relieving the congestion above. What the hot-bath does for an hour, the broad soled shoes with thick woolen stockings, and a pair of flannel drawers, with a pair of wash-leather drawers added, will do permanently; of course I am speaking of cold weather. No one hesitates to multiply the clothing about the trunk. Why hesitate to increase the clothing about the legs? As a preventive of many common affections about the chest, throat and head, including nasal catarrh, I know nothing so effective as the dress of the lower extremities which I am advocating.

The bath is a good thing, exercise is a good thing, friction is a good thing, but, after all, our main dependence in this climate must ever be, during the cold season, warm clothing. Already we overdo this about our trunks, but not one person in ten wears clothing enough about the legs and feet.—*Dio Lewis in To-Day.*

—The Newburyport *Herald* explains that "a tinker's dam" is not profanity, but simply an "enclosure made of bread around the hole to be mended, that the melted solder may be retained till it cools off around the bread. After being subjected to this process the bread is burned and spoiled, and is a fitting type of utter worthlessness."

THE KABYLES IN ALGERIA.—The Kabyles know very little of medicine. If one of them falls ill, he takes the juice of some plant; if he is wounded he makes a paste of sulphur, resin, and olive oil, and applies it to his wound; these and a leather pouch, containing verses from the Koran or certain cabalistic signs, which they wear round their necks, are the only remedies that they ever think of using. Their chief nourishment consists of a kind of hard cake baked upon a clay plate, milk, honey, and figs soaked in oil. Their luxuries are roast meat and *couscousou*. This favourite dish is made in an earthenware utensil standing upon legs, which is similar to our ordinary coffee pot in principle and form, although much larger in diameter. A quantity of olive oil, fat, vegetables, and pieces of meat or fowls seasoned with herbs and spices, are placed in the lower half of the pot, while the *couscousou* which consists of grains of corn steeped in water, then crushed with a stone, and finally exposed to the sun to dry, is put into the upper division, which is perforated with small holes at the bottom. The utensil is then placed over a slow fire, and the steam which rises from the various ingredients in the lower half of the pot gradually impregnates the *couscousou*. When the latter is sufficiently cooked it is turned into a wooden bowl and the meat placed on the top.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, trails, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

D.—See Agassiz's Journal in Brazil: Ticknor & Field. It is fully explained.

ROSENBAUM, New Jersey.—Quails can be obtained by addressing C. J. Fox, Galatea, Saline county, Illinois.

E. T. H., Lynn, Mass.—For full information of Umbagog and Rangeley lakes, in Maine, see FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 18th, page 21.

W. S. H., Brooklyn, L. I.—"Is there any shooting at Barneget?" Yes, wild fowl; but it is very cold; on the main, fair quail shooting; near Tom's river, good cock shooting.

CORNSKIN, Memphis.—"Is there a man in the United States, Daley by name, who makes breech loaders?" Yes, Messrs. Scooverling & Daley, No. 84 Chambers street, New York.

CLENDENNING.—We can recommend no better book to you than "Pocor's Half Hours with the Telescope." As your glass is a three inch achromatic, it would just suit.

RACINE COLLEGE, Wisconsin.—"When will the FOREST AND STREAM publish the reviews of the cricket clubs in the country?" Ans. We are now preparing the material, and have it almost ready for the press.

RIFLEMAN, Lexington, Ky.—"What is the largest number of grains of powder which can be shot from a rifle without unpleasant recoil?" Ans. About ninety grains, which is about a half more than the regulation charge.

GRIZZLY.—"What is the mountain fever?" Ans. A severe cold peculiar to the Rocky mountains, caused by exposure and over exertion. Its symptoms are flushes, fever, cold in the head, headaches and general debility. It reduces a cast-from mountain man to a weak and helpless infant in a few days. It in no respect resembles the fever and ague, or the fever prevalent to the Southern States.

COCOON, Baltimore, Md.—Some time ago we replied to a correspondent in regard to the oak feeding silk worm, since which we have come across Dr. Wallace's Prize Essay on the oak feeding silk worm, *Dambysa jamaica*. The worm will well feed on the English and Turkey oak and all other kinds. It is advisable to plant some seedling oaks to feed with when they are first hatched.

CHEVAL, Germantown, Pa.—In regard to your question about a naked horse, or one without hair, Brehm, a strong authority, says that travelers affirm that troops of hairless horses are found in a half wild state in Afghanistan. Occasionally some have found their way into India, and thence to Europe. A race of hairless horses is said to have once existed in the Crimea, and that occasionally foals show the old hairless origin. A hairless horse, a kind of *lusus naturæ* animal, was exhibited some years ago at the Crystal Palace.

STAR FISH, Philadelphia.—The Physalia have certainly the power of stinging, those found in the waters surrounding the West Indies especially. Duteste says the effect on his arm when he touched one was as if he had plunged it in boiling water. Mr. Bennet, an English naturalist, affirms the fact, and states from experience that the effects of the poison of the Physalia are quite serious. West India negroes believe that when the "galleyes," as they are called, are dead and dried that the poison is as efficacious as ever; but this is nonsense. We should be pleased to have your experience.

COOT, Fordham, N. Y.—"What are the expenses for a sportsman per diem on the several islands in the Chesapeake, and near the capes of Virginia, mentioned by you?" Ans. On Cobbs' and Chincoteague, \$5 a day, for wild fowl, and \$2.50 for snipe. On Mockhorn, Hog and Fisherman's, \$3 a day. We have already given the route. On the Susquehanna by contract, at Not's Island, N. C., \$3 a day, a good place; at Good Ground, L. I., \$8, for a party of three, including live geese stools. At Raynor's, West Hampton, L. I., \$3 a day. None of these prices include board, but merely gunner, stools and boats.

FRED MATHER, Honeoye Falls.—Your question is partly answered elsewhere. White rabbits, white mice, and white ferrets are albinos, but they breed true, like the pure strains. We suppose that human albinos would breed true, but know of no authentic cases. Melanism is a freak of nature exactly the reverse, where the exceptions are black instead of white. For instance, we have seen a black red squirrel and a white one from the same nest. These were in possession of George A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, a naturalist of some repute. Melanism does not occur as often as Albinism, and is rarely seen in birds, few instances having been noted.

LITTLE.—Albinism is common with all species of mammals and birds, particularly the latter. In 1872 there was a full grown albino bull buffalo killed on the plains of Western Kansas. Muskrats, mink, otters, foxes, wolves, rats, mice, squirrels, and other animals, are often found in a state of albinism. Albinos are more common with some species of animals than with others, especially in the red squirrel and common house mouse and rat. Animals are never seen in a half state of albinism as birds often are. Blue jays have been seen with head and crest nearly white, the other parts of the body having its natural coloring. A cedar bird, with a white tail, the yellow markings on the tail feathers being perceptible, and quail, robins, swallows, prairie hens, grouse, marsh hawks, and sparrows, particularly the *Passer domesticus*, with their entire plumage mottled with white. Two years ago a milk white red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) was killed on the meadows near Jersey City. Our correspondent, J. H. Batty, the naturalist, says there is a crow with white wings which is often seen feeding in the meadows near Coney Island. He has often tried to shoot it, but thus far in vain. Albino birds are often hatched from white eggs. The true cause of albinism I am unable to state.

njurious to dogs as is supposed; indeed, it may be asked, is it at all so? We rather inclined to the opinion that it is not, and we think facts are much in our favor, for hounds, pointers, and indeed all sporting dogs are notoriously given to eat animal substances in the highest state of decomposition with an appetite and avidity that show it is a natural propensity. Indeed how can it be otherwise? for in a wild state a dog may be supposed to have hunted down some large animal, as a sheep, goat, etc. Having satiated his appetite on it, if he be of a moderate size only, he buries the remainder to hide it from others, and has recourse to what is left when his wants require it. Fresh and wholesome flesh, well boiled and mixed in proper proportions with other food, is absolutely indispensable to foxhounds, and if investigated, the tainted meat supplied to them would, in the majority of cases, be found to be the cause of their sometimes going so suddenly out of condition.—*Cor. Land and Water.*

The Magazines.

INDIAN SNAKE CHARMERS.

DURING our stay at the Sangor bungalow, we had a visit from two *Sapwallahs*, or serpent charmers, who at the same time were ready to sell any kind of reptile. They offered us a rather rare snake, the goulabi, or rose, whose skin is dotted over with coral marks, and a nondescript snake whose head and tail looked so much alike that it was difficult to distinguish the difference. Finding they had no cobra capellos in their collection, I remarked the fact to them, to which they replied, "What would be the use of our bothering ourselves with them, when we can find them just as soon as they are wanted? Would you like to have one? The court yard of your bungalow ought to furnish all the cobras you want, and at short notice." My curiosity was excited, and I challenged them to find me a cobra with the ease or even in the short time they professed to be able to accomplish it. No sooner had I said this than one of the *sapwallahs* stripped off almost all his clothes save his shirt, and taking his tounril (the snake charmer's flute) requested me to follow him. Back of the bungalow there was a piece of ground filled with briars and stones. Taking his instrument he commenced producing a series of the most piercing sounds, interspersed with occasional soft notes, with his body bent towards the ground prying into each tuft of grass, into every thicket. Almost in a moment by a single glance he indicated to me where I should look, and there I saw sure enough a snake just issuing from under a stone. As quick as lightning the snake charmer let his flute fall and seizing the snake with wonderful dexterity, tossed it into the air, and the instant it lit on the ground he had it fast by the tail. After examining it for a moment I found it was an inoffensive snake, a kind of viper. The snake charmer then commenced his work over again, going through the same musical performances. In less than a second the flute was dropped, a second snake was thrown up into the air, it fell, was caught again, and with the most wonderful coolness the *sapwallah* showed me dangling from his hand, the tail held fast between his fingers, a fearful cobra fully three feet long. The hideous reptile twisted and squirmed, but with another most clever motion, the snake charmer held the reptile now behind the head, and forcing open the mouth, showed me the terrible fangs, from whence distilled the venom which was sudden death. I am absolutely positive that there could have been no trick about handling this snake, although I was well aware that in ordinary cases snake charmers play with snakes that have had their fangs pulled out. Presently the Hindoo took a small pair of pincers and drew out the teeth of the cobra. Whether through an accident or to show his indifference to snake poison, the snake had bitten him, slightly it is true, though the blood was flowing from one of his fingers. Apparently not a bit disturbed he sucked the wound and applied to it a bit of black porous stone which he assured me was a perfect antidote for all snake bites. I bought the piece of stone from him. On analysing it I found it was nothing more than a bit of calcined bone of a remarkably fine grain. After the cobra hunt, the *sapwallahs* commenced showing us all their various tricks. One *tour de force* performed by them had a striking resemblance to the famous miracle of Moses before Pharaoh. The juggler, keeping on nothing but his shirt took a harmless snake, put it before our eyes in a basket which he covered up. He lifted the basket up into the air, chanted several certain cabalistic words, while his comrade accompanied him on the tamborine. All of a sudden he took a pliant rod, swung it twice or thrice around his head, then threw it at my feet, where it writhed in the form of a true snake. I watched him as closely as I could, making him repeat the trick twice, yet it was impossible for me to discover when or how he substituted the snake for the stick. The trick was so cleverly performed that credulous people would have readily believed that the transformation was a positive one.

I fancy the way it was done was as follows: The snake charmer of course does not place the snake in the basket, but allows the snake, who is trained to it, to coil around his arm, which is covered by the sleeve of his shirt. Now the skill lies in the substitution of the snake for the stick. With a single movement the juggler I suppose tosses the stick behind him to his mate, while at the same time he throws out the serpent concealed in his arm. I do not think this calls for any more skill than the cleverness displayed by the *sapwallah*, when as quick as lightning he caught before my eyes a cobra, tossed it up in the air, and seized it as it fell by the tail. It must be remembered that a cobra's head protruding from his hole does not offer a place to catch hold of any larger than an inch and a half or so square. I must state that the charmers who exhibited before me were of the highest rank, and were venerated by the native inhabitants. The two rupees I gave them amply satisfied them for a curious series of performances which lasted fully two hours.—[Translated for FOREST AND STREAM from Louis Rousselet's Travels, *Tour de Monde.*]

—We have seen a stick of wood weighing scarcely four ounces fall from a boy's arms, and striking on his toes render him incapable of further action for hours afterward, while the same boy has slipped with a pair of skates, and striking on his head with sufficient force to split that article open, has not only reached his feet unaided, but has given the boy who laughed at him one of the most astonishing whalings he ever received.—*Danbury News.*



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their personal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,

Managing Editor.

Calendar of Events for the Current Week.

SATURDAY, December 6.—Louisiana Jockey Club, New Orleans.
TUESDAY, December 9.—Louisiana Jockey Club, New Orleans.
WEDNESDAY, December 10.—Camden Jockey Club, Camden, South Carolina.
THURSDAY, December 11.—Louisiana Jockey Club, New Orleans....
Camden Jockey Club, Camden, S. C.

FIELD CLUBS—A SUGGESTION.

WE have entertained the opinion that a large amount of practical information of the most valuable quality of a zoological or other character was obtainable outside of strictly scientific sources. The exceedingly valuable material furnished to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM by our many correspondents, coming to us quite unsolicited, is the strongest proof we can present that a spirit of research in Natural History, with habits of close observation, exists in the United States to a most marked degree. If learned professors of the Smithsonian and other leading scientists in our universities and schools have been good enough to give our readers information and instruction, conveyed with infinite skill and erudition, we have at the same time derived many advantages from the contributions of persons unknown to fame, with no idea of scientific study, but whose singularly novel and interesting observations in regard to animals, birds, and fishes have lent additional charms to the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. What has been so persistently asserted by us, that a practical knowledge of Natural History must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman, are then undoubtedly true. From Labrador to Florida, from New Jersey to California, those who handle the gun and the rod have given us their rich stores of information, and all seem to appreciate the fact that the study of the game or fish they seek, with a knowledge of their habits when noted, not only gives an immense amount of practical information, but adds fresh zest to their manly pleasures.

We feel ourselves called upon to make this general acknowledgment of the value of the labors of all our contributors, and to express to all of them how gratefully the public, both at home and abroad, have appreciated their labors, for English sporting journals and periodicals are copying us with avidity.

There is, however, a method of combining such general advance of intelligence, which, without depriving the FOREST AND STREAM in the least of their valuable services, would be of infinite advantage to many of our co-laborers. In England they have certain kinds of societies, and, disregarding the rather pompous titles of "scientific societies,"

they simply call themselves "Field Clubs." In quite an unostentatious way they collect from absolute experiences in the fields, woods, and rivers, in the forests and streams, an endless variety of useful information. The subjects they choose are varied. Some field clubs take up geology, others zoology or botany, some meteorology, others archæology, but generally all these various branches of study are combined. The sportsman going in the fields, for instance, notes age, sex, general appearance, habits, and effects of season on the birds he hunts. Should he find a bird unknown to the section of country, he jots it down in his book, perhaps stuffs the specimen himself, and at a subsequent meeting of his field club descants on this novel bird, and not only gives but gains information. If he is a fisherman, there are a thousand novel facts which strike his intelligent notice. He learns something about the migration of fish, their methods of spawning, the differences even in the same species as to color, shape, or size, and, carefully recording the facts of his own experiences, imparts it to others. If the field club is ambitious, at the end of the year, their proceedings could be published, and it would be surprising to find what a vast amount of solid facts would be given to the world.

Societies of this character in England, humble at first, counting but a few members at their start, have in a comparatively short time developed into real centres of vast importance and scientific acquirement, and from being simply "field clubs" are now august scientific societies, publishing each year volumes full of the most varied information, and having libraries attached to their societies.

Societies of this character, composed of every element, stimulate the general advance of human culture, and foster a love for that most delightful of all subjects, Natural History. There is no reason why our own readers, the many contributors to the FOREST AND STREAM, especially our friends of the gun and rod, should not establish field clubs in the localities in which they live. The objects worthy of their research exist quite as well in the State of New York as in Nebraska. No country in the world abounds with such magnificent material.

There is nothing which will tend to so fully develop not only among the older, but among the younger people, a taste for ennobling studies as the formation of societies of independent investigation of this simple character. We have canvassed this matter sufficiently to have discovered a nucleus for an association of this kind, and when the matter has been sufficiently discussed by our readers, we shall develop our plans. We ask a careful consideration of our suggestion.

WINTER SPORTS.

WITHIN a period of time covering but a little more than the past decade, the winter sport and exercise of skating in this country was indulged in almost exclusively by the masculine sex, and chiefly by juveniles, and generally by those only who found time to avail themselves of the favorable condition of the ice on such ponds or streams as were located in the immediate vicinity of their houses. At that period adults, too, would, on holiday occasions, take to the ice for a few hours' sport, provided the snow had not placed an embargo on the use of any ice for skating purposes. What a change has taken place in regard to this exercise, however, within the past dozen years! Now thousands engage in the sport where tens only indulged in it, and the fair sex rival their masculine protectors in the skill in which they disport themselves on skates. In fact skating has become a regular American institution, and one which specially commends itself to both sexes and all classes as an exciting and invigorating out-door exercise and recreation. A dozen years ago a lady on skates was not only a rare and novel sight in this vicinity, but any fair one, "native and to the manner born," who in such a way would have dared to brave the opinion of "her set," and to have outraged their peculiar sense of feminine propriety by appearing on a public field of ice on skates, would have been driven forth in disgrace from the sacred circles of "our best society." Now, however, the very reverse rule prevails, for the self same fair one would now be tabooed as "slow" and "behind the times" if she could not gracefully accomplish the "outside circle" or practically illustrate the beauties of the "grape vine twist" and other mysteries of the skating art in the latest style. Now, too, every girl not afflicted with weak ankles, thin or crooked nether limbs, or positive physical inability to exercise herself on skates, is uneasy and dissatisfied unless enjoying herself in the winter luxury of skating on a clear field of ice. At one time a perfect furore for the sport prevailed amongst the fair sex of our northern cities, and no wonder either, for American women, until within a few years' past, have been so much excluded from any participation in the out-door amusements and exercises which European ladies indulge in to such a wholesome extent, that it is not surprising that when the door to such recreation is opened to them they should rush in to enjoy it with almost ecstatic delight, or go to extremes in the indulgence of the too long prohibited pleasure. Now, however, skating has settled down into a permanent recreative exercise for Americans of both sexes, and its present deserved popularity will never relax, we trust.

Looking at skating from a sanitary point of view the benefits accruing from it outnumber its drawbacks to such an extent as to render opposition to the sport on any reasonable grounds futile. Especially is this the case in reference to its enjoyment by ladies, for to them it has been an especial advantage when they have indulged in it with judicious care and moderation. The prominent cause of the delicate and sickly constitutions of American girls, and

especially of our city ladies, arises in a great measure from their entire neglect of out-door recreative exercise. Two-thirds of the lives of fashionable American women have hitherto been passed in the artificial and poisonous atmosphere of their poorly ventilated and furnace-heated apartments. The result has been the preventing of that exhalation of carbon and the inhalation of oxygen which are of such vital importance to the health of every human being. Now it happens that this requisite healthy action of the lungs in the expulsion of the refuse carbon from the blood and the reception of the life-giving properties of the air we breathe, is never better promoted than when the individual is engaged in the vigorous exercise of skating, for while thus causing the blood to circulate healthily to the surface of the body by the muscular exercise, and thereby giving life to the dormant functions of the skin, the oxygen of the pure frosty air is inhaled under circumstances best calculated to invigorate the entire system. The sanitarian rule is, that exercise, to be beneficial, must have the effect of increasing the insensible perspiration, or, in other words, give an impetus to the healthy action of the skin in removing effete matter from the system. By this means the otherwise overworked functions of the lungs, bowels and kidneys are relieved and the diseases which result therefrom, are prevented. It is from the very lack of this healthy circulation of the blood to the surface that individuals unaccustomed to out-door recreative exercises take cold so easily. Those in whom the functions of the skin are in active operation scarcely know what a cold is; and hence the hardihood of those who are constantly inhaling the open air under circumstances of active exercise of their muscles, in comparison to others who in their sedentary habits of life scarcely realize what recreative exercise is. Habitual skaters, who regularly breathe the invigorating atmosphere of winter on a skating pond and thereby make their cheeks ruddy with the newly vitalized blood sent to the surface by the exercise, become proof against colds. It is your housed girls and office-confined young men who become victims of colds, and not the well-clothed and well-exercised skater.

Though we have recently had quite a cold snap, it has not been sufficient to inaugurate the skating season of '73 and '74, and it is not probable that the season will be opened before the middle of December. By that time, however, the skating lakes at Central and Prospect Parks will, no doubt, be in operation. Preparations are in progress at both localities for the advent of King Frost, the skating houses having been commenced this week. Water has been let on at the Capitoline and Union Lakes, too, in preparation for the season's sport. We regret to notice that even at this early period of the season accidents to skaters have occurred in different localities resulting from the risks incurred in skating on Mill Ponds; three boys having been drowned near Highland Falls, in this State, this last week, and a young man in a Mill Pond in New Hampshire. No such danger can result from skating on our Park Lakes, as the water is not deep for one thing, and great care is taken in keeping people off the ice when it is not sufficiently strong.

NEBRASKA.

THERE is always a certain amount of solid information derivable from the Agricultural Reports of a State. If such reports are not always exactly amusing, at least they have the merit of being instructive. The wealth of a country in an agricultural point of view is, however, of the most tangible character. As one reads, it requires but little imagination to see before one's eyes the rich prairies bending under their golden harvests, or the fat kine drowsily chewing the cud, fetlock deep in the succulent blue-grass. Those dryer details of manufacturing or commercial communities, as expressed by so many looms with their thousands of yards of sheeting or so many forges with their tons of iron, or of so many ships, or an amount of money invested in stocks, shares or mortgages, do not present that palpable consistency which wheat and corn, oxen, horses, swine, or sheep give. In the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Agriculture of the State of Nebraska for 1873, there is, in addition to quite a large amount of excellent information, no end of true Western dash. There is an original impulsiveness about it which has its charm. Why should a great go-ahead State like Nebraska, which was a territory but a few years ago, and a *terra incognita* fifteen years before that, want to be staid, heavy and dignified, or to give us here in our older civilization some intensely prim yet dull facts in the eut and dried guise of an English parliamentary Blue Book? Some idea of the perfectly free and easy manner in which this most clever report is written, may be had from a line or so in the introductory portion. Discussing the most curious fact of that wonderful belt of civilization which is encircling this giant country of ours, one of some three thousand miles long from east to west, by four or five hundred miles in width from north to south, the report scouts at anything like curtailing this huge girdle, and describes the country as "bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis and on the south by the Day of Judgment."

But our report is not wanting in statistics. See what it says about the Homestead bill and the benefits the vigorous State of Nebraska has gained by this "twice honored bill," as it calls it. Taking the whole number of acres occupied by settlers under the Homestead bill, the report states that up to June 30th, 1873, "the total number of acres of land to which claims had been filed by homesteaders amounted to 25,173,369 acres," which is an area of ground twice as much as is now under tillage in England. Think of such a royal domain, well nigh forty thousand miles square, and

this has been given away by the United States in the last ten years. An army of two hundred thousand farmers, each one exulting in his own broad acres, are cultivating them. Between 1860 and 1870, the Nebraska Report tells us that the number of farms in the whole country increased more than half a million, and during the same decade Nebraska farms increased from 2,789 to 12,301, and that during the last three years it has more than doubled these last figures. Is it not something wonderful to think that only nine years ago the Homestead claims were a beggarly 191, and that last year they were over twelve thousand?

From the report of the Commissioner of the Land Office, published this week, we have an excellent opportunity of judging of the amount of land disposed of by the United States ending June 30th, 1873. During the last year this amount of land was no less than 13,030,606 acres. During the fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1873, preliminary homestead entries were made, covering an area of 3,752,347. "In almost all cases," says the Nebraska Report, "each man or woman (for there are many female homesteaders) is head of a family, if not actual, yet *hoped for in the near future*—(the italics are ours). Speaking of the early attempts of the Nebraska settler to build a shelter, the report expatiates about what it calls a "Nebraska brownstone front." There is something cheerful, Mark Tapleyish, to a degree, when one learns that a sod house, the sward cut with a breaking plow, and the green turf used as shingles to cover an excavation, is the primitive dwelling used by the settlers, and the report affirms that "it is both warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any house which can be made of lumber."

Descanting on the methods of migration to this happy Nebraska, the report tells us of westward trains full of wives carrying their little ones to their husbands who have gone to Nebraska at first alone to rough it, and amusingly speaks of a car load of babies, shipped, we suppose, by Adams Express, C. O. D., all the little ones being possibly Japhets in search of their fathers. It is as easy to get to Nebraska, according to the report, as it was for the prince in the Arabian Nights who owned the flying-horse, and who only had to press a button in order to be transported some thousands of miles. A Massachusetts man, according to our report, can charter a car at Cape Cod, put on board his clock, his provision of beans, his pumpkins, his wife and children, and without once breaking bulk, keeping house all the time, can be landed in the middle of Nebraska in the midst of the far land, before he is aware of it, with a stock of beans still on hand. It is but forty years ago since the first white family entered Iowa; but to-day, of its twelve hundred thousand inhabitants, but one-third of the present population was born in it, two-thirds have come to it, and one-half were born in the more sterile East, and why should not Nebraska very shortly exult in her millions? Do you want to get rich? Only have money enough to buy some few horses and break prairie at \$3 an acre. You can earn that way \$6, for the keep of yourself and horses will be only \$1 50 a day, and you will be thus enabled very soon to buy all the land you want on this large margin of profits.

The geological data given in the report are most interesting, and fossils abound in Nebraska. In the Mesozoic age lived in Nebraska no less than five species of those reptiles, the *Dinosauria*, as much as forty feet in length, and as to *Ichthyosaurus* they are discovered assuming the proportions of a whale. Here, too, are found the remains of that anomalous creature, the Rhamphorynchus, half lizard, half bird. As to fossil animals, Nebraska is a complete geological menagerie. No less than twenty species of the *Oreontidae* have been exhumed in the tertiary deposits. In anatomical peculiarities they partook of the character of the camel, the hog and the deer. The early Nebraska buffalo or bison was, too, a third larger than the present animal. At that period, too, lived the *Aleurodon ferox*, an animal as large and savage as a tiger. The subjects dear to the FOREST AND STREAM, such as the preservation of the forests, and the methods of planting trees are treated, not only with singular merit, but exhaustively, in the report. Mr. James Morris has an admirable article on this question, recommending the planting of the filbert, the almond, the chestnut, the walnut, the pecan and the hickory, and states that in regard to the cottonwood, the buckeye, the white poplar, the elm, the beech and the ash, there would be no difficulty in making forests of them all over the land. No less excellent is a paper on the same subject by Mr. C. S. Harrison, entitled "Tree Culture." Mr. Harrison, after a most philosophical argument proving the many great blessings tree culture produces in a country of plains, scientifically and practically discusses the entire subject.

Admiring both the vigor of the report, and wishing that the many other agricultural reports which pass thorough our hands were made up of such readable and interesting matter, after its most careful perusal, we are more fully satisfied than ever in regard to the future greatness of this new State, and believe that few other sections of the country present greater advantages for the industrious settler than Nebraska.

—Persons who propose making Holiday Presents, cannot adopt a method more satisfactory than to avail themselves of the advantages offered in the FOREST AND STREAM Prize Scheme. By so doing they will not only secure, through the paper, that which is of permanent substantial value, but a useful article whose intrinsic value is almost an equivalent for their money. You can take your choice of guns, rods, books, pictures, skates, and out-door games in great variety.

HOLIDAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS journal, the FOREST AND STREAM, caters so directly to the tastes and requirements of those who make THE HOLIDAYS a period of recreation, and has withal obtained so large a circulation among the refined portion of the community who encourage innocuous pastimes, that we cannot but urge upon merchants the advantages it presents as a medium for advertising that class of goods which come within the ordinary list of HOLIDAY PRESENTS. We aim to inculcate in men, women and children, a healthy interest in all reasonable recreation. We believe in providing aliment for both mind and body, that each may be reciprocally benefitted. To this end we devote much attention to reviews of books, especially to such as bear upon those subjects that come within the scope of our observation and effort. Our paper has equal place in the gymnasium and academy. It circulates in nearly all our colleges and universities. It is read by all sportsmen of refined taste and culture, and is sought for and referred to by naturalists and men of science. In fact it covers ground and position never occupied before by any journal in this country, and on this foundation is building a marvellous success.

We shall during the HOLIDAYS give especial attention and place to HOLIDAY GOODS advertised in our columns, and respectfully urge upon Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, and Dealers in Powder, Shot, Rifles, Guns, Fishing Tackle, and all kinds of Games, our claims upon their consideration and patronage.

THE CULTURE OF THE CINCHONA.

THE importance of an enterprise looking to the growing of the cinchona tree in sections of the world other than South America, can not be overrated. It is a question equally interesting to the botanist, the pharmacist and votary of economic science. In the last number of *Nature* there is an excellent account of the various efforts made to propagate this tree in India and Ceylon, from which we make the following brief summary.

The Dutch government took the initiative steps, directing their efforts to the introduction of the tree in Java. The first cinchona trees sent out to that colony were specimens of the *C. Calisaya* raised in Bolivia. In 1852 the Dutch government sent a Mr. Hasskarl on a mission to South America to procure plants and seeds. The collection made was divided into two parts, one half being sent to Java direct, and the remainder to Amsterdam. In 1856, there were over 260 plants on the island of Java. Many serious troubles attended the early efforts to raise the trees, arising from insects, wild animals, and badly chosen localities on the island. At last in 1860 success crowned their labors, and in 1863 the total number of trees in Java numbered 1,151,180 trees. It was found that the *C. Calisaya*, in Java was the best adapted for the locality, the *C. Pahudiana* containing much less of the alkaloid. The efforts of the British government were commenced as early as 1839. In 1852 the East India company sent to the British consular agents in South America for seeds of the various species, but it was not until 1859 that the matter was fully taken in hand. During this year Mr. Markham proposed a fourfold expedition to South America, and the plan being sanctioned by the Secretary of the State for India, the scheme was carried out. Expeditions were sent to Bolivia, Carabaya, to Cuerica and Loxa in Ecuador, and to New Grenada and to the Chimborazo districts. The illness and privation suffered by the searchers after these trees rendered the task a difficult one. At last a fair stock was collected, but most of the plants were killed during the Red sea transit to India. Once in India, however, the few that survived thrived immediately. At Ootamacuna a station was established in 1860, and in 1861 1,128 fine young cinchona trees were reported as alive. In 1863 the number was 248,166.

The efforts of the British government have not been directed alone to acclimatize the cinchona in India, for in Ceylon in 1863 they had 20,000 young trees.

In referring to India matters (Blue Book of 1870) in the Bengal and Madras Presidencies, no less than four millions and a half cinchona trees are reported.

Experiments with the cinchona have been tried in the South of Europe, in the Caucasus, in the Brazils, Philippines, Australia and Jamaica, but not of sufficient extent to have any significance.

Of all the fine species of trees, the following seems to be the results as to Alkaloids:—

C. Calisaya, only a small proportion realises expectation in its yields of quinine; *C. Hasskarliana* (called a hybrid), which appears to be of little value in respect of alkaloids; *C. Pahudiana*, deficient in the same particulars, but producing a bark which finds a ready market for pharmaceutical purposes in England; *C. officinalis*, which, in British India, appears to be the most generally satisfactory; and *C. succirubra*, which, notwithstanding certain exceptional samples, has not turned out altogether well.

In the third number of the FOREST AND STREAM we published some interesting matter in regard to the cinchona, to which we refer our readers. We should suppose that in some of the Southern counties of California it could be grown with advantage, and would be pleased if any of our California readers would give us information in regard to it.

—The *Western Sporting Gazette* recently published in Chicago, has succumbed to stress of hard times and suspended publication for the present.

—Experiments with the Wiard gun at Boston have been very successful. The balls penetrated fifteen inches of solid iron plates.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, November 28, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Judging from the article "On the Elaphure of China," my manuscript, as well as that of my copyist, have "staggered" your printer, and several words have been so disguised that they may deceive the reader. Please make the following corrections:—

The seven bottom lines on page 242 belong as a note to the quotation from Selater's remarks. Read also *Cervus Duvaucelli* in place of *C. Duvaucelli*.

On page 243, line 16 from top, "natural" for national.
On page 242, line 26 from bottom, "tines" for times.
On page 242, line 21 from bottom, "Elaphos or Elaphus" for Elaphas or Elephas.

On page 242, line 18 from bottom, "David" for Davis.
On page 242, line 17 from bottom, "Mi-lou" for Mibou.
On page 242, line 16 from bottom, "Sseu" for Tseu.
On page 242, line 12 from bottom, ("three year old") for three year old.

On page 242, line 11 from bottom, "Spayad" for Spoxod.
On page 242, line 5 from bottom, "Ann." for Am.
On page 242, line 4 from bottom, "Nouv." for Nour.
On page 242, line 2 from bottom, "Trans." for Frank.

Your printer, by his deeds, confirms what I have been told, that my chirography is not very legible.

Yours truly,

THEO. GILL.

[We are chagrined that our responsibility as editoria. manager of this paper compels us to shoulder the blame for such a batch of errors as is charged to our account above. We shall not shirk it, however, but innocently crave the sympathy of those who can appreciate the discomfort of our position. It is no small task to personally supervise all the printers' proofs, and at the same time attend to the general duties and manifold details of a journal which embraces so many departments as this does. Still, we endeavor to do it. In the case in point the copy could not be found when the revises were read, and more frequently errors arise from illegibility of manuscript, and for these we can take no blame. If correspondents will furnish plain manuscript, we will agree to double our care in the proof-reading.]—Ed.

Sporting News from Abroad.

THERE has been quite a sad accident in Rossall school in England which has received no end of comment. A poor little fellow of tender age, but with the pluck and courage of a hero, while playing with his fellow boys in paper chase, the game being over, on his journey home exhausted by fatigue, was caught in a driving storm of rain and hail, and was found the next day dead in a field where he had wandered. The paper chase so common in English schools, though rendered familiar to many by Mr. Hughes' charming book, may perhaps not be well understood by some of our readers. It is a test of speed and endurance. The hare is perhaps the best runner in the school. Provided with a bag full of bits of paper, old copy books or newspaper cut into small shreds, the hare starts ahead of the rest of the boys who are called hounds, and at the expiration of a certain time, when out of sight, commences to leave his trail in the guise of bits of paper on his track, going at the same time at the top of his speed. The hounds then start after him, finding his trail, and pursue him and try to catch him if they can, following absolutely the track designated by the bits of paper. Of course the hare doubles and twists all he can, and will cross brooks if necessary to bring his pursuers at fault. The poor little fellow who came to such an untimely end though but lightly clad, had fallen into a brook or so in pursuit of the game, and possibly died more from exposure than from over fatigue.

It would be unjust from an accident of this character to judge too harshly of those healthy outdoor sports which add so much to the general English education. Such accidents are exceptions. Still it must be evident that when parents confide their children to the master of any school, whether in the United States or England, that they depend on some general supervision which every principal of an institution should exercise not only in regard to the mental but physical training of his pupils. If children whose muscles are not yet strong enough are allowed to mingle with boys of an advanced age, accidents, though rare, may occur. It behooves, then, masters of schools to give strict attention to the amusement of their pupils, and if they have not time themselves, they should delegate their authority to some person competent to direct the boys' sports. To deny all athletic amusements for boys from an accident of this character, would be without reason. Parents might as well say to a school master, "Because a boy was drowned you shall not teach my children how to swim." Yet parents would do well to insist that some necessary supervision should always be exerted in order to insure not only the health but the safety of their children.

—Looking somewhat statistically at the numerous hunting appointments which were all undoubtedly run at the close of last month in England, Ireland, and Scotland, we find that in England during November there were hunting meets of 112 fox hounds; in Ireland, 13; and in Scotland, 7. Of stag hounds, 3 in England, and 2 in Ireland; and packs of harriers who helped to swell up the grand total in England, there were 28 packs; in Ireland 13; and in Scotland 1. What a glorious baying of hounds there must have been, and what a tremendous charge of huntsmen, could we imagine the whole of the men and dogs to have acted in unison; and what a hetacomb of foxes, for we are assured that foxes were never so plenty. Your Englishman carries his amusements with him wherever he goes, and even the Pontine marshes resound with the sharp yelp of the England fox hounds as they chase the fox in and out of the old Roman aqueducts. "Bring your mounts from England,"

says an authority in Roman fox hunting: "Italian horses are not worth a copper. Bring a big, heavy, strong animal, for Roman fences are good solid timber, posts and rails. It don't make much consequence what you pay for your horses, for though you will want two of them, you can sell them again. Roman Princes think nothing of giving a paltry £400 for a hunter.

—At last they have got a good sensation in England. Tired, *blasé* of excitements in the United States, we have deigned to allow our own particular sea-serpent to pay them a visit. Mr. Barnum now being in England may account for the veritable presence there. Young ladies on the pleasant England sea shores have seen him through their lorgnettes, and he, the veritable *sarpen*, is so positive a fact now that a picture has been made of him. Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Henry Lee, we may suppose, are now on the *qui vive*, delirious with excitement, and Mr. W. Saville-Kent may have intentions of enlarging the Brighton aquarium or of converting the whole of the Crystal Palace into a fitting receptacle for the sea serpent. We regret to state, however, that our serpent has very much shrunken as to size. One gentleman saw him only fifty feet long, and raising his head four feet above the water. While another person declared him to be eight feet long. For our own particular American sea serpent to have gone and deliberately shortened himself is a shameful act, and a slur on the country of his nativity, for it is perfectly apparent to every one that this pet Saurian has the power of making himself any size the spectator wishes him to be.

—Though the adulteration of food hardly comes under a review of foreign sporting news, we cannot help but being amused at the row it is making in England. Here in the United States with our free and enlightened Republican feelings, we have learnt to grin and bear most anything; in monarchical England, however, they fret and fume and grumble, and end by not standing it. Most of our readers are no doubt familiar with the story of the quarrelsome man in the coffee house, who on seeing a gentleman eat his slice of cold beef without mustard insisted that he should use that condiment, and ended by saying, "What, no mustard with your beef? Confound it sir, you shall eat mustard." To-day the man fond of mustard would have had to put it in another guise, somewhat like this: "Confound it, sir, you shall eat a mixture of bean flour, tumeric, ginger, and tincture of catharides with your beef." *Land and Water* puts it amusingly this way:

Settling down to housekeeping, we refresh ourselves each morning with a decoction of Maloo mixture and steel filings, sweetened with sand, and we assuage our appetite with alumed bread, larded butter, fresh eggs from Kamtschatka, and ox tails not unacquainted with omnibus life, whilst on our return home in the evening, we partake of Dartmout mutton from Northamptonshire, sanctify it with a bottle of petroleum champagne and some Humbergh sherry, and top off with Swiss cheese from Ayrshire and a glass of port from any hedge. Then determined on enjoyment, we kick off our brown paper boots, light a delicious Houndstich Havana, loll back in an armchair covered with imitation morocco and stuffed with ash-pit pickings, warm our shoddy-covered legs at a brisk slate fire, mix a tumbler of methylated spirits called whiskey. Next day we are ill; the doctor, shamming interest in our case, writes a prescription in sham Latin; the chemist dispenses it in diluted drugs; the family lawyer, pretending pity, writes our will in sham English phraseology to increase his charges; and just when our sham gold repeater, warranted to last for fifty years, stops, we stop too, and end with these shams of life. Then amidst the gloomy faces of expectant heirs, our shoddy-velvet-covered coffin, studded with lacqued nails, is borne away by dyed horses proudly bearing sham ostrich plumes, false manes, and fictitious tails, whilst hired mourners lengthen out their funeral faces at so much per inch, and cheat at that.

—The French Geographical Society have awarded the following amounts to various travelers: To M. Dournaux-Dupéré, who has started for Timbuctoo, 2,000 francs. To M. Francis Garnier, for explorations of the Blue River in China and the Yun-nan in Thibet, 2,000 francs, and to Messrs. Marche and Compiegne, who are to go to Africa after Dr. Livingstone, 1,500 francs.

—The Japanese government have passed a law forbidding dog fighting. We shall have to go to Japan some of these days in search of a higher civilization. We are perfectly aware that laws somewhat of the same character are supposed to exist in the United States, but brutal contests with dogs, the animals themselves being nothing like as vicious as the degraded spectators who attend such horrible fights, are of constant occurrence. We may enact laws in this country, just as in Japan, but it is doubtful whether we can carry them out as thoroughly as they do there.

—A new cereal has been grown in Oregon which has puzzled the farmers, as it is unlike any grain with which they are familiar. From seven to ten stalks grow from one root to a height of about four feet, and these stalks, or straws, are thin and hard. The radicals are tough and spread widely. The heads are six inches in length and covered with a heavy beard, each filament being five inches long. The grain is double the length of a kernel of wheat, and, instead of being firm and compact, is hollow, the cavity containing glutinous matter. While the grain bears a closer resemblance to wheat than to anything else, the straw looks more like that of rye or barley. Its origin is somewhat peculiar, the first grain having been taken from the stomach of a wild goose by a farmer in Tillamook county nearly three years ago. He was struck with its appearance, and planted it, and the succeeding season sowed the product. He distributed a portion of the second crop among a few friends in different parts of the State, who this year raised small quantities. It will require another year to determine the value of the grain.

Rational Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

THE SCOTTISH GAMES.

The Second Annual Handicap of several members of the New York Caledonian Club took place on the track of the New York Athletic Club, 130th street, Harlem, on Thursday, Nov. 27th. Now that Jones' Wood is being cut up into building lots, the committee of the New York Caledonian Club will find it no easy matter to lease grounds sufficiently large and within easy distance of the city, to accommodate the thousands that annually come from all parts of the Union to witness these noble pastimes. The games commenced at 10:15 A. M., under the superintendence of the committee, A. Cowan, C. G. Nicholson (Secretary), and D. A. Thomson, assisted by members of the New York Athletic Club. The first in order was throwing the light hammer, weighing 14 pounds. Eleven competitors entered, Andrew Rennie casting the hammer 99 feet, which was the best throw; George Goldie second, he was hand-capped 5 feet and tossed the hammer 88 feet. The 100 yard race was opened to members of the New York Athletic Club. There were 21 competitors, 5 of which were members of the N. Y. A. C. Four heats were run, M. E. Burris of the Athletic Club winning the first, William McKune of the Caledonian, the second, Samuel Strasburger of the Athletics the third, and Andrew Rennie of the Caledonians the fourth. McKune then came in first and Rennie second. There were five entries for the running high leap, and the match was won by Joseph Edington, who received six inches, Andrew Rennie being second. The next contest was in putting the heavy stone, which weighed 21 pounds. There were seven contestants; John Tasker won at 29 feet 10 inches, John McMillan being second.

There were four entries for vaulting with the pole. M. E. More, who received 21 inches, won, Francis Duke, who received 12 inches, being second. The quarter-mile race was contested by 12 members, and was won by John Downie, who received five yards, Colonel Carmichael, who started on the scratch, being second. There were six entries in the contest at throwing the 56 pound weight. John McMillan threw it 19 feet 9 inches and won, John Tasker being second.

The boys' race of 315 yards had five entries. James Campbell, the oldest looking boy, won the match, Thomas Grassick being second. The one mile walk was open to the members of the Athletic Club, by whom both the first and second honors were carried off, W. H. Stafford and Daniel Stein winning. There were six entries, four of whom were Caledonians. The one-mile race had six competitors; John Downie was winner and William Parker second.

A game of foot-ball closed the sports. The following are the details of the games, and the distances are with handicap included:

THROWING THE LIGHT HAMMER.

Andrew Rennie, 1st prize, 99 feet, scratch.
George Goldie, 2d prize, 95 feet 4 inches, allowed 5 feet.

100 YARDS RACE.

(Open to Athletic Club) in heats.
William McKune 1st prize, allowed 10 yards.
Andrew Rennie 2d prize, allowed 4 yards.

RUNNING HIGH LEAP.

Joseph Edington 1st prize, 5 feet 1 inch, allowed 6 inches.
Alexander Tasker 2d prize, 5 feet, allowed 6 inches.

FINAL HEAT OF 100 YARDS RACE, AS ABOVE.

PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE.

John Tasker, 1st prize, 30 feet 10 inches, allowed 12 in.
John McMillan, 2d prize, 30 feet 4 inches, allowed 12 in.

VAULTING WITH THE POLE.

M. E. More 1st prize, 9 feet 6 inches, allowed 21 inches.
Francis Duke 2d prize, 9 feet, allowed 12 inches.

QUARTER MILE RACE.

John Downie 1st prize, allowed 5 yards.
William McKune 2d prize, allowed 20 yards.

THROWING 56 POUND WEIGHT.

John McMillan 1st prize, 20 feet, allowed 3 inches.
John Tasker 2d prize, 19 feet, allowed 3 inches.

BOYS' RACE.

315 yards. (Member's sons, not over 15 years.)
James Campbell 1st prize, allowed 10 yards.
George Grassick 2d prize, allowed 15 yards.

ONE MILE WALK.

(Open to Athletic Club.)
Daniel Stein 1st prize, allowed 60 yards.
Thomas McEwen 2d prize, allowed 90 yards.

ONE MILE RACE.

John Downie 1st prize, scratch.
William Parker 2d prize, allowed 75 yards.

—One of the Assistant Librarians of the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., accompanied by a member of the British Legation, walked and ran for amusement and recreation from Washington to Baltimore, a distance of thirty-seven miles, in seven hours and a half. The first nineteen miles, from Washington to Annapolis Junction, they accomplished in the short time of three hours and a quarter.

—At Deerfoot Park, Coney Island Road, N. York, on Nov. 27th, Samuel Jones, of Greenpoint, and Samuel Abrams ran 100 yard heats, which was won by the former in two heats.

—Three of the Boston Base-ball nine received salaries during the past season of \$1,800 each; one \$1,500; the others \$1,400, \$1,200, \$800, and \$500 each, and Addy was paid at the rate of \$75 per month during his engagement.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The Foot-ball 20 of the Stevens' Institute Athletic Association played a match game on Thanksgiving Day with an amateur 20 at Ridgewood, N. J. On account of the shortness of the day and severity of the weather, but two innings were played, and as these were won by the Institute men the victory was adjudged to them. The victors were then provided with a generous dinner, which warmed their souls and prompted speeches from all hands. The boys returned late in the afternoon, well satisfied with the day's sport.

A. M. C.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1st.

—In March of the present year, cricket was dead throughout the West. It is true at the Racine College, Wis. the game had for years been practised by some of the students, and that at a few country places, such as Sasser, Wis., and Decorah, Iowa, the skeleton of cricket clubs were said to exist, and at Detroit, Mich. a club yelet the Peninsula was believed to be flourishing, but withal cricket gave no sign of that life which manifests itself in action. No matches had been played the previous year, and no challenges were out for the coming season. In the month referred to a gentleman of St. Louis, named P. Adair, in the columns of *The Globe* of that city, suggested the formation of a cricket club; his communication called forth others, the result of which was a meeting of cricketers on the 12th of March, and the formation of the St. Louis Cricket Club, with officers as follows:—

President, Hon. Thomas Allen, proprietor of the St. Louis & Iron Mountain Railroad, one of the Alumni of Union College and a munificent benefactor in the cause of education; vice president, W. B. Davenport, Hon. secretary, Harry E. Sharpe, (also a member of the Toronto Club of Canada); executive committee, Cyrus Day, M. D., E. H. Lycett, (also of the Marion Club), J. W. Jeffries, S. L. Southard, (also of the Trenton Club), and F. M. Caddick.

Four years ago St. Louis had nourished in its maternal embrace several cricket clubs, two of which were named respectively the "Saint Louis" and the "Jackson," flourished for a time, but died at last from want of extra-mural opposition. On the organization of the new St. Louis Club, the old Jacksonites held aloof and attempted to revive their club, but in vain. They met and elected officers, and were challenged by the St. Louis, but could not place eleven men in the field. The St. Louis "braves" could nowhere find the trail of an enemy; practice was becoming monotonous; in a moment of frenzy the chairman of the executive committee, Dr. Cyrus Day, published a challenge through the medium of the daily papers, to any outside eleven or to any twenty-two of St. Louis.

St. Georges' day was near at hand and on it according to their custom the St. Georges' Society were to enjoy a picnic; their manager conceived the idea of adding to the attractions of the pic-nic, an exhibition of old England's noble game. With Anglo-Saxon pluck and pride they dared St. Louis to even combat, and were defeated by only fourteen runs. Elated by their unlooked for success (they expected to be beaten in one inning,) the St. Georges' men set to work there and then to collect names and donations for "The Saint Georges' Cricket Club." \$500 and a score of names was the result of half an hour's work, assured the organization of another club and delighted the hearts of the St. Louis men. A match was at the same time arranged to be played within a month, which resulted in another defeat of St. George, this time by twenty-four runs. A third match was played in August, when the St. George won in one inning with many runs to spare, their success being attributable to the magnificent batting of Temple, Dale, and Richardson, the two latter being new men. This last match demonstrated the fact that St. Louis contained cricket talent, good enough, if united, to show a bold front to outsiders. The St. Louis Club at their next meeting sent a message to the St. Georges' Club, suggesting the formation of a united club, to be composed of members of both clubs, with a view to sending an eleven on a tour through Canada, and East, and generally to promote the interest of cricket in the West. The suggestion met with a hearty response; delegates from the two clubs met and elected as officers of the united club; president, Joseph Branch, also president of the St. Georges' Society, and president of The St. Georges' Cricket Club, an English gentleman, (well known in St. Louis for his liberality in every good cause, and as a John Bull,) every inch of him; vice president, Harry E. Sharpe; secretary, Ben Williams; treasurer, Cyrus Day, M. D.; councilmen, W. B. Davenport, T. M. Caddick, Hy. Temple, and A. C. Bagshave. The doings of the united club belong to another place; this little record treats only of the modest St. Louis Club, and little more remains to be said. The St. Louis challenged the Dragons to another encounter on the 7th of October, to finish up the season, but being unable to bring out an eleven that could win, they chose not to risk defeat. To the St. Louis Club rightfully belongs the credit of the revival of cricket in the West. Clubs have now been formed at Chicago and Cincinnati; Racine and Detroit are anxious to bear a hand in the fray, so that next season promises to be a lively one.

H. E. S.

—The Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, which at last has been bored completely through the mountain, though not yet completed for use, is five miles long. It was begun in 1857, sixteen years ago. Its estimated cost was \$3,350,000, and a contract was made to excavate the tunnel and build a double track railroad through it for that sum. In reality it has already cost \$12,300,000, and it will require the expenditure of about \$300,000 more to prepare it for traffic.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

Pompano.
Snapper.
Grouper.
Rockfish.

SOUTHERN WATERS.
Trout, (Black Bass.)
Drum, (two species.)
Kingfish.
Striped Bass, Rockfish.

Sheepshead.
Tailorfish.
Sea Bass.

—We attach much value to the information printed on the first page of this day's issue, and trust it will be appreciated by all our readers and prove of essential service to anglers who contemplate a journey to Florida this winter. We think, with the writer, that the edible and game qualities of our southern coast fish are not sufficiently esteemed, doubtless because they are so little known. Printed information on this subject is most meagre, and the investigations made by naturalists in this department and locality are very limited. We have always been surprised to discover, from personal inquiry of southern gentlemen who are considered proficient anglers, their ignorance of the habits and modes of capture of the numerous varieties of fish within their own waters. The pastime or business of fish-catching seems to be abandoned to the negroes; yet there is a spacious field for the enjoyment of scientific experts, and we shall very much wonder if those gentlemen whose experience has been confined to our northern waters, do not find in the rivers and estuaries of Florida and other southern States a new sensation whenever they enter the lists to test the strength and cunning of the finny inhabitants that abound there. The character and disposition of the forces with which they will have to deal are very nicely indicated in the article we publish. It is no child's play to handle one of those monster fish, and we can fully appreciate the anxiety and pity the perspiration of the angler who is hooked to a fifteen pound grouper or pompano, pulling straight for his lair in the mangrove roots, when it comes to the desperate alternative of break tackle or lose fish. The writer gives sufficient data as to the selection of tackle and bait and choice of ground and tide, to enable the intelligent and experienced angler to practise his rudimentary lessons with prospect of success.

In angling for the bass (misnamed trout) of the St. John River and favorite localities, we will give one hint from our own experience which, if followed, will render success infallible. The angler is supposed to be in a skiff easily handled by a practised oarsman. If the water be smooth and unruined, the experienced eye will easily detect, at frequent intervals, little jets of spray shoot up from the surface to the height of a foot or so. This means fish. Instantly the angler must cast his fly or draw his trolling spoon over the spot, just as he would naturally do when a speckled trout breaks in our northern waters. He will seldom fail to hook his fish, if the splash of oars does not frighten the game. A quarter of a mile below Palatka is a sand-bar which is a favorite locality in December and January for "those who know," and the best fisherman and boatsman there is George Lucas, whom we are pleased to recommend.

Speaking of Palatka, it is one of the very best headquarters for the sportsman, being centrally located, with fine shooting and fishing in the vicinity, and accessible by steamboat from above and below, with daily mails from Jacksonville. There are two excellent hotels here and sundry boarding houses. The "St. John's Hotel," kept by the Peterman brothers, is as comfortable as could be desired, with most excellent table, and many "modern improvements" not often found in Florida. We are free to designate this hotel, because we wish to advise so as to ensure the fullest satisfaction of sportsmen who place confidence in our recommendation. If the hotel-proprietors can profit thereby, they certainly deserve to do so. Palatka is healthy, and the ground absolutely hilly for flat Florida, three-fourths of which, we believe, is actually under water. Steamboats run to Enterprise, and thence to Salt Lake, from which there is short transit to Indian River; also to Tokoi, from which St. Augustine is reached by a sixteen mile railroad of the worst possible description and most tedious rate of progress.

One cannot be too careful in selecting his abiding place in this Land of Flowers, especially if he be an invalid. The four healthiest localities, and affording the greatest abundance of game and facilities for sport are St. Augustine, Palatka, Lake Monroe, and Indian River. At Enterprise, on Lake Monroe, which comprises merely a very good hotel and outbuildings, and a court house located in a swamp and wholly isolated, is most excellent deer, quail, turkey, and snipe shooting; but from Mellenville, on the opposite side of the lake, one can go back thirty miles over a settled and cultivated country, abounding in large orange groves and banana patches, traversed by good roads, and interspersed with beautiful lakes. Game is plentiful, but not so abundant as in the vicinity of Enterprise. We shall give a brief sketch of the St. John River route in our next number.

—The half-dozen attentive friends who have kindly sent us printed accounts, clipped from Hartford papers, of the fish-way at Holyoke Dam over the Connecticut River, will find a full description of the same in our issue of Nov. 13th, page 218, three weeks ago. We fully appreciate the importance of this great and useful work, and have anxiously noted the laborious efforts of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Fish Commissioners, from the first inception of the enterprise, through all the phases of opposition and litigation with which it has struggled, up to the final consummation last October. When the fish-way became a finality, we were immediately advised thereof, and waited only for our regular publication day to announce the fact.

We trust that our readers will not only examine our columns carefully hereafter, but learn to look to us for latest information in matters of this sort; for we claim to be a live paper, and our business relations with Government and State Fishery officers enable us to obtain early possession of facts of interest and value. We hope for great results from the construction of this fish-way to manifest themselves at an early day. The Connecticut is the best adapted river on the Atlantic coast for the propagation and preservation of salmon and shad; it is the longest, the most broken by rapids, the coldest at its sources, and contains the clearest and purest water. It was long ago the natural spawning ground and birth place of salmon, and only became depleted by those causes inseparable from increasing population and ignorant and insufficient legislation. Now for five years past the fishery officers have been assiduously employed in restocking its waters, and the results, so far as investigated, have proved eminently satisfactory and encouraging. Hereafter, with an unobstructed passage from the ocean to its mountain sources, the salmon and shad will have full range. They can plant their seed *ad libitum* on chosen spots, returning periodically to their native spawning grounds—and with both fish and ova protected by judicious laws and watchful wardens, they must continue to increase and multiply until the heart of every angler is made glad, and the poor leap for joy at the abundance.

—Seth Green, who is at present in charge of the New York State Hatching House at Rochester, begs us to inform our readers, who may desire to experiment in the business of hatching out eggs of the salmon trout or white fish, that he will, on application, send a few hundred eggs on the receipt of fifty cents to prepay the cost of mailing them. His object is to teach the American people the art of fish-breeding and to have them learn how easily this may be accomplished, so that every river, lake or pond may be made to abound with fish, as in former times. These will soon be ready for transportation, and all that is necessary to watch the process of their growth is to place them in a shallow wooden box with gravel on the bottom and allow a stream from spring or even hydrant water to flow gently over them from one end of the box to the other. During the season of 1872 and 1873, he made an extensive distribution of eggs, and wishes any person who received them at that time, to report the result to him or to the columns of some newspaper near at hand.

—Down at Smithfield, Long Island, not far from Hempstead, is the trout farm of Mr. Thomas Jeffery, who informed the writer that he was one of the very first to handle and strip a trout on Long Island. His place lies a little off the main road, about a mile and a half from Smithville. He has a series of ponds for fingerlings, yearlings, and two year olds, also a mixture pond with all sizes and ages. As we saw it, no doubt during the worst part of the year, it struck us as having a decidedly antiquated appearance. The ponds were full of dead leaves, and other decayed vegetable and fish matter, including large dead shiners, evidently in a decomposed state, which he had forgotten to cut into pieces so that the fish could eat them. It was a marvel to us how the fish could live at all; as it was, the yearling fish did not weigh two ounces, and the two year olds not more than a quarter of a pound; all of them were dwarf fish. Mr. Jeffery, who is now getting infirm and quite old and afflicted with rheumatism, evidently cannot pay that proper attention to the water and fish which is essentially necessary to success; but with all these drawbacks he has not only built his house, purchased all necessary tools, cut dams and sluices, gravelled and sanded ponds, but also derives a considerable income from fish culture. We asked Mr. Jeffery the reason why he allowed all the debris of vegetation, uneaten and rotten fish to sink to the bottom and poison the water. He replied: "Oh, the first rain will clean it all, and I am getting old and sick." We bade him good day, thanking him for his attention, and at the same time respectfully suggested "that if the preserve was worked on half shares it would relieve him of the burden of labor, and he might still derive the same increase."

—The fishermen on the south side and at the east end of Long Island are having remarkable success this season. A great many codfish are being taken off Fire Island and at other points on the Great South Bay, and on Thursday morning one thousand bass, estimated to weigh at least four thousand pounds, were taken at one haul at the Poose off Southampton.

—Ralph Keele, in *Harper's Magazine*, says of Lake Leman, Switzerland:

"There are said to be twenty-one species of fish in the lake; but of its thirty-six leagues of shore, according to my authority, thirty leagues are so rocky as to give hardly any plants or insects for their food. Leman, therefore, is not so well stocked with fish as many of the Swiss lakes. The professional fishermen go out in their boats at dark, and are generally gone all night. The unprofessionals of the Swiss shore are, I think, the most patient people on earth. I have seen hundreds of them in the course of the summer holding their lines from bridges and quays at all hours of the day and night, and have never yet seen them catch a fish. The hotels of Geneva, at least in the "grand season," are mostly supplied from the sea. The *Jérna*, which is nearest to the grayling, but, I believe, a species peculiar to this and one or two other of the Swiss lakes, is the fish oftenest met on the table. There is a magnificent kind of salmon-trout, called *truite du lac*, weighing often twenty or thirty pounds, which sometimes graces the dinners of the Beau-Rivage or De la Paix at Geneva. On days when this fish is served he is paraded in all his superb proportions around the dining-room by a white-gloved waiter, in a sort of glorified triumph of sauce and silver, in the genteel lull between the soup and the first wine.

WILL BLACK BASS TAKE A FLY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I HAVE read with increasing interest each article on this subject. I was astonished that such a question should ever suggest itself to a follower of Father Isaac. I have taken black bass from Canandaigua outlet and Genesee river for years with a fly, and I find that I have better success every year. Not by trolling as is the custom, in the St. Lawrence from a boat, but by casting from a boat or wading as the water will permit. Either I have become more experienced or as I have heard said in regard to trout, they have become educated and will take a fly better from year to year if the waters are humanly fished. I have made it a practice to return to the water all small fish and I believe that I have been amply rewarded this year. I never had better fishing in these waters.

The hint that I have aided in the increase of this splendid fish seems insignificant; but if you will think for just a moment and see what the increase would be by returning fifty or one hundred of these fish to the water, you will not be surprised or wonder at my insinuation.

If all anglers would just keep this in mind, return all small fish to the water, there would be no danger of our lakes and rivers being depopulated.

A little care, and a little humanity on the part of the true angler would in a great degree make up for the wholesale slaughter of the pot-fisher. But never mind that, I have thrown aside my bass rod and tackle as a whole, with the exception of dressing my flies especially for bass. I tie my own flies as every angler should who wishes to drink in the whole enjoyment of angling.

In its place I have adopted my Conroy trout rod and trout tackle as a whole, and find that it gives me infinitely more pleasure than the heavier one.

Now in regard to flies; I have tried the scarlet ibis, grizzly king, and many others with some success, but none with the success that I have had with a brown one which I have made and named king fly. In this locality I have taken them from the first of June to the first of October, with this same fly. I think it superior to any other for the reason that I have put others on the same cast and would in nine cases out of ten find them fast to this fly. Also I have taken off the other flies and put on just two of these and would take time after time two bass of a pound and a half or two pounds each at a single cast. That is what I call genuine sport. This fly might not do for other localities, but for these two that I have mentioned, I am certain it has no equal.

These magnificent fish seem to be very gamey here, giving almost as much play as a trout. It is seldom that I let my flies sink below the surface of the water. It is not necessary to with this fly, but the instant that it touches the water, if they are at all inclined, it is greedily taken, in fact I have seen them jump clear out of the water to seize the supposed prize. It looks too much like bait fishing to let them sink below the surface precisely as though it was really bait. When I bait fish I want to bait fish, and when I fly fish I want to fly fish.

Let it then be the aim of every true angler to exert all his influence to keep our lakes and rivers from being depopulated of this magnificent fish. If every angler will catch his fish artistically there need be no fear. If there can be no better laws, let what we have be enforced, and it will greatly aid us in our work.

F. L. KING.

WHAT A FRENCHMAN KNOWS ABOUT SHOOTING IN AMERICA.—In the May number of the Bulletin of the French *Société D'Acclimatation*, we find a report by the Count de Montebello, First Secretary of the French Legation at Washington of what he knows about game in America, and we present some of the principal points of this communication for the edification of our readers!

Speaking of the wild turkey, which he says is found in considerable numbers in Virginia and Maryland, he states that it is an animal which is likely to disappear, as it is very easily taken, especially in the snow. He remarks that he has never hunted the wild turkey, although he has been informed of a flock in the vicinity of Washington, because its pursuit has not the least charms for him, as this simply involves lying in wait and shooting from a covert.

The venison found in the Washington market, he tells us, generally comes from Vermont, the deer being found in large numbers around Lakes George and Champlain, as also in the woods that border the Hudson. He has heard a good deal of the caribou, the moose and the elk, but has not seen any of these even in skins. He apologises for not being able to tell more about the birds and beasts of America, as he is closely tied down in Washington by his official duties, and it is very difficult to learn anything of the animals in a country where all the birds with red plumage are called red birds, and all with yellow feathers, yellow birds; and as far as game is concerned there are as many names for each kind as there are States or even Counties!

He regrets his inability to visit Philadelphia, for the purpose of there meeting Prof. Agassiz, who was not in the city when he had visited it some time previously. If he could only see the Professor he has no doubt of being able to obtain some useful information!

—The Palatka (Florida) *Herald* says that never since the early settlement of this country has the fruit prospect been more flattering. From all sections of the St. John's, Indian and Halifax rivers, and from the interior portions of east Florida, it has most glowing accounts of the bountiful yield of the orange, lime, lemon, guava and shaddock.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Moose, *Alces Macchis.*) Caribou, *Tarandus Rangifer.*)
 Elk or Wapiti, *Cervus Canadensis.*) Red Deer, *Cervus Virginianus.*)
 Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.) Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
 Wild Turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo.*) Quail, *Ortyx Virginianus.*)
 Ruffed Grouse, *Bonasa umbellus.*) Pinnated Grouse, *Cupidoria Cupido.*)
 All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—At Shokan, Ulster County, a party of three went out shooting forces in what is called the Park Swamp, accompanied by Mr. Sheppard and his hounds, killing 3 dog foxes and 2 vixens in three days.

—Three guns and two dogs, at Deekertown, New Jersey, on the Midland Railroad, last week, counted out a bag of 25 pheasants, 3 quail, 2 woodcock, and 21 rabbits.

—At Montauk Point, L. I., three well known wild fowl shots, shot besides black duck and geese, seven mud geese. We think this must be the goose known by the name of Hutchin's goose.

—At Toronto on Thanksgiving Day, in the pigeon shooting match for the Foresters' challenge tea service, between James Glen, Jr., of Toronto, and Gilbert, of St. Thomas, the latter won, killing eighteen out of twenty-one birds, to Glen fifteen.

—At Miller's Island near Baltimore, there were over 1,200 canvas back ducks shot last week, principally by gunners for the market. Sportsmen have but fair shooting, all the best points and grounds being leased. The Swamp Angels, used by the gunners, are generally of four to six bore and load *ad libitum*.

—At Turkey Point on the Eastern Shore near the mouth of the Susquehanna, there are two points about 100 yards a part and excellent ground to get to before the birds come. Mr. Benton and a friend from Baltimore, killed on Friday and Saturday last 32 red heads, 7 black ducks and 24 canvas backs.

—At Watson Hollow, last week, C. S. Rockwell and party, a well known bear hunter, killed 2 wild cats and shot at a panther, wounding him, but could not follow him up on account of snow drift. The party went out next morning on home-made snow-shoes, but failed to find the track. Snow 18 inches on the level. Very few beech-nuts this year, so that the bears have moved into the Neversink Mountains.

—Judge C. E. P., of Prooklyn, returned last week from a shooting excursion in the southern part of Ohio, where he and three other gentlemen, with two setters, bagged 48 dozen quail and 13 grouse in the course of nine days' bush-beating. This is pretty good work. The Judge will stand a pretty close cross-examination as to the exact locality in Ohio where this was done, but we doubt if he can be induced to commit himself. Gunning in Ohio is apt to be dangerous business unless the sportsman is acquainted with "the man who owns the place."

—Gunnery is not taught, it appears, in Dartmouth College. Several students of that venerable institution being out shooting lately, found a coon in a tree. They shot at the animal 24 times without hitting him, while he sneered at their clumsiness from his perch. At last, coming down, having lost all patience at being killed so clumsily, he went for those literary young men. Long the battle raged. The stock of a \$250 gun was shivered. Coonie died at last, for the odds against him were fearful. He was one of the heaviest characters of his class, and weighed 30 pounds and six ounces over.

We take this from the *Tribune*. Whether the word "class" in the last sentence refers to coons, or to the undergraduates of Dartmouth, we are not prepared to say.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

—A large party of gentlemen met on November 29th at Port Morris to witness a pigeon match between the two crack amateurs, Mr. Ernest Staples and Mr. Louis Livingston, of Columbia county, New York, at 25 single birds, Ira Paine's best, for \$400, 1½ shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.

THE SCORE.

STAPLES—0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1—Total, 20. Killed, 17; missed, 3.

LIVINGSTON—0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0—Total, 18. Killed, 9; missed, 9.

Staples won the choice and went to the front first.

Livingston, having no chance, gave up the match when Staples had shot at 20 birds.

—The simultaneous rifle match between Captain Davis' Highland Company, Dundee, Scotland, and No. 2 Company, 13th Battalion, Hamilton, Ont., twelve men on each side, which took place in October, has, according to scores just received, resulted in a victory for the Highlanders by two points. This company has the reputation of never having been beaten in any match, and is one of the best in Scotland. The firing took place at ranges of 200, 500, and 600 yards, five shots at each range. The total score made by the Highlanders was 511, while that of the Hamilton Volunteers was 509. The highest score made by any individual member was by Private Thomas Mitchell, of Hamilton, who made 50 points, three more than the highest score made by anyone in the Highland Company. The lowest score made was 35, recorded for one of the Highlanders. At the 200 yards range Hamilton scored five more

than the Scotchmen, and at 500 yards eight more. The Canadians have no reason to feel ashamed of their score.—*Toronto Globe*.

—Our frequent correspondent, Isaac McClellan, who has been shooting recently in Northeastern Virginia, on the peninsula between the Chesapeake and Atlantic, made his headquarters at the little hamlet of Eastville, which he speaks well of as affording good accommodation for sportsmen. Among other experiences with the numerous varieties of wild fowl, he mentions the swan, which he claims is by long odds the noblest fowl to be found on the coast of North Carolina and the Chesapeake. "It is something like sport," he says, "to drop a bird weighing some eighteen pounds, with a six feet extent of pinions. These great fowl, especially the cygnets, are esteemed very delicious for the table, and far superior to the goose. They collect there in great numbers, and we have seen a line of them extending for more than the space of a mile, and looking like a long reef of breakers, or a ridge of snow-drift. They are hard to kill, and require to be hit with very coarse shot, mould or T shot, before they yield up life. But once drop them in the water and they are easily got, as they do not dive, but reach their food with their long necks in shallow water.

The swans, early in September, leave the shores of the Polar Sea and resort to lakes and rivers in and about Hudson's Bay, where they remain until October. They then collect in flocks of fifteen or twenty, and mounting high in air, in a wedge shape, depart with loud screams for a more genial southern climate. They fly with great rapidity, at the estimated rate of one hundred miles in the hour, which is about double that of the goose. They do not, like the geese, follow the line of sea coast, but fly far inland, usually reaching their feeding-grounds at night; and the first signal of their arrival is given the next morning by a universal clamor. They seem to be greeting each other with their musical notes after their completed journey. When settled on their feeding grounds, they do not forsake them, unless driven away by very severe weather.

In the Chesapeake the wild swan collect in large flocks of hundreds feeding over extensive flats on the duck-grass, worms, insects and shell-fish. They are found from the mouth of the Chesapeake to the capes of Virginia, but do not pass southward of Hatteras inlet. We have seen a few flocks of them in the bays of Jersey, but have never met with them in the waters of Long Island. They feed with the geese, but do not fly with them. When crippled and caught they are easily tamed, and we have had them, at the south, in our door-yards stalking majestically among the tame wild-geese and other domestic fowl."

MALAGA, Gloucester Co., New Jersey, Nov. 12th, '75.

EDITOR OF FOREST AND STREAM:—

Mr. Miller, our secretary, forwarded me your letter of the 7th, making inquiries as to our Game Protective Society. I forward a copy of Acts of incorporation, constitution and by-laws, which will fully explain its object. Our society is yet in its infancy, having been organized only about six months. We have now about 224 non-resident members. Of course, our non-resident membership will largely exceed the resident members, since the residents of other States cannot shoot in the counties coming within the provision of our Act unless they connect themselves with our association. The funds received can be used for no other purpose than restocking.

At a meeting of the Directors, held in the city of Camden, Saturday, November 22d, the President was authorized to purchase 1,000 pairs of live quail, to be put out in March next, in the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Cumberland, and Cape May.

Game, (quail and deer), are quite plenty in this section. Deer in Atlantic, and quail in all the lower counties, with quite a number of partridges. Over 150 deer have been killed in Atlantic County since November 1st within a radius of twenty miles from this place. Season for deer hunting closes December 1st. The writer killed a fine buck in Atlantic county on Saturday last, twelve miles east from these works. A friend, J. E. Sharp, of Philadelphia, and myself, were out yesterday, (Thanksgiving Day), and bagged forty-six quail and two partridges, not open field shooting, but all—except a few covey shots—made in the scrub oak and second growth timber. In haste,

Yours, W. B. ROSENBAUM,

"President West Jersey Game Protective Society."

—An "Old Hand" sends us the following sketch from Dallas County, Iowa:—

The prairie hen or pinnated grouse is lawful game in most of the States between the middle of August and the first of January, but the season closes in reality about the first of November, on account of the birds getting so wild that but few care to hunt them. But for the sportsman who does not mind working for his game and who delights in trying his own skill and the excellence of his gun on a full-grown bird at long range, there are occasionally days on which the sport is splendid. You get up some morning and find it clear and frosty, but you know it will be warm and still for three hours during the middle of the day; so by sun up or a little later you are on some knoll on the edge of the prairie watching; you see grouse flying everywhere from one alone to perhaps a thousand together; they alight in the cornfields mostly, though some come down on the prairie again. Look! yonder come a dozen; they will fly right over you; no, they swerve fifty yards to one side and pass you like bullets, single out your bird, hold your feet in front, and when he is barely opposite, cut loose. Following the crack of the gun you hear a sharp whack as the shot strike and you have tumbled an old cock into the grass.

You have, of course, marked down as many of the birds as possible; let them feed an hour and then drive them up. They will rise very wild and the only object in flushing them is to see them down where they will take their noon-day siesta. Now you may go to the house—or more likely to your wagon—rest and get through with your lunch so as to be in the field by twelve o'clock, sharp. You go direct to where you marked some birds down in the morning. At about fifty yards ahead up spring the birds with a terrible clucking and rushing of wings. Quick! no time for parley now! cover and cut loose as quickly as you can! There you have winged one and hurt another one that will fly out of sight and die.

If you use a muzzle-loader you will get no more shots there, but you can load a breech-loader before the few that still stick, will rise. When you get these up let the dog hunt the ground for a hundred yards all around where they rose, and he will probably get you a half dozen shots at a thirty yards rise; and if your gun is good and you are any sort of a shot, you will get every one. Now go for that pack of five hundred you saw down on yonder hill-side a mile away. You get half way there when your dog, which is a hundred yards in advance, flushed one. Serves you right for not keeping him in; they won't lay to dogs now. Dash lays down and waits till you come up. You go a little further, when up gets one right under your feet. Hold on! you'll miss entirely or cut him to shreds if you don't give him at least twenty yards. At the crack of your gun there is a cloud of feathers and the bird has disappeared; but there goes another crossing you forty yards ahead; aim two feet ahead and you will bring him. The grass seems to be literally alive with them, and they get up faster than you can take them till you have bagged seven or eight. You go on till you get within three or four hundred yards of "that big pack" when they go off in a body and don't give you a shot. It is now nearly two o'clock and the birds are getting hungry again. However, if you are not too tired you can find some more scattered ones that will add a few to your bag; but after three o'clock it is useless to pursue them; besides you have now bagged ten or twelve brace and ought to be satisfied. If you are not, your attention will be attracted to a few flocks of mallards that are flying over an adjacent cornfield. Repairing thence you build a blind by lacing two corn hills together and cutting stalks and leaning against them. Hurry, for the ducks are coming fast. A thousand have already alighted, and as many more are already hovering over them. Now you are ready. Wait till they droop their wings to alight. Now! There you've brought down, four with one barrel, and one with the other. Now retrieve and wait for another shot. You don't wait long; and so the sport goes on till after sundown, and you have bagged fifteen, and frightened nearly all the rest away. Honk! Honk! remove your cartridges and put in a couple charged with four drachms of powder and one and a half oz. of ones or 00 shot. Lie close now, they have been alarmed and are looking for you. They pass sixty yards to the left; aim at the leader's head and let him have it. There! a lucky shot has broken his neck. The rest hurdle together affrighted and you put your left right in. You hear the charge strike but no bird falls; look sharp! others are coming down. He falls in a slough a quarter of a mile off, but you are sure Dash can find him, and sure enough he does after trailing a long ways. You now go to the wagon tired out and hungry as one ever needs to get. You count your bag and find 19 grouse, 15 ducks and 2 geese, the latter weighing 12 and 16 lbs. respectively.

In conclusion, I will say that this is no imaginary sketch, but is a faithful account of one day's shooting, and is not the best day's work that has been done here either, though it is among the best. In conclusion, I will say that for this late shooting one should use a 10 or 12 gauge not shorter than 28 inches. Use ¾ drachms powder and 1½ oz. of No. 6 shot. Use two pink edge wads on top of powder; or what is better, one wad of new harness leather next to powder, and pink edge wad on that, as the felt wad will blow to pieces if used with a heavy charge.

A HEROINE.—A girl of fourteen, daughter of John Nichols, of the town of Albion, has proved herself made of the heroic stuff. Going into the woods a few days since with a five-year-old brother nutting, they became lost, and were compelled to remain all night without shelter. To protect her little brother, she stripped off her outer garments, and, soothing him to quiet and sleep in her arms, sat through the long hours while her own limbs were freezing. When found the next forenoon she was unable to stand on her feet, but the physician hopes to be able to preserve her life and limbs, a hope which will be heartily re-echoed wherever the story is known.

—Late advices from China say that another of those anti-foreign placards against foreigners has been posted on the walls of Wu-chang, setting forth how the foreign devils entice children to their schools and they are never seen any more alive or otherwise. There is an absurd story about the children being taken to the upper flats of the foreigners' houses, and there being deprived of life, and afterwards of brains and eyes to make up some sort of barbarian medicine.

—"The melancholy days are come" when defunct porkers, with "the ends of their nose and the tips of their toes turned up to the roots of the daises" (where they will never more root hog nor die) are carried through the streets, cob in mouth, to be tucked away with buckwheat cakes.

—Bunches of autumn leaves are said to be very beautiful evening decorations, if a lighted candle be set behind them. If the flame of the candle be allowed to touch one of them the brilliancy of the display is greatly increased.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLESTON.	
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
Dec. 4	11	30	8	13	7	30
Dec. 5	20	19	9	05	8	19
Dec. 6	1	09	9	55	9	09
Dec. 7	1	58	10	40	9	58
Dec. 8	2	45	11	27	10	45
Dec. 9	3	29	ev.	15	11	29
Dec. 10	4	14	1	02	ev.	14

Oyster Bay harbor is to be the winter rendezvous of quite a number of the yachts belonging to the New York and Brooklyn clubs.

NEW ORLEANS, November 29, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I will send you a little history of our club. The Orleans Rowing Club was projected in June, 1873, to unite the young men of the Cotton Press interest and their friends, for the purpose of fostering good feeling, to encourage boating, and to promote physical culture. The idea was such a happy one that the club was organized the next month, and in August we were established in our boat-house, and had two practice boats in the water, built by Mahoney, of Algiers, and judges say that our native boat builders' work is equal to that of any of the imported boats. Our course is a very pretty one, on the broad bosom of the Mississippi, up the river from our boat-house, of one mile, one and a half, and two miles, so that we may have one, two, three, or four mile races. We have had some friendly trials among ourselves, and the time made was very fair, upon which we shall endeavor to improve. In addition to our practice boats, our worthy President has had constructed for us a four-oared, outriggered gig, with sliding seats, also by Mahoney, of which the boys are very proud, and justly so, as I think she is a lively boat. We have now on our roll ninety-three active members. The officers are:—Samuel Boyd, President; John P. Casey, Vice President; A. M. Summers, 2d Vice President; Patrick McGrath, Secretary; W. Lynd, Treasurer; W. H. Manning, Lieutenant and acting Captain.

Boating has become very popular here of late. We have now the St. John Rowing Club, the Pelican Rowing Club, the Riverside Rowing Club, and the Orleans Rowing Club, organized in the order named, and in our next amateur regatta, in May or September, there will be a grand struggle for the front. These are all the items of interest, and I hope they will please you. "TRICK."

BUFFALO, November 29, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The rowing season of 1873 has been altogether a remarkable one. Buffalo has not been behind; three of our crews, viz., the Banshees, Buffalos, and Eries taking part in the Toronto regatta, which came off in June, the Banshees and Buffalos entering in the first class race against some well known oarsmen, amongst them the famous McKee crew, of Pittsburg. The regatta was in every way a grand success, five four-oared boats starting off at the report of a cannon, the McKee crew taking the lead and winning the first prize, viz., \$300 in gold, closely followed by the Buffalos, who took the second prize. The first prize in the second class race was easily taken by the Eries.

Our home regatta came off on the 4th of July, and was one of the most important features of the day. Thousands gathered to witness the race, demonstrating the interest the people of our city take in aquatic sports. The prizes offered amounted to \$880, of which \$300 was for the four-oared, and the remainder for the single scull race. For the former ten crews entered, and five oarsmen in the latter. The regatta took place on the Erie canal, and owing to the narrowness of the space but two boats started at a time, consequently the races were pulled on time. The first start was made by the Banshees and Buffalos, the former pulling the old tub used by them at the Toronto race, built by Kingston & Bro., of Buffalo, and the Buffalos using a fine paper boat, built by Waters & Son, of Troy, New York. Their appearance showed good training, as they displayed splendid muscular development. Both crews started off nicely, pulling forty strokes to the minute. The Banshees had pulled but a short distance when they got afloat of a canal boat, and met with two other mishaps before completing the course, the Buffalos coming in ahead; time, 20m. 12 sec.; Banshee's time, 20m. 21 sec.

The next was between the Q. Q. Q.'s boat "Finale," made of Spanish cedar, and built by Elliott, of Greenpoint, New York, and the Black Rock's boat "P. P. Pratt," built by Waters & Son, of Troy. Both crews started off very well with thirty-eight strokes to a minute. However, they were not alongside of each other a great while, the Pratts passing their competitors and steadily increasing their advantage until the race was won; time, 20m. 15 sec.; the time of the Q. Q. Q.'s being 21m. 22½ sec.

The Live Oak's boat "Zephyr" and the Celtic's boat "Tommy Walsh" were next called. From the start the race was a foregone conclusion, the Celtics taking the lead with thirty-eight strokes to a minute, pulling rapidly away from their antagonists, who only pulled thirty-six, and came in a considerable distance ahead; Celtic's time, 23m.; Live Oaks, 24m. 53 sec. This was doing well for a crew that had never practiced but seven times previous to the race, the oldest of the four being but nineteen years of age, the crew that had practiced refusing to pull. Next came the Niagara River's boat "Bill Farmer" and

the Erie's boat "Wm. Cosgrove," the former starting off with thirty-five strokes to a minute, the Eries pulling thirty-eight and easily winning the race, making the three miles in 22m. and 15 sec.; the Niagara's time being 23m. and 3 sec.

The four-oared races were concluded by the second crew of the Black Rowing Club, which, having no crew to row against, rowed over the course alone in 23m. 21½ sec.

The two mile single scull race was then called. The following were the entries:—"Tura," J. B. Green; "Vixen," Wm. Hingston; "Maud," J. E. Gibbons; "Minnie," C. E. Dunbar; "Ettie," John Dorr. The "Tura" and the "Vixen" opened the race. It was a one-sided affair, the "Tura" coming in about half a mile ahead; time, 17m., against 20m. and 30 sec. made by the "Vixen."

The last upon the list were the "Maud," "Minnie," and "Ettie." The "Minnie" withdrew, leaving but two to start. The "Ettie" came in first; time, 16m.; "Maud's" time, 18m. 45 sec.

About two weeks after the 4th a single scull match was rowed between Hingston, who considered that he was not fairly beaten on the 4th, and Green, both using the same boats, pulled by them in the previous race. Hingston was again beaten, worse than before.

The Buffalos took a hand in the fall regatta of the Riversides, of Rochester. This race was the cause of much excitement in aquatic circles, as the Riversides were considered a "crack crew," and our Rochester neighbors being sure they would defeat the Buffalos. It was rowed on the Genesee River—distance two miles. The Riversides pulled a fine shell built by Roahr. The Buffalos pulled the boat used by them on the 4th, and won the race, coming in about eight lengths ahead; time, 12m. 17½ sec., the Riversides being 17 sec. behind.

The season closed with the much talked of four mile race between the Black Rocks and Hibernia Rowing Clubs for \$200 a side. The Black Rock Club used their paper shell "P. P. Pratt," and the Hibernias a cedar boat, "Wm. Weston," built by Blakey, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This was a splendid contest, the Pratts getting away first, but were soon overtaken by the Hibernias, who had things their own way to the stake boat, but there met with an accident, from which they were unable to recover, and the victory fell to the Black Rocks, who came in about two boat-lengths ahead; time, 26m. 36½ sec.; Hibernia's time, 26m. 44 sec. J. C. SHEEHAN.

The Horse and the Course.

—It is stated that the horse disease which was so prevalent last year has reappeared in this city, and that the ear and stage stables have together some ninety cases are so of sickness. Some alarm has been felt thereat, which we believe is without foundation. On careful inquiry on our part, we have been assured by a distinguished veterinary surgeon that this alarm was groundless. It is true that in some cases where horses were not perfectly cured of the epizootic which attacked them this spring, that these horses have succumbed from lung diseases. At the beginning of the really cold weather, horses are prone to feel the sudden climatic change, and it behooves all owners of these noble animals, whether they be used for profit or pleasure, to be more than careful with them. The ear and stage horses are more exposed to take cold than any others, and, as four or five cases only are reported among other classes, we assume that the supposed disease in question is merely cold resulting from standing too long after excessive labor and perspiration. No fatal cases are reported. In England some peculiar cases of horse disease, and of a fatal character have occurred, the animals dying of suffocation in a few hours. Fortunately the cases are quite isolated and no serious consequences are anticipated.

—Mr. Robert Bonner has added to his stable a son of the celebrated Flora Temple, sired by the trotting stallion Mambriño. This four-year-old colt is a striking likeness of his famous dam. His disposition is perfect. He can step at a 2:30 gait.

—At Prospect Park, near Brooklyn, L. I., three races took place on November 27th, and attracted a good deal of interest among the local and general public. The first race was a match of \$200, between Grey Charley and Jersey John, mile heats, best three in five in harness, catch weights, owners to drive. Jersey John won. The second race was for a sweepstake of \$300, mile and repeat in harness, four horses entered. Arnold's Francois won. Time—3:18, 3:11. The third race was for a purse of \$100, mile heats, best three in five, five horses entered. L. S. Sammis' John, Jr., won in three straight heats.

—At Fleetwood Park there were three races on November 27th, which created considerable interest among the friends and owners of the horses engaged. The first race was a match of \$500, mile heats, best three in five under saddle, between Tanner Boy and Joe Clark. Tanner won after an exciting struggle in three straight heats. Time—2:42½, 2:36½, 2:36½. The second race was a sweepstake of \$300, mile heats, best three in five in harness. There were three horses started. J. Lyons' Skinner won. The third race was for \$300, mile heats, best three in five, for teams. This was the most exciting race of the day. B. Wilson's Willie Lane and mate won.

—At Deerfoot Park there were three races on November 27th. The first race was a match for \$500, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, between Eastern Boy and Plumber Boy. Eastern Boy won the three last heats and race. The second race was a match for \$400, best three in five in har-

ness, between North Star and Rufus. North Star won. Rufus was distanced in the fourth heat. The third race was a match for \$200, mile heats, best three in five in harness, between Nellie and Captain George, to wagon. The latter won the three last heats and match.

—The stallion Wild American has trotted in 1:65. His mane measures 8½ feet.

—The following letter to the London Times from the Earl of Coventry, a breeder and racer of thoroughbred horses, will be found interesting to our gentlemen who keep breeding and racing stables:—

SHORT RACES.

To the Editor of the London Times:—

SIR—The short races which now-a-days prevail have a far greater influence for evil, in my opinion, on the breed of horses than the mischievous practice of running two-year-olds early in the year. I brought forward a motion at a recent meeting of the Jockey Club to the effect that there should be no more races for three-year-olds and upwards of shorter distance than one mile, but it was negated by a large majority. I have reason to believe that many members of the Jockey Club agree with my views; but Newmarket is a difficult place to get at, and I venture to entertain the hope that in future, measures of importance may be discussed in London.

The number of short races is increasing, for I find that in 1871, out of 1,253 races, 646 were under the distance of a mile; in 1872, out of 1,260 races, 741 were under a mile. I have not included two-year-old races in this calculation, which I believe to be a correct one. We all agree that soundness of wind and limb is the most important element in the constitution of a horse. It is generally admitted that roaring is an hereditary disease, and it is an equally well-known fact that roasters can win over short courses; therefore the Seury Races, of which I complain, may be regarded as a premium for unsound horses. Admiral Rous, in a letter which he published a short time ago in the Times, says "the breed of horses of which we are so proud will eventually be beaten by the French," and states as his reason for thinking so, "that Frenchmen reject roasters and infirm legs." Can that be a matter of surprise, when it is recollected that in France there are no races under a mile, and in consequence no occupation for roasters and cripples? I think it a great national misfortune that Lord Rosebery's Committee abstained from considering the case of race-horses, because the Turf is the fountain head whence most breeders derive their supply in the shape of thoroughbred stallions. At many of the horse shows I am in the habit of seeing stallions that I know to be roasters, but they have acquired—thanks to the short races—a reputation on the Turf, and their services at the Stud are sought by breeders. Lord Stradbroke, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, ascribes the deterioration in our breed of horses to "the large sums of money which are to be won by two-year-olds and three-year-olds in short races, and consequently gentlemen have been breeding for speed, and not for endurance." Mr. John Mannington and Mr. W. M'Grane agree with him.

There is plenty of evidence to show that the disease of roaring has been more frequently met with of late years, and we find that the number of short races is increasing. Layers of odds and owners of bad horses are fond of short races; the general racing public dislike them, and I believe that if they were done away with altogether there would be a very perceptible decrease in the number of roasters bred in years to come.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Croome, Nov. 5. COVENTRY.

HORSE CLIPPING.—There has been considerable discussion among the practical horsemen, as to the benefit or injury experienced by a horse from the process of clipping. A reference to the authorities on this matter will show that the horse in his native plains has always a short coat of hair, and that the winds and rains, which cause him here to throw out an extra protection are not natural to him. If the animal is left to follow his own impulses, even when turned out in this country, he will be all the better for his long coat, for while it has the great advantage of protecting him from the cold, it is not wetted by sweat, because he does not voluntarily gallop long and fast enough to produce that secretion. This natural protection is therefore a decided benefit to the horse when left in a state of nature—but when man steps in and requires his use for such work as will sweat him severely, a long coat is found to produce great exhaustion both during and after having been performing hard work. Now during our cold winters, so long as the winter coat of the horse can be kept dry, he is protected by it—and the slow-going horse, or one only required to perform easy work will be all the better for it—but the moment the pace is sufficiently accelerated to warm the skin the sweat pours forth when at work, and after work is kept up by the matted mass of hair with which the horse is covered. The clipped horse dries off quickly; and it is asserted with a good show of reason, that a short, dry coat of hair is better for the horse than a long, thick wet one. The clipping no doubt removes the tendency to sweat; or if the horse sweats when at work, the secretion ceases when the exercise which produced it stops. Now while we maintain that in such cases clipping may be practiced without injury, we still believe the indiscriminate clipping of horses for the fancy or fashion of the thing, to be wholly unnecessary. At any rate if horses are clipped, their grooms must remember that they need extra attention; a warm stable and plenty of artificial covering; we speak now of fancy horses not used as workers.—*Mane Farmer.*

—When spring comes round, the croquet sets, which may be had by subscribing to the FOREST AND STREAM, will come into use most opportunely. See advertisement of prizes in to-day's issue.

A shopkeeper who recently took it into his head to have a holiday, shut shop and wrote on the shutters:—
All flesh is grass, and grass is hay;
We're here to-morrow, but we're gone to-day—fishing.

—A Volcano has broken out in the Pinto Mountains, ten miles from Eureka, Nevada.

Nervous persons are not apt to receive a deal of sympathy, except those who have suffered from a like disorder.

Art and Drama.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

BY T. B. THORPE.

THE opera under the management of Mr. Strakosch has, for the last week, been a continued surprise and a sort of apparent success. The glamor, however, does not conceal the fact that, while we have had more good artists of fair ability at one time on the stage, and consequently smoother and more complete performances than heretofore, there stands out the usual and melancholy rumor that financially the entire season, so far, and to the end, will be a decided failure. It is difficult for lay members to understand the charm of running in debt for the benefit of these foreign singers, but still more difficult to get at the way money is obtained finally and easily to settle the bills, for we are not aware that any operatic season ever closed in any other way than in disaster. But the managers keep on the uneven tenor of their ways, and go to Europe in the summer to ransack every important capital for "distinguished artists," which, when found, are imported in the fall to this city to fill up the hotels and small boarding-houses in the vicinity of the Academy of Music with colonies of persons, the majority of whom look like organ-grinders enjoying a holiday in not unclean but jaunty clothing. The professional "critics" meanwhile sharpen up their pens and commence, and continue indefinitely, long articles for the press that have, as a rule, the same amount of real information as a string of onions without its continuity, yet like the onions, capable of bringing tears to the eyes of any experienced opera-goer or any good musician. And so goes on this struggle, the really interesting part being the opportunity it gives to "wicked men" of seeing congregated hundreds of New York ladies in full dress, presenting a combination of rare taste, rich costumes, splendid surroundings, and surpassing personal beauty excelling any similar gathering in the wide world.

Speaking of the sex, we propose for a moment to allude to the two most interesting that have appeared this season—not among the audience—but before the footlights. We allude, of course, to Mme. Nilsson and Miss Cary. We have no desire to detract from the artistic reputation of Nilsson, when we say, that from the day she was announced as engaged for our market, she has been the best managed operatic recipient that ever honored us with a visit. A great many superficial-thinking people go into ecstasies over the wonderful sagacity of Barnum as a manager, but the business man of Mme. Nilsson has far surpassed "the Phoenix" in all legitimate and allowable practices. On Nilsson's arrival here all the resources of our "best society" were brought into requisition, and an attempt was made, with some success, to liken her to the immortal Jenny Lind. Gradually the scales are beginning to fall from the eyes of the multitudes, and the suspicion is growing apace, that Nilsson is not the greatest artist that ever lived, and beside not quite equal to Lind in those graces of the heart that induced the Swedish songstress to contribute much of her public life to deeds of Christian charity. Whatever our public may lack in critical knowledge of music, it is always alive and affected by high personal and moral attributes, and once let it be understood that a professional, claiming the highest position, has no other inspiration than dollars and cents, this selfishness soon obscures even great merit, for talents, however brilliant, will never take the place of high moral qualities. Our people can understand perfectly liberality, generosity and sympathy, and through these charming mediums professional talents can only have the best and most appreciative admiration. As a rule, persons of true genius and genuine art are not mercenary; they are spontaneous and most often improvident.

Miss Cary, who has sustained herself so nobly under the trying comparison suggested by membership with Strakosch's troupe, is an American, and if we can get clear of the prejudice which presumes that our native throat cannot equal any in musical accomplishment, then we have in her a person equal to Nilsson in the capacity of reaching a standard of superior excellence, and it rests with our fashionables who profess to make opera a specialty, to take up this young lady and pay her the social respect which seems necessary to place her where she belongs. What reason have these people to wait upon Mme. Nilsson and neglect Miss Cary, socially and morally her equal, and in professional capacity will possibly prospectively be her superior? Miss Cary, from a quarter where we look for but little spontaneous criticism, has been unequivocally and properly pronounced "one of the few great contraltos of the world." This judgment is in accordance with the change which is taking place in musical sentiment, that the contralto notes of either voice or instrument have the power of moving the passions that the altissimo (Nilsson's forte) and bass are entirely destitute of. In other words, those actors who have produced the greatest effect before the Lyceum, Congress or Parliament, have been masters of the lower notes. It was the voice of Burke and Henry, of Clay and Sheridan, even more than their eloquence, that threw women into ecstasies and robbed men of their judgment. The contralto is a gift as valuable as it is rare; where there is one rich voice like that of Miss Cary, there are to be found twenty or more soprani.

We bespeak then for Miss Cary because she has won such a great success by sustaining herself so splendidly this season, that fair consideration to which she is entitled. The best European musical judge stated recently that the Americans have the more promising pupils in

Europe of any other nationality. Our airs, as they blow from heaven, are not necessarily pernicious to the voice, as we have been made to believe, and we must get clear of that tradition. Adelina Patti was born and brought up in what is now one of the obscurest streets in this city—she is unrivalled. Let these foreign song-birds have just a fair show and no more.

We are getting a little bit tired of their assumptions and manners, quibbling and growling of everything that does not please them. Driving ambitious managers into bankruptcy, disappointing audiences, breaking engagements with impunity, and treating us as if we were under any especial obligations to them, and all this, while they are the needy recipients of a much enduring public.

—The presentation of "Aida," Verdi's last composition, before its performance in any European capital, marks an era in this city of luxurious refinement, or desperate extravagance. Novelty, for the time being, has taken possession of admiration, and we regret the operatic season is not long enough to thoroughly test the genuine popularity of what is claimed to be Verdi's best opera. This much is certain, that an event which in Paris or Vienna, would at once have set the musical world of those great capitals in an excitement, has not created a ripple in New York. The press has given the event less space and less enthusiasm than it usually expends on the most common place sensational play, and the amount of type and fine writing that hails the revival of the "Ticket of Leave Man" leaves the greetings of "Aida" in the shade.

—Edwin Booth ended on Saturday an engagement of four weeks, in which time he performed in fourteen plays, including the sublimest tragedies of Shakspeare and the best plays of the modern school. His success was almost unvarying. If any unforeseen accident compelled Edwin Booth to retire from our stage, tragedy would cease to have a genuine presentation. This monopoly makes the miserable support he always has from the stock company at his theatre an endured evil. Suppose it was possible to announce the conjunction, once so familiar in New York, of Junius Brutus Booth as *Othello*, and Edwin Forrest as *Iago*, and the next night Junius Brutus Booth as *Iago*, and Edwin Forrest as *Othello*. "How would stand the record of the time?" Echo would answer, "Edwin's presentation of the play of 'Othello' was rather weak." By comparisons, we sometimes can get at the real poverty of the stage. The greatest scene in the combination we have alluded to was when the physically little *Othello* seized the physically great *Iago* by the throat, and by his mental power and sublime genius for denunciation seemed to be a giant compared with Forrest.

—Wallack's is nightly crowded by a delighted audience, the attraction being the most offensively named play, the "Liar." It is admirably performed. The passages which brought together Mr. Wallack, Mr. Gilbert, and Miss Lewis were given with charming effect. Miss Lewis must become a great favorite; she commands sympathy and admiration at once.

—The "Wicked World," at the Union Square Theatre, surprises its warmest friends with its constantly increasing popularity. The reason must be the beautiful scenery, the charming faces, and the emotional acting of Miss Morris, for the play is apparently without a plot, without a moral, without anything except fascinating scenes, which pass and re-pass like the brilliant combinations of the kaleidoscope. If the two "roughs" (Thorne, Jr., and Rankin) and the idiot, that represent the male characters, were left out, we see no reason why the "Wicked World," with a little change, as a refined spectacular piece could not run the whole winter.

—Daly's new Fifth Avenue Theatre, Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway, opened on Wednesday night. Its presumptive popularity was so great, that the majority of the seats appear to have been sold before the ticket office was opened. The theatre will be a success.

CINCINNATI, November 29, 1873.

WOOD'S THEATRE.

—The promise made to the public by Manager Macauley, that the play of "Divorce," at present at Wood's, would be given in an entire new dress, was fully redeemed. It was handsomely mounted, and in the last scene the stage was gorgeous. "Divorce" was given by the Furbish Fifth Avenue Theatre Company. The fact that they have travelled for two entire seasons, playing this one piece, shows that the people appreciate their rendition of it. It will be followed by "Article 47."

—At Robinson's Opera House we have been enjoying a week of light comedy—"Dundreary." It was presented by E. A. Sothern, assisted by his son Lytton, Mr. Vining Bowers and Miss Minnie Wolton. "Dundreary" will be followed next week by "Sam" and "David Garrick." The largest houses are expected next week to witness the latter piece.

—Harry Robinson's Minstrels were here and gave three performances to rather large houses Monday and Tuesday evenings and Tuesday afternoon.

—On Monday evening Mr. Charles Bradlaugh gave a lecture on "The Republican Movement in England," at Pike's Opera House. It is rumored that he will return soon and deliver a lecture on Ireland.

—Mr. Charles Drew, recently connected with the company at Robinson's, has returned to the Mrs. Oates Opera Company, of which he was the leading tenor for several seasons.

W. L.

—The long evenings are now coming, and the children should have good games to help pass them pleasantly. "Avilude," with its birds and their descriptions, is the best ever published. Sold by all booksellers and toy dealers, or sent post-paid on receipt of seventy-five cents, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass.

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New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

BOOKS.

THREE THOUSAND WORDS. A Pronouncing Handbook of words often mispronounced. By Richard Soule and Loomis J. Campbell. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

When we took up this little *multum in parvo*, and carefully examined it, we found our memory rapped many times, and we were made quite sensible of the value of this little four-by-six manual of ninety-nine pages, corrections of some three thousand words very frequently mispronounced; also notes upon allowable cases, in which the reader or writer has an optional choice in the selection of words or phrases. We have much larger, more elaborate, more costly works upon similar subjects, but we do not call to mind one of more real value than this little pocket companion. Lee & Shepard are in the habit of publishing a great variety of good books, "great books," for the people, but this little corrector of mispronunciations should lie side by side with Webster's and Worcester's big dictionaries.

THE PORTRAIT. A romance of the Cuyahoga. By the author of "Bart Ridgely." 16mo. Boston: Nichols & Hall.

The author of this book opens with a life picture which will be long remembered. The lessons of death, come when they may, and under whatever garb they appear, should teach us our own mortality; for it is in vain to try to escape the trials, temptations and vicissitudes of life. The hero of this work enters life under the shade of a bitter experience, the death of his beloved mother. The hero at a very early age finds himself motherless, homeless, and his young life burdened with a great doubt, that grows stronger and stronger as he grows older. He enters the service of John Green, a tavern keeper, as his bound boy. His master joins the Mormons, taking our "Fred" with him. Here he, after a short time, runs away from the former tavern keeper, Green, and finds a home with a kind-hearted farmer. His first trial takes place here, in hearing the farmer's wife say he "was nobody's son." He then leaves his employer, and seeks a home with friends in a neighboring town; here he a few years after establishes himself a "counselor at law." Here he makes the acquaintance of a young widow, who has visited Europe and traveled much, and had seen the portrait of an American gentleman whose lineaments were almost precisely like those of Freddy. She knew the whole history of that portrait, and from that knowledge a most charming romance is formed. This plot, original in itself, is not so well wrought as it might have been from the many materials at hand to make it a more perfectly finished work.

The history of Mormonism years ago will be found quite interesting. The historical Joe Smith, Rigdon, and other old Mormon saints and rascals step out of their frames, and these old dusty portraits become as lifelike as in days of old. We think the character of Fred suffers from the mystery that surrounds his birth. Yet this seems to be the necessity of the author. Belle Morris, a finely written character, is just what we would call "a very fine specimen of true womanhood," frank, sincere, noble, and we do not wonder at the excited state of Fred's feelings at the thought of losing her. We like this book better than "Bart Ridgely;" it possesses more life, interest, and although not a perfect work, it would be called at least a "good romance."

ADVENTURES BY SEA AND LAND; Or, Perils by Sea and Land, and Hair-bread Escapes in all Parts of the World. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This is a beautiful quarto, elegantly bound, and finely embellished. It is one of the books that will find many Christmas and New Year purchasers. It is just the book for the boys, as exciting as "Robinson Crusoe," and very diversified in its contents. We shall only give the outlines referring to the book itself for its illustrated contents. First, the Island of Ceylon is spoken of, and its beautiful forests and sweet climate, amply enjoyed by Templin and his confederates, and their first encounter with the elephant, is finely told; a good surprise, some genuine fun, and the final retreat of the "Big Elephant," is graphically given; and finally, the encounter with the terrific serpent closes the tarry in Ceylon. Then we have the "fire at sea," with its exciting incidents, its perils, and escapes. Thirdly, in the desert, making the acquaintance of the Indians; incidents; not particularly pleased with the savages, who steal their wine, and get drunk on the same; escape; shipwreck and starvation; with other thrilling incidents. The little Africans' wonderful adventures; the Circassian war; the Tschutski; the Fair of Wishure; Norogiod, &c.

HIS MARRIAGE VOW. By Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corwin; Author of "Rebecca," &c. 16mo. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Open this book without a determination to read it carefully and without any other view than to be amused, and you may as well lay it aside at once. It will do you no good whatever. How is this book to be read, and how understood? is the great question in the mind of the reader at the outset. "How far can a man pursue his pleasures, how far can a husband go in his attempts to win the affections, or make love to another woman, while he has an estimable wife at home?" This is about the form, the idea, and as a palliation for this free love, this departure from true marital obligations, a poor sick, bed-ridden wife is deemed to be all sufficient. Well, this is one view of the case, but it does not answer the question, "Is it a sin, a wrong or not so to do?" Although we like some portions of this work, we do not think the public would be benefited by adopting as a code of morals such sentiments as are set forth on pages 81 and 83. At least we should hope not. We should like to give a thorough analysis of the "Marriage Vow;" and speak at length of that mythical free love philosophy that pervades the whole. We believe in the religion of love, pure, chaste, soul elevating, but we are disappointed in this work, and to be true to ourselves and the public, we must say that while it is amusing and interesting, morally it is not to be placed before "Baxter's Saints Rest," and many other books of that character.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SILVER AND GOLD. An Account of the Mining and Metallurgical Industry of the United States, with reference chiefly to the precious metals. By R. H. Raymond, Ph. D. 8vo. Illustrated. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Cloth, \$3.50.

A GOOD MATCH. A Novel. By Amelia Perrier, author of "Mea Culpat" 12mo. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Extra Cloth, stamped cover, \$1.50.

RECENT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, as described in the diaries and correspondence of Ignatz Mocheles. Edited by his wife and adapted from the original German by A. D. Coleidge. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

SOUNDS FROM SECRET CHAMBERS, By Laura C. Redden, ("Howard Glyndon.") 18mo, Red edges. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THREADING MY WAY. By Robert Dale Owen. Carleton & Co. London: Trubner & Co.

MEMOIR OF FANNY FERN. By James Parton. G. W. Carleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co.

LITTLE WANDERERS. By Samuel Wilberforce. Carleton & Co. London: Seeley & Co.

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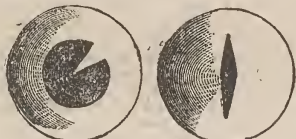
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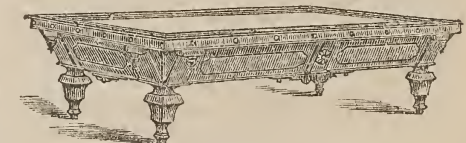
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1873.

Volume 1, Number 18.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

THE ST. JOHN.

FROM the far, untrodden fastness
Of the moss-hung everglade,
From the distant springs that bubble
In the cypress darkened shade:
From pools and rippling lakelets,
Human eye ne'er gazed upon,
Flowing into golden sunlight,
Rolls the beautiful St. John.

Winding far thro' virgin forests,
Where drink unfrightened deer,
By broad and reedy marshes,
Where the heron knows no fear;
Mid groves of tropic richness,
Their verdure never gone,
Flashing as a royal river,
Rolls the beautiful St. John.

Thro' a land of endless summer,
Where flowers grace each day,
And bright-hued birds are singing
An unceasing roundelay;
Whose waves are never fettered
By mail of ice laid on,
Reflecting only summer skies,
Flows the beautiful St. John.

Lingering like a truant schoolboy,
Idling on by vine and flower,
Caressed by light and shadow;
Caring not for day or hour,
Seeming loath to leave its birthplace,
Turning back, then flowing on,
Tracing lines of grace and beauty,
Dallies softly the St. John.

Growing broader, flowing bolder,
Wave tossed as an inland sea,
The streamlets of the woodland
In a mighty union free;
Then a noble path for commerce,
That ships float proudly on,
The welcome of the ocean surf
Receives the great St. John.

But for plagues and chills and fever,
And such agitating shakes;
But for scorpions, *et cetera*,
And wily rattlesnakes;
But for the bold mosquito,
And the piziz moccasin!
I'd sadly learn to leave thee,
Thou miasmic St. John.

L. W. L.

Winter Sports in Canada.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I send you a short account of moose hunting and trout fishing, as pursued in Lower Canada in winter, and my personal experience of camping out during the severe month of February, when the thermometer marked twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and the snow lay deep on the lakes and mountains.

At Malcartier, some fifteen miles from Quebec, we reach the farthest settlement north of the St. Lawrence. Here commence those vast forests and mountain ranges that extend themselves to the Hudson's Bay. Throughout its entire length it is intersected with numberless lakes and rapid shallow rivers. In this primeval wilderness abound the lordly moose and caribou of our northern climate, while every lake and stream is filled with that fish so dear to anglers—the trout. The smaller fur-bearing animals are also numerous.

The few remaining Indians in autumn strike far into the interior, to return in the spring laden with the proceeds of their rifles and traps. Occasional parties from Quebec, under the guidance of some Indian, make short excursions to the lakes, and return with glowing accounts of the abundance of game and the wild and beautiful scenery everywhere met with. These trips are usually made in summer or early autumn. Few have the courage to face the cold or the imaginary hardships to be endured in winter. I call them imaginary, for without a few of them wherein would consist the pleasures of wild camp life?

The stars are still shining brightly, though a faint glimmer of dawn appears on the horizon. We are up, and hastily completing our preparations for an early start. The big mare stands ready at the door harnessed to the berline which is to convey us and our traps to Roche Platte, some ten miles, before we assume in place our snow shoes and packs. We lay in a good breakfast as foundation for the long journey before us, and then, lighting our pipes and bidding all good-bye, bundle into the sleigh. We wrap the buffaloes well around us, for the cold is intense this early morn, and giving the old mare a touch with the whip we commence to glide over the hard frozen road at a good rapid pace. Our traineau, heavily loaded, follows behind. Phew, how the sharp wind pinches this morning; but we are prepared for it, and only draw our capuchon closer over our heads, and defy it to do its best. We are a merry party. Mr. Neilson, my kindest of hosts, Pat Cassin, our guide and hunter, as genial a fellow as ever drew breath, with an inexhaustible fund of dry humor, and your humble servant. We make rapid headway, and soon come in sight of St. Michel Mountain, whose summit we are destined to reach before many hours. The rising sun just tips it, and reflects back from its white coverlet of snow a glittering as of a huge diamond set in a dark green ground of spruce.

Our road is well defined over the plain by balises, consisting of small evergreens set out on each side at regular intervals; otherwise, the severe storms that sweep over it would completely obliterate all traces of it, and thereby destroy all communication between the few settlers at Roche Platte and the settlements. The snow at this season is five to six feet deep on a level, and where it drifts it is fifteen and twenty feet.

The drive at last comes to an end, and we draw rein before Ned's. We are met with a noisy but cordial welcome, and with the assistance of himself and sons we are soon ready to take up our packs and march. Here on a river point our host has built himself a log house, and cleared the few acres that are adapted for cultivation.

Our snow shoes are buckled on, our packs adjusted, and we take up our line of march towards the clouds above. Now comes the tug of war. Mountain climbing, at no time an easy matter, now rendered doubly arduous on snow shoes, which admit of little foothold, or, I should perhaps say, too much foothold. We tug and pull and perspire, but advance slowly. The point of my snow shoes catches, and I make a dive headforemost into a depth of ten feet of snow, and am extricated with some difficulty by my companions after being almost suffocated. After three hours' hard labor, and a few more mishaps, we reach the top, and call a halt to rest and admire the panorama spread out below us. Far to the south we see the tall tin spires of the churches in Quebec glistening in the sun. The ice-bound St. Lawrence, the Isle of Orleans, and the numerous habitants' hamlets dotting its shores, while at our feet winds the Jacque Cartier in its tortuous course along till lost behind some mountain that rears its snow-capped head high above the others.

Pat now warns us to be moving, so lighting our pipes we reluctantly follow on. Our road now is only marked by an occasional blaze on a tree, which Pat keeps unerringly in view. High mountains encircle us on all sides. We meet with a great many fresh tracks at Lake Michel, which our coming have doubtless disturbed and started off. We skirt the lake to its discharge, and crossing it strike upward again. Another halt is called at Lake Tontari, near our last summer's camp, to prepare the noonday meal. We scrape the upper snow off the lake, and secure enough water to boil our kettle. A fire is kindled on some logs from an old chicot, and we are soon enjoying a hearty meal. The poles only of our old camp project themselves above the snow, which must be here some seven feet in depth. This lake is some four miles in length, and in summer affords the finest fly fishing I have yet found. I have taken in one evening from three to four dozen trout, aver-

aging a pound in weight, some few running as high as two pounds. The lake is surrounded by mountains which rise abruptly on two sides from the water's edge. The echo here is perfect. A person speaking slightly above an ordinary tone of voice will have his words distinctly repeated once from the opposite side. At night, in camp, it was a great source of amusement.

As darkness set in we reached Etienne's cabin, far up in the mountains, beside a noisy, turbulent stream, the outlet of a small lake which we have just passed. We find everything prepared for our arrival—wood cut, a fresh bed of balsam boughs laid, and the snow cleared from inside the stockade. We are at one of the winter hunting camps of Etienne Gros-louis, a Lorette Indian, with whom we had made arrangements for our visit early in the season. He is now far up the Tuilerie River hunting moose.

The cabin is constructed of birch bark, stretched over poles, with sides and back of split balsam. It is open in front before the fireplace, which in turn is surrounded by a paling. This serves to keep the snow from caving in. The site is badly selected; it is in a gorge of the mountains, through which the winds whistle, sending the sparks from our fire high into the heavens. How it crackles and blazes, sending out such cheery warmth this cold night and diffusing a pleasant glow that lights up all the surroundings. We settle ourselves down before it, and former trips and adventures are once more rehearsed, and our prospect for the morrow's sport discussed at length.

This morning it is commencing to snow, and the sighing winds through the spruce, and the distant roaring of the mountains, foretell a heavy storm. Nothing daunted, we make things snug about camp, and prepare ourselves for a day's fishing on the lake. Phew, how the storm sweeps over its open surface. I cut a couple of holes through five feet of slush and ice, dropped in my lines, and then constructed myself a shelter from my buffalo, which I tied between two stakes fastened in the snow, and put myself to leeward. We succeeded in taking some dozen before the rapidly increasing storm drove us to seek refuge in camp. We spent the balance of the day smoking, eating, and listening to the howling storm without. Two whisky jacks are driven into camp, and now sit on the palisades over the fire watching our every motion with curious eyes. What cunning, thieving rascals they are; leave anything eatable out of your sight for a moment, and they pounce upon it, but are off the moment they are observed.

Clear and intensely cold this morning—thermometer down to about twenty degrees below zero. You require to handle rifles very gingerly with bare hands. I am off to a lake below us to look for moose. Can I succeed in finding a yard we may anticipate sport. The moose at this season travels but little. The deep snow, with that fearful crust, confines them to their feeding ground, and soon bring them to bay when pursued, when they fall an easy victim to the rifle of the hunter.

What a death-like stillness pervades everything after the storm of yesterday. The only sound that disturbs it is the tap of an occasional woodpecker; otherwise, apparently devoid of all animal life. I travelled over a considerable extent of country to-day, but no sign of moose. The Indians hunting caribou in the early part of the winter has, I think, driven them further to the north of our present position. Mr. N. and Pat devoted themselves to fishing, but with poor success. To-morrow we are going to try a lake below us, formed years ago by a beaver dam, on the discharge of the lake near us. It is growing colder, and we are compelled to cut more wood for the night. I am too tired to work, and reluctantly follow Pat with the traineau, to draw it in as fast as he cuts it. He selects an old birch, and his lusty blows soon lay it low, and cutting it into lengths of four feet I roll them on the train, and straddling the logs reach camp safely, my dragging feet preventing it obtaining too great momentum.

Pat sets fire to a rough birch near camp, and we watch the flames in their serpentine course rushing upwards. It is too cold to sleep; we sit huddled together before the fire, and are entertained by droll songs and stories by Pat. He has just been telling us of an adventure he had when a young man while hunting caribou, which might have ended seriously. He had started out in the morning with only his rifle, knife, and a mouthful of provisions. About noon he struck a fresh caribou track, and started in pursuit. Twice in crossing a lake did he catch a glimpse of him, but out of shooting distance! He still resolutely followed until the lengthening shadows warned him to retrace his way back to camp, and defer the further pursuit until the morrow. Darkness set in, and with it a gathering snow storm, and he soon found it impossible to follow his track. He now became seriously alarmed, and began devising with himself what he had best do. After some time a happy thought struck him. He was surrounded by balsam trees, and cutting from these sufficient branches he dug a hole in the snow and lining it top sides and bottom he crawled in, and sheltered from the storm anxiously awaited daylight to liberate him from his uncomfortable position. Morning came at last, and crawling out more dead than alive he took up his track, and had not gone far when he met his anxious companions, who had come to search for him.

We look sorry for want of sleep this morning, but make an early start for the lake. We have just returned, and with good success—twenty dozen trout, averaging some half a pound apiece. Out of one hole I took some five dozen, and in a depth of only three feet of water. I attribute our success to the fact that the lake is shallow, and the ice, with the heavy accumulation of snow, has been forced to the bottom, driving the fish into the channel. I caught one—a curiosity. It was about a foot in length, and, as I supposed, had a protuberance growing from each side of its mouth. I seized it, and giving it a slight pull was horrified when out came a frog of good proportions. It had swallowed it headforemost, but had been unable to get the hind legs' uly in. We had a rare meal—trout in all forms. The meat is firm and good.

We give up all idea of moose or caribou, and prepare for one more day's fishing. At noon we have taken twenty dozen more, when Mr. N., complaining of not feeling well, we return to camp. What an enthusiastic sportsman he is; fast approaching his seventieth year, he still retains the vigor to enjoy it. He often puts me, his junior by many years, to the test to equal him in agility. It is growing very mild, and we have reason to fear a rain storm, which will place us in an ugly predicament, as it renders snow shoeing almost impossible. We pack up everything preparatory to a start.

At daybreak we are off, and by forced marches we reach Michel Lake. The snow shoeing is horrible, the snow accumulating on the shoes to such a degree that we are obliged to carry sticks to beat it off.

We descend the mountain safely in a series of slides, and are at Ned's just as it commences to rain. We hastily harness up, and at eleven o'clock arrive home worn out with the day's tramp. A good night's rest puts us all to rights, and so ended our trip. Though we secured no large game yet was I much pleased, and have promised myself another such at some future time, when I may have a better report to make.

G. M. F., Jr.

PIGEON ENGLISH.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Of all spoken languages the Chinese is to a foreign tongue perhaps the most difficult to acquire; mainly phonetic in its construction, the slightest difference in inflection may make a vast difference in the meaning of two or a dozen words nearly similar. For example, between *loug sui*, *lung sui*, *loong sui*, *lang sui*, and several other "suis" with nearly identical prefixes, a slight variation in the grunt tells whether it be hot water, cold water, or ice water that you speak of.

Again, if by close study and quick ear one has learned at Hong Kong enough to procure ice water for his table or hot for his bath, let him travel a few miles into another Province and his learning goes for naught. With the same written, the spoken language is very different, and the inhabitants of opposite sides of a river may not be able to understand each other. "Amoy," (gates of the sea,) is, not five miles from its walls, known as "Hai moon," which, I believe means "shut the door," and as short a distance in another direction gives it another name, which I forget.

Thus foreigners coming to China for trade or other purposes would find, but for a resource, an almost insuperable obstacle to communication with the natives. This resource is that strange conglomeration of distorted words from many languages known as "Pigeon English." Americans, English, Portuguese, Dutch, Spaniards, in short, all nations come to China, and must talk with the natives. They can't or won't all learn Chinese, so the Chinese who are not to be baffled, have with wonderful ingenuity constructed a common language for all to meet on. It is a funny thing, though, to hear a Frenchman trying to talk pigeon English. To a stranger upon first arrival it sounds ridiculous, and he is tempted to class it as gibberish, but he soon learns his mistake.

Words and phrases have fixed meanings. When a China merchant says, "Maskee, my can secure," his word is given and your contract is as safe as a bond could make it. He has said "Enough, I give my guarantee."

Poetry can be written in it, as a very successful parody

of "Excelsior" that has been widely quoted has proved, and the paraphrase of Mrs. Herman's "Casabianca," which I have written, is almost a translation. There is hardly more freedom of phrase than would be required to put the same into French.

Of course many of the words convey no meaning to one not familiar with the language; but they all have meanings, and I give you a glossary:

GLOSSARY OF TERMS.—*Top-side*, up stairs, above, on deck; *chop-chop*, quickly, hurry up; *whilo*, get away, clear out; *allosame*, the same as, like; *joss*, deity; *number one*, first class, perfect; *downside*, down stairs, below; *no saby*, no savez; *maskee*, enough, enough said, finished; *what fashion*, what do you mean? what kind of a way of doing business is this? *what ting*, nearly the same as above; *hi yah*, exclamation; *galah*, exclamation; *chow chow*, as a verb, to eat or devour as a man, something to eat, as "my wanchee chow-chow," I want something to eat. I'm hungry.

The pronoun *he* is made to do duty for all genders and persons, and means he, she, it, his, hers, its, him, &c., as required. *My*, in the same way, means, me, I, mine, &c., and when Mr. Willie Edwin, in his otherwise perfect "Heathen Chinese" says, "Me washee, washee," he makes a great mistake; "My washee, washee" would be correct and beautiful. The word *pigeon* or *pidgin* means most anything, but more generally is used for *business*, as, "no belongy you pidgin," means "its none of your business." "My saby my pidgin," means "I understand my own affairs." "You can catehee you own pidgin," means, "You attend to your own business," &c. The syllable *ee* or *y* is added to most English words, and the letter *r* they cannot pronounce. "Cross" is with them *cross*, "stroug stlong." This has a curious effect; when at dinner the waiter asks you to take some "uce," he don't mean what he says.

Chinamen at Hong Kong will quickly detect a new arrival by the facility with which he speaks. Says one to me one day, turning with disgust from a newly arrived American, "He belong too muchec damn foolo; he no saby he cwn talkee." I'm sorry to record that they have not softened down our rough word "damn," but give it its perfect accent, and when one bequeued gentleman calls another a "damned Chinaman," he insults him as does our colored brother when he stigmatises a coffee colored friend as a "d—d nigger." (You can put a dash between those other d's if you wish.)

The amenities of social life can be explained in this "pidgin." I called one evening on a young lady in Hong Kong, and to the boy who came to the door I said, "Miss Malia hab got?" "Hab got topside." "Walkee topside chop-chop, talkee Miss Malia hab got one piecy man downside wanchee catehee he." Returned with the message, "Miss Malia talky alla plopper, ean catehee;" so I staid.

A good story is told of a gentleman who, annoyed by a terrific racket in the court near his house, sent his boy to ascertain the cause of the gun firing, cracker popping and gong beating. The boy returned; "Well what ting?" "Oh, smallo ting, sir; one pieec Chinaman catehee bull ehilo, he husyband makee chin-chin joss." In other words, a Chinawoman has had a son born; and her husband is returning thanks to God.

Chinamen can quarrel in the pigeon. Said one of them to a Jew merchant in San Francisco, who had treated him with indignity: "Hi yah, my saby you too muchee; you number one damn rascal; you killum Mellica man's Joss." And sometimes they are forced to use it in intercourse with each other. I saw an amusing interview between old "bum boat Sam," our Hong Kong purveyor, a Shanghai Chinaman who understood the pidgin, and a third Shanghai man who did not. Sam couldn't speak Shanghai dialect and the others could not speak that of the South. So the two talked pigeon, and the Shanghai man translated to his friend.

Thus necessity has developed a new language, and a generation of people speak an idiom unknown to the world at large.

PISECO.

LEAVES FROM A SURVEYOR'S JOURNAL

TRAPPING.

AFTER securing the skins of the wolves, we started on our way home, it being too late to go further that day and get back. Upon striking our trail as we passed one of the deadfalls, Ralph commenced again growling about that "dog-goned fisher." After pondering the matter over in silence for awhile, he broke out with, "darn his pokey hide, let's fix him;" with that we returned to the fall, and after much cogitation and mental calculation, together with considerable hard labor, we managed to fix a heavy log to a couple of saplings just over the back part of the deadfall, and so attached to the rear stakes that any violent attempt to pull away or tear down the same would loosen the weight above and cause it to fall. "There," said Ralph, "I'll bet that'll do it." It certainly was a very ingenious arrangement, and I hoped with all my heart would prove effective. We rigged up another one the same way before reaching camp. The construction of a deadfall is well understood, and it is not necessary for me to describe it, for hardly a country boy of a dozen years but is familiar with its composition, and its spindle or figure four arrangement.

The next day Ralph having fixed up his scent drag, started off alone on his trail. A trapper's trail, or line of traps, consists of a line blazed on the trees through the woods along which, at intermediate distances, depending upon circumstances, character of the country, &c., he builds a deadfall, or sets a trap. These lines are generally eight or ten miles in extent, so that they can be gone over, the traps visited, and a return made to camp the same day; though sometimes they reach the distance of thirty or even forty

miles; then the trappers have a camp at each end or often, (or a sleeping place at least,) with their main camp either at one end or often a short distance from the centre of the line. Sometimes, if the lay of the country, the lakes, water courses, &c., will allow, the line is laid out in circular form, starting from and coming around to the general or main shanty.

The main shanty is generally constructed of logs dovetailed or notched in at the ends, is built commodiously, sufficient to accommodate three or four persons, fitted up with bunks for sleeping, a fire-place in the middle, if there is no stone chimney at the end, is well chinked with mud and moss between the logs, and a tight roof made from split cedar slabs, and bark. The other or temporary shanties are easily thrown up by driving in the ground a couple of forked saplings six or eight feet apart, across which is placed a pole two or three inches in diameter, and from this slabs of cedar, or any other tree that splits easy, of twelve or fourteen feet in length, are laid to the ground, and these overlaid at the seams with bark. This forms the roof; the sides may be constructed in the same way, or with poles. This makes a comfortable house of two sides and a sloping roof. The fire should be built against a couple of hardwood logs (maple is good) placed one above the other and kept in their position by a couple of strong stakes braced at the back. Hemlock or most any evergreen makes the best andirons, as they burn less easy. A fire place constructed in this way will reflect the heat strongly into the shanty.

When going over the line a trail or drag is drawn by the trapper. This may consist of a deer's head or leg or paunch, or anything fleshy that will leave a scent, so that animals in their roamings about, on crossing this trail will be attracted by the smell and follow it up to the trap. The trappers manufacture a scent for this purpose by placing small fish in a bottle and letting them decay in the sun until a strong oil is formed that when rubbed on the drag, and a few drops placed on the bait or anywhere in the back part of the fall, will prove an attraction irresistible to a mink. For wolf or fox it is better to mix with the above a little assafœtida and oil of anise. The trappers generally go two together, (rarely more, as two can do the work, and the profits are greater,) sometime in September or early October, and having found a suitable region for trapping, built their shanty or shanties, and got in their supplies, they blaze their line and construct their deadfalls to locate their traps. This takes them until about November, when the fur begins to become good. The trapping season lasts until about April, though otter skins are good, I believe, somewhat longer. The most favorable time for trapping is in the fall and early spring. The months of November and March are the best. Of course it varies in different seasons.

The best bait for mink is first any part of a fish, even the head is good, or a piece of muskrat flesh or a bird. The fisher the same; for marten or sable any part of a fowl, a duck or partridge head or a red squirrel, or a hare's leg, in fact they will take about the same thing.

I have but little faith in deadfalls, and few trappers now a days, I believe rely on them to any extent. They use them sometimes of course on the mountains when they are short of traps, but I would no more think of going on a fur expedition without a set of steel traps of different sizes than I would of going without my gun or axe. Deadfalls will only operate (and then not always successfully) with mink, marten and sable; neither otter, beaver or fox, and rarely a wolf, will enter them. Fisher and wild cat are sometimes caught in them, but oftener they tear them down and carry off the bait, and also the marten or any smaller animal you may have previously secured. A good steel trap properly set and attached to the right kind of a spring pole, is much neater and surer, as it secures your prize from the devouring propensities of the larger animals.

For otter the trap should be set on their slides either at the top or, as I prefer, at the bottom, about two or three inches under water. It leaves no scent there and will drown your animal before he has time to perform any act of amputation. As for the other animals, you can generally find a hole in a stump or log or in the bank of sufficient depth to place the bait, then set the trap at the opening lightly covered. A first rate place to set a trap for fox, wolf or wild cat is near where you have killed a deer. It should be thoroughly though lightly covered over with earth, rotten wood or leaves. Traps should be thoroughly and often smoked or rubbed with fresh blood to remove the smell of the human hand, and it pays a trapper to always wear a buekskin glove when handling these traps.

Along the watercourses, lakes, &c., the trapper looks for mink, otter and beaver; the fisher, martin and sable are found only in the heavily wooded and hilly regions. Wolves range all over. It is very difficult to catch an otter in a deadfall, as they rarely touch bait. Ralph unfortunately possessed only one steel trap, and that was an outrageously large one for bear. It took two men, and even then a lever was called into requisition to set it. Although within twenty miles of Ralph's camp we knew of sixteen different otter slides, I don't remember of his catching a single one while we were camped near him. Had he had a score of good steel traps he might have made a small fortune that season among the fur.

And by the way, that is a singular characteristic of these most singular animals. They seem to enter into the enjoyment of the sliding down hill process with all the zest and keenness of merry school children, and whimper their pleasure to each other with equal gusto. The gambols of a party of otters on a slide is a very interesting as well as a

rare sight to see, but I have neither time nor space in this article to particularize on the subject as I would wish.

The life of a trapper is a life of hard work, with a rough time, not a little interspersed, to be sure, with incidents of adventure, often of danger, in their encounters with the larger animals, the bear, the lynx, and more especially the catamount, or the American panther, but fortunately the latter is not often met with now even in our wilder regions.

It was several days after our adventure with the wolves that my attention was drawn by loud shouting at a distance. Upon going to the door, and looking up the river, there we saw big Ralph coming on the ice swinging something in his hand, and yelling at the top of his voice at every step, "I've got him; I've got him; here's the cuss." Upon approaching nearer sure enough there was the *reptile*, a very large full grown fisher, measuring plump twenty-eight inches, with his splendid bushy tail of fully eighteen inches more. He was as black as jet, and in prime order. And wasn't Ralph as tickled over it as a boy with his first knife? Ralph found him with his back broken at the fall we had last rigged up, and without stopping to skin him or to visit his other falls, he had hurried back to our camp, a distance of three miles, to show his prize. Well, that was a big day for Ralph. JACOBSTAFF.

SKETCHES IN FLORIDA.

UP THE ST. JOHNS RIVER.

TWO winters ago the writer was one of a merry dozen who, on pleasure bent, helped swell the overwhelming stream of tourists who, fleeing from the northern cold, sought shelter in the sunny south. After various incidents of travel we found ourselves in the crowded parlors of the St. James, at Jacksonville, and planned our trip. Two years have wrought great changes since then, even in that sleepy land, and I am pleased that this winter's flock of tourists will find better hotel accommodations everywhere than fell to our lot on that day. Even as it was—Tocoi Railroad and all—that trip is one to be remembered a life time, and all who can make it should do so.

We left Jacksonville on a bright warm morning in the Florence, a comfortable boat, with courteous and obliging officers, and comfortably seated on deck enjoyed the trip exceedingly from Jacksonville to Tocoi. Every mile carried us farther from the frosty north. The St. John is a magnificent stream. Originating among the everglades in the south of Florida, it flows northward nearly three hundred miles, when it bends sharply to the east, and empties into the ocean twenty-three miles from Jacksonville, which is at the bend. For over one hundred miles from its mouth it will average three miles in breadth, expanding occasionally into beautiful lakes. Thus the first day of our trip we were in such wide waters that, except as we approached the landings, we did not get the benefit of the semi-tropical scenery of the banks. But the air was soft and balmy, the sky blue, water smooth and clear, and we, just started and fresh, were in high spirits and enjoyed every moment.

Our first landing was at Mandarin, where amid an orange grove and splendid group of water oaks, Mrs. Stowe has built herself a home. The place is but a hamlet, and after delivering our mail we hurry along; but not until they have rounded a point and shut in the view do the tourists relinquish their gaze upon this sunny southern home. Twelve miles farther carries us to Magnolia. At this point we found a goodly assemblage of guests. The hotel accommodations are the best, the hotel itself is beautifully situated, and a good table, with good attendance, insure a good time. Black creek is a navigable stream for fishermen and sportsmen. On a sunny day its banks are lined with alligators, while fish and game of all descriptions are plentiful. Two miles above Magnolia is Green Cove Springs, where is also a good hotel and boarding house. This is a great resort for invalids, who can enjoy daily a bath in the sulphur spring, which has given the place its importance. This famous spring is situated about a hundred yards from the landing, amid a group of great water oaks, which, covered with hanging festoons of grey moss and mistletoe, add to its beauty more than any artificial setting could to this emerald gem. The spring boils up in great lumps from a deep crevice, and fills a pool some twenty feet in diameter, with its bright but greenish hued water clear as a crystal—a green crystal. Every little speck on the bottom is distinctly visible, even in the deep crevice, which is, I should judge, about twenty feet in depth. The outlet forms quite a little river, and over it a bathing house has been built, and here those suffering with rheumatism or kindred complaints luxuriate in its warm embrace. Seventy six degrees is the average temperature summer and winter, seldom varying from this point more than a degree or two. The water is slightly sulphurous; more perceptibly so in the odor than in the taste, but sufficiently to banish any form of animal or reptile life from its proximity. This, in a country, which snakes are said to frequent, is in itself a great inducement, but I am inclined to think that the snake crop of Florida is vastly overrated. An old hunter told me that he had been out for deer at least three times a week since Christmas, and had not encountered a snake. On the other hand, one of the natives informed me that "there was a right smart chance of moccasins." But wherever else they may locate, the Green Cove Spring is exempt, and the invalid may enjoy his bath without a nervous tremor.

About noon we arrived at Tocoi, or, as we afterwards dubbed it, Decoy, forty-five miles from Jacksonville. This miserable apology for a place contains one old tumble-down house, and two rough board shanties, which latter consti-

tute the depot at the western terminus of the St. Augustine Railroad. This road is fifteen miles in length, and should make an easy approach to St. Augustine. We thought we were nearly there, but we knew more about it soon afterward. Could we have but foreseen the hardships we were to go through with we might have decided not to proceed. Two hours' strolling about or sitting on logs under the shadeless pines used up our time, while a little asthmatic tea kettle of a steam engine was being tinkered into going condition. Finally, ready for its task, it was hitched to two dilapidated boxes on wheels, into which, by tight crowding, we succeeded in squeezing ourselves. The day was chilly, the cars full of cracks and drafts; where there should have been windows but the holes remained; and water proofs and capes had to be substituted for glass. We needed but a rain to complete our discomfort. The road itself is, if possible, more disgraceful than the cars, the rails of pine and cypress (no iron) were worn, chipped, shivered, and rotten. We smashed one flat to the ties, and had a narrow escape from being capsized into the swamp, and had our engine the power to have bumped us along a few feet further, we should have had a serious, perhaps fatal, accident to wind up our pleasure trip. As it was, all hands turned out, and lifting our crazy vans again upon the track we crawled along for nearly five hours, delaying at times to put a new rail on the track, to dip a few bucketfuls of muddy water from the ditch into the boiler, or to cut up a log to furnish nutriment to our wheezy little engine. At last, the fifteen miles accomplished, we reached St. Augustine tired and worn out. May we never have to go over that road again. The road leads through a swampy country, and some of the scenery was almost grand; great cypress trees, with their swollen feet standing in murky pools, and draped with huge "wecpers" of grey moss hanging from every branch three to six feet in length; foul turkey buzzards resting upon the lofty trees, or sailing about in muffled, noiseless flight, gave a funereal character to the scenery from which Dante might have drawn his inspiration. I am sure we saw the counterpart of the Stygian pool. And yet it was not all so gloomy. Bright hued flowers, green parasites entwining whole groups of adjacent trees, great bunches of mistletoe on the oaks, and now and then a bright cardinal bird or blue jay flitting among the branches, gave us plenty to admire, and almost whiled away the time, and we had our own internal resources—songs, stories, and hard boiled eggs.

In the morning, after our arrival at St. Augustine, our first trip was to the Old Fort. This venerable pile of coquina is interesting principally because of its antiquity, and from the historical associations connected with it. Started three hundred years ago, it was a hundred years in building. It was owned and garrisoned successively by Spanish, English, United States, and Confederate troops. It was bombarded by Sir Francis Drake's fleet, the marks of whose balls are still visible on its sea face. It has gloomy dungeons, in one of which, discovered some years since by accident, two chained skeletons were found. It has an old vaulted chapel, with its altar and niches for images, now all defaced, and the floor marred and scarred as though it had been used to chop wood on. Our irreverent member thought that the old monks must have had sharp knees from the looks of the floor. The "Old Sergeant," who acted as our cicerone, is a character, and relieved his dry statistics with a dryer humor, peculiarly his own. He showed us a dungeon where two Seminole chiefs—I forget their names—had been confined, and a slit in the wall through which one of them escaped. They must have starved that Indian very successfully before he could have accomplished it. A subterranean passage is popularly supposed to exist, connecting the fort with the convent, but it has not been found. In one of the dungeons the "Old Sergeant sprang upon us what was evidently a pet joke. Pausing in his tale until the loiterers were collected around him, and standing in chilly reverence, he told us of some prisoners who, from that very dungeon, had attempted to escape by burrowing under the walls. He told us of the great distance to be undermined before reaching the moat and liberty—some thirty yards, I believe. Standing with his back to the wall he slowly lighted half a dozen dips as he talked, then turning suddenly aside he threw the concentrated rays into a hole about two feet deep and curtly remarked, "They didn't succeed." With this *coup de theatre* the old gentleman, satisfied that he had ended well, left us to find our way to the outer air and to a stroll through the narrow streets of the town, between the high dead walls and under the projecting balconies, that characterize the Spanish style of building, and give to St. Augustine an aspect so different from anything to be seen elsewhere in the United States. The names of the streets, and the signs over the stores, show the Spanish origin of the inhabitants; for instance, our party were domiciled at Mrs. Mercedes', Mrs. Hernandez's, and Mrs. Seguis', and we shopped at Madame Oliveros'. The Spanish cast of feature prevails, too, and a dark eyed, black haired brunette whom I saw leaning over a balcony carried me back to days gone by, where in old Spain herself I have seen her counterpart. A walk along the sea wall, built of coquina (a concrete of shells), which fronts the town, where the fresh sea breeze brought new vigor to our tired steps, and a cruise among the establishments devoted to the manufacture of palmetto hats, brought our day to a close. These hats are being manufactured and sold in immense numbers. One lady—Madame Oliveros—who has the most extensive establishment, employs fifty women, and her sales in one season, I was told, amounted to seven thousand.

We left St. Augustine with mixed emotions; while we had received the utmost kindness and hospitality from pri-

vate individuals, hitherto strangers to us, and were delighted with the quaint old fashioned town, and charmed with the warm pleasant climate tempered by a bracing sea breeze, we had nothing pleasant to remember of those whose duty it was to look out for the comfort of guests, and we felt that until good hotels, large enough and well enough conducted to furnish some comforts could be added to its present stock, and until some method of getting there free from the discomfort, anxiety, and danger of the Tocoi Railroad can be devised, the invalid should avoid, and the pleasure seeker flee from, it.

Our trip to Tocoi was made in the same comfortless boxes, and a good hard rain was added to the previous discomforts. We got over without serious accident, but the pleasure of the rest of the trip was alloyed by the illness of some of the more delicate, brought on by the hardship of the trip.

At Tocoi we found the "Hattie" awaiting us—a small steamer, but necessarily so, as the rest of our trip was to be made in narrow streams and shoal water. We were very comfortable on board of her. The table was good, quarters clean, and the captain—Charley Brock—a good fellow. Our first stopping place was Pilatka, ten miles beyond, and here we remained until some time in the night, to enable us to pass over the entrance to Lake George by daylight. This gave us opportunity for a stroll about the town, which is the most important settlement upon the river, and to enjoy a most delicious supper at a well kept hotel, the Putnam house.

Pilatka is the head of navigation for the larger steamers plying on the river, and has considerable commerce. Leaving at midnight, we awoke the next morning in the midst of scenery ever to be remembered. The river is narrow, the banks but a few feet off, as the channel neared one shore or the other, and are densely covered with a tropical vegetation. Palms, palmettos, water oaks, and pines are the principal large trees, all festooned with gray moss. The stream is so crooked that at no one time can we see half a mile in advance, thus gliding along with our visual limit constantly circumscribed, we seem to be in the centre of an ever advancing and ever changing panorama; herons, cranes, ducks, and other birds of all descriptions give animation, and if the day be sunny countless alligators dozing upon the banks furnish rare sport to the sportsman. Sometimes great monsters, twelve to fourteen feet in length, are seen, and eagerly shot, and if a large one be shot the obliging captain will stop the boat to secure the head, which, when reduced to the condition of skull alone, is considered quite a curiosity, while the teeth are of beautiful ivory, and are carved into all sorts of trinkets. Our day, though, was cold and rainy, and alligators scarce; few were seen, and none killed. At first the more timid of our lady companions objected shrinkingly to our firing from their midst, but after a few palpable misses they became convinced that our rifles were not dangerous, even to the game, and from protesting against it became rather fond of the sport, and they all forgot that it was Sunday till a sharp rain drove us in and broke up the shooting match; then they expressed themselves!

Just before sunset we entered Lake Munroe, where the river expands into a noble lake, over six miles in diameter. On its western side is situated the town of Mellenville, where we got such beauties of lemons, ten to twelve ounces each, and cheap—four cents apiece. Thence we crossed over to Enterprise. This little place consists of a hotel, a store, and two or three houses, and has a population of perhaps forty. It is the farthest point to which a regular line of steamers plies, but to the sportsman there is still another hundred miles of narrow river, deep lagoons, gloomy bayous, and wild untroubled land, where all sorts of game, such as bears, wild turkeys, deer, and ducks are plentiful, and the waters teem with great varieties of fish. Splendid black bass, ten pounds in weight, abound (they call them trout here), besides bream, perch, and great catfish, from three pounds up to incredible figures. For the benefit of travellers, I would state that the story of the bears here being web-footed is not strictly in accordance with fact. There is a fair hotel at Enterprise. It is clean, beautifully situated near an orange grove, with a fine outlook on the lake, with a fine sulphur spring near by, and a little lake two miles inland, where our fishermen secured a fine string of black bass in an afternoon's fishing, and a woody back country, which, when Tyson goes out with his hounds, will always yield at least one deer, and generally more. From here parties penetrate into the Indian River country, where a bag of a dozen alligators is but an ordinary day's work. The little steamer "Silver Spring," with an experienced captain, takes charge of this part of the ceremony. At Enterprise we succeeded in getting a few oranges. The crop had all been picked and sold, and oranges were not so plentiful in Florida as in New York. Although we saw none of the sweet oranges on the trees (March 20th to 30th), yet we were fully as much pleased with the sight of the wild orange. This fruit, although uneatable, is larger and of a more golden hue than the eatable orange; the leaf is nearly the same, but of a darker, glossier green, and the flower identical. These we saw in profusion. A great drawback to the success of agricultural pursuits in Florida is the *latunia*, or scrub palmetto, growing as a bush from three to five feet in height. Its roots extend in all directions near the surface, like great cables, three inches in diameter, and form an impervious net-work, through which a plow cannot be forced.

Leaving Enterprise at one A. M. we again had a cold and rainy day. Wise through experience, we did not waste our time watching for alligators that would not come out, so made ourselves happy in the cabin. At Green Cove our party broke up, all who could remaining at that lovely spot, and the rest of us parting here and there, as our roads homeward diverged. PISECO.

For Forest and Stream.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS."

DEDICATED TO THE LITTLE CROSS-WALK SWEEPERS.

WHEN storm clouds, with their pinions dark, Swoop down before the gale, And wildly toss'd, the staggering bark Scuds under shortened sail; As toward the longed for, distant home, The stout ship ploughs her way, O'er yeasty waves and scattered foam, The web-foot wanderers stray.

Light as the bubbles of the wave, They flutter round the track, And crumbs of comfort mutely crave, From weather-beaten Jack; And none may tell the hidden nest That waits each tiny form, Rocked on old ocean's heaving breast, The nurslings of the storm.

So, when on land, the wintry blast, Rain laden drives along, And home-bound men are hurrying past, With eager heart and strong, Then "Mother Carey" broods appear On cross-tracks by the way, And tiny patters draw' near, In search of food that day.

Let not the pittance be denied, Some crumbs of comfort throw, As o'er life's waves we safely ride, If winds blow high or low. We may not mark the hidden spot, Where shivering storm-birds dwell; But bread thus cast is ne'er forgot By One who knoweth well.

T. W. A.

Creedmoor.

THE SCORES.—FULL DETAILS OF THE MATCHES FOR 1873.

IN accordance with our intention as expressed in our article on Creedmoor in the issue of the FOREST AND STREAM of November 27th, we publish to-day official scores of the matches at Creedmoor, commencing June 21st, and will continue giving the scores in successive numbers of our paper, until the whole of the scores made are completed. Heretofore, no account has ever been produced of these matches available to the public, so that means could be afforded of making comparisons as to the shooting. It is true that some of the records we publish to-day do not present any very remarkable merit, (we refer to the shooting of various regimental teams,) but it must be kept in mind that before the first general meeting of the National Rifle Association, held in June last, the range at Creedmoor had just been opened. Many of the competing teams used their rifles in the range on that occasion for the very first time, and were without any practice.

Regimental organizations, represented by their teams, when they compare their shooting at their debut in June with their later efforts in October, by examining the scores as published by us, cannot but derive great satisfaction from the fact of the rapid progress they have made during less than four months. It will also be a matter of great interest to compare the scores made at the commencement of our rifle practice at Creedmoor with the early Wimbledon contests.

The presentation of prizes by our contemporary, the Turf, Field and Farm, by the Amateur Rifle Club, and by the Messrs. Remington, have very much aided in keeping up the general interest at Creedmoor. The good effect of offering some object for competition every week at Creedmoor is manifest. Such matches have been easily arranged, have been closely contested, and have given practice at short range for off hand shooting, and at long range for more careful rifle study.

In an early number of our paper, we suggested the advantages to be derived by the National Rifle Association by offering prizes such as medals, badges, cups, &c., in lieu of money, and we are pleased to state that our suggestions have met with most decided approval. If at Wimbledon a certain amount of pounds, shillings and pence are attached to their contests, it is no reason why at Creedmoor we should blindly follow a very bad example. To show how highly the acquisition of a simple prize is estimated by the successful rifle shot, we need but give the example of the Seventh Regiment. A couple of brass cartridge shells, when won by a member of this gallant corps at Creedmoor, confers an honor on the marksman, giving quite as much satisfaction to the possessor as if it was the decoration of the Legion of Honor. It is then quite evident that it is not the market value of any prize which is the incentive to be skillful with the rifle, but the desire to excel in this manly, sportsman-like and military art.

A word should be said in regard to the excellent service done by the Amateur Rifle Club, whose proceedings will be found in another portion of the paper, where it will be noticed that they have taken the initiative in regard to accepting the Irish challenge. In the Amateur Rifle Club good individual shooting is attended to, but the rifle, the various peculiarities of the arms in use, the varieties of twist, the form of chamber, mechanism, shape of projectile, weight of charge, differences of sights, influences of light, wind and temperature, are all carefully discussed and studied by the various experts of the Club. As with all military organizations and officers at Creedmoor, the name of a manufacturer of a rifle is a secondary question. If a Queen's Anne arm would make a single point better on a match score than the most improved modern rifle, such a gun, no matter what its antiquity, would be used, and the productions of the modern gunsmith's art would be cast aside.

FIRST MATCH.

OPENING OF THE RANGE OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, JUNE 21, 1873.

This match was open only to members of the Association, and had 45 competitors. Distance, 200 yards; position, standing; weapon, any military rifle; rounds, five, with privilege of two sighting shots.

ABBREVIATIONS FOR NAMES OF RIFLE.

R. M.—Remington Military. Spg.—Springfield. R. S.—Remington Sporting. Ber.—Bedard. Shr.—Sharpe. Bal.—Ballard. W. B.—Ward Burton. Win.—Winchester. May.—Maynard.

Table with columns: NAME, Rifle, Score, Total. Lists names of competitors and their scores for the first match.

WINNERS. First prize... J. O. Bush... 4 3 4 2 3-16... Rem. Mil. Rifle. Second prize... Chas. L. Fincke... 2 3 3 3-14... Rem. Mil. Rifle. Third prize... E. H. Madison... 2 3 3 3-14... Rem. Mil. Rifle. Fourth prize... Lt. Anderson (4th N. G. N. J.)... 3 2 3 3-14... Rem. Mil. Rifle.

SECOND MATCH.

This match had thirty-five entries, and was open only to members of the National Rifle Association; distance and position same as in first match; weapon, any rifle weighing less than ten pounds and excluding hair triggers and telescopic sights.

Table with columns: NAME, Rifle, Score, Total. Lists names of competitors and their scores for the second match.

WINNERS. First prize... John Hiller... 2 3 4 3 3-15... Rem. Mil. Rifle. Second prize... J. O. Bush... 4 3 3 2 3-15... Rem. Mil. Rifle. Third prize... Lieut. Anderson... 2 4 2 4 3-15... Winch'str Rifle. Fourth prize... Lieut. W. S. Smoot... 2 3 3 3-14... Rem. Mil. Rifle.

THIRD MATCH.

National Guard competition. Open to teams of twelve from each regiment. Distance 200 yards standing, and 500 yards any position; weapon, the rifle used by the regiment to which the competitors belong; rounds, five, with two sighting shots at each distance, no one failing to score eight points at 200 yards being eligible to compete at 500 yards.

Large table with columns: NAME, Rifle, Reg, Score, Total. Lists names of competitors, their regiments, and scores for the third match.

Large table with columns: NAME, Rifle, Score, Total. Lists names of competitors and their scores for the fourth match.

We got one more deer that morning and then set our faces toward the house, where we arrived about one o'clock. After dinner we loaded our game upon the cart and set out for Jim's, arriving in time to prepare one of the deer for supper.

The next morning I left Jim's house for the village, and having been disappointed at not getting a buck among our deer, nailed a fine pair of antlers on the head of the largest doe before putting it on the sleigh. This proved a source of no small amusement, as many ejaculations of admiration were bestowed on the "fine buck" we carried—and the fifteen miles between Jim's and the village passed all too quickly.

Years have passed since then, and many times have I inhaled the balsamic air of the pine forests since I trod their depths in company with Jim, but never have their emerald reeds responded more sweetly to the wind or their balsams distilled a richer fragrance than on the day on which I killed my first deer. TRANSIT.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

WINDOW, OR PARLOR GARDENING.

INTRODUCTORY—CHAPTER NO. 1.

"Here stood a shattered archway, gay with flowers;
And here had fallen a great part of a tower,
While like a crag that tumbles from a cliff,
And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent—
Monstrous ivy stems clasped the gray walls."

IN one of his novels of life in our great cities, Charles Dickens graphically describes a narrow, dark street in London—a place where the bright and beautiful light of God's sunshine seldom penetrates the humidity of the London fogs. Dark, damp, and uninviting, indeed, is the locality. The poor—the very poor—dwell in this place, and in this very street hundreds of human beings are born, live, and die, and yet never leave their dismal abode—but seldom mix with any society save their own class. In this wretched locality, with all its squalidness, its misery and privations, there germinates the aspirations of a better, a higher, a more glorious life.

Stranger, let us pause before this old stone building. Behold how the green moss tenaciously clings to its window caps, its copings, and embrasures. Now cast your eye far up to those diamond-shaped windows. The windows are small, and a few hours' sunshine—from one to three hours perhaps in a week—illuminates the darkness of this "Coiner's Court,"* and yet see how beautifully those rose plants, the ivy, and carnations glow and bask in those few moments of sunshine. Are they not lovely? The signet of beauty is set upon the passiflora that with clinging tendrils finds security and sustenance in its quiet recess, from which it so gracefully depends.

From those silent, inanimate blossoms of earth we turn our eyes up to a second window, upon a level with the one we have contemplated, and here, too, under circumstances of still more abject poverty, a white arm extends in a broken teapot of earth a magnificent specimen of the geranium in full bloom. Setting it carefully upon a shelf outside the window, our fair owner carefully waters her pet plant, and after contemplating the same with evident pleasure (for said she to herself, "how beautiful God has made all things, even these flowers") she with a pleasant smile closed the window and disappeared.

How beautiful, how full of pleasure to our London maiden was her *one* solitary geranium. What a lesson of resignation, of quiet submission to outward circumstances, does she exhibit. Contented with her lot, she takes thankfully what the good God gives her with a gratefulness of heart. Well and truly could she appropriate to her own condition the lines—

"For though this cannot be our rest,
Life's roughest paths have still their flowers."

The least acute observer of Nature will find but few violets among the ruddy clover fields; neither do the harebells and heather grow amid the fogs of London city as they did in Shakspeare's time; yet here and there grows a plant that, "standing like Ruth among the golden corn," not only reconciles us to the destiny of our lives, but introduces to us from its humblest and most primitive state, its first rude attempt, the costly, well-stocked jardiniere, the pride and boast of Paris.

Passing from the first and most primitive form of "window gardening"—the solitary geranium in the hands of our London maid—we would endeavor to make the following papers both practical and interesting. At the period of our writing (1873) the subject of window and parlor gardening may truly be called one of the fine arts. Every one, to a certain extent, loves flowers, and many more would cultivate them in their rooms if they "knew how to do so successfully," said one of our lady friends, and she added, "Of what use is it to try to do what you do not how know to do? I readily admit it to be one of the most elegant, satisfactory, and refining pursuits that a lady can find for the development of a cultivated taste; but still, while I may love all the beautiful I behold in the wonderful sport of plant life, I lack the true knowledge of how to cultivate, how to produce these results."

This question, with your permission, we propose to answer. This information, plain, practical, and easily to be adopted to the various situations in which it is desirable to

grow plants, together with the plants best adapted to the different situations, will make the subject matter of two or three papers in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And first we shall speak of the simplicity of window gardening. From a very small beginning—some three or four plants only—how much pleasure may be received; how much real profitable instruction gained or imparted. If the one solitary shell on the sea shore is but the mute development of a great mystery, how much more so is that tiny, living, growing plant you hold in your hand? How great the mystery of its unfolding leaves; how grand the design as exhibited in the pushing of the leaves from even a bulb! As an evidence of its refining powers, one need not visit European cities and villages to see its effects upon the commonest peasantry.

In Paris, before the late war, might be seen the grandest developments of window gardening, elaborated and perfected in all its parts by this mercurial people. One would hardly expect to witness so intensified a love of flowers as is here daily exhibited. The flower girls of Paris make often not inconsiderable sums of money in a single season by the sale of the violet alone, which they cultivate themselves in their highest perfection in their window gardens, and in Paris it is not an uncommon thing to see as an appendage to the drawing-room of men of only ordinary means a collection of very rare and beautiful plants. Here in the windows of the parlors, shut off by an inside window, may be seen a miniature cascade of water flowing down over rockwork which is alive with the lycopodium, the ferns, and the cikas, all afforded at a very trifling expense. In some instances rare and picturesque developments, which belong rather to the out-of-door department of the landscape gardener, surprise and delight one in our window gardens. From the most simple, rustic, or plain crock beautiful flowers and star-like rays rise to cheer and gladden the chilly months of winter. From the more advanced and progressive works of the cultivation of the orchid, the crocus, the tulip, and oxalis of many kinds, our knowledge of the chemistry of the soils, and knowledge of how to produce these beautiful flowers with ease, give us a pleasant surprise. Said a lady, "Sir, I have raised very fine hyacinth flowers in the spring, the result of your teaching me to how to plant them in the fall." Now this all appears very simple; indeed, it is very easily done if a due regard to the details of the process be carefully observed. Growing flowers under difficulty is shown by the window garden process, and that, too, to great perfection in the dampest, dirtiest, and most smoky portions of all our great cities. We have numerous notes and observations under our hand, which we shall use in illustration of the feasibility of successful and also profitable window garden plant growing.

In our next we shall speak of the simpler forms of window, or box plant growing, and the few kinds best adapted for the amateur beginner to commence operations with.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

Natural History.

SALEM, Mass., Dec. 4, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I am gunning whenever work and weather will permit, mostly after shore-birds and sea-fowl, using heavy guns and a float, or as they call them south (in one instance, to my knowledge), "a mean Yankee sneak-box." During the past year I have taken several rare birds, and all within the County of Essex. They are as follows, according to Coues: The stilt sandpiper, quite rare; the buff-breasted do., very rare; the curlew sandpiper, very rare and accidental from Europe; the yellow rail, very rare; and also the mallard, the hooded merganser, and the cormorant, (*graculus carbo*). I think I am in luck, as they make valuable acquisitions to a collection which I have. I have also taken all of the curlews, but never one weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., as C. B. writes from Moekhorn Island, Va. Tell him if he gets another *Jack Curlew* as large as that I'll mount it and return the same to him free of charge. I know that local terms confound sportsmen more than anything else, but the *Jack Curlew*, as I understand it, is the *numenius Hudsonius* or *Hudsonian Curlew* of Dr. Coues, a bird somewhat larger than the "greater yellow legs," and I never saw a "sickle bill" which would weigh $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and this bird is recognized by everyone whom I know as the largest of the three species of curlew found on our coast. Are "stiff tails" the "pintail duck? And what are "broad bills?" Hoping to hear from you through your paper as the happy medium of correcting wrong ideas in the minds of brother sportsmen,

I am, yours truly, R. S. N.

DO SNAKES HISS?

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have read with interest the question which has been argued in your journal as to the habit of snakes swallowing their young, but although I have seen the operation twice, I did not care to mix in too rashly on the question, as I wished to find out if there were more than one or two varieties of snake that did this, for I do not think the habit is common; and a better reason for saying nothing about it was that I could give no information about what I had seen.

The first time that I saw it was in Warren County, N. Y. I was then a boy, and another boy who lived there said the snake was a viper. We saw the young ones run down her throat, killed and opened her and counted fifteen young

ones; but whether they were in her stomach or a pouch designated for such purpose, we did not observe.

The next and only time this subject ever came under my observation was when crawling ashore after an involuntary bath in the Grant River, Wis. I saw a snake swallow several young ones as they took alarm at my presence, but as my rifle was at the bottom of the river and my canoe just vanishing bottom up around a bend, it was not a favorable moment for careful investigation.

Having told what I don't know about one branch of ophiology, I could easily go on and show my ignorance of the entire subject, which I will admit; and so omit the proof.

I have made many experiments with snakes, both during and since boyhood, to see if it were possible to make them hiss. I began in faith, for I had so often read and heard of it; but a few failures begat a skepticism which has eventually ripened into unbelief.

I have tried them in many States of the Union, and have never yet heard a snake make a decided hiss, as a goose does. A snake looks as if it hissed when it threatens with its tongue, but such snakes, as it has been my fortune to meet, have all persistently refused to hiss at me. I do not wish to be understood as saying that an occasional experiment with snakes, common to New York, Mich., Minn., Ill., Wis., Iowa, and Kansas, has failed to prove it in my case.

The rattlesnake I have often tried, and when I pick up some story of wonderful adventure with them, where "the hissing was loud and terrific," I not only doubt the entire yarn, but set the writer down as deficient in woodcraft.

In Wisconsin there is a snake known as the bullsnake, *Coluber sayi*, which I was informed was a "hisser," so I captured one about five feet long and brought it six miles in a bag made out of my shirt and some cord. I put it in a box under the woodshed, being too tired to experiment that night, but the women made such a fuss about it that some one killed it—women are so "queer."

This was the only chance I ever had to try this variety of snake—and this one did not hiss when captured.

The belief that snakes do hiss seems to be so common that it seems as if there must be a foundation for it somewhere, though I have failed to find it. Perhaps I don't know how to make them do it; but I have poked, pinched and burned them, and hung them up and pinned them down, and if any of your readers will tell just what variety of snakes will hiss, and under what circumstances they do it, I will try and procure one and get some music out of him.

I never met any one who had experimented in this direction, nor saw any mention of it in any scientific work. I have only found a firm belief that they hiss, which like many other beliefs, is accepted because uncontradicted.

Having started this question, I expect to hear considerable said on it; and hope to learn something about it, for I am always open to conviction. FRED. MATHER.

The Kennel.

BREEDING DISTINCT SETTERS.—The most important point in crossing different breeds of sporting dogs is to pay attention to the qualities and education of their forefathers. We never advocate the crossing of pointers with fox-hounds, &c., so as to increase the strength and endurance of the animal. All dogs so bred will invariably give great trouble in their education, from an hereditary inclination to act the hound instead of the pointer. There is quite variety enough in the present breeds of pointers to improve your kennel if you want any addition of bone, speed, or courage. We saw a young pointer the other day, who was only just able to run out alone, point, and indeed back, as steadily and with as much certainty as an old dog, but this undoubtedly would not be the case had there being any cross whatever in his breeding. Always choose your crosses with dogs which show the strongest instinct, and whose ancestors have been remarkable for their scent on any given bird. For instance, select your puppies whose parents had shown most skill in trailing woodcock, or take a couple of setters, each having a wonderful reputation, excellent nose and strong scent for woodcock, breed them, and the first time you take the puppies out, you will find almost to a certainty when you see the little beauties working, that they are on a woodcock trail. Originate this breed as it were, and stick to it, and on no account whatever allow a strain of any other dog to mingle with the original breed. When the breeding in and in has arrived at the fourth generation, procure and select with great care another young setter, strong and unequalled scent, to breed from. By this you will then have bred as perfect a breed of woodcock setters as can be obtained in animal life. There is certainly no class of dog in which this faculty is more decidedly shown than in retrievers. Although a retriever is frequently of a cross-breed, yet, if his ancestors for one or two generations back have been well educated, and have had much practice in retrieving, he invariably requires little, if any, teaching, and appears to understand the whole of his business instinctively. The breeders and teachers of dogs would much facilitate their own labors did they pay more attention to the dispositions and habits of the parents of the puppies whom they take in hand. One or two brace of perfectly broken dogs, pointing and backing without fault, is a sight that must interest and amuse every person, whether sportsman or not; yet, we prefer hunting our own brace of dogs and seeing them look to ourself wholly for direction and approbation.

*Coiner's Court is a dark, damp, short street in London, inhabited on its lower floors by poor citizens, rag pickers, &c., while the more elevated rooms are occupied by seamstresses and shop girls, who, notwithstanding their poverty, still maintained a love of flowers and refinement.

INSTINCT IN A YOUNG POINTER.—In a late number of *Land and Water* the following appeared:

SIR: A correspondent of **FOREST AND STREAM** makes the above the subject of a long letter to that journal, and the incident detailed by him is certainly worth recording. A pointer pup, only four and a half months old, and belonging to the writer, was taken out by him in company with another dog, a staunch old animal of the same breed, to try for some quail. The idea being to associate the youngster as early as possible with his game, he was permitted, after having seen the old dog make two or three points, to approach the covey at which the latter had become cataleptic, and the admirable manner in which the young idea on this, his first introduction to game, behaved, is certainly a justification for the enthusiastic description of the event furnished by his master. He says when he got as close to the birds as prudence would allow, he stopped, but the pup trotted on quite unconcernedly, when all at once he stopped, and slightly crouched, with his right fore-foot raised, "it goes down again, and now for a rush into the covey! No, he raises his left hind foot, which is instantly put down again, and the first position resumed, when he settles down to as steady a point as any bird-hunter wishes to see. A perfect picture—immovable, but quivering with excitement. All this was done without a single 'heed' even." The puppy also stood to three more single birds during the evening, and the owner says that he never goes out without him. This circumstance is certainly a wonderful example of instinct, and although young highly-bred pointers and setters occasionally point game without previous training, I have never known or heard of them doing so at such a very early age; in fact, to me, a sober, steady-going English sportsman, who, however, have seen the performances of many first-class ones, the story seems almost incredible, and I should like to have the experience of some of your readers on the subject.—**COCKSHOT.**

We have written to our valued correspondent in regard to the facts, and have received from him every assurance of their reliability.

A sad accident occurred at Currituck last week, where Capt. George Gelston, Alfred Lockwood, Mr. Wade, late of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., Mr. Carrington, and others, were engaged in duck shooting, the gunner happening to blow off the top of his gunner's head by accident. The gunner was concealed in the long sedge-grass, and Mr. Carrington mistook his movements for a flock just rising. A coroner's inquest acquitted Mr. C. of evil intent.

HOW THEY TRAIN SHEEP DOGS IN CALIFORNIA.

C. E. Babb, in one of his letters from California, tells of what an old shepherd told him about the way they train the famous shepherd dogs in southern California. He says you may go over the plains and hills there for miles and see thousands of sheep, but not a man to watch them. Around each flock or band of say a thousand sheep are half a dozen dogs of a peculiar breed—dogs whose progenitors were imported from the sheep pastures of the old world. These dogs take the entire care of the sheep, drive them out to pasture in the morning, keep them from straying during the day, and bring them home at night. These dogs have inherited a talent for keeping sheep, but the shepherds do not depend wholly on that. They cultivate it in this way—so at least the old shepherd says: "When a lamb is born it is taken away from the mother sheep before she has seen it, and a puppy put in its place. The sheep suckles the puppy and learns to love it. When the puppy grows old enough to eat meat it is fed in the morning and sent out with the sheep. It stays with them because it is accustomed to be with its mother, but it cannot feed with them. As they get full the dog gets hungry. At length, impatient to return where it hopes to get another piece of meat, it begins to tease and worry its mother, and finally starts her toward home; the other sheep follow, and thus the whole flock is brought in. If the dog brings the sheep home too soon, or comes home without them, he gets no supper or is punished in some other way. Hence he soon learns when to come, and to see that none of his charge are left behind. These animals are trained by taking advantage of their instincts and appetites."

The Horse and the Course.

The meeting of the Board of Appeals of the National Association for the Promotion of the interests of the American Trotting Turf was begun yesterday at the Everett House in this city. The meeting attracted a large attendance. The old dockett consists of five cases, and the new one of thirty-four.

GENTLEMEN RIDERS WHO CAN'T RIDE.

"I KNOW many who dress in the brightest of scarlet and best of buckskin smalls, who never saw a fox killed by hounds in their lives. There are hundreds of clever hunters completely spoiled by bad riders, who have neither hands to handle them nor seats to sit on them. But it is not policy on the part of the dealers to have lawsuits with gentlemen, for there is an unjust prejudice against horse dealers in general, although those who are 'licensed dealers' are as honest in their business transactions as any other class of tradesmen, and I have known many of them to take back horses and return the money to purchasers when the horse has been absolutely spoiled in mouth, temper, and condition, sooner than have a dispute or law-suit. "A friend of mine, who is a large breeder, sold a horse as a clever fencer to a gentleman a short time ago. He returned him in the course of a few days, stating that he could not make him jump. I rode and subjected him to a trial a few days after, and can conscientiously affirm that a sweeter jumper never carried me over a fence, and I have ridden a; many horses as most men. I know the gentleman who sent him back must have had either hands nor seat, for as I pulled him gently together, and felt his beautiful mouth, with the single snaffle bridle, he answered to the easy appeal of my hands and bowed his smart intelligent head, as much as to say, 'I'm at your service, sir,' and walked (as only a temperate, well broken horse can walk) quietly, with a long steady, business-like stride; and

as the trial ground is interspersed with every description of fence, after having satisfactorily tested his walking qualities, I gave him his head, and as the splendid creature bounded over the springing turf toward the first brushwood fence, there was no rushing or turning his head to the right or left for a bolt, as he seemed to say by his actions 'Give me my head, and sit me steady,' and 'forward is my motto.' Yes; my beauty! thought I, you shall have your head, for how can you jump unless you have it? Still I'll keep a steady supporting feel on your mouth. Now for it—one of your ears is pointed forward, and now the other, in rapid succession; the rein tightens. Steady, boy! He over, my fawn! There! Why I never felt you drop, for it is the strength and elasticity of your pasterns which enable you to bound from the turf again.

"And now we come to these swamps, the sod-banks, and stone walls. There, my boy, that is it; measure your ground, and go a little nearer this time before you take off, because the leaps are higher. He over again, my charmer! bang go your heels against the other side of the stiff sod bank, with a sound like the thud of a cannon ball when it strikes an earthwork as you drop your fore-feet neatly and firmly on the turf; a second after and your hind shoes kiss the ground, and at the same instant your fore-legs are stretched out for the first of a series of delightful bounds over this wide sweeping meadow, after which you shall charge that stone wall which lies right in your front. Here it is my boy; a trifle higher than the sod bank; but you have measured it by your eyes—I can tell by the working of your beautiful ears. Hoo roo! Oh, how I like you! Now for the water jump at the bottom of this gentle slope. Whew? you bird on the wing! I never felt you fly over this, but I can feel you galloping as strong as a eagle under me. I glance my eye down your fore-arm, as you bend your well formed neck and head, which playfully answers to the gentle supporting feel of my hands, and I can perceive the prominent muscles of your fore-arm stand out, and you are neither blowing nor sweating: your eye is as bright as a diamond, and your coat shines like a mirror, your condition is perfect, and it is a pleasure to ride you, because I know that I am not distressing you. But here we are at this side of the stiff blackthorn bullfinch, higher than yourself, with not a ray of daylight to be seen through it. Your ears play and your head nods, and again I know that you will top it. 'Yoi-over!' I say as you leave the ground, and suspend me and yourself—with your four legs clapped under your belly—in mid-air for an instant, and drop them, feet downward, with a regular flop on the other side: but the superiority of your condition, the strength of bone and muscle, and the dash of pure blood which courses through your prominent veins, stands to you in this your time of need, for the stiff dirt is rent to atoms and flies about in all directions, as you gallop through the long ploughed field to the most difficult jump in the lot, a double post and rail.

"Can you do it? Yes; I feel your body working under me; you are preparing for business, I know; but remember it is double, and I must give you a reminder—a sharp elip with the inside of the legs, but no rowel; a slight shake of the reins, just to let you know that a little extra energy is required—and will you answer to these signals? Yes, he, over, my jewel! we are safe in our places on the other side; a rolling seat would make any hands unsteady, and a job of the spur at the same instant would have soured your temper, and totally destroyed the cordial feeling between us, which has enabled us to surmount every obstacle; for the rolling, unsteady seat is sure to be allied to a pair of heavy, harassing hands, and frequent misapplications of the spur would spoil even you, who are as good a jumper as ever stood on iron.

"These were my thoughts as I rode and dismounted this noble creature, which the gentleman had sent back to the breeder because, he said, that he could not, or would not jump, the simple reason being that he had neither nerve nor skill to manage him.

"A fine mannered horse, isn't he?" said my friend, as the lad led him back to his box, without a twisted hair on his shining skin.

"Very, indeed," I replied; 'but deep-levered bits and tight curbs, handled by inexperienced riders, will spoil any horse in the world.' And in this case it was fortunate the gentleman returned the horse so soon after sale, for a few more days' mawling him about would have completely ruined him, and he would have been returned without a shilling of compensation. However, a little quiet handling brought him back to his old form."

The Magazines.

MAN'S ABILITY TO MODERATE CLIMATE.

ALTHOUGH extended observation and systematic arrangement of natural phenomena have of late years supplied the data for great advance in meteorological science, the measure of man's ability to moderate climate, and to what extent such modifications will influence the mental, moral, and physical condition of their originator, will perhaps forever remain questions for further investigation and continued dispute. Nevertheless, there now remains little doubt but that man may, and does, in a great degree, mould the apparently natural surroundings of his home. He is the great disturber of natural laws; for, although the individual human may bear as small a proportion to the ends attained as the microscopic polyp to the coral formations of the ocean, yet, as many generations of these countless little beings have built up such monuments, so have the oft-succeeding generations of man gradually wrought changes upon the face of Nature, proportionately marked and important. Unfortunately, the preponderance of influence exerted by him has had the effect of destroying in a measure the pristine balance of physical nature; for he has found it in this case more profitable and less laborious to tear down than to rebuild her essential monuments.

Thus, no great difficulty is encountered in changing a moist atmosphere to one of less humidity—the clearing of forests and draining of lands effect this, under certain conditions—and an acknowledged advantage is immediately derived; but when the other extreme is approached, far greater obstacles are encountered in checking the ebbing flow of Nature's current, and restoring the balance, while the benefits accruing therefrom are long deferred.

Vast areas of the earth's surface have been stripped of the natural forest clothing through the medium of the axe and fire-brand in the hands of man, who, thus removing a

most potent element in the problems of evaporation and precipitation, has caused great irregularity in the rainfall of these districts, resulting in alternate drought and flood, and the formation of arid deserts or denuded wastes of the primitive rock. Our earth is not becoming ameliorated and better fitted for the habitation of the human race, except in so far as that race directly undertakes works of improvement with a view to such amelioration. The more direct wants of man are supplied by the most direct tax upon Nature; and, unless there be some compensation and systematic effort made to restore her disturbed harmonies, there is a constant balance of drain upon her resources and increased disturbance of her laws.—*Overland Monthly.*

—**THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.**—Professor Agassiz at the opening of the Anderson School of Natural History, after a few modest words, felicitously suited to put all their minds into fellowship, said tenderly and with touching frankness, "I think we have need of help. I do not feel that I can call on any one here to ask a blessing for us. I know I would not have anybody pray for us at this moment. I ask you for a moment to pray for yourselves." Upon this the great scientist—in an age in which so many other great scientists have concluded that praying is quite an unscientific and very useless proceeding—bowed his head reverently; his pupils and friends did the same; there in silence that was very beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the Great Spirit the blessing that was needed. For our own part, it seems to us that this scene of Agassiz and his pupils with head bowed in silent prayer for the blessing of the God of Nature to be given to that school then opened for the study of Nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to spread out worthily upon canvas, and to be kept alive in the memory of mankind. What are coronations, royal pageants, the parade of armies, to a scene like this? It heralds the coming of the new heavens and the new earth, the golden age when Nature and man shall be reconciled, and the conquests of truth shall supersede the conquests of brute force.—*Rev. Dr. Deems, in Christian Age.*

—The largest sheep raisers in North America are Armigo & Baea, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Their herds range over 300 miles of territory, and in numbers almost beyond human count, exceeding half a million at least. They are usually divided into herds of 3,000, superintended by one manager and several shepherds and dogs, for whom the sheep manifest a great affection.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traps, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous communications not noticed.]

A CONSTANT READER., Cory, Penn.—Drachms of powder are measured by Dry Measure.

G. N. W., St. John, N. B.—Your several favors are received and will receive early attention. Thanks.

PEANUKS, Hudson, N. Y.—Black setters are very rare, and one of the worst colors to shoot over. We will ascertain for you if there are any for sale.

L. M. S. Stoytown P. O., Penn.—We cannot procure the moccasins; any country bootmaker will make them according to instructions in *FOREST AND STREAM* Nov. 20th.

JOSLYN, Hartford.—The best boatman in the vicinity of Enterprise, Florida, a year ago, was a negro called "July"—possibly so named because he was a handy fellow to have about one in mid-winter.

G. W. R., Brooklyn.—1. Bore, 45-100. 2. Decoys are useful when the birds are scarce and wild. A good "caller" is essential. They shoot generally from points.

QUERIST.—Stiff tail ducks are known as pintails, spring tails, file-stalks, &c. The greater black-head duck is known as the broad bill, scaup, etc.

TRUE SPORTSMAN, Madison, Wis.—What great sporting writer signed his name Nimrod? Ans. C. J. Apperley, Esq. He died at the age of 64 in London, England.

ANTLERS, Kingston, N. Y.—Deer will eat almost everything. We have frequently fed them with ham, meat, sugar, gloves, newspaper, and even cinders, just to see what they will refuse.

FOX HOUND, Lexington, Ky.—The system in feeding a hound which we have always endeavored to pursue, was to make him fit for the day and that day alone, and so on every day he came out.

L. W. L., Cazenovia.—Costs \$36; globe and peep sights \$5 extra; set trigger, \$2 50 extra. This is for 30-inch barrel. \$1 more per inch if longer, and \$1 less if shorter. Extreme length, 34 in., minimum, 26; weight, 10 a 12 lbs.

DR. G., Baltimore.—Cut down your gun by all means, if you require it for shooting over a dog. If for wild fowl shooting, let it remain as it is. The only seam in a shooting boot should run down the centre of the boot. Read *FOREST AND STREAM* Nov. 20th., article headed "Moccasins."

J. DELCISUR, New York.—I have a very valuable dog. Do you know a remedy for canker in the ear? Ans. To cure it, if he is in fair health, first bleed, keep him cool and low, and inject an astringent wash, composed of six ounces of rain water and as much alum as will dissolve; add twenty grains of white vitriol, and inject with a small syringe.

SUBSCRIBER, Cor. Second and Poplar streets, St. Louis.—We know of a brace of setter pups eight months old good strain, handsome, and the color orange and white. Price 50. A brace of setter dogs two years old, good strain and well broken on the silent system, will cost \$175. If you require either you can write and we will give full particulars.

CHASSEUR.—We cannot tell who makes the best breech-loader, there are so many. State what price you are willing to give, and we can put you in the way of getting a good and serviceable gun. Our agent in London, England, will procure them for you. An English pointer of the class you speak of will cost \$150, including all expenses of transportation, board, care, etc. The setter very little less.

POWDER PACK.—1. Should the paper shell fit tight or loose? Answer. Tight of course. 2. Which is the finest grain, No. 5 or 7 of Orange lightning powder? Answer. No. 5. 3. What grain of Hazard powder is the size of Tatham's No. 8 shot? Ans. It would be impossible to tell the exact size of powder on account of the difference in shape. It is somewhere between 5 and 6 grains. 4. Which is best for a paper shell, felt or pink-edged wad? Ans. For ordinary shooting the pink-edged wad.

RAMON.—1. Get guides for Conlogne district, Canada, at Ottawa City or Annprior. 2. Charges for guide, \$1 per day and found. 3. Bear, beaver, fox, marten, otter, sable and lucifer. 4. Newhouse's traps, made at Oneida, N. Y., are the best by long odds. 5. About the same all through the counties of Pontiac and Ottawa, Province of Quebec. See articles in this day's *FOREST AND STREAM*, on "Trapping" and "Winter Sports in Canada." See also our standing rule above, respecting anonymous inquiries.

—The difference between an old hat on a stick and money with a spendthrift is that one scares crows and the other grows scarce.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS,
AND THE INOCULATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their personal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.
CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

THE IRISH RIFLE CHALLENGE.

THE annual meeting of the Amateur Rifle Club was held on Friday last, December 5th, at the 7th Regiment Armory. The following officers were elected for the coming year:—President, Captain G. W. Wingate; Vice-President, Colonel H. A. Gildersleeve; and Secretary and Treasurer, F. P. Fairbanks, Esq. The Executive Committee are as follows:—Messrs. H. Fulton, J. T. B. Collins, A. Alford, L. C. Bruce, and G. S. Schermerhorn. An important subject taken up by the A. R. C., was that of the

IRISH CHALLENGE.

On motion of Mr. J. P. M. Richards, the following resolution was offered:—

"That the Executive Committee of this Club be hereby requested to correspond with Mr. Leech, and if satisfactory terms can be arranged to accept the challenge in the name of the Amateur Rifle Club of the city of New York, and of the Riflemen of America. And it is hereby arranged that an opportunity be offered to the Riflemen of the United States at the earliest possible date to compete with our own practice squad for places in the team, but without expense to the Club," which resolution was passed unanimously. The meeting was attended by the most prominent shots of the Amateur Rifle Club and National Rifle Association, who were strongly in favor of accepting the challenge of the Irish team. It will be seen that the Club do not propose to accept the challenge so much for themselves as on behalf of the American Riflemen. It is hoped that those who consider themselves qualified to compete in such a contest, will, in case a definite arrangement is made, place themselves in communication with the officers of the Club. Those intending to do so; however, must bear in mind that they will be restricted to the use of a rifle weighing less than 10 lbs. with a trigger pull of 3 lbs. at least, and without telescopic sights.

The Amateur Club is an Association of gentlemen.

The total scores and averages made by the A. R. C., this season, will be found in another column.

—At a recent meeting of the Belgian Academy of Sciences rather a curious discussion took place. M. E. Van Beneden, the well known Zoological Professor of Louvain, read a paper on Brazil and the La Plata. Speaking of the difficulty of obtaining a dolphin, on account of the superstition of the Brazilian fishermen, the Professor referring to the ancient European belief that dolphins were in the habit of bringing dead bodies on shore, said "the fable of Jonah is an embodiment of this belief." As all questions referring to religious subjects are not allowed to enter into these scientific discussions, M. Van Beneden was quickly called to order and his expression particularly in regard to Jonah's dolphin, was very properly withdrawn.

THE MICHIGAN GRAYLING.

LAST winter, about twelve months ago, the editor of this paper interested himself greatly in aiding to identify this valuable game-fish, and in procuring specimens for scientific examination by Professors Agassiz, Baird, and Cope, at their respective museums at Cambridge, Washington, and Philadelphia. By the persistent efforts of Mr. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Michigan, male and female specimens were procured by Indians who traveled 150 miles in dead of winter to spear them through the ice, and were forwarded to us at our expense, and by us distributed. Some mention was made of the fact at the time, and an opinion and classification was printed in the New York Times, over Prof. Agassiz's signature. However, experts had examined the subject but little, and to this day nothing more definite has been printed. Our readers will therefore be able to estimate our satisfaction in being able to lay before them the exhaustive paper herewith appended from Prof. James W. Milner, assistant United States Fish Commissioner, and dated—

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, December 4, 1873.

In the centre of the lower peninsula of Michigan, is a wide, elevated plateau, a sand region, with a soil containing a very small per cent. of organic matter, and covered with a forest of pines, generally the Norway pine, *pinus resinosa*, Linn, growing in grand dimensions, the long, limbless shafts making wide boards, free from knots, yet but little utilized, while immense forests of the favorite lumber material, the white pine (*Pinus strobus*) are yet uncut. From this plateau arise several large streams and rivers, flowing each way, into Lakes Huron and Michigan. Among these, are three rivers of note, the Muskegon, the Manistee, emptying into Lake Michigan, and the Ausable, emptying into Lake Huron. Among the minor streams are the Cheboygan, Thunder Bay, and Rifle, tributary to Lake Huron, and the Jordan, emptying through Pine Lake into the Traverse Bays of Lake Michigan. A few branches and streams, spring fed, are formed, in which the water has a uniform degree of coldness throughout the summer, seldom rising above 52°. The rivers Rifle, Ausable, Jordan, Hersey, branch of the Muskegon, and the headwaters of the Manistee, all have this character, and in all of these, and only in this limited locality, short of the Yellowstone region, is found the already famous Michigan Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor*, Cope.

In September last, provided with boats and fishing tackle, an excursion was made by a party of four, including guides, to the headwaters of the Ausable for the grayling. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Michigan, who has already made known more facts in reference to the habits of this species than any one else, was of the party.

Leaving Bay City we traveled northward by the new extension of the Jackson, Lansing, and Saginaw Railroad to the last but one stopping places short of "the end of the iron."

In these days of extensive pioneering and wholesale exploration, the man is favored who finds himself in the midst of a really untrodden wild. The character of the land and the timber in this locality have little attractions for the seeker after productive soil or investment, and the sportsman and the naturalist find here a patch of nature left in almost primeval purity. As we embarked in our light boats, in the early morning, and our bows broke the trailing mist that covered the river, it was as if brushing the fresh bloom from newly plucked fruit, so untouched by the hand of man did everything seem.

Quietly the guides poled the boats down the rapid current, while we adjusted rods, lines, and leaders, using, in accordance with Mr. Fitzhugh's former experiences, a lead colored, a brown and a black hackle.

Several favorable spots were tried before a fish was struck; he was small and played weakly, but on landing him, he proved to be a genuine specimen of the desired fish, having, as afterwards proved to be the case, slightly less brilliancy of color, and more of the black salmon spots, than the mature specimens. Before we reached the site chosen for our camp, seven of the graceful creatures were swimming in the well of one boat, and four in the other. They had given evidence of their game qualities to some extent, but fought with less vigor in the cold water of the early morning than they did later in the day.

The camp stores were put on shore, and we began the work of the day in earnest. Dropping the flies at just the spots where trout would be sought for, finds the grayling similarly located. As Sir Humphrey Davy says of the English species, (*Salmonia*, 4th ed., 1851, p. 180.) "He rises rapidly from the bottom or middle of the water, darting upwards, and having seized his fly, returns to his station." Hooking a large one, we had good evidences of his plucky qualities; the pliant rod bent as he struggled against the line, curling his body around columns of water that failed to sustain his grasp, and setting his great dorsal fin like an oar backing water, while we cautiously worked him in, his tender mouth requiring rather more careful handling than would be necessary for a trout; making a spurt up stream, he requires a yielding line, but after a time he submits to be brought in, rallying for a dart under the boat, or beneath a log, as an attempt is made to place the landing net under him. Finally brought on board, exhausted, he is easily removed from the hook and slipped through the hole in the cover of the well.

Nine were taken from a deep hole under projecting willow bushes; several times two were taken at once, and Mr. Fitzhugh, by skillful management landed three from one fortunate cast. They are free, strong biters, and cannot be considered very shy, as they will rise repeatedly to a fly if

a failure is made in hooking them. Still an experience on the Jordan in 1871 proved that it sometimes required all the ingenuity of an experienced fly fisherman to induce an occasional rise, when grayling were seen to be plentiful in the river, and there is a tradition in the city of Bay City that three unfortunate fishers came into town on one occasion, asseverating that the claim that grayling existed in the Ausable had been proven a fraud.

The first day's efforts resulted in seventy-two of the fishes, and grayling was served up at night for supper by the camp-fire, and proved a fair rival for their congener, even upon the table.

The second day it was agreed that Mr. Fitzhugh should explore the stream for five miles down the river, while our boat worked up and down each way from camp, over about three or four miles. The day's fishing added to the score, until all told there were one hundred and forty-three specimens, from five inches in length to those weighing one and one half pounds. The lower part of Mr. Fitzhugh's exploration of the river proving barren, there was a smaller number to carry away than might have been obtained, as he was the most successful, being much more experienced as a fly fisherman.

There is no species sought for by anglers that surpasses the grayling in beauty. They are more elegantly formed and more graceful than the trout, and their great dorsal fin is a superb mark of beauty. When the well-lids were lifted, and the sun's rays admitted, lighting up the delicate olive-brown tints of the back and sides, the bluish-white of the abdomen, and the mingling of tints of rose, pale blue, and purplish-pink on the fins, it displayed a combination of living colors that is equalled by no fish outside of the tropics.

The history of the discovery of the species is as follows: It has been known for years to the people in adjacent counties, and among the lumbermen, and generally called trout, distinguishing it from the ordinary species by applying the local name of the stream, as the "Hersey trout," or the "Jordan," or "Ausable" trout.

In the winter of 1864 and 1865, Prof. Edward D. Cope, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, worked up a large collection of fishes, sent by Mr. M. Miles, of Lansing, belonging to educational institutions of the State of Michigan. Among these he found this species, readily detecting its relation to the genus *Thymallus*, and giving it the name of *tricolor*. In the winter of 1872, Mr. D. Fitzhugh procured specimens and forwarded them to Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, and to Professor Agassiz, as well as to prominent authorities of the hook and line profession. These were the first specimens obtained by the museums, and were regarded with a great deal of interest. Two obtained for the U. S. Commission of Fisheries in 1871, from the Jordan river were lost in the great fire at Chicago. Mr. Fitzhugh subsequently went before the legislature of his State and induced the passage of a law protecting the grayling from a too rapid destruction. He was also the first to communicate with reference to their habits and qualities as a game fish.

This grayling, Professor Cope has decided to be distinct from Sir John Richardson's species, *Thymallus signifer*, of the far north, the specific name of which, (*signifer*, "the standard bearer"), refers to its large, brightly colored dorsal fin. It is the only other species known on this continent. Richardson gives its range, as north of latitude 62°, between the Welcome River and the Mackenzie, flowing into the Arctic Sea. In reference to its habits, he says it is "found only in clear waters, in the most rapid parts of the mountain streams." Describing its capture with the fly, he says:—"The sport was excellent, for this grayling generally springs entirely out of the water when first struck with the hook, and tugs strongly at the line, requiring as much dexterity to land it safely as would secure a trout of six times the size." The species has been found in the Yukon River, of Alaska, so that it will be seen to be one of our possessions.

A specimen of the grayling, forwarded to Cuvier about 1847 or 1848, purported to have come from Lake Ontario, and was named by him *Thymallus ontarianis*, but the locality must have been a mistake.

The foreign species of the genus are also limited. The *Thymallus vulgaris*, Nilsson, is the one found in England and northern Europe, and according to Dr. Günther, an authority on the foreign salmonidæ, the same species inhabits central Europe. Professor Agassiz, supported by one or two prominent French and German ichthyologists, does not believe the two species to be identical, and has named the one last referred to, *Thymallus veillifer*. We learn from Walton* in his very interesting reference to the grayling, of the local habits of the English species, and this is corroborated in more detail by Ephemera, † (E. Fitzgibbon), and Sir Humphrey Davy. ‡

Our species, *T. tricolor*, Cope, evidently has the same habit, as this region of Michigan is its only locality, east of the Mississippi.

In Professor F. V. Hayden's expedition to Montana in 1871, specimens of the same species were found in Yellow Creek, and the Gallatin Fork of the Missouri.

The other foreign species are the *Thymallus gymnogaster*, Cuv. & Val., of the Newa, at St. Petersburg, Russia; the *T. Aeliani*, Cuv. & Val., from Lago Maggiore of Italy and Switzerland; and the *T. Pallasi*, Cuv. & Val., found by the old naturalist, Pallas, in the Kolyma and Sob Rivers, emptying into the Arctic Ocean in western Siberia.

The protection and increase of the Michigan species is a matter of interest to every one. It will probably be found

* The Complete Angler. Ephemera's ed., p101, p104.

† Salmonia, p189.

to have the same habit as its European relative, and spawn in the spring. It is adapted, like all the Salmonoids, to artificial culture, the ova according to Frank Buekland, hatching in spring water at the ordinary temperature, in about fourteen days after impregnation.

THE URARI POISON.

THE attention of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM has lately been called to this interesting subject, and a few additional remarks may not be out of place. By way of preface it may be said that Doctor Saffray, in the article in *Le Tour du Monde*, does not state that the Urari poison is prepared from the venom of a toad, though this might fairly be inferred by the reader; he says that the arrows of the Choco Indians of New Granada are armed with "a substance similar to curare" and like it in its effects, while it is undoubtedly true, as stated by St. George Mivart, that the ability to inflict wounds and to convey venom is not found in any animals which are even near allies of the frogs and toads, it is also true that the viscid secretion, which exudes so copiously from the pores of these animals, is very acrid and even poisonous. These elmsy and otherwise unprotected creatures are thus provided with a very effectual means of defense, as will be acknowledged by every one who has seen a dog trying to take a toad in his mouth. It is commonly said that handling a toad will produce warts; of course this is very ridiculous, but like most popular beliefs it is not without foundation. The writer knows from experience that the exudation from a common toad is painful if it touches a cut finger. There are cases on record where serious results have attended the introduction of this substance into the blood and there appears to be no adequate reason for doubting the statements of Doctor Saffray regarding the use of the secretion of *Phyllobates melanorhinus* as arrow poison.

The Urari poison is obtained from a very different source, being prepared from the bark of a woody vine or liana, growing in the Guianas and the valley of the Amazons. This vine, the *Strychnos toxifera*, is closely related to the plants from which are prepared the well-known drugs Strychnine, Nux Vomica and Brucia. The arrow poison, though the deadliest of known blood poisons, may be swallowed without serious inconvenience, thus resembling the animal rather than the vegetable poisons. Hence it was for a long time supposed that it derived its properties from the serpent venom and the stinging ants, used by the Indians in compounding it. Sir Richard Schomburgk prepared it by concentrating an infusion of the bark collected in his presence, thus proving beyond a doubt its true origin; the poison thus prepared, though not sufficiently concentrated, killed a fowl in twenty-seven minutes.

The peculiar properties of the Urari poison are due to the presence of the Alkaloid Urari nor Curarin, discovered by Boussignault in 1838, but first produced in a pure crystallized state by Dr. Preyer of Bonn in 1865. Many eminent physiologists have studied its effects but their experiments have not yet dispelled the mystery which has always attended it. It appears to act upon the muscles, causing death by paralyzing the heart or the muscles of respiration. Animals on receiving it into their blood soon fall in a stupor, the pulse becomes strong and rapid, the breath hard and accelerated, the muscles after a convulsive motion are paralysed, the body becomes cold and death ensues in five to thirty minutes according to the size of the animal and the strength of the poison.

According to the experiments of M. Goudot birds seem most susceptible to its effects, then mammals, then reptiles. The experiments of Prof. Wm. North Rice, made in connection with last summer's work of the U. S. Fish Commission, show that mollusks are not in the least affected by it.

Urari has been employed in medicine as a specific for epilepsy, but the success of the experiments was not such as to recommend its general use. We have frequently seen it used to paralyze a frog, preparatory to placing it under the lecturer's microscope to demonstrate the circulation of the blood.

The Indian arrow poison is known by various names; that prepared on the Orinoco as Urari or Curari, that from the Guianas as Urali, that from the Amazons as Ticunas. The usage of different writers and the interchange of *r* and *l*, practised by the South American Indians have given rise to multitudinous variations, such as Urari, Woorari, Woorara, Oorara, Urali Wourali, Ulari, Curare, Curari, and Voorari. Some fixed orthography seems eminently desirable, and Urari seems to have the sanction of the best authorities.

Below is given an account of the mode of preparation in the words of Charles Waterton, who early in the present century made a long and perilous journey into the interior of Guiana, expressly to collect the poison. Those who are interested in a fuller account of the poison, its use and its effects should not fail to read that most fascinating of all books of travel "Waterton's Wanderings in South America."

"When the Macoushi Indian prepares his poison, he scrapes the Wourali Vine, and a bitter root into their shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises some bulbous stalks which he has gathered, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Then the pounded fangs of the Labarri and the Counacouchi snakes are added, a quantity of the strongest

Indian pepper and of two species of ants are thrown into it. It is then placed on a slow fire, and as it boils more of the juice of the Wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf; it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrup of a deep brown color. As soon as it has arrived at this state a few arrows are poisoned with it, to try its strength. If it answers the expectations, it is poured out into a calabash, or little pot of Indian manufacture, which is carefully covered with a couple of leaves, and over them a piece of deer's skin, tied round with a cord. They keep it in the most dry part of the hut; and from time to time suspend it over the fire to counteract the effects of dampness."

It is interesting to know that some of the identical poison collected by Waterton in Guiana in 1813 was in existence in London in good condition in 1864.

A SOLOMON OF AN ARCHITECT.

ELEVATIONS, plans, working details, estimates, and contracts, as furnished by our most experienced architects have their numerous drawbacks. We suppose there never was a human being born who did not indulge in some preconceived notions, as to how he would like his own particular nest to be built, which ambitious fancies are invariably met by the builder with scorn—nay almost with derision. "You want," says the architect, "a Gothic Villa? good. Now the idea of your having an airy room in your third story, with seventeen windows is impossible. The style of architecture is against it, and my reputation would not allow of it. The canons of my art say six windows, neither more nor less. If you like, for it is perfectly indifferent to me, take a Renaissance style of building, and I may possibly, after I have studied it, approximate my plans to your somewhat erudite ideas. "But," you ask somewhat abashed, "Are considerations of health secondary to the exigencies of Gothic art?"

"They are sir, and that conviction has long been forced on me, by the sublimity of my profession," replies the architect.

Happy dwellers of the Solomon Islands, whose country washed by the broad Pacific, ignores the architect, and which if thwarted by one, might knock him in the head, next roast him with his drawings, ground plans, and sketches, and lastly devour him. In those fortunate isles, the intelligent people, (each one as the Hebrew King Solomon, from whence the name of the country was undoubtedly derived), select a tall tree for a building site. The higher the tree, the more money does it command, in the Solomon Islands real estate market. The most desirable family location, must be at least one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, and the tree must have no limbs, save on the very top. In the upper portion of this choice situation, whence the branches begin to fork, the Solomon islander weaves in a foundation of light supple pieces of wood, and on this constructs his family residence. How to get up into his house, is quite an easy matter. No calculations are here necessary, as of broad flights of steps, or a cork screw stairs, the real *pons asinorum*, the stumbling blocks of all fool-hardy self constituted architects. The Solomon islander, takes one of those running vines, as strong as a steel rope and far more pliant, and letting this dangle down from his dwelling to the ground, runs up and down this improvised stair with the ease and grace of a squirrel.

The advantages of such a method of construction, perfect in all its details, are manifest. At night all the careful housekeeper has to do, is to haul up his flying stair case, and there he is, as safe in his airy house, as an old feudal Baron was with his portecullis drawn up. No policemen or night patrols are necessary for the protection of the house holder in the Solomon Island cities. Once snug in his house in the tree top, he defies the sneak thief and the burglar. Should a social neighbor wish to pay a visit, there is no door bell to pull, all he has to do is to tap the trunk of the tree, and instantly his friend aloft replies, and down comes the hospitable ladder. If it should happen to be an unwelcome comer, the wary Solomon man has ready at hand an assortment of heavy stones, which he can drop on the head of the intruder. Calls from one house to another of an informal character, by means of the vine cables, which are thrown from one airy lodging to another. Of course going home or going to bed, must depend on the personal climbing power of the Solomon islander, and his monkey like ability, adds another strong link to the Darwinian chain.

To the wonderful physical attributes of these primitive people, there are joined, however, certain other quite unfortunate tendencies. It is true that we might acquire a Solomon Islander in his own house, no end of useful information, as to the best methods of constructing a house, which would combine all the advantages of cheapness, comfort and good ventilation, still as he is a determined man eater, we are likely at least for the present to be dominated over by our own architect, who though he may be cruelly aesthetic, has not (as far at least as we are aware) any cannibalistic inclinations.

—A famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see there?" he said, in tones of thunder, to the sergeant; "cobwebs?" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply; "we keep them there to catch the flies and prevent them teasing the horses."

—If it wasn't for the ten cent stamp occasionally found in a chew of tobacco, a considerable portion of our citizens would starve.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT HAMBURG.

MANY of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have undoubtedly visited that most opulent and thriving old Hansa Town of Germany, and of those who have been at that city in later years, few will have failed to visit the Zoological Garden; a creation which has arisen with almost American rapidity, and has been prosecuted with an energy which makes it now one of the best collections in the Old or New World.

Passing recently a few days at Hamburg in the company of a New Yorker, well acquainted with the city, while I was comparatively a stranger, we were on a very lovely June afternoon leaving the very excellent hostelry, "The Zum Kronprinz von Preussen" which fronts that most charming of all European city prospects, the Alster Basin.

Between three and four of any afternoon, the fashionable promenade of the Hamburgers is along those magnificent sheets of water, arms of the Elbe river, which, spreading like lakes in the very midst of a populous city, in my opinion surpasses in beauty the Newa Prospect, or the Seine in the city of Paris. The Jungfernstieg in Hamburg is one of the European sights. We were quite uncertain which way to turn, when we reached the long viaduct over the water, where several roads diverge, when my friend said: "We are near the Damm Gate; to-day is a "reserved" day for the stockholders and strangers, let us go to the Zoologia Garden; we will not meet any mixed crowd, and will be able to see what is to be seen at our leisure; and besides, will have a chance to take a look at the Hamburg belles and beaux."

Neither naturalist nor zoologist, as these subjects have always interested me, I gladly entered into my friend's proposition. The road "near the cemeteries" brought us to the chief entrance of the Garden. Before entering, it may not be amiss to state how these gardens originated.

The Zoological Garden at Hamburg is not a State Institution, as are most of the other Continental collections of a like character, nor does it receive any aid from the Senate or the Assembly of the Free City. It owes its existence to the love for Natural History, and to a desire for useful information, and owes its origin to a number of eminently successful and wealthy mercantile gentlemen of Hamburg, such as Messrs. A. Meyer, Booth, Schiller, DeCraeker, Nötting, Diöze and others, but particularly to the energy of the late Baron Ernest von Merck, the father of the enterprise, whose memory is honored within the garden by a most excellent bust erected in what is called the "Winter House." On January 28, 1860, these gentlemen formed a provisional society; on the 10th July of the same year the first general meeting was held, all the shares were taken, and on the 17th of August, 1861, the government of Hamburg voted the Society the free use for 50 years of a large plot of land: a sandy desert without a tree lying near the Damm Gate on the outskirts of Hamburg. This ground, which was then worth nothing to the city, could not now be bought probably for less than a million Mark Banco; or three the amount of the whole capital of the Society, originally subscribed. It has had another effect. On all sides of this Park, as a nucleus, new streets lined with fine houses, have sprung up, extending through the city, so that Hamburg and Altona, and all the outlying places—villages but twenty years ago—seem now united in one grand whole. Messrs. Meuron and Haller were appointed architects; Mr. Jürgens head gardener, and Mr. Lienau water engineer for the necessary water works and constructions, by the Society. In November, 1863, the greater part of the necessary buildings had been completed, and on May 16, 1863, the Garden had arisen out of a wilderness to almost its present beautiful aspect; with groves and lakes and artificial hills crowned with old ruins; stocked by a well-assorted and splendidly housed collection of specimens from all the departments of zoology. The Aquarium is now one of the most celebrated in the world. The man who had with such love watched over this creation of his, was not allowed to enjoy the well-earned praises of his fellow-citizens. Baron Merck, the founder of the Zoological Garden, died suddenly on July 6, 1863.

Entering the handsome gates where we procure our tickets at a moderate rate, we turn our steps to the deer houses, lying immediately before us, three in number, where we meet many old acquaintances, among whom a very fine specimen of our American Wapiti, (*cervus canadensis*), whose magnificent antlers are the admiration of all visitors; a noble red deer, a present of the late King of Hanover; a rein deer, and above all an elk, which species is getting scarcer in Europe every year, and is only found in very small numbers in East Prussia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, Norway, and Sweden. There are, in all, some fifty specimens of the various species here collected. A few steps further we stop before an enormous house, devoted to birds of prey, where vultures, eagles and falcons are kept, each species to themselves in almost perfect liberty. To mention but a few of the many fine birds, there is an enormous condor from the Andes, truly the king of birds, of which Alexander von Humboldt mentions, to illustrate the enormous heights they ascend, 16,000 feet high, that he saw one of these birds hover above him, a mere discernable speck. A specimen of a very scarce eagle, the "fighting" eagle—*spizaetos bellicosus*—we found here; of whom Le Vaillant gives so bellicose an account as being the most combative of all eagles. Its home is in Central and Southern Africa, and it is found comparatively seldom in collections. Our American national eagle and our buzzard were not unrepresented.

The wombat and kangaroo houses were of interest. In the latter, the pranks of its inmates amused us exceedingly. A whole family was assembled in one of the partitions, and were raised in the Garden; this feature of the reproduction of the animals in the gardens having the greatest attention paid to it, and in most instances with the most flattering success. Part of the "fowl-house" was tenanted with several hundred inmates; for this Hamburg Fowl House comprises both domesticated and wild birds. We halted a moment on our way at the "beaver house." Here two of the inmates had begun to build their dam as in nature—great attention having been given to an exact reproduction of their natural elements, water and seclusion. United with the fowl house is the "monkey house," where the apes of the Old and New World are plentifully assembled. Then we passed to the camel and elephant houses and the "Terrarium" where tortoises, lizards, snakes, among which the only poisonous continental snake, the *Pelias Berus*—frogs and salamanders, in hideous assembly do congregate. A special plot is given to the agoutis, porcupines, viscachas, marmots, bobacs, and the like. Suddenly a bend in the road brings us to a truly sylvan scene, the lake for the water birds—one of the most attractive features of the Garden. Here we find the whole family of ducks, geese, swans, and pelicans in seemingly innumerable congregation. Here the children and the nurses, young and old, assemble. From the German opera, the "Freischütz," the name "Wolves' Den," has been given to a rocky and wild portion of the Garden built of rock; and here we find fine specimens of the wolf and the *lycaon pictus*, ever walking to and fro in silent discontent. Past the sheep stable we come to the "gallery for smaller beasts of prey," such as the civet cats, the jackass, crab wolf, foxes, and corsacs. That noble beast, the wild boar, is the most notable specimen in the "pig sty." A beautiful feature of the Garden is the "owl's castle," an artificial ruin in which the night birds of prey are kept; and which is built upon an artificial eminence some one hundred feet in height, with a fine tower, having a special staircase, from whose top is a most enchanting view of the whole Garden—the rich and populous city with its many spires in a long semi-circle closing the view. One of the most interesting galleries is the "gallery for beasts of prey," immediately below the castle, in which that terrible family of cats, beginning with the lion, is well represented. The Hamburg lion is a native of Western Africa, one of the finest animals now existing in any collection; his mate is no less distinguished; the three cubs born shortly before our visit, all males, were being tended with great care by their mother. The pair of tigers is one of the most celebrated features of the collection. In this principal gallery there is a fine puma, a jaguar, a leopard, and a panther. The "ostrich house" is well provided; and in the "bear's den" we found an *ursus arctus*, *tibetanus*, and an exceedingly fine Polar bear. Next we visited a house for flamingos, ibis, curlews, ruffs, plovers, and rails; also special preserves for the cranes—among which was a *grus antigone* and storks. There is a house for the tapirs, one for the buffalos, and the otter basin. A very large house with extended plat in front, is built for the giraffes, gnus, antelopes, elands, gazelles, kevels, and springbocks; a special hut is for the yak and zebu. Another lake gives free play ground to the seal; near it are housed the lamas, the asses, the mouflons; a *collière* for all sorts of parrots is not wanting. Another artificial mount with a Swiss chalet brings us to the "Chamois Mount," with very fine specimens of chamois, ibex and angoras, with several other reservations containing lesser animals. Forty or more different buildings have been required for the five hundred or more inmates of this Garden.

While we were thus visiting the Garden, the writer taking a few notes, a merry throng moved to and fro through the Garden, where everything which can interest and charm both mind and eyes is so happily united. Our survey ended, we emerged from the shrubberies and intricate walks of the large Park to an open place fronted by a very large and elegant restaurant, where a band of excellent musicians were playing to an assemblage of thousands of Hamburg ladies and gentlemen. The most exemplary order and decorum were universally preserved. F. S.

WARD-BURTON'S MAGAZINE RIFLE.—We received a visit from Mr. Bethel Burton, the inventor of the Ward-Burton Rifle. The rifle shown us was a magazine gun on the bolt system, shooting eighty grains of powder, a perfect beauty, but differs materially from those of other inventors on the same system. The special mark of merit, which is claimed by the inventor, is its simplicity. The rifle is light, strong, serviceable, easily handled, fires with rapidity, and with slight recoil. To give a mechanical description of a rifle in a newspaper article, would be almost impossible; the rifle must be seen, handled and used before a decided opinion can be passed upon it. If Mr. Burton will make all his sporting rifles precisely equal in every respect to the one shown us, we predict it will be especially acceptable to sportsmen. Its shooting qualities cannot be gainsayed, as at Creedmoor in shooting for a prize, five rounds off hand at 200 yards, it made two bull's eyes, two centres and one outer, and in private practice, has made many bull's eyes in succession, at 200 yards. The gun has been tested in Europe, and passed through the trying ordeal of the Board of Ordnance Officers of the United States with the greatest merit as a most efficient arm. The St. Louis Army Board say "the arm is serviceable and cheap, the breech action simple and easily understood; the gun has a low trajectory and slight recoil; any cartridge can be used if of the same calibre as

the rifle; the stock is in one piece, is capable of rapid firing without having but seldom to be cleaned. The gun invented by Bethel Burton, with its details, satisfies all the requirements of a military arm. Besides, it is impossible to blow out the movable breech, which is suited to any calibre. The piece weighs but eight pounds and its penetration is great." Mr. Burton will make any kind of rifle required, any size, bore or weight; the magazine can be shortened to carry any number of cartridges from two to eight.

We propose publishing very shortly a very thorough and exhaustive series of articles on the breech-loading rifles manufactured and in use in the United States. These articles will be furnished to us by the makers themselves, and will be illustrated with numerous cuts. We will thus supply a want, and the subject so treated will undoubtedly be of great interest to our numerous readers at home and abroad.

Sporting News from Abroad.

IN our last review of English sports, we may have spoken somewhat unreservedly in regard to Her Majesty's stag-hounds, and the peculiar character of this chase. The last recorded run by those hounds was, according to our ideas, even less worthy of being called sport than the first one. This time the stag appears to have been let loose from his box in the midst of a mob, his head pointed in the direction the huntsmen wanted him to go, and then a rush was made for him, and he was finally forced to run, by having missiles thrown at him. "Near the top of a hill some ruffian, (a correspondent of the *Field* is our authority), set a greyhound on the stag and drove him into a thick hedge, when another ruffian belabored him with a thick stick." Finally the stag took to an out-house, and very wisely stayed there, and so the hunt ceased. We affirm that this is not sport. The fact of boxing up any animal, and letting him go again, to be chased by men, horses and dogs, must ever remain an anomalous thing in sport, even though that animal be a tiger. To seek the fox in his covert, to beat the gorse to track him in his lair, calls upon both men and dogs to display in every way their hunting instincts, but to select a stag from a park, where he has been pampered, and let him loose, to be followed to the death in the woods or in a lady's greenhouse, is an absurdity, no matter whether the start be at Salt Hill or at Fontainebleau. Men may ride fifty miles after the stag, may break their own necks, or kill their horses, when in pursuit of a boxed up stag, but, as a sport, it is ridiculous, and here in the United States, most people think with us, and in England, conservative as they may be, every year we hear of good sportsmen who decry the Royal Stag-hunt.

—There is an article in one of our English contemporaries, in regard to hunting tigers, which if true, is quite curious. A tiger hunter in India begs that "members of the Civil Service be forbidden from killing tigers," for this reason, that the Civil Service men monopolise all the tigers in their district, and will not allow any other people but Civil officers to shoot them, and that they thus actually preserve tigers for the sole purpose of killing them themselves, and that in this way the tigers, which could be killed by any one and soon be exterminated, were positively allowed to increase for the amusement of a privileged class. It is hard to find out the truth of a charge of this character, for grumbling is an inherent English taste.

—Henry IV., of France, who was a gallant hunter, took once into his service the chevalier d'Andrezzi with his pack of dogs, and made him his Grand Wolf hunter or *Louvetier*. That wolves are still found in France is well known. In the *Chasse Illustrée* of the 22d of last month, we find the following:—"Brittany is a privileged ground for wolves. In this department of France, notwithstanding the attention paid to wolves by Messieurs the Lieutenants of the wolf-exterminators, these animals live, thrive and prosper, and bring up a numerous progeny doubtless with much profit and pleasure to themselves, but certainly to the disadvantage of the neighboring farmers, who are forced to furnish the wolves with their daily repasts. But the time occasionally does come when the farmers get tired of paying for the keep of these hungry rascals. Complaints of depredations pour into the Prefect, who transmits his orders to the wolf killers and to the *agents forestiers*. Battues are arranged, which generally conclude rather disadvantageously for the wolves. The neighborhood of Châteaulin is particularly infested by wolves, and the peasants, aware of the losses they suffer, wage constant war with them. Besides preserving their sheep when anybody kills a wolf, he receives quite a neat amount of money for their destruction, the Council General of Finistère having decided to augment quite largely the reward for wolf killing. Among the most conspicuous wolf slayers is Michael Cornec of Kerjean, who recently killed five wolves, two of them last week. The Marquis de Kerné, an indefatigable hunter, with Lord Douglas du Plessis, wage incessant warfare with these beasts. Nevertheless, they are so abundant, that it seems impossible to exterminate the wolves. We trust that more efficacious measures will be adopted in order to encompass the entire destruction of these animals."

—One morning, says the *Field*, a woodcock alighted at the feet of a cabman on the stand facing the Eyre Arms, St. John's-wood, London. The man threw his hat over it and caught it, and afterwards sold it to a poulterer in Circus-road. It was a very fine bird, in good plumage and condition.

—We notice in *La Chasse Illustrée*, that in the department of Somme (a portion of the old Picardy) a sportsman had killed two Ibis. These birds are rarely found out of Egypt, or at the mouth of the Danube.

—There is every reason to suppose that the British Government will send out this coming spring an Arctic Expedition. An exhaustive memorandum has already been drawn up and submitted to the Council of the Royal Society for their approval, each section of which has been prepared by the most distinguished authorities in England. To the Royal Society the Geographical Society have also given their aid in bringing the matter before the Government, and the Dundee Chamber of Commerce, from commercial reasons have added their influence. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gosehen will be shortly interviewed, and the full importance of Arctic research will be placed before them. It was Mr. Gladstone, who, when he was on the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the occasion of Sir John Ross' proposed expedition to the North Pole, made use of these remarkable words, which are worth recording:—"A public service is rendered to a maritime country, especially in times of peace, by deeds of daring, enterprise, and patient endurance of hardship, which excite the public sympathy and enlist the general feeling in favor of maritime adventure."

THE BALTIMORE OYSTER TRADE.—The panic and the depression in all business of late has had an effect on the Baltimore oyster trade. There are fifty odd packing houses in Baltimore, employing a capital of \$6,000,000, who ship annually fully twenty millions of gallons of oysters. At present the oyster business is so slack that none of the houses are working on full time. The largest house, Kennett & Co., who at this time of the year usually employ fully 500 hands, have now hardly 100 people at work. In busy times no less than 10,000 people open and pack oysters, but to-day 2,500 or 3,000 is about the total count. It seems then that prosperity and the bi-valves go hand in hand in America, and not poverty and oysters, as Sam Weller once remarked.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Malchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Cervus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Ortyx Virginianus.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Bonasa umbellus.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Cupidoria Cupido.</i>)
	All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—Six black foxes have been caught in Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, this fall. These animals are very rare and their skins sell at fabulous prices.

—Old Phin. Teeple, of Preston, Wayne county, Pa., is seventy years old, though remarkably vigorous and looks hardly fifty. Since eleven years of age he has killed 2,985 deer and 438 bears. His favorite hunting ground is in Potter county.

—Many gentlemen complain of the unserviceableness of their decoys. If one is handy with tools he can make those that will give him much better satisfaction than the ones he buys at the stores; but if he can't tell an adze from a jackknife he had better not try it, and by abstaining save his fingers. Here are some directions that may assist the stool-carpenter: Select a clear stiek of timber of cedar or pine, (cedar is the best) about five by seven inches. Cut it in pieces twelve inches long; make a pattern of pasteboard the shape of a duck, viewing it from above. Mark out the pieces of wood by the pattern, and rough them out with a hatchet. Make another pattern of the side view of a duck's head and neck when shortened or drawn in, and mark out some heads on a piece of inch and a half board, so the grain of the wood will come lengthwise of the duck's bill. If a saw mill is near have them sawed out, but if that cannot be done, saw them out by hand with a keyhole saw. Cut a square place in the body of the decoy about three quarters of an inch deep to receive the base of the neck. Fit a neck to each body, and bore a hole lengthwise through the head and neck into the body; make the joint of the neck with glue, and fasten the heads on the decoys by driving a pointed tight fitting piece of wire through the hole already made. By putting the heads on in this manner they are not liable to be easily knocked off. When the heads have been fastened, shave them in form with a draw knife, rasp them off smooth, put the finishing touch on the heads and crook of the necks with a jack-knife, and sand-paper them thoroughly. Buy some white lead, boiled oil, and dry colors, and paint them as near as possible like the ducks that are to be hunted. Old cedar rails are good material for the bodies of decoys. They may be made to look more natural by putting glass eyes in the head, set in holes in plaster. The plaster should be mixed in clean water. When used anchor them from a small staple driven into the fore part of the body, so the ducks will always head to windward, as live ones are in the habit of doing.

—We shall print in our next issue an exhaustive article on the grouse and quail of North America, from the pen of Prof. Robert Ridgeway, of the Smithsonian Institution. This paper will be especially valued by those whom local names and questions of variety have puzzled from time immemorial. Now, with the species fully determined, the nomenclature once fixed ought to be universally adopted throughout America, so that we may know when a partridge is not a quail, and a pheasant not a partridge.

Rational Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

A Foot Ball match took place at New Haven on Saturday last, between eleven old Etonians from Eton School, England, now on a visit to this country, and one chosen from the Foot Ball Club of Yale College. The game was witnessed by a large number of people, and proved to be fully as exciting and interesting as the friends of the players expected. The Yale Eleven practiced hard to perfect themselves for the contest, and were rewarded by coming off the field as victors. The game was played partly according to the English rules and partly according to the American rules adopted at the late Convention, each side making some concessions. Among those made by Yale was one agreeing that there should be no lurking allowed near an opponent's goal. Yale's eleven was chosen from the twenties that have played against the clubs of Rutgers and Princeton colleges this fall. The English eleven was made up of graduates of the famous Eton College. The Eton game is hardly as rough as that played at Rugby, but requires greater skill and more running and dogging. The elevens were composed as follows:—Eton.—G. C. Allen, Lord Norbet, J. W. Balfour, R. M. Keerrell, Earl of Rosebury, E. Chaplin, C. W. Benson, (the famous Cambridge oarsman), E. S. Hansbury, R. Romilly, R. Russell, and H. M. Thompson. Yale.—E. V. Baker, C. Deming, F. L. Grinnell, H. J. McBirney, P. A. Porter, H. O. Bristol, W. S. Halsted, W. O. Henderson, A. Hotchkiss, J. L. Scudder, and T. T. Sherman. We take this from the *Tribune*, our correspondent's letters having been mislaid.—Ed.

The "Main Line" nine of the Pennsylvania Railroad Office, rank high as amateur players. We give the names of the nine for 1874:—B. Taylor, W. DeArmond, A. Robson, E. C. Cox, F. W. Hutchinson, M. Deshong, I. A. Newbern, W. H. Wright and J. Roberts. Tenth man, J. Vanzandt.

At a meeting of the Yonkers Curling Club, held last week, the following officers, representatives and skips were chosen for the approaching season:—Wm. B. Edgar, president; J. S. White, vice-president; Hyatt L. Garrison, secretary and treasurer; E. F. Shonnard representative to the royal Caledonian games; James Stewart, representative to the grand national games; Messrs. Edgar, Wheeler and Stewart, committee on pond; Messrs. Edgar, Stewart, Macfar-White, Shonnard and Frazier, skips.

The three-ball French carom billiard tournament commenced on December 3, in Boston, Mass. The first game was between Peck and Hickey, and was won by the latter by a score of 200 to 174 points. Hickey's highest run was 23 and Peck's 22. The averages were—Hickey, 2½; Peck, 2 1-9. The second game was between Wilson and Dennison, the latter winning by 25 points. The highest runs were—Dennison, 45; Wilson, 26; and the averages—Dennison, 3 4-7; Wilson, 3½. The first game in the evening was between John Hickey and Lou Morris, Jr. The game was won by Hickey, whose highest run was 34 and Morris' 15. The averages were—Hickey, 6½; Morris, 1½. There was an exhibition three-ball game between Albert Garnier and Edward Daniels for 300 points. In the nineteenth inning Garnier, by a run of 84, brought the game to a close. Daniels' highest run was 36. Garnier's average was 15, and Daniels' 7½. They then played a game of 500 points with four balls, Garnier making the 500 to Daniels' 195.

The first competitors on December 4 were—Messrs. Wilson and Lou Morris, Jr. Wilson made the champion run of the tournament, making on his twenty-ninth inning 51 points. Morris' highest run was 37. Wilson won the game by 31 points. His average was 3½ and Morris' 3. Time, 1h. 45m. The next game was between Peck and Pulsifer and was won by Peck by 6 points. Peck's best run was 20 and Pulsifer's 15. Time, 2h. In the evening the first game was between Morris and Dennison, and was won by the former making 200 to Dennison's 190. Morris' highest run was 16; Dennison's, 19. Morris' average, 3; Dennison's, 2½. Time, 2h. Hickey and Pulsifer played the next game, the former winning by 101 points. Hickey's average, 5; Pulsifer's, 2 2-5. Hickey's highest run, 32. Time, 1h. 15m.

The billiard tournament was decided on December 6th. There have been 14 regular games, all the contestants having twice played with each other, except Peck and Wilson, and they commenced the game for the prizes. Wilson won by 20 points. Wilson's average was 2½; Peck's, 2½. The time of the game was two hours and ten minutes. Wilson then played the tie game with Dennison, which resulted in Dennison winning. Thus it will be seen that Mr. John Hickey wins the silver cup, \$250 and the championship, Mr. Frank Dennison the table that has been played upon through the tournament and Mr. Wilson \$250 in cash.

Messrs. Garnier, Joseph and Cyrille Dion paid a visit to Philadelphia last week, understanding that the benefit to Mr. Plunkett was then to take place. Owing to some mistake, no exhibition had been announced. The New York players visited Mr. Plunkett's saloon, and afterwards, at Mr. Palmer's room, a game of one hundred points, French caroms, was played between Garnier and Joseph Dion, the former winning. The Professor afterwards, at Mr. Palmer's desire, exhibited his celebrated fancy shots.

The championship match at the three-ball French carom game, between Albert Carnier and Cyrille Dion, took place on Tuesday of last week at Tammany Hall, 14th street. The game was won by Albert Garnier by a score of 600 to Cyrille Dion's 480. Garnier averaged 10. Dion, 8

8-59. Garnier's best run was 68. Dion's, 61. The game was played on a 10x5 Callender bevel table. Garnier is still the champion and retains the diamond cue.

A meeting will be held at the Astor House, N. Y., on December 17th, for the purpose of reorganizing the National Association of Amateur Base Ballplayers.

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Enclosed please find an extended report of the games played by the Oneida Base-ball Club of Orange, N. J., one of the leading amateur organizations in the country, together with the averages of its members: B. C. H.

RECORD OF THE ONEIDA BASE-BALL CLUB FOR 1873.

Total number of games played.....	19
Victories.....	13
Defeats.....	5
Ties.....	1
Forfeits.....	1

VICTORIES,		
Date.	Club.	Score.
June 28.....	Oneida vs. Active, New York.....	21 to 8
July 4.....	" vs. Nassau, Brooklyn.....	24 to 11
July 16.....	" vs. Union, Newark.....	24 to 11
July 19.....	" vs. Arlington, New York.....	24 to 11
August 2.....	" vs. Staten Island, New York.....	33 to 25
August 4.....	" vs. Silver Star, New York.....	21 to 20
August 15.....	" vs. Franklin, Rahway.....	9 to 0
August 19.....	" v4. Union, Newark.....	11 to 10
August 23.....	" vs. Staten Island, New York.....	22 to 13
August 27.....	" vs. Alpha, Roseville.....	18 to 13
August 29.....	" vs. Empire, New Brunswick.....	30 to 4
September 6.....	" vs. Nameless, Brooklyn (6 innings).....	34 to 7
September 18.....	" vs. Union, Newark (5 innings).....	4 to 2
October 11.....	" vs. Nassau, Brooklyn.....	4 to 2
Total.....		279 to 139

DEFEATS.		
Date.	Club.	Score.
August 25.....	Oneida vs. Chelsea, Brooklyn.....	7 to 17
August 30.....	" vs. Nassau, Brooklyn.....	11 to 21
September 1.....	" vs. Silver Star, New York.....	9 to 13
September 9.....	" vs. Chelsea, Brooklyn.....	10 to 15
September 27.....	" vs. Alpha, Roseville.....	6 to 13
Total.....		43 to 81

TIE.		
Date.	Club.	Score.
August 9.....	Oneida vs. Staten Island.....	15 to 15
Total.....		15 to 15

Whole number runs—337 to 235.

AVERAGE OF EACH PLAYER.

NAME.	Average runs.	Average base hits.	Average runs.	Average base hits.	Average runs.	Average base hits.	No. of Times Assisting.
C. Smith, 2d b.....	19 3.3	1.9	1.5	54	2.8	23	23
Willis, 1st b. and s. s.....	18 3.4	1.6	2.1	75	4.1	15	15
Sanger, c. and r. f.....	17 3.2	2.2	1.8	47	2.7	10	10
H. Beach, p. and s. s.....	17 3.1	2.5	2.2	54	3.1	57	57
Williams, l. f.....	16 2.2	2.5	2.8	30	1.9	7	7
W. Smith, c. and 3d b.....	15 2.8	1.8	2.2	36	2.3	16	16
Robertson, p.....	15 3.2	1.8	1.5	7	2.8	40	40
Lighthipe, r. f.....	11 2.8	2.3	2.1	7	1.6	1	1
Platt, 3d b.....	17 2.5	1.7	1.4	12	1.7	23	23
D. Irving, c. f. and r. f.....	6 3.	1.9	.8	4	.6	0	0
Fancher, 1st b.....	5 4.	1.2	1.4	50	10.	4	4
A. Irving, l. f.....	5 3.5	1.6	1.	4	.3	0	0
F. Smith, 1st b. and c. f.....	4 2.5	1.7	.6	10	2.5	0	0
McGall, 1st b.....	4 3.7	1.3	1.5	47	11.7	0	0
Persch, r. f.....	4 2.	2.	.6	0	0	0	0
Harrison, 1st b.....	3 4.	.6	1.	35	11.6	1	1
Woods, c.....	1 2.	0	2.	8	8	2	2
Bingham, c.....	1 1.	1.	1.	1	1.	1	1
F. Beach, r. f.....	1 2.	1.	0	0	0	0	0
O. Smith, r. f.....	1 2.	1.	0	0	0	0	0

The Philadelphia Base Ball Club held its annual meeting last week. Ninety-two out of one hundred shares of stock were represented. After some discussion on finance, a dividend of twenty-five dollars per share or one hundred per cent., was ordered to be paid to the shareholders. The annual election for officers was then held with the following result:—President, George W. Young; five vice-presidents; Treasurer, James McColgan; Recording Secretary, Charles H. Tisdall; Corresponding Secretary, David L. Reid. William C. Dillingham and Francis McBride were elected to fill the Board of Directors.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLST'N
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Dec. 11.....	5 37	1 47	1 0
Dec. 12.....	6 36	2 33	1 37
Dec. 13.....	7 23	3 22	2 36
Dec. 14.....	8 13	4 8	3 23
Dec. 15.....	9 3	4 57	4 13
Dec. 16.....	9 52	5 48	5 3
Dec. 17.....	10 43	6 38	5 52

The yacht Meta, owned by G. A. Beling of the B. Y. C., and built by P. McGeehan of Pamrappo, is to be altered to a schooner this winter. The Meta has made some brilliant performances the last season. We only trust she may meet with the same success as a schooner. Altering perfection seems to be rather risky, to say the least of it. *Nous verrons.*

In a letter from our valued correspondent, in Detroit, on boating matters, he says: "I have been very busily engaged during the past month in attending to the arrangements for a course of lectures and entertainments which the Excelsior Boat Club of this city is giving to our citizens this winter, but will forward to you without delay the record of boating and yachting in our waters for the season.

The members and friends of the Bayonne Yacht Club will meet together on the evening of the 23d, when the president will present to the successful yacht owners the handsome prizes won during the Autumn Regatta.

Commodore Stanton Whitney, of the Eastern Yacht Club, is acting as referee in the Meta-Vision discussion, and will send to the owners of the yachts in a few days his final decision.

Invitations are out for the first annual ball of the Washington D. C. Yacht Club, which will be given at Masonic Temple, Monday evening, Dec. 15.

The Bayonne Yacht Club held a special meeting to take into consideration the propriety of joining the confederation and amalgamating with the New Jersey Yacht Clubs. Messrs. C. C. Hough, George A. Beling, T. D. Harrison, and Joseph Ellsworth were selected as a committee to meet similar committees from the New Jersey Yacht Clubs to confer together and discuss this important matter. This combination would make a strong organization and would doubtless add material strength to the yachting interest.

The Crescent Boating Club of Philadelphia closed the season last week on the Schuylkill. We take pleasure in complimenting the Crescent Club for continuing their favorite pastime so long into the fall of the year and trust to hear good accounts from them next spring. The first race was in four-oared shells from the Girard avenue bridge to the steamboat landing at Fairmount. The boats were manned as follows: Crescent, E. A. Thompson, stroke; C. D. Tatman, second; H. F. Witmer, third; W. Barnhurst, bow. Chamounix, C. E. Steel, stroke; A. Spering, second; H. K. Hinchman, third; T. B. Harper, bow. The race, which was marked by a foul and an accident, was considered as won by the Crescent, they having the lead by about three quarters of a boat length. The second race was between four single shells, all of the same club, and was the best contested of the series, resulting as follows: First, H. F. Witmer; second, T. B. Harper; third, C. E. Steel; fourth, George Milliken. The third and last race was between the two double shells—Owlet, stroke, H. F. Witmer, bow, George Milliken, and the M. K. S., stroke, C. E. Steel, bow, T. B. Harper, and resulted in a victory for the former.

The following men have been selected to make up the Freshman boat-crew:—W. S. M. Ryder and C. S. Ryder, of Sing Sing, New York; J. S. S. Tidd, of Westboro'; W. O. Weeden, of Providence, R. I.; A. M. Chadwick, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont; F. E. Sibley, of Warren; and J. A. Sanders, of Jaffna, Ceylon. These men will practice during the winter at the Gymnasium.

At a meeting of the Boating Association held after rhetoricals on the 19th, F. W. Whitridge of the Senior class, and H. S. Knight of the Junior class were elected delegates to the Boating Convention to be held this fall.—*Amherst Student*, Dec. 6.

The new yacht La Belle, recently added to the Jersey City Yacht Club, is thirty feet long, and was built by Wm. Force for Col. Rucker, who is a member of that club.

[We have received this rollicking sketch of a jolly yachtsman which he entitles "Yachting Reminiscences." It describes the pleasures of a cruise to Martha's Vineyard, the perusal of which we doubt not will be enjoyed with zest by many a one who has been there.]

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The announcement of the annual cruise of your club! What a host of pleasant memories associate themselves with those words! What brushing up of uniforms, and burnishing of gilt on cap and coat, with the view of sundry bright eyes "down east" along the coast to be pleased. Don't deny it, my brave skipper, that half the pleasure of the yacht trip, and being a member of "the club," is in the jaunty uniform and the many conquests made on the "annual trip." To the landsman, who at that season, is looked upon with as much commiseration as the "cit" is at West Point in the camping season, these moments of excitement and anticipation are unknown. The yachts must be "hauled out," the stores be hauled in; ah! what hidden mysteries are in these same "stores." The boxes, bundles, packages, cans, barrels, so accumulate, till the mind scarce comprehends where on the little vessel the steward finds the room for them all, but he does, and let the vessel "roll out" ever so much, not a glass jingles, nor a bottle breaks. See the boxes with the mysterious "P" or "Q" on each end, branded "mum;" well, all the "boys" manage to keep "mum" until fairly under weigh, then the fusilade commences, and "dead marines" mark our track.

Lucky the yacht owners on such an occasion; lucky too those who are on terms of intimacy sufficient to secure them the invitation to go with them. There is nothing promising and realizing so much pleasure as the two weeks secured for the trip. Ready for the start and the rendezvous, the very yachts themselves seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion and plunge along careering, filling away, and jauntily throwing the spray with a saucy, "catch me if you can" manner. If the wind is good, what rivalry there is, what "hauling aft," and "trimming down," and the passing of a rival if possible to windward is a moment of proud and serene satisfaction.

One word as to the sailing of the yacht. Now don't be alarmed, I am not going into a long disquisition of technical terms, nor do I intend to discuss of the midship section, the run, the water line, the hips, knees, overhang, &c. I am a "devoted yachtsman" it is true, but it is in my devotion for the blue water and the white caps, the gentle, easy roll of old Neptune, and the bold, gallant dash of the vessel "on the wind," with everything drawing, or at night with everything furled and safely anchored in some quiet, land-locked and hill-girted harbor, to be lulled asleep by the gentle rippling gurgle of the water outside; to wake in the early morning with everything so quiet, fresh and clear, to take the health-inspiring plunge off the rail, which by the way is the best remedy I ever saw for a "don't-feel-very-well-this-morning" condition. It is for all these that I am a devoted yachtsman.

But I was going to say a word on the sailing of the yacht, and it is just this, that in nine times out of ten as much if not more depends upon the crew and sailing master than

upon the fine lines and mathematical calculations of the theoretical modeller. Give me an ordinary fishing smack, or working boat with a tolerable reputation for speed and such a crew as the jolly and gentlemanly Ellsworth's and their comrades, and I will take her against any crack crew, manned with such a crew as I have seen on some yachts, working only for their monthly stipend, and will take hold of the sheet of a flying jib as if it were a thousand ton brig they were working. Give me a crew who will jump, and have their hearts in it, against such a crew as I have named, and your fine theories vanish in the wake of your vessel, and the smack is home ahead, and I would win my wager. Is it not so? Much of the success and pleasure of the cruise depends in a great measure upon your selecting a sailing master and crew, and I imagine that the owner of the peerless "Sapho" paid as much attention to these points and more perhaps than to useless and imaginary calculations as to the hull. Of course I do not ignore proper attention as to the model and lines of hull, but look to your sails, rigging, crew and sailing master.

But I leave these points to some one better qualified than I am, feeling that my view will find assent, and let us go over in imagination some of our cruising recollections.

What a glorious cruising ground for a summer trip is the Long Island Sound, seemed formed by nature for such a purpose, with its merry anchoring grounds and safe harbors at just convenient distances. Who will not remember the beautiful harbor of New London, so long a favorite anchoring ground for eastern going yachts, with the dreadfully stiff and formal "Pequot House," so aristocratic, and as a sequence, cold, though "us boys" use to wake up the echoes of the gloomy bar-room, down below stairs, with our songs in a manner that must have surprised the stately occupants of the dignified mansion. I think we were all rather glad to get on the more free and fuller fun of Newport, which place although as aristocratic still was more cosmopolitan.

But the culmination of fun was reached when we arrived at Martha's Vineyard, with its pretty girls, its lovely walks, and oh! that bluff. Those who have "been there" will sigh when they recall the place of vows and declarations made to Martha, Jane or Hetty. "Can I trust you? You yachting man are so hard to understand." Ten to one the girl with her New England cuteness was getting the best of it and laughed after you were gone, and looked out for the next yacht. "Oh, Josie, there's a gun, it must be a yacht. Perhaps George has come back any way. I hope there are some handsome fellows on board." They arrive and soon Josie and George are walking together, and the campaign commences. The season of 1869 was an exciting one. We had with us on the cruise the English yacht "Camilia," and her well known owner, Mr. Ashbury. Before the Camilia arrived at Oak Bluffs, at the Vineyard, I think the day before, there was a jolly party of yachtsmen assembled at the Vineyard, among them Dr. Sayres, of New York, jolly, fat and up to anything in the shape of fun. I hope he will excuse me for using his name. He was arrayed in a red waistcoat under his yachting jacket, and looked decidedly British. The thought struck us to pass him off as the owner of the Camilia. So he assumed the English in accent and style; we addressed him as Commodore Ashbury, and soon all around were paying him attention. We entered one of those saloons where everything to eat and nothing to drink was the bill of fare, but what you did get was so good. "Commodore," said one of the party, "try an American dish;" handing him some pork and beans. "Eh, what's that; really, ah; a queer kind of food; I never eat them, you know, at 'ome; ugh! beastly; possible you can eat such food 'ere? 'ardly fit for the dogs. 'an'lord, 'ave you chops?" &c., &c. It was laughable to see the attention that "lan'lord" paid him. With a hundred eyes looking through the window, and the serious and lordly manner with which the Dr. played his part, it was all we could do to restrain ourselves; but the climax was reached when the landlord's daughter went into the adjoining room and from a wheezy, camp-meeting melodicon commenced to dole out "God save the Queen." Even the Dr. himself could contain himself no longer, and all exploded simultaneously in a peal of laughter, the landlord adding fuel to our merriment by saying in disgust that we "were a trifflin' lot of city nobodies;" and when we paid our bill by saying he "knew we were foolin' all the time."

The next day came the real Ashbury, and we soon initiated him into the mysteries of the camp meeting, for as the evening shades began to fall he was walking, tall, erect and stately, with a New England lass on either arm, seemingly delighted with the American style of camp meeting, and Oak Bluff in particular.

But a short sail from the camp meeting grounds, is New Bedford, that city of oil, piety and pretty girls. Here too was a great spot for the "boys," when ashore. There was one feature, though; you could not buy a drink for love or money, and this was upon some occasions rather an objection. I case of sickness it could be had at the drug store. Fortunately we had two doctors with us who gave us each the required prescription for brandy and water; in fact gave us two or three apiece, which we of course used. After having gone to the drug store two or three times each, the worthy druggist "smelt a nice," and broke out, "you are the healthiest lot of sick men I ever saw; this is played out; you get no more from me, doctor's writing or not."

Following the sailors motto while we were sailors, "a sweetheart in every port," we were soon in full and platonic acquaintance here with the fair lassies, much to the annoyance of their more sedate country lovers. But all these pleasures like everything else must have an end, and

when the orders came for breaking up the cruise, we point our bows westward, healthier, wiser and better men for the trip, having the fall regatta to look forward to, of which more anon.

The run up the Sound to New York is but a repetition of the sail eastward, with the difference that going east we were full of anticipation, now we are satisfied with its realization, settled in our minds that in yachting at least the realization is fuller of enjoyment than the anticipation.

E. M.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

Pompano.	SOUTHERN WATERS.	Sheepshead.
Snapper.	Trout, (Black Bass.)	Tailorfish.
Grouper.	Drum, (two species.)	Sea Bass.
Rockfish.	Kingfish.	
	Striped Bass, Rockfish.	

—The Grayling of Michigan, must be a remarkable fish. We thought we were tolerably well informed of its times, seasons and habits, but confess ourselves puzzled to determine our precise bearings when we read the following extract of a letter from Mr. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, the true discoverer of this splendid game fish. He writes early in November, as follows: "My last day's fishing was in a furious snow storm, with six inches of snow on the ground. The Grayling rose like mad, and I only stopped fishing for the reason that enough had been caught." We don't know which to admire most, the pluck of the fisherman or the determination of the fish. The Grayling is a late spawner, and is in season long after the catching of trout is tabooed. It is taken from May until November. Of its game qualities there can be no question. It is an opponent even more determined than the trout. For the table it is superior. One of these days Grayling fishing will be all the rage for those anglers who desire a new experience. The favorite streams in Michigan are the Au Sable, Hersey, Muskigon, Manistee, and Au Gres.

—The Baroness Burdett Coutts has offered a prize of £10 for the best essay "on preventing nets from rotting," and another prize of the same amount for the best way of killing fish, such as of the basking shark, sun-fish, &c. These subjects are now open for competition throughout Ireland. The Prize essays to be printed and published with the author's name, at the expense of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

—The Fish Association of Salt Lake, Utah, has bought twenty-two acres of land for their operations. There is a cold spring, with a discharge of about 500 gallons per minute, which furnishes water for the ponds. The trout are of the black speckled variety found in the streams upon both sides of the mountains, and their habits, as learned at their establishment, show them to be a distinct variety. While our *Fontinalis* spawn in November, and in the wild brooks are generally through in a month, these do not commence spawning until the last of April. While ours require from forty to seventy days to hatch, these hatch in fourteen days. The eggs also are smaller. The stock trout, about 250 in number were taken from Weber river about two years ago, and will weigh from one to three pounds. They are not equal to the *Fontinalis* in flavor. The common price is twenty cents a pound at retail.

—Formerly no market was so well supplied with fish as that of the Golden Gate; to-day the *San Francisco Bulletin* complains of a decline not only in quantity but quality of fish. The *Bulletin* says that fish are now almost as dear on the Pacific coast as they are on the Atlantic. Only the unsavory sturgeon seems to hold its own defiantly and multiply in the muddy sloughs. The belief has been expressed that the sea lions are principally responsible for the depopulation of the waters, but those who are acquainted with the habits of these animals assert that such is not the case, and very plainly too, for the monsters were doubtless quite as numerous and as voracious a score of years, or a century ago, as at the present time. Another explanation which is now given is the ravages which the Chinese are making upon the young fish. Hundreds of these assumed depredators of every blessing are employed constantly in catching the young fish, including every species in the bay, just developed from the ova, in which work they employ fine nets, scoops, and other effective methods. This material is esteemed a prime delicacy among the heathen, large quantities being consumed in the city, and the business of preserving the young fish and shipping them to China has become an important enterprise. Thousands of young salmon, from two to four inches in length, may be found among the large supplies brought in daily to the fish shops in the Chinese quarters, and this is undoubtedly the true explanation of the alarming decline in the quantities of the best fish. This process continued for a few years will render salmon and other favorite species a rarity in these waters, and some enactment seems to be called for to afford protection from this particular encroachment of the Chinese scourge.

—The St. Lawrence fishing fleet have all returned to Gloucester, Mass., closing the mackerel business for the year. One hundred and seventy-five barrels were sold on Monday at \$13.75 for No. 1. About 100,000 pounds of codfish were brought in, some of which brought \$5.25 per quintal. The herring fishing is about to begin, and about twenty vessels have already started for the Grand Menan and Newfoundland fisheries.

—*Land and Water* tells of a salmon weighing fifty-one and a half pounds, caught lately at Lennel Haugh, in the Tweed.

—A correspondent of the *Cultivator*, writing from Salt Lake, says:—

in Bear lake, in the northern part of this valley, there is a red fleshed lake trout, which is said to be very fine. Mr. Rockwood hatched about 200 eggs his first season, and 10,000 the present spring. He had secured some eggs of the *Fontinalis* from the East, and about 600 of them had hatched and were doing well. He has lost very few of his parent fish, and he has the prospect of a large supply of spawn next spring. He had received from Prof. Baird about 6,000 shad fry from the East, which were planted in Jordan river in July. The attempt to raise shad in this stream, which flows into Salt lake, but has no communication with the sea, is an experiment of great interest to all fish culturists. They will have access to salt water in the lake, but the brine is so strong that hitherto no fish has been found in its waters. The mouth of the Jordan is a large bay of brackish water, which is said to abound in fish. Will the shad find here its favorite food, and deposit its spawn in the upper waters of Jordan? No one is well enough acquainted with the habits of the fish to tell the result.

Art and Drama.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

BY T. B. THORPE.

ON Wednesday evening there was an unusual excitement among our habitual playgoers. There was to be inaugurated the New Fifth Avenue Theatre, a building that had been in its course of construction most frequently heralded by the press as promising to be in all its appointments the unrivalled playhouse of the metropolis. That the occasion might have a real novelty, it was advertised that Oliver Wendell Holmes was to speak a prologue, and then was to follow a new play in five acts, written especially for the initiation, by Mr. James Alberry, of London. Certainly here was material for a legitimate flutter. Tickets were of course at a premium. The ladies who were fortunate in having the entrée under the protection of gallant gentlemen were in ecstasies. They were thus charmingly excited by the fact of a "first view;" the prospect of that keen enjoyment so peculiar to a fashionable "opening," all the same, whether it consists in the display of the latest fashions, or the dedication of a costly dramatic temple. We were not excited. Some weeks ago there was "dedicated" the Lyceum Theatre, under favorable circumstances; its location and interior would be found quite faultless, but we inquired, after the manner of the prophet in the wilderness, what demand is there for this new place of amusement—what novelty has the management to offer the public? and the experience of the first night's exhibition answered, "There is no demand." There was not even a full house; there was no curiosity excited regarding its primal history or its future fortunes, and after a fitful struggle for recognition it put out its feverish lights, and cold and repulsive, stood a monument of the folly of attempting to make architecture, upholstery, and scenic display take the place of "holding the mirror up to Nature." Men and women testified by this proper indifference that they desired to have their hearts warmed and their souls inspired, and did not want all the stage cunning simply addressed to the eye. They want, if possible, to have the deep fountains of their nature disturbed—feel emotions which reach the affections and the passions; seduced, indeed, into a mimic world, where they can realize the strange fascination that comes from living for the hour in others' woes, or enjoying others' ecstatic delights.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre is unquestionably a marvel of construction and internal adornment. It looks, indeed, as if it were a reception room of some wealthy Croesus, where alone could enter the children of fortune, and where the public, through the common medium of a purchased ticket, could have no part. The frescoes are entitled to the claim of works of art; the taste displayed in the choice of the prevailing colors being faultless. Where draperies are demanded, or can be used simply for adornment, you find the choicest crimson silks. Costly mirrors multiply the illumination and the audience into one interminable, fascinating maze. How "sweet" lisp the ladies; how "appropriate" to our habitual surroundings think the gentlemen; how superior to the severity of the theatres of the unhappy Greeks—those poor benighted souls of Athenia; and the miserable French, who for more than a decade awhile ago were satisfied with "Rachael" and plays that never changed the scene throughout five long acts; how in advance in refinement and luxuries is this metropolis of the western world write the astute Bohemians.

We do not deny that we have money to buy, and taste to bring together, material things that are splendid beyond comparison. But how stands the wealth of the mind? The great Elizabeth, of England, was compelled for want of something better, to have the floors of her palaces covered with rushes, and the theatres of her day were barns compared with the "Fifth Avenue;" yet she had Shakspeare for a playwright, and actors the record of whose powers remain bright after a lapse of nearly three centuries. Why did not Mr. Daly, with his superior advantages, order along with his frescoes and gilding a prologue, for instance, which was as good intellectually as his tapestries are splendid in color and material? and then conclude his ambitious work by procuring a play that was equal in all particulars to the general perfection of his comely house?

That it is possible to get a prologue written that is passable by comparison with the most commonplace of Goldsmith's time, we doubt. Garrick, Sam. Johnson, and their contemporaries, could rattle off felicitously a yard or two of

such jingling rhyme at a moment's notice, and a play in their day without such an introduction would have been an anomaly. The idea of reviving the quaint custom was respectful to tradition, but what a failure Mr. Holmes made of it. His home being in Boston, he has never had much to do with theatres; the inelastic blood of his ancestors chills his muse when he touches upon the stage. Finding no natural inspiration in the subject he sings only of the bricks and mortar, and their hangings and their white wash. Of the object of the building he seems oblivious. The fact that it was erected for the purpose of dramatic representations is never alluded to, and the only theatrical characters that flash across "his fine fancy rolling" are the dramatic abortions of "Dundreary," "Jack Sheppard," "Dick Turpin," and "Robert Macaire." We hardly think it possible that the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has not heard of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," yet very clever men live in New York who have not heard of Milk street and the old South Church. Ignorance of celebrities is not, therefore, unpardonable.

That the prologue was pronounced heavy in advance Mr. Daly admitted by dividing it up between Miss Morant and Mr. Frank Hardenburg. It was given to the audience piecemeal—when Fanny Morant got fatigued with it she retired, and subsequently Mr. Hardenburg, of good physical strength, completed the task. One criticism serious is, that Mr. Daly might have found in the united literary ability of the empire city—a city in which the drama is at home—some one who could have worthily written the prologue. We think William Cullen Bryant would have done tolerably well, and we are sure that "Robert Macaire" and "Dick Turpin" would not have been by him mentioned to ears polite, that habitually wait upon the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

After the prologue—opening with a startling misquotation from Shakspeare—reading thus,

Hang out our banners on the stately town,
then followed the play, which, we were so carefully informed, "was written in London especially for this theatre," and certainly before the first act was ended it was apparent that the foul atmosphere of the modern Babylon had befogged the author's brain so that he could see nothing clearly, while, what must be a natural defect of his mind, he had no idea of a possibly perfect play. "Fortune" appears to be without any story; an objective point, if anything is apparent more than another, is that the author was endeavoring to copy some conceived models, and by this servility has produced nothing of his own that is meritorious, and nothing of his ideal that is not weak and unsatisfactory. The consequence was that the most critical of the audience left the house at the end of the third act, which ended just sixty minutes before church yards are said to yawn.

Mistakes are often made by managers—they are unavoidable; but we have never known one so glaring as the acceptance of "Fortune." Put upon the stage with all the care and good taste that have always distinguished Mr. Daly's efforts in that direction—the scenery perfect, the furniture rich and costly, the dresses all that lavish expenditure and the best judgment could accomplish, and carried on under the blinding excitement of a first opening, the whole thing, from the stage point of view, as a play was a miserable failure, and we regret it. That "Fortune" will run a brief career we have no doubt. The novelty of a visit to the house will for a time command an audience.

Now comes this question from earnest friends of the legitimate drama (the friends of the "illegitimate" are not in this question worth noticing), Cannot Mr. Daly get some really good plays, or must he fall back upon the proposition that with all of his splendid material resources and fine stock company he can present with success only plays that are founded upon suggestive adultery and the excitements of divorce?

—Monday night was memorable for what might be termed a grand theatrical attack along the whole line. Wallack's Theatre, as usual, presented a specimen of the best line of comedies, the new selection being Robertson's "Home." The name is charming, and suggests quiet happiness, yet enough to enlist the feelings for an evening's refined entertainment. The presentation on the stage is tasteful and complete, yet not overpowering. We never lose sight of the actors by the glare of the surroundings.

—The Union Square has brought out a new piece, called "Led Astray." So far as the scenery, the upholstery, dresses, and the actors are concerned it reflects the highest credit upon the management, and it is quite useless to say that a full and enthusiastic house greeted the first presentation, as has at every subsequent performance. We confess our regret, most often repeated, that subjects for dramatic interest are not found other than "social immorality" for the basis of interest, as the name of this play ominously suggests. All unhappy women must be "led astray" before they become new or old Magdalens. We respect the delicate manner with which Mr. Boucicault approaches the natural denouement of something "more objectionable" in his next "legitimate play."

—At Niblo's a crowded house greeted the Christmas extravaganza of "Babes in the Wood," which play afforded the public the pleasure of seeing the incomparable Vokes family somewhat different from their usual role. In addition, was the appearance of Mlle. Bonfanti, after an absence from Niblo's of nearly four years. The "Babes in the Wood" will undoubtedly be popular, and it should be. The scenery is remarkable, of course, for its splendid effect, and the ballet is toned down until it is unexceptionable. If we are not mistaken, the little folks will take entire possession of the matinees.

—At the Fifth Avenue Theatre we have "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

—Our permanent citizens and the world of visitors which make up our winter population can find no fault in the variety and perfection of our amusements.

CINCINNATI, December 6, 1873.

The heavy rains during the first part of the week were an effectual damper on large audiences, but in the last three days the houses were very full.

ROBINSON'S OPERA HOUSE.

Sothorn's second week here has been quite as successful as his first week. "Sam" was given on Monday and Tuesday. Although "Sam" is not the counterpart of his brother "Dundreary," Mr. Sothorn makes the two so much alike that "Sam" is only a sequel to it. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he gave "David Garrick." It was not appreciated by either the public or press as it was thought it would be. Mr. Sothorn's fame in this one piece seems to have been gained solely through the medium of the press. December 8th, Miss Charlotte Leclercq.

WOOD'S THEATRE.

The second week of the "claw-hammer adultery drama," as an old actor calls them, has been attended by large audiences throughout their stay. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday "Article 47" was given. The piece was superbly mounted throughout, as was all the other plays that were produced. The remainder of the week "Alix," the pretty little French "society" drama, was given. We think this piece, with the exception of "Fernande," to be the most interesting of the kind that it has been our pleasure to witness. December 8, Mrs. Chanfrau.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Monday, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh delivered a lecture on "An Englishman's View of the Irish Question." It was attended with an audience composed of the elite of literature of this city.

MOZART HALL.

MacEvoy's Hibernicon was here all this week. It was a treat for the Irish population. December 8th, Sharpley's Minstrels. W. L.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

CHRISTMAS TIMES AND GIFTS.

The Holyday season, the days of good wishes and cheerful congratulations are drawing near. The natal day of our Saviour, with all its blessed memories will soon be here. Christmas has its sweet and pleasant wishes, its days of presents, of gifts and good wishes. At the approach of this anniversary of the day when a Saviour was born, it is quite appropriate to celebrate it in a fitting manner, a day replete with all the old time-honored associations and thrilling memories of that hour when the morning stars "sang together for joy," and that great announcement of "peace and good will to men" was proclaimed. Aside from a commemorative festival, the 25th of December has long been considered as a day for the "giving of gifts," and exchange of "good wishes of many happy returns." Among the many appropriate presents for the occasion we place books, as fitting and always acceptable remembrances of the pleasant season. And our friends have before them a very ample stock of books for the season from which to choose "a gift for a friend." In all their rich and elegant variety, our Boston publishing houses place, in blue and gold, upon their counters, the histories of many climes; Osgood & Co. present to us their numerous treasures of the land of the Tropics, with their wonderful adventures. The student and the clergyman, the man of leisure, and the man of letters, of course will give them an hour's call. Paterfamilias will here buy the literary treasures that will gladden so many young hearts and make the eyes of so many little girls and boys sparkle with joy.

Nor are Hund & Houghton of Riverside to be forgotten. Here you will find those interesting "Wonder Stories," by Hans Christian Anderson, and many others very desirable.

BOOKS.

AGAINST THE STREAM. By the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd & Mead. 589 pages.

This is a most charming story of the heroic age in England. Every one knows who has read the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," that the author is not only a pleasant but an amusing and instructive writer. After wading through the debris of many yellow covers, and tossing others of no great merit out of the way, we can truly say it is refreshing to take up a work like this one entitled "Against the Stream." We find ourself in another and a better atmosphere. We love to dwell upon those developing traits that portray the outbursts of a noble nature, chastened and refined by fixed conscientious principles of right and wrong. The progress of such a nature, the noble strife of such a life is here unfolded before us, and the reading of such a work cannot be other than beneficial to all, young and old, into whose hands it may fall. We can most frankly say that although it does not claim to be a religious novel, there is more of the spirit of the truly grand elements of the living gospel of love than we find in many labored memoirs and doctrinal books of the day. Librarians in search of true, good, reformatory books for the circulating or sabbath-school library, should not pass this by, but place it on the shelf of the school-room as one of the best books of the day. A thorough and careful perusal of this book can do no harm either to pastor or people. No mere criticism we might give of this will be so good as a careful study of it.

FANNY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT: By Joanna H. Matthews, author of the "Bessie Books." New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

This is a neat holiday book, and one that may with safety be placed in any library for our young folks. Fanny's birthday is introduced to us in this quaint form: Fanny "is standing at the foot of the back stairs in her father's house, looking up at the ponderous figure which was slowly making its way downwards. A pleasant voice it was that spoke, a bright young face that was raised; and dearly old black Becky loved both one and the other." Our readers will find this equal to the best of "Bessie's Books." It well sustains the character of a pleasant miscellany of stories for the young. Its contents are as follows, and the stories are deeply interesting and vigorous: The cold chicken; Harold's dilemma; Jenny's hopes; In the nursery; Fanny's sacrifice; Jenny's home; Granpapa's offer; Peanuts and a sermon; The birthday; When she won't, she won't; The storm; An escape; Who wins?

BY AND BY. An Historical Novel of the Future. By Edward Maitland. 12mo. 460 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

All readers of a work published not long since under the title of the "The Pilgrims and the Shrine," will at once see that "By and By" is one of that same school of philosophical novels, handling the plain the knots, abstruse and profound questions of the day. The author's preface sets forth the idea in these words:

It is an attempt to depict the condition of the world at a time when our own country (England) at least shall have made such advance in the solution of the problems which harrass the present, and shall be so far relieved of all disabling artifices, social, political and religious, that individuals will be able without penalty or reproach to fashion their own preferences, the sole external limitation being that imposed by the law of equal liberty for all. "By and By" presents a state of society in which the institutions are promoted to their proper supremacy over tradition and convention.

This last remark will not come up fully to the standard of some of our orthodox christians. Here is a fault we are sorry to see mar so good a work as the one before us. Ignoring entirely "tradition" and "convention," the work possesses an interest not often found in works of this kind.

THE ST. NICHOLAS for December. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s new Magazine.

To give faint praise to this deservedly valuable addition to periodical literature of this peculiar class (reading for the young), would be to do an injustice to St. Nicholas, which we by no means intend. We were pleased with the first number. It is quite difficult, we know, to make a magazine for children acceptable in all its departments, from the fact that the articles prepared for the same are designed, not for youth alone, but for many younger readers. So far as we have examined this last candidate for public favor, we can say it meets the wants of our "little folks" as well as our "young folks." Children always like the real better than the ideal. "Now, is that true?" said quite a little girl to me after listening very attentively to a story in the "St. Nicholas." "Yes," I replied, "that is all true; but why do you ask? Do you not like stories?" "Yes, I like true stories, not make believe ones. If the stories in the "St. Nicholas" are true, papa will take it for me; he said he would."

Our observations upon the success or non-success of juvenile magazines only strengthens our opinion that we sometimes do an injustice to our readers, by placing before them too much of the unreal and fictitious. Children do not like to be treated always as children, even in their magazines. They are at quite an early age capable of forming an opinion for themselves. Said a bright little girl of eleven years: "I want to take 'Olivia Optic's Magazine,' not 'Little Tales for Little Girls.'" And this young miss also liked to read neat stories. To edit such a magazine as may be the magazine *par excellence*, for our young miss of eleven and our young lady of sixteen, requires ability, tact and talent. The best of reading for such a magazine is not too good. We hail the "St. Nicholas, as an omen that the days of effeminate baby talks are ended, and our young folks are to be treated to a literature that is instructing, corrective, elevating, and such as they can understand.

THE STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F. R. S., F. G. S. Author of "Archæia." New York: Harper & Bros.

In this new work by Dawson we have a book that treats of geology in a most thorough and comprehensive manner. Every reader who would be instructed in the facts of the science of geology, as relating to our planet, as well as some of the theories that have for some considerable time agitated the scientific and general student, will read this work. The manner in which the story is told, the trite and concise statement of scientific and other facts, will enable almost every careful reader to fully comprehend this whole subject, as it is here placed before them. The silly (we had almost said) theories of Darwin and his very peculiar views, and little favor with Dr. Dawson. Anyone who may be inclined to a belief in the Darwin Theory of the "descent of man from the ape," who will bring an unprejudiced mind to the consideration of this wild theory, as discussed in this work, will have no cause, we think, to conclude that some big ape of thousands of years ago was his great ancestor. Read this work carefully, if you desire to know just what geology does and does not teach. Mr. Dawson says, very truly, what will be accepted by a large portion of American readers, "that all things have been produced by the Supreme will, acting either directly or through the agency of the forces and materials of his own productions." And it is a relief, in these days of doubtful theories and false speculations, to take up a collection of compacted argument that completely overthrows the doctrines and theories of Darwin. We thank the Dr. for a sturdy, constant blows he has struck, not only against a false and ridiculous theory, but also the prevailing tendency of the times to a disbelief in the harmony of the written word with scientific and geological development.

A TOUR THROUGH THE PYRENNES. A splendid Holiday present.

This splendid square, 8vo., in cloth gilt, price \$10, and in full morocco \$20, elegantly illustrated by Gustave Dore, has just been presented to the reading world by the well known publishing house of Henry Holt & Co., New York. The author, Mr. Traine, so well known in his previous works of "History of English Literature," "Travels in Italy," etc., has conferred a lasting benefit upon all who would place a fitting *souvenir* of the seasons in the hands of their friends on the coming Christmas and New Year's festive seasons. No pains have been spared to make this book every way worthy of the giver and the recipient. It is a very large, elegantly illustrated work, not to be surpassed by any of our holiday books. This work contains 600 pages, together with 200 or more illustrative cuts by Dore. The work will be found extremely valuable for the correctness of its historic information, descriptions of scenery, and many natural and curious subjects, heretofore unknown to many of our readers. Besides the above, the reader will find a real pleasure in reading an account of many persons who acted prominent parts in the history of France and Spain, as Henry IV., Madame de Maintenon, Sully, Jeanne d'Albert, Voltaire, Froissart, Mlle. de Segui, and many others. We shall notice this work again hereafter.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

T. B. Ford & Co. will soon publish PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUIT, FLOWERS AND FARMING, 1 vol. 12mo. In press.

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BURR-A-BUZZ; or Bees. Quaint rhymes from the German. Henry Holt & Co.: New York.

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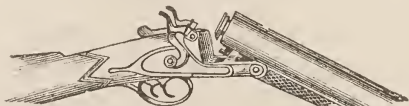
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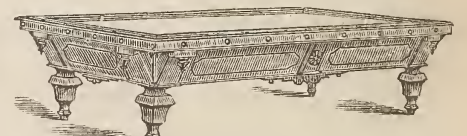
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1873.

Volume 1, Number 19.
103 Fulton Street.

THE CROW'S CHILDREN.

A HUNTSMAN, bearing his gun afield,
Went whistling merrily;
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree:

"You are going to kill the thievish birds
And I would, if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do!"

"I'm only going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
Be sure they'll have to stop."

"Oh," said the crow, "my children
Are the best ones ever born;
There isn't one among them all
Would steal a grain of corn."

"But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?"
"Oh, no," said the crow, "they're the prettiest birds
And the whitest that ever flew."

So off went the sportsman whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,
Cawing away in her nook;
For she said: "He'll never kill my birds
Since I told him how they look."

"Now there's the hawk, my neighbor,
She'll see what she will see, soon;
And that saucy, whistling blackbird
May have to change his tune!"

When lo! she saw the hunter
Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun
Hanging down his back.

"Alas, alack," said the mother,
"What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds.
And you've killed them every one."

"Your birds," said the puzzled hunter,
"Why, I found them in my corn;
And besides, they are black and ugly
As any that ever were born."

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
Said the angriest of crows;
"How good and fair her children are
There's none but a parent knows."

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white."

PHOENIX CARY.

The Grouse and Quails of North America.

DISCUSSED IN RELATION TO THEIR VARIATION WITH HABITAT.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, December 4, 1873.

The laws of climatic variation in the color and proportion of birds, as applied to the species of our country, were first made known by Prof. Baird, in his celebrated work on "The Distribution and Migration of North American Birds," (American Journal of Science and Arts, Vol. XLI,) published in 1856; and Prof. Baird's outlines and principles of laws have been the germ of more detailed discussions by Mr. J. A. Allen, (see Bulletin of the Museum of Comp. Zool., Cambridge, II, 1871, pt. iii; pp. 186-250;) Dr. Elliott Cones, (see Proc. Phila. Acad., and American Naturalist, vol. VII, July, 1873,) and the author of the present article, (see Am. Jour. of Science and Arts, Dec., 1872, and Jan., 1873, and Am. Nat., vol. VII, Sept. 1873.) These laws of variation with climate, so far as they bear upon the North American Grouse and Partridges, I shall repeat in substance here; premising that they all originated with Prof. Baird. 1. Birds from the middle, open regions of the United States, as the arid plains and the great Basin, have

lighter, grayer colors than those of the States from the fertile prairies of the Mississippi valley to the Atlantic coast; if the plumage has dark bars, or streaks, these are narrower, and dilute in tint; brown tints become more grayish, rufous tints more buff, and the latter color white; at the same time the bird becomes slenderer, and the feet weaker; while these differences are often accompanied by a proportionate increase in the length of the tail.

2. In the moist, densely wooded regions of the Pacific coast, from the red-wood forests of the coast of California, northward, the colors are darker and the pattern of the markings less distinct than in the birds of the same species in the Atlantic States; the contrast with those of the central regions being still greater. Rufous tints become castaneous, the latter becomes sooty; ash becomes overspread with a smoky brown coat, or deepens into sooty plumbeous. In proportion as the dark markings intensify in color they also increase in extent, to the contraction of the lighter ones. An enlargement of the bill, particularly a tendency to be longer, also usually accompanies this darkening of the colors.

3. Birds bred in the high north are larger, in direct proportion to the latitude, than those bred at a far southern point.

4. Birds bred in South Florida have absolutely larger bills than the otherwise larger individuals of the same species born in the north.

The preceding laws cover the chief regional variations in our grouse and partridges; and in order to show the relation which they bear to the races named elsewhere, I shall describe the latter more in detail. First, as to the "quails," (*Ortyx virginianus*.) Taking for convenience the quails of the New England States as the normal standard, we can trace them from this point, their northeastern limit of distribution, towards the regions of extreme climatic differentiation, only in two directions, viz.: southward to Cuba, through the Atlantic States, and south-westward to Texas, through Kansas. Proceeding in either direction, we note that as we go southward the birds gradually get smaller; and that this change takes place in faster ratio and more abruptly in the Mississippi Valley than along the Atlantic States, for in Southern Illinois the quails much more nearly approach, both in size, relative proportion of different parts, and in colors, those of Florida, than do those from a corresponding locality on the Atlantic coast, as for instance, Washington city or Norfolk. This is probably the result of greater humidity, greater luxuriance of vegetation, and greater warmth of climate. On the Alleghany ranges in the same latitude, the quails are like those of the lowlands in New England. In Cuba the smallest quails are found, and with this extreme diminution of size is an increased intensity and extent of the black markings of the plumage, in accordance with a law pointed out by Mr. Allen, to the effect that colors intensify and dark markings increase in extent to the southward. Owing to its extreme differentiation, the Cuban quail was named *Ortyx Cubanensis* by Mr. Gould, but from the fact that the quails from South Florida are just intermediate between those from Cuba and those from Middle States, leads us to call it *O. Virginianus* var. *Cubanensis*. The Floridian bird has been named var. *Floridanus* by Dr. Coues, (see Key to North American Birds,) but it is a question whether a name founded upon one extreme differentiation can be allowed to stand.

From the Eastern States westward to the limit of the wooded region, the colors of the quails do not show any appreciable difference, until the extreme southern portion of Illinois is reached; there the colors as well as the size show a marked approach to the Florida style. On the prairies, however, the quails are appreciably grayer, with less rufous and black than those of the heavily wooded sections of the same region; and as we go westward we find this grayness gradually increasing until in Middle Kansas the difference from those of the prairies of Illinois is very strongly marked; and if we still trace the species southward, we find that the maximum grayness, and minimum amount of rufous tints, is reached in Texas. The Texan quail was described in 1853, by Mr. Lawrence, as

Ortyx texanus, the connecting links not then being known. But now, since we have become aware of the gradual progression between the two extremes as noted above, we call the light grayish colored quails of the Southwestern plains *O. Virginianus* var. *texanus*.

The American grouse likewise vary in colors and size, with habitat, but they being of more northern distribution, other laws are the agencies in working their modifications. Taking first the ruffed or drumming grouse, (*Bonasa umbellus*.) we observe that every individual killed in the south of Maryland on the Atlantic coast and anywhere in the Mississippi Valley, has the tail of an ochraceous rufous color, in bars of several shades; the prevailing tints on the body are also rufous. As soon as we go into the Alleghany mountains we begin to find a few with tails gray or inclining to be gray, and in proportion as we go northward the number of individuals having gray tails increases, and the grayness becomes at the same time more decided. In the New England States apparently every individual of the species has a gray tail. But all the birds of the eastern United States have rufous the predominant color of the body. Canadian specimens are like New England ones, but those from the interior of British America, and thence to the Yukon river in Alaska, are entirely gray, with little, if any, tinge of rufous anywhere on the plumage. Specimens from the Rocky Mountains as far southwest as the species extends, are like these northern examples, for the high altitude of their habitat is equivalent to the high latitude of that of the others. This gray form is the *Tetrao umbelloides* of Douglass, or the *B. umbellus* var. *umbelloides* of Baird. In the densely wooded region of the Pacific coast, in Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia, the ruffed grouse are much more like those of the Southern States and Mississippi Valley than any other region, having like them rufous tails; but the colors are much darker and deeper, a rich shade of ferruginous, mixed with chestnut, prevailing. Going from the coast back into the mountains, this form, (the *Tetrao sabinei*, Douglass, *B. umbellus* var. *sabinei*, Baird,) grades directly with var. *umbelloides*, first acquiring a dark gray tail and gradually becoming lighter and more ashy toward the interior range.

In the Rocky Mountains of British America, the *Canace canadensis* has also a representative race, the var. *franklini*, in which the tail is entirely black instead of tipped with rufous; and in the same localities the *C. obscura* has a race (var. *richardsoni*) differing in exactly the same particulars from the var. *obscura*. It is not known with certainty that the *C. canadensis* extends to the Pacific coast; but the *C. obscura* does, and the race found in company with *Bonasa umbellus* var. *sabinei* differs from the var. *obscura* of the ranges inhabited by the *B. umbellus* var. *umbelloides* in darker, more sooty colors, and reddish wash over the back. The latter constitutes the geographical race var. *fuliginosa*. The *Orcortyx pictus* is represented on the Sierra Nevada, or the interior range of California, by the var. *plumifera*, in which the gray tints are lighter, clearer, and more bluish than in the race of the coast range, (var. *pictus*.) in which the ashy tints are much obscured by a smoky olive wash. The pinated grouse, or prairie hen, of the Texan plains, (*Cupidonia cupido* var. *pallidicinctus* Ridgway,) differs from that of the Illinois and Louisiana prairies, in being lighter colored and more slender, just as do the quails. Of the remaining species of grouse there are left only the sage cock, or cock of the plains, (*centrocercus urophasianus*) the sharp-tailed grouse, (*pediacaetes phasianellus*.) and the ptarmigans, *lagopus albus*, *L. mutus* var. *rupestris*, and *L. leucurus*. The sage cock and the ptarmigans being limited each to one geographical province, no climatic races occur; but the sharp-tailed grouse, which has a very extended distribution, presents two well-marked forms. The var. *phasianellus* extends over the entire western and middle portions of British America, south to the northern shore of Lake Superior, on the east, and British Columbia on the west; northward, it extends to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In this form the colors are simply white and blackish brown, the latter prevailing; while the toes are almost concealed by the long hair-like feathers. The var. *columbianus* extends south-

ward from the northern boundary of the United States, and spreads over the whole treeless region of the West, from the prairies of northern Illinois and Wisconsin to the rye-grass foot-hills of northern California, and reaches southward to a little beyond the parallel of 40° in the Great Basin. This race differs from that found further north, in much lighter, more ochraceous colors, and in naked toes. The first feature is due to the common law, giving birds of the arid, treeless districts, (of strong heat and reflection during the summer months, and an almost arctic winter,) lighter, more bleached colors than those of more wooded districts; while the nakedness of the toes is due to the fact that in their southern habitat they do not need the protection from cold which their northern brethren do.

ROBERT RIDGEWAY.

ROTATION OF FISH.

CAZENOVIA, November, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

He who files and binds the FOREST AND STREAM will secure an amount of varied information concerning fish and game that collected from the observations of men in all parts of the globe, will, in time, be of infinite interest and value; and none of it will tend more to explode or confirm ancient and venerable notions than the columns so kindly given to correspondents who send for record the investigations made with regard to the peculiarities of game-birds and animals.

The question of snakes swallowing their young has been responded to with abundant confirmation, and if the mooted point, "Will bass take a fly?" is not authoritatively settled, let your present correspondent add the small weight of his testimony, in saying that fly-fishing for Oswego and black bass has long been one of his favorite amusements, although they are more eager for a spoon bait, or in mid summer, deem a grasshopper the tit bit most tempting of all.

A question of considerable interest may arise from seeking the why of what may be termed the rotation of animal life, to use the word as applied to crops.

It is well known that the numbers of any variety of animals vary greatly in succeeding years, and the same applies to birds. In some instances there are evident facts to account for the increase or diminution of certain species, as when a winter of sudden snows, or rapidly formed crust, causes the death of covies of quail and birds that are in the habit of collecting upon the ground; but there are great variations in cases where our present information affords no satisfactory reasons to satisfy our curiosity.

In fish we see something of the kind, but concealed, as they are, from observation, it is not easy to distinguish diminution in number from diminution in catch.

In the Lake at this place, there have been changes that may lead minds more familiar than your correspondent's, to some conclusions of interest.

When the Lake was first visited it was known by the Indians, Onondagas and Oncidas, by the name Onalgena, the "Lake of Yellow Perch." The waters of the Lake at the beautiful falls of the Chittenango, ("waters running north") go in one leap one hundred and forty feet, and although salmon came in those good old days when the cornucopia of nature held something beside bull heads and suckers, to the foot of this cascade, no fish came beyond; proving that unless the lazy Indians made their squaws plant fish, the yellow perch were original inhabitants, dating in occupancy from the flood, or from some of the glacial disturbances that have laid petrified sand beaches, with every ripple mark preserved, on our hill tops; the stones being from the Potsdam group, one hundred miles north, and one thousand feet below the final resting place of the slab that tells how in the workshop of nature shifting sands are made a record of ages, while permanent rocks tell a tale of wandering. Living in less distinguishing numbers with the yellow perch, were the placid sucker, the dressy sunfish, and a few common pond fish; but there is no record of trout in the Lake, although they were abundant in the streams about.

Some forty years ago pickerel were introduced. The variety chosen as the best was from the Susquehanna, a brighter fish than the St. Lawrence cousin, with whom they now live in Oncida Lake, having gone alive over the Chittenango Falls, and from whom they are favorably distinguished as more beautiful to the eye and more agreeable to the taste.

The perch held their own with these long jawed fellows, and both did well. Perch of one and two pounds were abundant, fine to catch and eat, while the pickerel were the aim of many an idler, falling victims to the seductions of minnows, frogs legs and, in later years, to the entrancing spoon. So far it was a well disposed community, when to add variety, Oswego bass, (a shade different from the black), were introduced, and they flourished until many a rod was bent double to their vigorous rush.

With them pike were brought, but they must have been the Kilkenny breed, for no record remains of any survivors among them. The pickerel were not sufferers, they never are, (and it is the only case on record where some one great pike did not also prove triumphant), but the bright banded golden perch were humiliated, and it is presumed were sacrificed to "the survivor of the fittest." A few small ones bit in retired coves on pin hooks, but they were no longer a power among fish—neither free nor equal.

For many years no changes were noticed. Three years ago the Fish Commissioners sent 8,000 salmon trout, which were placed in deep water, and one year ago 80,000 more, with 30,000 white fish, were introduced. The white fish

which do not take bait, will not be taken by nets, but are introduced experimentally to see if they and their spawn will not afford food in deep water for the salmon trout. How far this experiment will succeed, time alone can demonstrate. Black bass have also been planted, and a few wall-eyed pike—but they are still small.

There does not seem to be any cause in all these changes to effect the bass unfavorably, or the perch favorably, but the catch of the past season has been very small in bass, almost nothing, while the perch fishing is vastly improved, and many were taken upon flies by trolling them under water. Dead fish have not been seen in unusual numbers, and no good reason is given for the absence of the bass, so we are inclined to think there may be some such variation in their numbers as exists from year to year among squirrels, &c., &c. The water is one from which migration is practically impossible; yet, the usual amount of skillful fishing has been exercised in vain, and some cause must be sought beyond any known at present.

In this correspondence there are no conclusions, but statements of the kind may be so multiplied as to lead to some that may be valuable, and with this hope the statements are communicated.

L. W. L.

WILD TURKEY'S.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The game birds found in this region of country are the wild turkey, pheasant, partridge, woodcock, jack snipe, and several varieties of the duck family.

All sink into insignificance when compared with the noblest wild fowl that makes its home in the mountain fastnesses of the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies. I refer to the wild turkey. The proud step and stately beating of this bird in his native wilds, proclaim him the monarch of game birds in this section of country.

When full grown he averages probably twenty pounds in weight, and he not unfrequently is found weighing as high as twenty-five or six.

The plumage is very dark, nearly black in many cases, and glossy; the usual color is a bronze deepening into greenish black. The hens are duller in color than the gobblers.

A pair of turkeys raise from ten to twenty young in a season. So wary and watchful are they that it is seldom an opportunity can be obtained in which to observe them when in their domestic relations. Their habits are therefore unknown to many. Severe battles often take place between the gobblers to determine which shall be the happy spouse of some hen that watches without seeming interest the struggle going on for her sake. The victorious hero strutting proudly by the side of the well pleased hen, becomes so much excited over his victory that the red and white of his head and neck assume a deep purple. With tail spread to its utmost extent, and one wing sweeping the ground, an old gobbler presents a fine picture of self-satisfaction and pride. The vanquished gobbler does not write a letter admonishing his friends that he is so stricken with shame at his defeat, and so stricken with grief at the loss of his adored that to remain any longer on this mundane sphere would only be a strain upon his feelings and make him a burden of woe and grief to his friends. Such a reason as this having been given for his blind act he does not go to a lone and secluded spot where some giant rock overhangs a deep and boiling pool, and after having behaved himself in an insanely appropriate manner throw himself as a sacrifice to his selfishness into the waters below. No, he is more sensible than that. After his defeat he does some very fast walking to get out of the way of his successful adversary. This having been accomplished he busies himself in smoothing out his ruffled plumage and in covering the marks of defeat. Once more his "keouk" sounds through the forest inviting another fight or perhaps seeking a meeting with some other hen, and thus the war of the gobblers continues until all are mated and the theory of natural selection verified.

A spot in the far off mountain is selected under a sheltering log or jutting rock, the dried leaves and grasses of the last fall are scooped out, and in the hollow thus formed the eggs are deposited. During incubation the gobbler stays near his mate, and when she desires to leave the nest in search of food and to rest her cramped limbs he takes her place upon the eggs.

As soon as the young are hatched a spot easier of access is sought where the young birds may obtain food more readily. Both parents take great interest in the growth and progress of their young family. The wild turkey is more hardy than its domestic cousin, and the rains of spring and the early summer months affect the health of the young brood much less than our tame and domesticated varieties. A dry season is preferable for their rapid development. At one month old the real trials and dangers of the young family begin. At this age there is sufficient good eating in the young turkey to make the chops of Reynard water with delight, and the numerous hawks infesting this region are not insensible of the delicious flavor of wild turkey.

The young birds are exposed to the greatest amount of danger in the latter part of August and the first of September; they are then about the size of a common barn-yard hen, and are an easy prey for the hunter. A flock of half grown turkeys startled by the approach of any one will take immediately to the nearest trees, and can be shot one after another from their perches. This mode of slaughtering the poor birds is poor fun and a disgrace to a true sportsman. Five turkeys at that season will about equal one good one killed during the months of November and Decem-

ber. The two last named months are the ones in which the turkey ought to be hunted, and I would be much gratified if our Legislature could be induced to pass a law prohibiting their destruction (for so I must call it) at any other time.

In the morning after "the beautiful" has covered the ground to the depth of an inch or two is the best time to start upon a hunt for wild turkeys. They will then be actively searching for food and every movement and turn may then be traced in the snow. Great caution is necessary in approaching them; their sight is excellent, and their hearing good. Many a fine gobbler is lost by the cracking of a twig or the movements of the hunter. Every precaution should be taken to see as far ahead as possible without being seen. If provided with a turkey caller it is well every now and then to see if an answering "keouk" cannot be obtained. If the hunter be fortunate enough to get within shooting distance let him take deliberate aim at the head (if provided with a rifle). But the possessor of a shot gun should aim to cover the whole body. After being mortally wounded a turkey will frequently run or fly for half a mile, but in a straight line. And very many turkeys are thought to have escaped injury when by a careful search they might have been found dead a short distance from the place where they received the fatal shot.

As the cultivation of the bottom lands along our rivers increases the wild turkeys become more abundant. During the late civil war agriculture was at a stand still in this part of the country; the farmers raised barely sufficient to keep body and soul united, consequently the food of the wild turkey was diminished in quantity and there was a proportionate decrease in their numbers. But since hostilities have ceased and the fields are once more contributing the necessaries of life, the wild turkey has steadily increased in numbers, and to-day or any day during the season dozens may be seen hanging in front of the restaurants and game stands.

I have spoken of a turkey caller, and it would not be doing justice to myself or my readers to close without describing this implement of the turkey hunt. The small bone from the wing of the turkey makes a very good caller by putting one end into the mouth and drawing the air through it, but the best one can be obtained by sawing about two inches from the end of a cow horn, then cut a piece of shingle so as to fit the small end of the piece sawed off, bore a hole in the middle of the shingle, and insert a stick about the thickness of a ten penny nail, allowing the end of the stick to come through the piece of horn and to project a short distance beyond the open end. Put the end of the stick thus projecting upon a piece of slate and the sound produced thereby is the best imitation of the "keouk" of a turkey known.

OBSERVER.

DEER HUNTING IN CANADA.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Being a subscriber for your valuable paper I thought a short account of a deer hunt among the rocks of Digby and Dalton would interest your readers. Our party consisted of four gentlemen and myself, accompanied by two deer hounds, named Bugler and Music, also a spaniel named Joe. We took along our tent and a plenteous supply of blankets and buffalo robes, also some stuff we commonly call "goose oil" which answers two purposes, one is to keep us from getting dry, and the other is to pour into our boots to keep the wet out. It was well into the small hours of the morning when we reached the camping ground and began to pitch tent and cut wood to make a fire. We had bad luck the first three days, although the dogs started some deer. On Saturday morning we made an early start and were all on our runways by day light. The dogs had not been long away before I heard their charming music. It did not last long, as bang went Donald's gun, and so did Hector's, and away went the buck for a point on Cranberry lake, where Charley was stationed. Bang went his gun and down dropped Mr. Buck, being shot in the head. After cutting him open and giving the dogs a feed, we started back to the tent taking the deer along with us. It was well on in the afternoon when we arrived there, but I took Joe (the spaniel) along with me, after some partridge, and before night set in I had been successful in bagging six brace.

Jim Salter came into camp, (he is a farmer and deer hunter) and some proposed still hunting; so on the next morning my friend Billy and I went with Jim. His directions were few and simple; he told me to walk quietly along the ridge, and Billy to take that one (pointing to the ridge a little farther on). After we had taken our latitude we all went into the bush, climbing over rocks, swales and gulleys. All went well for a short time, and then I heard my friend. "Hallo—Bob, come here." I found him sitting on a log, wet, dirty and swamping up to his waist. Bang went Jim's rifle three times (shoots a Henry) and brought down a doe, which we cleaned and buried in the snow until morning. We had hard work to get it into camp next morning, as the snow was two feet deep and not crested sufficiently to bare us. While we were away the rest of the party had succeeded in killing two buck fawns. During that night it was the first howl of the wolves that disturbed our rest. They must have come very near, as the dogs barked and howled gloriously and were much scared. Some of us looked out, but could see nary a wolf, only hear their infernal howl. No doubt the track of the deer that we had shot and buried, and the smell of blood, had aroused their insatiable hunger. Next morning on looking for tracks we found the snow trodden down as if there had been a fight.

Last day in camp we shot nine hares, and after we had all our traps and guns packed up a very fine big buck ran by the camp within thirty yards of us, but we were satisfied with what we had, so we did not slaughter for the sake of slaughter.

Our total game for ten days was three bucks, two does, two buck fawns, twelve partridges and nine hares.

TORONTO GUN CLUB.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING AT LITTLE EGG HARBOR.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

It was my pleasure to enjoy a glorious two days' shooting the 27th and 28th of the past November. Our men engaged by letter were Hayes Jones, (in my estimation the best honker of geese at Tuckerton), and Joe Shords, almost his equal.

A tedious journey via Pemberton and Heightstown, New Jersey Southern & Tuckerton Railroads, from Philadelphia, landed us at Tuckerton at 4 p. m., where we had arranged with Captain Burton to sail us to Long Beach with our baymen. Getting under way at the landing two miles up Tuckerton Creek, we drifted with our sneak boxes astern, as far as the cove at the mouth, and found not a breath of air steering and a poorer prospect of any before morning. A council of war was held, and it was decided if we wished to reach Captain Bond's on the beach that night, we should have to row our sneak boxes over. It was a long pull of seven miles, and on a cold still night with the ice making on the coves, it proved no child's play. Our row was enlivened now and then by the quack! quack! of the black ducks feeding on the meadows, and the coarse gabble of brant as they winged their way overhead unseen by us. As it always is, the last half of a journey so wearisome as the present one was, proved the longest by far, and it was not until we saw the faint glimmer of the light in Captain Bond's window that we knew rest was near at hand. The north-west winds of the two previous days had so blown the water out of the Bay, we found our boats had to be anchored a full hundred yards from the shore, and guns, baggage, ammunition, including ourselves, to be carried to the main land, our baymen taking each of us "pick a back," as we had not as yet donned our shooting boots.

At Bond's we found two gentlemen, Messrs. J. P—o and M. W—d, with their duckers, Sam Shords and Sam Smith busy at old sledge. They were at the beach trying the brant—and we felt disappointed enough when we were told that they had not, as yet, in the two days they had been on the Bay, gotten a shot—the north-west wind interfering with the flight of the fowl, and driving them in their migrations outside the beach on their way south.

Proposing a game, we all drew our chairs around the table and a jolly good time was indulged in. It must have been twelve o'clock when we bundled to bed to dream of brant and to hope the wind would open in the morning any way but from the north-west.

We were up before daylight and taking such a breakfast as only Captain Bond can give, we found it had been agreed upon by our baymen and those of P—o and W—d that we should decoy from "Goose Bar" the first day, they taking the "bunches," and vice versa the second day, the two best locations in the line of flight of fowl going south, a preference being given to the bunches a mile to the north of Goose Bar. The wind proved more propitious, blowing fresh and cutting from the north—and a row across the channel a laborious and rather dangerous undertaking in our little sneak boxes loaded with decoys. Our crafts rode the sea beautifully, and it was not long before we were making our hide and arranging our stools. Goose Bar is merely an island covered with sedge two or three feet high, into which we pulled our boxes and covered them with such trash as was near at hand.

As the tide rose higher we began to see black head ducks, widgeon, black ducks, and sprigtails shifting their feeding grounds to more shallow water; and as they passed us they invariably darted to our decoys, making capital shooting; but we had come for larger fowl, and eagerly awaited the coming of geese and brant.

We were sitting upright in our boxes when Dad quietly, but excitedly whispered, "Down! down!" and looking to my left saw six geese heading in the direction of our stools; they were inclined to be sociable, for they answered "Dad's" honk! e-honk! and lowered their flight; but the leader of the flock, a venerable old gander, and tough, as he proved to be, "had been there before," and led his followers three hundred yards from us, where they settled and began feeding—the same old gentleman acting as sentinel, never putting his head under water while they fed. Our hope now was that they would feed towards us, but as the tide was setting the other way they appeared to be drifting the opposite direction. We had almost determined to start them up, trusting they would go to the "bunches" and thus afford shooting for our friends, when they began boldly to swim towards us. As they drew nearer, swimming, "company front," the old gander on the right, still suspicious but unwilling to leave his younger company, I had a splendid view of them, patiently waiting for the word to shoot. Hayes' judgment of distance and knowledge of the shyness of the wild goose, was perfect; for as they neared the outer decoys, they discovered the cheat and the word was given—"Boys, let's kill some of them."

So closely huddled was the flock as they rose, five were shot down; the gander, with his thigh broken and leg hanging, going fifty yards before a spare gun could knock him over. Ten minutes after we had gathered our geese, we saw

a second flock of ten coming towards our friends at the "bunches," but they would not stoop to them and appeared determined to take the line of the beach; and it was then that I saw the best specimen of "talking to geese" it has been my lot to witness.

"Dad" seemed determined to have those geese come to us; and as he threw up his head and opened his mouth to bellow his honk! honk! e-honk! one could almost imagine his box contained a human goose, feathers and all. The flock replied, and "Dad" talked them within long gun shot, when an unlucky thumping of my boat shied them. We gave them a volley nevertheless—but they passed on seemingly untouched. When they had flown quite a mile one of their number suddenly dropped into the Bay, which we recovered and found dead.

Brant now paid frequent visits to the bar, leaving each time some of their company; and towards afternoon broad bill, black duck, widgeon, and red heads again darted to our decoys, as they passed up and down the Bay. Satisfied with our day's sport we took up our traps at sun down and pulled to the landing to find P—o and W—d quite as successful as ourselves.

We repeated our sport the second day and fared quite as well—making a large bag of fowl—returning to Philadelphia benefitted by our trip and thankful we had the pleasure of meeting so genial gentlemen as Messrs. P—o and W—d.

"HONO."

THE FISHING TOURIST IN AMERICA.

THE following notice of the Fishing Tourist, by Charles Hallock, Editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, appears in the last issue of the London Field, and is undoubtedly written by Sir Francis Francis, the editor and proprietor of that most excellent journal. Approbation from so distinguished an authority as the London Field is indeed most grateful:—

"A few weeks back, we suggested that a great desire existed for a guide-book to American fishing localities, little thinking that our wishes were so near being gratified, and that our suggestions had been anticipated. Here is the very book we wanted. Mr. Hallock has devoted a large portion of his life, from boyhood up, to wandering about America and Canada from fishing place to fishing place, and he gives us the benefit of the information he has obtained. Beginning with the best known American waters, viz., those of Long Island, Mr. Hallock rambles onwards to the Adirondack wilderness, tracking along from stream to stream and lake to lake, thence to the Alleghanies, and away to New England and the Schoodic lakes in search of the famous land-locked salmon, and so to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, the Bay of Chaleur—touching upon river after river and lake after lake, dwelling on some, skimming over others—thence reaching the Lower St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, and Newfoundland, and even to savage Anticosti and far Labrador—Mr. Hallock contriving to give us some information about each. Turning back again, he touches on the Ottawa district, the great Lake Superior region, with Minnesota thronged with lakes, which in turn are thronged with black bass; "The Big woods," and parcel of "the Pacific slope;" winding up with an account of the Blooming Grove Park scheme, and a few facts in the matter of natural and artificial propagation.

This is a wide platform, but Mr. Hallock covers it fairly; he is never wearisome on the one hand, nor rhapsodical on the other. He sets himself a pretty long task, and endeavors to fulfill it as pleasantly as the subject will allow, and time and space admit of. Here and there, when Mr. Hallock does stop and cast a fly, it is plain to see that he is a thorough and accomplished sportsman, and a warm worshipper of nature, with a keen eye for the picturesque. If in describing his experiences he now and then employs that quaint method of expression which appears to be inseparable from a thoroughbred American, he never descends to vulgarity; but his book is eminently that of a gentleman as well as a sportsman—qualifications not always combined, either here or in America; and though his feats of fishing frequently make one's mouth water, it is plainly to be seen that there is little or no exaggeration in them, and no attempt at boasting. There is no throwing of impossible lines, and doing impossible feats—no casting of thirty odd yards with an 8oz. rod. So far from this, Mr. Hallock keeps rather at the other end of the scale, and speaks of having seen twenty-five yards cast from a 17ft. bamboo rod, as though it were rather a feat; whereas we expect greenheart to do that much habitually, though a 17ft. rod is rather shorter than the generality of experts employ with us. Altogether Mr. Hallock's is a very useful book.

Near home, and in the more approachable places, he gives the cost and the routes also, with the best hotels, and much other useful information. The American lakes and rivers appear to be thrown open so far that big hotels are built on the most favorable spots, and they are converted into watering places, where the gentle sex as well as the sterner one all turn piscators alike, and a continuous picnic under canvas with a fair allowance of muslin appears to be the method in which much of the trout fishing is practised. This may be all very well; but we confess that we do not look upon it, taken thus, as a contemplative man's recreation—unless, like Tommy Moore, one is prepared to admit that

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught me.

There is excellent trouting to be had, but the salmon fishing in America has been so cut up by commerce that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the lower St. Lawrence are the chief refuge of the New York salmon fisher. Of the splendid rivers which thread the wildernesses in all directions Mr. Hallock speaks in the warmest terms of admiration. Many of these rivers have been damaged by inconsiderate treatment; but since 1868 the Canadian Government have taken them in hand, and the stock of salmon, reduced to almost nothing in many of them, is being largely increased again by proper care and management, and the rivers are of course vastly increasing in value. As this occurs, the rivers are leased out by the Government to various persons, many of them being let to American gentlemen. Mr. Hallock regrets the old time when any one could cast a line and catch a salmon where and when he liked.

But he should not forget that it was the very existence of this free and easy custom that tended to reduce the rivers to the fishless condition they were in previous to 1868, and that the Government cannot be expected to watch, protect and restock rivers for nothing. We cannot, unfortunately, combine the freedom of savage life with the comforts of civilization; one surely destroys the other sooner or later. Still it is a great comfort to know that the fisheries are being so much improved, for we have always taken much interest in these splendid rivers.

Mr. Hallock often speaks feelingly of the dreadful drawback to the comforts of fishing on the Canadian rivers experienced in the swarms of mosquitoes and black flies. Midges are troublesome on some Scotch moors, but they are a trifle to the torments inflicted on the angler by the mosquitoes, and particularly by the black flies; and it seems difficult, if not impossible, to provide any system of prevention. Ammonia may bring a little consolation but thin-skinned people will do well to think twice before they go out to Canada for the salmon fishing.

We may here take occasion to say that writers on American angling appear to be very active and assiduous just now; books throng from the press in rapid succession, and American angling literature grows apace. We must look to our laurels in British angling literature when such writers as Mr. Hallock come to the front. No doubt there is much that is new to write about on American fishing, while our own does not leave many channels unexplored. We are very glad to welcome so well written and useful a book as Mr. Hallock's, and look upon it as decidedly the best work of its class which has come from the Atlantic; it is one that every Englishman, contemplating a visit to America for the fishing, will do well to provide himself with. We do not see the name of any English publisher or agent on the title page, which seems to us rather an oversight. The book, however, can be got by order through either Messrs. Tribner or Sampson, Low & Co.

CRABS—A ROMANCE.

WHAT follows is rigorously exact in every detail, as it comes almost directly from Jones, who was the hero. I do not think there ever was a keener naturalist than my friend Jones, and his paper on the *Cirrhipeds*, or Barnacles, read by him before the Association of Scientist's has, no doubt, been fully appreciated by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Jones' peculiar line of investigation is the study of the crustacea, and some intricate questions in regard to the development of the *Podophthalma* have absorbed his attention for the last five years. All the information I have on these subjects are derived second-hand from my friend. From him I have discovered there really is a Fast Crab—a Racing Crab, which has to be run down on horseback and shot on the jump, like an antelope, for Jones went to Ceylon for no other purpose than to study the *Ocyropsis* *Cursor* on his native heath.

Baltimore is famous for its crabs, and there having appeared there this summer quite a new variety, Jones traveled two hundred miles after them, and was fortunate enough to secure quite a lively collection. With his novel specimens safely secured in a basket well lined with fresh sea weed, Jones delighted, proceeded homewards. Driving to the depot he took his place in an omnibus along side a very pretty lady, the two being the only occupants of the vehicle. The two passengers had not gone far before the lady commenced looking daggers at Jones, who is the most high-minded, chivalrous and courteous of men. Somewhat astonished at her scornful glances—nay, even abashed at her fiery mein, Jones humbly demanded of the lady the cause of her anger.

"You are an insolent puppy, sir!" cried the lady, in a rage, and accentuated her remark by the application of a sounding box on Jones' ear.

Jones, driven to desperation, still asked for further explanations.

"To-to-have-had the impertinence to-to-have pinched me!" said the lady, bursting into a torrent of passionate tears.

Poor Jones hung down his head abashed. Just then his eyes happened to light on the basket, which to his horror, he found was wide open, and on examining the matter more critically he discovered quite a cavalcade of crustaceans careering along the cushions of the bus. The lady looked too, then smiled a smile of forgiveness—but Jones? It was a long time before he got over it. Evidently the lady was distressed at her mistake, and at first timidly, then with great dignity and sweetness murmured a most formal apology. Then Jones was utterly wretched, and wanted to throw every crab out of the window, which the lady declared she could not allow, for as she prettily remarked, "she doted on crabs—boiled." It was a charming sight to see how dexterously the lady, with her umbrella, would corner a crab, and how merrily she laughed when Jones, with all the skill of a naturalist, would pick up a peculiarly vicious crab and plump it back in the basket. Need we say that Jones left the lady, blessing the crabs, which had been the happy accident of causing him to make so charming an acquaintance? But why waste words? Of course they met again, and they were married a month ago. When I last dined with them and I handed the pretty Mrs. Jones a *mayonnaise* of crabs, I saw her glance at her husband and blush redder than a boiled crustacean. I was on sufficiently intimate terms with Jones to have asked for an explanation, and the above was what was told to

SHREWSBURY.

—A Western paper tells the story of a country-woman who made her first attempt to get in the Court house yard through the patent back-action gate. She opened the gate, went through, as she supposed, and shut herself out on the same side seven times; then, ejaculating "merciful sakes," climbed over the fence.

—Leather, chemically considered, is the ox-hide of beef

THE ANGLER.

THE gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many:
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is,
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping,
Drink a cup to wash our eyes—
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the field is our abode,
Full of delectation;
When in a brook,
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take:
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms, too,
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms, too;
None do here
Use to swear,
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
Watch our quill,
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Makes our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get,
For a friendly shelter;
Where in a dike,
Perch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

In "Library of Poetry and Song."

A CANADIAN ON RIFLE SHOOTING.

WE take great pleasure in producing a most interesting letter, which will be fully appreciated by our riflemen. Its author is a distinguished member of a leading Canadian Rifle Club:—

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, Dec. 12, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Having attended the first meeting of your National Rifle Association, I take a very great interest in reading your reports of Creedmoor and of the different matches held there, and I am pleased to notice the great improvement your marksmen have made in a short time in the use of the rifle. I have attended since I have lived in Canada numerous opening matches of Rifle Associations, but I must say that the matches at Creedmoor, N. Y., were better conducted, and the shooting at least equal to any that I have seen in the Dominion. Great credit is certainly due to the several gentlemen who had the organizing of the Association, and who have carried out their arrangements so well. I do not mean to say that all was perfection, for that is not to be attained at a first rifle meeting; but it was all that could be expected. There were a few mistakes made which you will no doubt obviate on acquiring experience. I will mention one or two. I noticed on several occasions men firing at targets when markers were painting the adjoining ones with danger flags up, which is very dangerous, for the bullets after striking the target fly in pieces on each side, and it was a wonder to me that the matches terminated without an accident. Another mistake I think was committed in the small bore matches, (or, as you term them, sporting rifles), and that error was in shooting them from the shoulder. We did the same thing at the opening matches of our Dominion Rifle Association, but have now given it up. Long range rifles are not made for shoulder shooting, and although in England and Scotland they have matches at the short distance of 200 yards with them, they, on all occasions, shoot in any position. In Canada we seldom have matches with small bore rifles at any range under 500 yards. In your paper of November 6th, in your comments on the match of the Amateur Rifle Club, you make some mistakes which you will pardon me for correcting. You say, "Mr. Omand having been a member of the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, and one of the winners in the match for the Rajah of Kolapore Cup in 1870," and so forth. Now, Mr. Omand was never a member of the Victoria Rifles of

Montreal, but was a member of the Victoria Rifle Club of Hamilton, and the Kolapore Cup was first competed for by Canadians at Wimbledon in 1871, twenty men on each side, at 200, 500 and 600 yards. On that occasion we were beaten by somewhere about fifty points, but, in 1872, we picked our eight best men and shot eight men a side and beat the united team of England, Ireland and Scotland by eight points. You also make a comparison of the shooting in your matches and the shooting for the Kolapore Cup, but you must recollect that they shot with the Snider Military Rifle, with open sights, whereas the Amateur Club shot with sporting rifles, finely sighted with aperture front and back sights. Now, that makes a great difference indeed. From what I saw I feel perfectly satisfied that the Remington Sporting Rifle is at least equal to the Rigby or Metford Small Bore Rifles, which are the best long range rifles that we know of. I think it is a mistake to exclude muzzle-loading rifles from shooting in your badge matches, or any other. It is the best way to test the merits of both kinds of rifles by shooting them along side each other. You must not think by my above remarks that I have any intention of trying to diminish the credit due to your marksmen. Far from it; they certainly have improved in a most wonderful way in the short time they have been practising, and deserve great credit. I see by some remarks in your paper that you do not approve of giving money prizes at your competitions, for the purpose of keeping out a spirit of gambling, which is perfectly correct, if it would have that tendency; but experience proves, both in England and Canada, that such is not the case; for where there is no chance of cheating there is no danger of gamblers' competing. If you do not offer money prizes your competitions will be confined to men who have the means and time at their disposal. Now, I presume the gentlemen who have so magnanimously worked and organized the National Rifle Association had some nobler object in view than getting it up for mere pastime. I have no doubt their intentions are that it shall be an institution for teaching your young men, whom you would expect to fight your battles, the practical use of the rifle. It is necessary for me to tell you that there are thousands of such men, who, for want of means, would not be able to give the necessary time for practice, and consequently would not attend your competitions at all; whereas, if there were any chance of their being able to pay their expenses by what they might win in money, they would be far more likely to take an interest in rifle practice, and in a military point of view, your country would be all the stronger. I also see some remarks about spirit levels, plumb balls, &c., &c., for the very necessary purpose of keeping the rifle perpendicular when shooting. In Canada we have gotten over experimenting on those things. I see by your columns that one gentleman suggests a pendulum hanging loosely from the back sight with an aperture in it, which is a good idea, but for the one objection of its being impracticable on a windy day. It would keep shaking back and forward and would disturb the eye of the marksman. We have tried a great many plans to keep the rifle plumb, but all methods have failed, save by using the spirit level, which suits the purpose better than anything we have tried. So far as the danger of the spirit levels getting broken is concerned, that depends very much on the way they are fitted on. I have made mine to slip on the foresight and move along with it, when I shift for wind, so that it is always in a direct line with the sight, and does not disturb the eye when sighting. It can be taken off and put on in a moment without any trouble. I have used it for over five years, and it is not broken yet. The same amount of care which is necessary to protect the sight will also protect the level.

Yours, very truly,

SHOOTER.

THE MULE DEER—OR *C. MACROTUS*.

THIS species of deer is better known among hunters as the black tail, or red deer. It ranges from Western Missouri to the snow ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and is a very numerous species. During a five month's hunt in Colorado, I did not observe a black tail, or Virginian deer, although the *C. Macrotus* were seen in considerable numbers. The does of the Mule Deer are found throughout the foothills the whole year, but the bucks retire to the highest mountains in the spring, where they remain until about the first of October. While on the mountain tops they collect generally in small bands of four or five, though I have seen seventeen bucks in a herd. While in the vicinity of Taylor's Fork, Colorado, I had a fine opportunity of watching them in their natural haunts. They are generally found near timber line, in the heat of the day, but in the morning and evening they leave the shade of the forest and go further up the mountains to the grassy tops, to feed on the young rich growth which is nourished and fed by the water from the snow banks on the mountain peaks. When thus feeding, it requires the utmost skill of the hunter to approach them within shooting distance. I have watched a band of bucks feeding far above timber line until they gradually approached the forest, where I could find sufficient cover to crawl near them unseen and obtain a shot. When one deer is killed in a band and is seen to fall by the others, they often run in a body a short distance from the slain buck, and halt, looking back at the point of danger, standing as still as a statue, with their large ears brought forward to catch the slightest sound. If nothing is seen in a few moments they wheel about and gallop away to the nearest timber, when they are soon lost to view. When shot at in the forest, they retreat at a furious rate, often falling over fallen tim-

bers, and crashing through thickets, making the dead sticks crack and fly in every direction. They sometimes charge directly toward the hunter, and on one occasion I "dropped" a buck within twenty feet of me with a second shot, which was passing with several others. The scent of the Mule Deer is very keen, and it is useless to hunt them to "leeward" as they will smell the approaching hunter, and bound away, long before he is near enough to sight them. They are remarkably sharp sighted, and are constantly on the lookout for danger, particularly the does when they have their young with them.

When a band is resting, they lie down within a few feet of each other, doubling their fore legs under the body, and in wet weather they dry their coat by licking it with the tongue, in the same manner as a dog. I once observed a band of seven bucks, during a shower, which were lying under a large spruce tree, within fifty yards of my concealment. They were lying so close together, as nearly to touch each other. After watching them about five minutes I shot one of the largest. When receiving the ball, it jumped up, and immediately fell down again, and in so doing, tripped one of the passing herd, that went tumbling down a steep hillside, but soon caught its footing and bounded away after the rest of the band, with the speed of the wind. The bucks often return to their "beds," sleeping in the same place several nights in succession. I have surprised three bucks several times in their favorite resting place, which was on the decayed remains of a large log that had crumbled to pieces, thus making a soft and dry bed.

The Mule Deer has generally one fawn, though sometimes two. The fawns are prettily spotted with white and become quite strong and active a few days after their birth. When a doe first has her fawns, she remains in the thick swamps and under-bush for several weeks until her offspring are able to keep up with her when running from danger.

The flesh of the Mule Deer is superior, as meat, to that of the Virginian deer. The *C. Macrotus* is larger than the white tailed deer (*C. Virginianus*) and it requires considerable strength on the part of the hunter, when on level ground, to lift a full grown Mule Deer up on to his riding animal, behind his saddle, when it has just been killed and in a limsy state.

Jos. H. BATTY, U. S. G. Survey.

PROF. F. V. HAYDEN, in charge.

SKETCHES IN FLORIDA.

THE ENVIRONS OF TALLAHASSEE.

THE City of Tallahassee, the Capital of the State of Florida, is situated in Leon County, about thirty miles north of the Gulf of Mexico, and half-way between the eastern and western limits of the State. Tallahassee is an Indian word, and signifies "old fields." The present site of the city was perhaps long ago the cornfields of the savages. It is situated upon the broad, flat top of a hill, and is about a mile in length, by three-eighths in breadth. Its people are hospitable, refined, polite, and very sociable; and the stranger visiting there will receive more attention than at any other city in the south. It is a very paradise for bachelors, on account of the number, the beauty and the charming manners of the ladies. The climate is very pleasant, and the number of soft, warm "Indian summer" days during the winter, is very great—and, though a fire is necessary in the evenings, yet, during the day the visitor can remain almost entirely in the open air with comfort and pleasure.

To the sportsman, the prospect is admirable. In every direction, for miles from the town, are wide fields, which swarm with quail. A fair day's shooting—allowing the sportsman to take his breakfast at a reasonable hour, and start leisurely, returning for supper at dark—for a good shot, and with a good dog, is not less than from sixty to one hundred and forty birds. The covies are all large, and often two or more are found in one field. In the neighborhood of the town are many small lakes, in which duck and other wild fowl are plentiful. While at Lakes Lafayette and Jackson, six miles distant, and some miles in extent, there is good fishing as well as good shooting. About two miles from town, and on a high hill, which lies between several small lakes, is a favorite resort for duck-shooters—as the birds are continually passing and repassing from lake to lake. There is abundance of accommodation in the city, and the young gentlemen take pleasure in giving the sportsman all necessary information and assistance. Horses and vehicles are readily obtained. Deer are often killed within a few miles of the town, as well as wild turkeys.

St. Mark's, but an hour's ride from the city, by rail, is on the Gulf; and the fishing and wild fowl shooting is of the best. Boats and assistants are easily had.

One of the pleasantest trips, is a visit to the famous Wakulla Spring—which lies about sixteen miles from Tallahassee, almost due south—and out of which flows the Wakulla River, a stream a hundred feet wide, and three feet deep, with a two mile current where it leaves the spring. The route, with the exception of a few miles near Tallahassee, is through the pine woods, which extend to the very edge of the spring; though, as the ground begins to fall, there is a considerable intermixture of other varieties of timber, and a heavy undergrowth. The Wakulla Spring is about fifty yards long, by seventy-five broad, and is famous for the transparency of its waters. Floating in a boat on its surface, one seems suspended in mid air—and, when the day is perfectly calm, the water smooth and the sun bright, the illusion is perfect. The ordinary depth of

the spring is eighty-five feet and objects on its bottom can be seen almost as plainly as if held in the hand. Visitors usually take with them small, round, bright pieces of tin, which appear like tiny mirrors lying on the bottom, which is smooth and covered with a fine white sand. On the western side is a broad ledge or cliff of rock, the top of which is sixty-five feet below the surface. At the edge of this cliff the water is black, and I found bottom at a little over one hundred and twenty-five feet. Out of this Gulf the stream seems to gush, and one can see the fish floating over and in front of it, steadily maintaining their position—though the somewhat quick motion of the fins and tail show the resistance they are obliged to overcome.

The water is impregnated with limestone, and is icy cold. One or two persons who have experimented in swimming in this spring, after a few seconds immersion, became so benumbed as to require assistance to get back into the boat. The sides of the spring are very steep; being almost perpendicular for some distance below the surface. The river leading from the spring is full of grass, and among this lie the fish. Fishing with a line is out of the question—but many are caught with a "gig."

There is a legend connected with the spring, which goes on to say that many years ago, long before the white man trod the shores of America, this spring was a little fountain, and was the favorite resort of a pair of mastodons. One day while standing at the spring, cooling themselves by throwing over their backs "trunk-fuls" of the icy water, the ground suddenly gave way beneath their feet—and the ill-fated pair found themselves swimming in a lake of ice-cold water. Terrifically they "trumpeted," and frantically they strove to clamber out upon the bank—but the steep sides afforded no foothold—until benumbed and overcome with the cold, and feebly struggling, they sank, with their trunks lovingly entwined, to rise no more. As my fair informant remarked: "lovingly they had spent their lives together, and in death they were not divided." The bones of the ill-fated pair remained long at the bottom of the spring—a memento of their fidelity and their fate. Some years ago, some enterprising individuals succeeded in getting out their skeletons, which were large and perfect, and shipped them to New York. The vessel was wrecked during the voyage and they were lost.*

The country around Tallahassee is attractive and beautifully undulating. There are many fine views, and pleasant drives in almost any direction. All the varieties of forest vegetation peculiar to the country, are abundant. The superb magnolia, with its glossy deep-green leaves and large cream-white flowers, the bay-tree, the live oak, so famed for ship timber, the scarlet oak, the sweet gum, the sycamore, the long-leaved pine, the catalpa, the hickory, the beech, the wild plum and crab-apple, of size almost incredible until seen, the dogwood whose large, white flowers and berries of vivid scarlet far exceed in size those of its northern compeer—grape, and other vines of every variety and size; the yellow jessamine, which climbs the trees and overspreads their tops with its clusters, and hangs in graceful festoons from every branch, in a wealth of floral profusion which illumines its surroundings, and covers its forest supporters with a crown of glory. Along the fences and hedges the Cherokee rose, (I may tell you its legend some day), clambers in wild luxuriance—its fair snow-white blossoms shining like stars in the dusk of the evening, as you ride along. The oleander, the cape-jessamine and the crepe-myrtle, puny shrubs and hot-house plants at the north, here are trees, and grow to the height of twenty feet. The camelia, too, reaches the height of ten feet or more, and, living in the open air, blossoms with a luxuriance unknown to its sisters of the northern conservatory.

But why say more. The lover of the rod and gun keenly appreciates all of nature's loveliness—and where is the beauty and delicacy of God's handiwork more manifest than in the "Land of Flowers?"

MONMOUTH.

*Chas. Lanman, Esq., in his "Wilds of America," says that the bones referred to were sent to Philadelphia by Geo. S. King, of Florida, and deposited in the museum there.—Ed.

—Several months since a store boat sank near the little town of Reno, Indiana, which had on board among other things several kegs of powder. One keg was carried up to Mr. Galey's and kicked around the yard for several days, but at last the inquisitiveness of Mr. G. overcame his accustomed prudence and he determined to experiment upon the keg. The powder had caked and become, to all appearances, a solid mass, but was in fact streaked all through with little veins of dry powder, which the water had affected very little. Mr. G. applied a torch to the mouth of the keg, and after considerable scraping and poking, the fire took hold a few seconds before Mr. G. let go. The keg made a puff like an infant Vesuvius, and bounded up the hill like a frightened coon—endwise. It puffed and smoked a few moments, when it made another spring into the air, turned over several times, and made straight for Mr. G., who by this time became somewhat frightened and began to yell for water. This roused the entire family, and while Mr. G. and his eldest son were vainly endeavoring to capture the keg, and kept busily avoiding it in its peregrinations, the other members were busily heaving bucketful after bucketful in the direction of the kicking keg. One bound, more lofty and vigorous than any of the preceding ones, carried the keg to the top of the house, where it whizzed and buzzed behind the chimney, until finally it rolled off and landed just in front of Mr. G., who sprang astride the smoking thing and yelled for more water. It came. Bucketful after bucketful was thrown upon the man and keg as they rolled over and over the ground, filling the air with smoke and soot and cuss words, until the fire in the keg and curiosity in Mr. G. were both totally extinguished. The bare sight of a powder keg is sufficient to cause a cold streak to run down Mr. G.'s spinal column.—Ed.

—The oldest timber in the world is in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is 4,000 years old and perfectly sound.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

WINDOW, OR PARLOR GARDENING.

THE HALF DOZEN PLANTS.—No. II.

"Bright gems of earth, in which perchance we see
What Eden was—what Paradise may be."

WE often hear it remarked, in relation to plant cultivation in rooms in the winter months, that Mrs. Flora, or Mrs. Pomona, or Miss Barefeet always has a bright and lovely stand near her front windows always bright and glowing with green leaves and flowers. And quite often our fair questioners ask, "Why cannot I have as fine a variety of rare plants in my room as Mrs. Lavender?" You can do so, and we are disposed to give you a few practical hints of how to begin in order to be successful.

Beginners frequently make a mistake at the very outset. They quite naturally suppose, after looking at a finely arranged, thrifty window garden, that this is all very easy, and they have only to go and do likewise, and have as fine a show as their friend. Very well; so they will, *provided* they take the care, and notice every little requisite that they will find they have overlooked. We do not wish to discourage our lady friends from the pleasing amusement of window gardening, but we wish them to understand in the beginning that from the most simple elements the most beautiful combinations and gratifying results may be obtained.

As you have constituted me your mentor, you must follow as I lead. You must in the first place make up your mind that were you to attempt the stocking and culture of a large number of plants with complete success you will assuredly fail. First attempts generally fall far short of our anticipations. You must try and fail, and try again, to a certain extent, and if you lose in plants you will have gained in knowledge what you have lost in plants. Gardening, and window gardening in particular, like all arts, requires practice, self-reliance, and careful observation; every little thing tells in the window garden. A lady said to me, "O, the many, many failures I have made in my attempts to cultivate good flowers! I have made such sacrifices to cash, time, and patience that I think I should succeed, if only to reward me for my patience." "Have you not obtained your reward in the knowledge you have obtained under difficulties? Does not this beautiful passiflora, that so gracefully twines its blossoming branches, covered with flowers, alone compensate you for all your time, money, and observation, your study and patience? Is not this one splendid plant a reward in itself sufficient for all your pains?" "Most truly, and now I can cultivate every plant I attempt to place in my window, for I have learned never to attempt impossibilities." This is my second point of consideration—never attempt to cultivate plants or flowers you *know nothing* at all about. True, you will have failures in the beginning; you must have, but remember, you will have success in the end.

The most essential requisites to window plant cultivation is a knowledge of the proper appliances. Take as an illustration of our subject, its simplest form. You have one window which you propose to make into a window receptacle of plants, flowers, &c. We will suppose it to be an ordinary window only. This window is to be fitted with shelves to receive your pots, and in the first place you will quite probably place a board upon the window sill, on the inside, of eighteen inches width. This is for your bottom shelf, and upon this shelf you will place your larger sized pots, and you will place them as near to the glass as possible, in order to give them all the light and heat possible from the outside as well as inside of the room. About three or four shelves is as many as I would recommend to begin with, and one shelf of six good pots is better well cultivated, thrifty, and, as I expect from you, understandingly, than a full shelf of meagre starvelling, as unsightly as undesirable. If you prefer, instead of pots you can have a neat bed made, of the requisite dimensions to place on your shelf. It is a good plan.

Full light and open air are loved by plants; one they must have all the time, the other occasionally. With such a window, arranged in this manner, suppose you begin with one shelf of six pots, or a single long box of earth. We think you could do yourself credit with these preliminary instructions, for they are as the stepping stones across the brook. If you would ford the stream you must look carefully to the way marks. If the window is fitted with double sash, or a recess between the outer and inner sash, so much the better, but of all these progressive arts we shall inform you as you are prepared to receive the necessary practical instruction.

You will observe that in the first attempts at window gardening on a small scale the great principles of heat, light, moisture, air, earth and soils, in elementary or primitive parts, and their compostings, are to be thoroughly considered. First—heat, the mover and great motive power, is to be supplied as the plant requires, within certain limits; tropical plants, heat of a certain degree, and plants of a more temperate clime their climatic heat as nearly as possible. The medium heat is from forty to eighty degrees. Now, we suppose, you are ready to commence your simple window garden with good plants. Do not buy your plants of the "generating tribe of flower sellers, whose name is legion, and who are generally humbugs, but go to your seedsmen or florist, ask him to select for you good honest plants and bulbs, and if he is an honest man he will do you no wrong. Always obtain new plants—plants that have

bloomed during the summer are not such as you should place in your window. Now as to the plants—nearly all our ladies say first the old calla lily. Well, it is a grand old plant, and its green leaves alone are full of beauty. Place this lily, if you have only one, in a good sized pot in the centre of your window. You are to recollect that for this lily the soil is to be composed of a compost made from rich loam, one quarter sand, thoroughly decayed cow manure two parts, and a small portion of leaf mould from the woods. Two or three attempts will give you the required parts of each. One fact bear in mind, for a general winter compost have on hand in barrels in your cellar rich loam, clean sand, old well rotted manure, leaf mould from the woods, meadow peat, and for some plants the old rotted stump soil found in our woods. We could tell you the exact component parts, but we think you had better rely somewhat upon yourself in the preparation of particular soils. A very good compost for general use may be made from rich loam, sand, cow manure, and leaf mould in equal parts. I have successfully used it in the above form. If you wish to add a camelia, rose, or geranium to your window, you will pot them in one part river sand, one part leaf mould, two parts of turf or garden soil. In potting your plants, press the earth well about the roots. There is what we call an unpardonable mistake, made by many of our friends, in not looking at the plant they would repot. Repotting is an art of itself, and you will find it requires knowledge to considerable extent, simple as it appears.

Watch a skilful florist the very next time you visit a green-house, and see how he repots any rose or geranium. We will tell you how he does it, or how he should do it, to have a good plant. He will take the plant he is to repot, and turn it upside down, with his left hand over the pot, the stem of the plant being between his fingers; he now gives the pot a smart rap, over the bin or barrel, and lifts up the pot, having in his hand the plant, with its ball of earth. See how very carefully he removes every worm or insect he may find. "Now," he says, "this plant requires a larger pot, for the roots are large and matted together, sometimes closely around the sides of the pot." Heed this, it is an infallible sign of "bigger pot" wanted. Give this plant a pot one size larger than the one you took it from. Now place the ball of earth or roots in the centre of the pot selected for its home, and fill it up all around with fresh soil, pressing it down firmly either with a stick or with your hands. Cover the "ball" with half an inch, and settle the dirt in the pot by gently striking the same on the edge of the table. You can now set your pot in your window. As for stimulating your plants, there are quite a number of good fertilizers, the effects of which I shall give in their proper places in these papers. But after adding a good strong plant of the English ivy (*Hedra helix*) on one side to climb up a rustic trellis, and on the other side (if you do not prefer the lantana, or running German ivy) you can place a fine plant of the *Begonia rex* as a side plant. Never think of potting a plant that has the ball of earth very dry. You must have your root moist, for you cannot well water it after repotting. A badly formed root will sometimes be found in pots, and are called "snake curls" or "snag roots," these require skilful prunings to ever succeed. You can only in cases like this repot in a smaller pot, to which you have added powdered charcoal dust, and give gentle heat and moisture, and you may succeed.

There is no better or more showy plant to be had in this country, or one that will give you the satisfaction that this, under good culture, will. The leaves of this plant, in good circumstances, grow to considerable height, are of quite large size, and beautifully shaded with crimson, with an intermixture of broad silver zones and irregular patches. It is, as the ladies say, "a love of a plant," and we place it first among our list of plants as deserving especial attention.

In this paper we have laid down a few practical, simple rules, the results of our own careful experience, and leaving our readers to profit by the instruction of this paper we will in paper number III take them a few steps further on in this delightful study.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

PRUNING OUT-DOOR GRAPE VINES.—This work, if not already done, should not be delayed. Let the pruned vines lie flat upon the ground, as it is warmer there than on the trellis. Besides allowing them there until the buds have started in the spring, it will have the effect of causing buds to strike low, and thus provide new leaders to take the place of old ones. Rampant growing vines should be cut back more severely than slow growers, and none should be trellised higher than six feet from the ground. Lateral branches should be cut to two or three buds. The soil in which grapes are grown should be kept in the best condition—ground bones being probably the best fertilizer.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

RESURRECTION OF LONG BURIED GERMS.—The *Canada Repository and Messenger* has the following:—"About thirty years ago, near the southern boundary of this county, a farmer's wife, living in a small log cabin on a hillside, planted in front of her door a plat of flowers, among which was the purple poppy. After the farmer built himself a new house at a little distance from his former abode, to take advantage of the hill, the road was moved so as to run directly across this plat of flowers, and for twenty-five years or more there has not been seen the least vestige of any flower that formerly grew there. Last year, in working on the road, the hill was ploughed and scraped and graded down, and this year, circumstances proving favorable for the germination of the long buried seed, purple poppies are blooming along that roadway."

—What is the difference between a great coat and an infant? One you wear the other you was.

Natural History.

—The introduction of the Angora goat into Australia seems to have been quite successful. The goats were first sent to Victoria in 1856, and now are found in fair quantity in other sections of the country. The annual fleece is from three to nine pounds of mohair, which, when properly washed, is worth about 3s. 6d. a pound. There will be a rivalry some day between the Pacific and the Australian goat, and cashmere shawls may yet be within the means of the most economical of women. Happy day!

—Professor Le Conte, of Oakland, California, sends the following interesting account of the Flight of Birds, to *Nature*:

"In *Nature*, vol. viii. p. 86, Mr. J. Guthrie calls attention to, and asks explanation of, a curious phenomenon in the flight of birds observed by him:—'In the face of a strong wind,' he says, 'the hawk remained fixed in space without fluttering a wing for at least two minutes. After a time it quietly changed its position a few feet with a slight motion of its wings, and then came to rest again as before, remaining as motionless as the rocks around it.'

I have often observed the same phenomenon, but, until recently, not carefully enough to warrant any attempt at explanation, though always convinced that it was not due to any invisible vibratory motion of the wings, as suggested by Mr. Guthrie. During the past summer, however, while on a tour through the mountains of Oregon, I had a fine opportunity of watching very closely a large red-tailed hawk (*Buteo montanus*) while performing this wonderful feat, and of noting the conditions under which alone, I believe, it is possible. These conditions are precisely those described by Mr. Guthrie, viz., a steady wind, blowing across an upward slope, terminated by a ridge. For a half-hour I watched the hawk, with wings and tail widely expanded, but motionless, balancing himself in a fixed position for several minutes in the face of a strong wind; then changing his position and again balancing, but always choosing his position just above the ridge.

I explain the phenomenon as follows:—The slope of the hill determines a slight upward direction to the wind. The bird inclines the plane of his expanded wings and tail very slightly downwards, but the inclination is less than that of the wind. Under these conditions it is evident that the tendency of gravity would carry him backward and upward. The bird skilfully adjusts the plane of his wings and tail, so that these two opposing forces shall exactly balance. He changes his place and position from time to time, not entirely voluntarily, but because the varying force or direction of the wind compels him to seek a new position of equilibrium."

—Mr. Frank Buckland is the authority for this:—During my journey north last week I saw, when inspecting a salmon river, a remarkably strong, active, intelligent little boy, between four and five years old, playing about a weir. The father told me a very curious story about the child. Last Christmas he was taken to see a pantomime in which monkeys performed a great part. The scene so impressed the child's mind that the next morning he imagined himself to be a monkey. He would not speak, and no kindness or threats would make him speak a single word, he would not sit at table with his brothers and sisters at meals, but would only eat out of a plate placed on the ground, out of which he ate his food, being on all fours. If anything to eat was presented to him he always put it to his nose and smelt it, just as a monkey does before eating it. He was continually climbing up trees and throwing down boughs and grinning at the people below like the monkeys in the cocoa-nut trees in the pantomime. When his father tried to correct him the little fellow, still on all fours, ran after him and bit him on the leg. He would serve his brothers and sisters the same if they teased him. This curious monkey fit lasted until a few weeks ago, but the idea has now quite passed out of his head. I wonder if this story may possibly be of any use to Mr. Darwin. [So it seems that there are naughty little boys all over the world.]

GIZZARDS OF INSECTS.—Everyone knows that turkeys, fowls, geese, and many other birds that take their food by the *peck* are supplied with gizzards, and that such birds swallow grains of sand, small pebbles, and other hard substances with their food. The action of the gizzard upon this mixture may be easily understood; the hard substances are made to do the duty of teeth by crushing and grinding the softer ones to a pulp, so that teeth in the mouth of a fowl would be out of place. Many who know all this may not be aware that several insects have gizzards too, and still more wonderful, the gizzards of insects are much more complicated affairs than those of birds. If the gizzard of a cricket be laid open it will be found lined with rows of formidable teeth—a good substitute, you will say, for the sand and pebbles taken into the gizzards of birds at every meal; and, as these teeth are permanent they no doubt save the possessor of them a vast deal of trouble, unless, indeed, the cricket should ever be subject to the toothache. The gizzards of insects are not at all alike; some are lined with teeth, some with plates, some with horns, and some with bristles; but in every instance the apparatus is a very wonderful one. In a pretty little beetle not uncommon in some localities, and with a name much longer perhaps than the longest to be found in the parish register, the gizzard is about the size of a common pin's head, and is armed internally with more than four hundred teeth; imagine what the number of muscles must be to set all this machinery in motion, and keep up its action upon the food. In some species it amounts to many thousands.—*The Field*.

TRAP-DOOR SPIDERS.—These curious creatures make real doors to their dwelling-places and resent intrusion as though they were coiners or illicit distillers. The doors are fitted with solid hinges, and are generally so placed on a sloping bank that they fall to by their own weight and shut into the opening like a cork. Some of these spiders even make double doors—the first slight in texture, and covered with lichen or moss, so as to escape detection; the second constructed for serious resistance. For these double doors, one of which shall open, as it were, from without and the other only from within, there is certainly much to be said, as the experience of both men and women goes to prove. There is something almost pathetic as well as comical in the account given of the spider which, or perhaps we ought to say who, when her first door was destroyed and her second threatened, was finally captured at her post with her back set against the door, resisting with all the power of her legs this violation of territory.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The following donations to the Central Park Managerie have been received:

One Bald Eagle, *Haliaeetus Caecephalus*, captured in Florida; presented by Mrs. Capt. O. Hazard.

One Flying Squirrel, *Pteromys volucella*, presented by Mr. Henry C. Carter.

One Hawk, *Falco ferox*, hab. Chili, presented by Ernest F. Hoffman, M. D.

One Turkey Buzzard, *Cathartes aura*, captured in Ohio; presented by Mr. Cyrus J. Van Gorder.

One Southern Fox Squirrel, *Sciurus vulpinus*; is a pure, uniform, lustrous black, with ears and nose white; presented by Mr. M. C. Lefferts. W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

The Kennel.

—CHAMPION ENGLISH POINTER, "BELLE."—The portrait of this remarkable dog, the champion of England, the winner of the great Rhiwlas Balla Field trials, elegantly engraved by the Photo-lithographic Co., with pedigree and points, will be for sale at the FOREST AND STREAM office, on and after Wednesday next, December 24th. Price, \$1.00, sent by mail.

DOG ANECDOTES.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT and Theodore Hook were wont to manufacture an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes of animals, for the special benefit of the English provincial papers. Perhaps their neatest anecdote was about a Newfoundland dog who, when called upon to fetch three hats of different sizes, and all at the same time, pondered over the job for a while and then assorting them, slipped one hat inside of the other until he had made a nest of hats, and thus achieved his task. Very possibly it was this same dog who, when worried by a cur of low degree, took the offending puppy in a most deliberate way by the nape of the neck, carried him to the parapet of a bridge, and then let him drop into the river. All schoolboys believe in this story, as do we, the children of a larger growth. But it wanted a *denouement*, something more, and at last a continuation has been vouchsafed to us, coming from a French source. The Newfoundland doggie stands on the bridge and sees his puny assailant floundering in the river where he has precipitated him. A tear trickles down the eye of the Newfoundland, for remorse is there; "and has not his enemy suffered enough?" says the noble dog to himself. Instantly he springs off the parapet, rescues from drowning the very same *chien* he has himself thrown into the water, and brings him to the shore. Believe it? And why not? Is it not so written?

Here, however, is a story of a dog, sent us by a kind lady correspondent from Georgia, which is very pretty. We produce the letter of our fair correspondent:—

MARIETTA, Ga., November 30, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

My father has an old Newfoundland dog who, when her last litter of puppies were born, some four years ago, was thought to be too old to nurse them, and when the puppies were quite little—as the breed was very much esteemed in the neighborhood—her little ones were given to various friends, and I am pleased to say that all the little fellows thrive. Flora's distress at losing her little family was terrible. It was not expressed by howls or noisy exclamations of dog-like despair, but by the most intense, quiet grief, which lasted more than a year. Six months ago, my father brought to the plantation three puppies—a terrier, a mastiff, and a Newfoundland, the latter a grandchild of Flora. All three little dogs were taken by my father out of the carriage and placed on the lawn back of the house. They commenced whimpering. Instantly Flora heard them, and with every evidence of solicitude went to the Newfoundland puppy, fondled it for a moment, then took it in her mouth, pushing aside the other little dogs, carried it to her kennel. She cared for the little fellow for four months as if it had been her own child, following the colored woman who brought the milk from the dairy until her little charge had had his share of milk. If she was all tenderness to her grandchild, she was spiteful, to a degree, in regard to the other young dogs. To-day Dash, her foster son, is a fine young dog, and can take care of himself: Flora is a thoroughbred Newfoundland, rather small, feet well webbed, and was sent to my father from St. Johns, Newfoundland. As we have a large pond on the place, Flora and Dash take to the water every day in summer, and as we live in a portion of the State where the winter is quite cold at times, these dogs never suffer. I trust you will excuse a lady's writing you on a subject our sex rarely indulges in, for, save Grace Greenwood, who can write dog quite charmingly, I am afraid it is somewhat out of our sphere. Very truly, J.

Here is another dog story, just sent to us:—

Roosevelt Schuyler, Esq., of Staten Island, had a remarkably fine, unbroken, red Irish setter, which he presented some weeks ago to an officer stationed at Fort Hamilton, L. I. The dog arrived at the fort in the morning, had never been there before, but that very same night the setter was at home in Staten Island, jumping over the garden fence and barking loudly at the house door for admittance. The setter must have either taken the ferryboat or swam the channel.

Here is the story of courage in a dog, as told us by an esteemed friend and thorough sportsman:—

"I was shooting quail on Land Island, some years ago,

with my dog Jack, a full-blooded black pointer. The dog got far ahead of me and pointed in an open field at a bevy of quail. Usually he was a very steady dog, and was such an excellent animal in all respects that I do not think I ever had to punish him. I loved Jack and my affection was returned. Well, the birds rose suddenly and I fired, killing four, when to my horror I found poor Jack covered with blood, a great many of the shot having raked him. He had jumped just as I had shot. I could have cried over it. I called to him. Jack came up and I talked to him as I would have done to a human being, letting him know how sorry I was, and that it was all owing to my carelessness. Jack seemed to understand me, but went on looking up the game, just as staunch and confiding as ever. I made an excellent bag that day, even after my unfortunate accident. I ought perhaps to have taken Jack straight home, but he seemed to say to me, "It's of no consequence I assure you. It ain't of much account." That he was hurt was certain, as he could hardly move for the next three days, though I nursed him tenderly. Jack never lost his trust in me. I have always thought that Jack, besides his hunting points, was the bravest animal I ever knew."

—From *Nature* we take the following as an instance of the collective instinct in animals:—

"A friend of mine in this neighborhood had a small terrier and a large Newfoundland. One day a shepherd called upon him to say that his dog had been seen worrying sheep the night before. The gentleman said there must be some mistake, as the Newfoundland had not been unchained. A few days afterwards the shepherd again called with the same complaint, vehemently asserting that he was positive as to the identity of the dogs. Consequently, the owner set one watch upon the kennel, and another outside the sheep-enclosure, directing them (in consequence of what the shepherd had told him) not to interfere with the action of the dogs. After this had been done for several nights in succession, the small dog was observed to come at day-dawn to the place where the large one was chained; the latter immediately slipped his collar, and the two animals made straight for the sheep. Upon arriving at the enclosure the Newfoundland concealed himself behind a hedge, while the terrier drove the sheep towards his ambush, and the fate of one of them was quickly sealed. When their breakfast was finished the dogs returned home, and the large one, thrusting his head into his collar, lay down again as though nothing had happened. Why this animal should have chosen to hunt by stratagem prey which it could easily have run down, I cannot suggest; but there can be little doubt that so wise a dog must have had some good reason."

—The following is Canon Kingsley's charming and spirited description of the hare, fox and fox-hound:—

THE HARE.

A hare races towards us through the ferns, her great bright eyes full of terror, her ears aloft to catch some sound behind. She sees us, turns short, and vanishes into the gloom. The mare pricks up her ears too, listens, and looks; but not the way the hare has gone. There is something more coming; I can trust the finer sense of the horse, to which (and no wonder) the middle age attributed the power of seeing ghosts and fairies impalpable to man's gross eyes. Beside, that hare was not traveling in search of food. She was not loping along, looking around her right and left, but galloping steadily. She has been frightened—she has been put up; but what has put her up? And there, far away among the firstems, rings the shriek of a startled blackbird. What has put him up!

That old mare, at sight whereof your wise eyes widen till they are ready to burst, and your ears arc first shot forward toward your nose, and then laid back with vicious intent. Stand still, old woman! Do you think still, after fifteen winters, that you can catch a fox?

THE FOX.

A fox it is indeed; a great dog-fox, as red as the firstems between which he glides. And yet his legs are black with fresh peat-stains. He is a hunted fox; but he has not been up long.

The mare stands like a statue; but I can feel her trembling between my knees. Positively he does not see us. He sits down in the middle of a ride, turns his great ears right and left, and then scratches one of them with his hind foot, seemingly to make it hear the better. Now he is up again and on.

Beneath yon firs, some hundred yards away, standeth, or rather lieth, for it is on dead flat ground, the famous castle of Malepartus, which beheld the base murder of Lampete the hare, and many a seely soul beside. I know it well; a patch of sand-heaps, mingled with great holes, amid the twining fir-roots; ancient home of the last of the wild beasts. And thither, unto Malepartus safe and strong, trots Reinecke, where he hopes to be snug among the labyrinthine windings and innumerable starting-holes, as the old apologue has it, of his ballium, covert-way, and donjon keep. Full blown in self-satisfaction he trots, lifting his toes delicately and carrying his brush aloft, as full of cunning and conceit as that world-famous ancestor of his, whose deeds of unehivalry were the delight, if not the model, of knight and kaiser, lady and burgher, in the Middle Age.

Suddenly he halts at the great gate of Malepartus; examines it with his nose; goes on to a postern; examines that also, and then another and another; while I perceive afar, projecting from every cave's mouth, the red and green end of a new fir-faggot. Ah, Reinecke! fallen is thy conceit, and fallen thy tail therewith. Thou hast worse foes to deal with than Bruin the bear, or Isegrim the wolf, or any foolish brute whom thy great ancestor outwitted. Man the many-counseled has been beforehand with thee; and the earths are stopped.

One moment he sits down to meditate, and scratches those trusty counselors, his ears, as if he would tear them off, "revolving swift thoughts in a crafty mind."

He has settled it now. He is up and off—and at what a pace! Out of the way, Fauns and Hamadryads, if any be left in the forest. What a pace! And with what a grace beside!

Oh Reinecke, beautiful thou art, of a surety, in spite of thy great naughtiness. Art thou some fallen spirit, doomed to be hunted for thy sins in this life, and in some future life rewarded for thy swiftness, and grace, and cunning, by

being made a very messenger of the immortals? Who knows? Not I.

THE FOX-HOUND.

The old savage ideal of beauty was the lion, type of mere massive force. That was succeeded by an over-civilized ideal, say the fawn, type of delicate grace. By cunning breeding and choosing, through long centuries, man has combined both, and has created the fox-hound, lion, and fawn in one, just as he might create noble human beings, did he take half as much trouble about politics (in the true old sense of the word) as he does about fowls. Look at that old hound, who stands doubtful, looking up at his master for advice. Look at the severity, delicacy, lightness of every curve. His head is finer than a deer's; his hind legs tense as steel springs; his fore-legs straight as arrows; and yet see the depth of chest, the sweep of loin, the breadth of paw, the mass of arm and thigh; and if you have an eye for form, look at the absolute majesty of his attitude at this moment. Majesty is the only word for it. If he were six feet high, instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you compare him? Is it not a joy to see such a thing alive? It is to me, at least. I should like to have one in my study all day long, as I would have a statue or a picture; and when Mr. Morrell gave (as they say) two hundred guineas for Hercules alone, I believe the dog was well worth the money, only to look at. But I am a minute philosopher.

The Horse and the Course.

—The Louisiana Jockey Club Races began at New Orleans, on the 13th. The track was neither fast nor very heavy. The first race was for three-year-olds, one mile and three quarters, club purse \$500; first prize £250, second \$100, and third, \$50. Won by Nellie by a length. Time 3:27½; Carrington second, Fannie M. third, Falmouth fourth, Wanderer fifth, and Marry L. far in the rear.

—The races at San Diego, Cal., December 3, were successful in every respect. The first event was a trotting race free for all gentlemen's roadsters. There were four entries, and all started. The race was won by Chalmers Scott's Temecula Boy. Best time, 2:57½. A quarter race was won by Mayfield's Sleepy Charley. The third race was a mile dash, for two-year-olds. Three started. The race was won by Captain Johnson's Regent. Time, 2:00½.

—A race, free for all trotters and pacers, ten miles out, for a purse of \$1,000, took place on Saturday, the 13th, at the Ocean View Riding Park, San Francisco.

—The second race was for the Slocomb stakes, for two-year-olds, \$25 entrance. There were sixty-six entries, with \$700 added; second horse to receive \$300, and the third horse \$100. One mile, to carry three-years-olds weights. Nine entries came to the scratch as follows:—Paraylee, Sweet Bay, Jim Alexander, Ballankee, Larry Hart, Stampede, Bonaventure and Bay Rum. They came under the string in the following order:—Bay Rum, Paraylee, Larry Hart and Bariankee. Time, 1:57½. The third race was mile heats, for all ages. Club purse, \$500. First horse to receive \$400 and second \$100. There were eight entries:—Port Leonard, Tom Aiken, Tom Leathers, Ramesis, Quartermaster, Cape Race, Romping Girls and I O U. Tom Aiken was withdrawn, leaving seven to contest. Port Leonard won the heat easily, beating Cape Race by two lengths, with all the others on the wrong side of the distance flag. Time, 1:56. The second heat was also won by Port Leonard in 2:23½, which was little more than a walk around. It excited little interest.

—The Toronto *Sporting Times* calls attention to the fact that the entries for the Canadian Derby close on the first of next January. The stake itself will prove a rich prize, and to American breeders of thorough-bred stock it presents an unequalled medium for advertising their youngsters. Nearly every colt entered from Kentucky the last year was sold to Canadian turfmen, and at prices away up high in the centums. We ask the horsemen of old Kentucky and the many spirited ones who so worthily represent the Northern States to liberally respond to the invite, and let us have a three year old contest on the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay in July next that will be worth travelling many a hundred miles to see.

Entries can be made to this office or to the Secretary at Barrie, T. W. Simpson, Esq.

—A meet of the Quorn hounds at Melton, England, is a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. At an ordinary meeting and a good scent day, some of the best society in Europe may be found at the Old Club.

Many Americans can testify with what kindness and elegant mounts they have been received. The numbers of ladies and gentlemen that assemble at a meet of the Quorn hounds, is almost incredible, the number, however, on one occasion was between three and six hundred, superbly mounted and dressed in the pink of hunting costumes. Hunting the fox on horseback with a splendid pack of fast speeded hounds ahead, is generally acknowledged by all cavalry officers in the world to be the best training and primary school of the cavalryman. A correspondent of the London *Field* writes an account of the first day with the Quorn. We quote:—

A brilliant opening day with the Quorn has set the ball rolling for the season. Such a morning!—fit to make a man jump out of his saddle, as many did in the very first burst, and showed the ardour of their affection by embracing old Mother Earth, covered as she was with the dew of the morning! A gay and happy crowd wended their way to Kirby Gate, where, by-the-bye, there is a gate no longer, and Her Majesty's subjects are no longer subject to that obnoxious impost which is an insult to a free country. What a flood of memory rushes over one as we try to count the good men and true who have met at the world-known trysting place, and having raced over Leicestershire's fair

pastures, have gone long ago to the happy hunting grounds! "But what is up?" exclaims one and all, as a rapidly increasing group gathers around the worthy master of the pack, and, on breaking through the crowd, we spy a dozen bareheaded old fellows, with eyes intent upon the most intelligent of their number, who, in words which smack strongly of native eloquence, is presenting a silver hunting horn to Mr. Coupland, as a token of their esteem and appreciation of his efforts to show sport. Truly "one touch of nature makes the world akin."

The hunting field is not the arena for speeches; and a few hasty words, but expressing a great deal, fall from the lips of the M. F. H., and a pleasing little episode is completed which will stand out as a red-letter day amongst all those interested in the transaction. "They're off!" cries the excited pedestrians, many a one of whom buttons up his coat for a three mile run across to Old Gurtree, a landmark in the Quorn county, almost as well known as Kirby Gate itself, and whose top, as we approach, is black over with good people, who command a fine view on every side. A few minutes to tighten up girths and get ready, and five hundred horsemen are tearing across the field to the ringing sound of the horn whose first note proclaims a welcome "Gone away" in the ear of every sportsman present. A mile is got over, and it looks like settling down for a run, but up go their heads, and thinking he may have doubled, Tom Firs takes his hounds back. Crash again true to cover! Out goes another over the same line and to the same spot. Now all is over once more. An ugly drain, almost as long as the Thames tunnel, has spoilt our sport, but a terror is handy, and a right good one he is, for, like the witches in Macbeth, "in thunder, lightning, and in hail," he bolts the brace of foxes we had brought there in fine style, and notwithstanding the elements, the pack stuck to one, and after running him round in a ring, pulled him down, not far away, just as the clouds broke, after one of the heaviest storms we have seen this year. The digging and bolting business always swallows a lot of time, and it was near upon two o'clock before we started for Adams' Gorse, which surely ought to be a perfect paradise for foxes. At any rate, three or four seem to regard it as such, for they soon moved ahead, and after we got clear away, another tried the same dodge, but was not equally successful, and he had to make the best use of his legs, in doing which he gave us a pretty gallop over such a country!—all grass and such lovely fences that it was quite a disappointment to find, after going about twenty minutes thus, we had got back to Old Gurtree. However, so it was, and there we finished our first day with the Quorn.

How MUCH WORK A HORSE CAN DO.—At a meeting of the British Association at Dublin, Mr. Charles Bianconi of Cappel read a paper relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Pickford's the great English carriers, they could not work a horse more than ten miles a day, and wished Mr. Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. B. stated that he found by experience, he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days. By not working on Sunday, he effected a saving of twelve per cent. Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the highest importance, for he has over nine hundred horses working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 4,244 miles. It is also the result of forty-three years' experience.—*Scientific American*.

The Magazines.

THE MEXICAN DONKEY AND HIS DRIVER.

THE only carts ever employed at Mazatlan, are rude, heavy, lumbering contrivances, each drawn by a single mule or donkey—poor, patient, enduring creatures, without whom the Mexicans could not exist, and who have certainly solved the problem of how to do the largest amount of work on the smallest amount of food. Over rough roads, almost untenable by the foot of man, these powerful and intelligent beasts carry their heavy burdens, plodding carefully and always safely over the most dangerous places, rewarded only by the croppings of the roadside, or occasionally by a handful of dried cornstalks, at the end of the days' journey. Yet I would not have it understood that the Mexican is cruel to his beast; on the contrary, he drives him by words rather than the whip, and a good understanding always seems to exist between the animal and his master. I one day witnessed an incident illustrative of this fact. A little mule, drawing a big cart laden with boxes of wine, in turning the corner of a street came into too close quarters with a post placed there to protect the sidewalk, and had brought the vehicle to a sudden stand. The driver, instead of lashing the animal and cursing him, as is too often the case in San Francisco, in the most unconcerned manner took out a cigarette, lighted it, leaned against the nearest door post, and began to smoke; in the intervals of the puffs chaffing his donkey, and laughing good humoredly at his attempts to free himself from his position. I should translate what he said as something like—"You are a pretty fellow; a nice mess you are in; don't ask me to help you; get out of it as you best can; I'm in no hurry," etc., etc.—laughing all the time as the donkey pulled and pulled about enough to break the post down. The poor little animal seemed to understand all that was said to him, and cocked his ears with a most knowing expression; then in a moment lowering them suddenly, he seemed to comprehend the difficulty. Forcing his cart backward, he gave a sudden turn, pulled himself free of the post, and marched triumphantly on with his load—his master shortly following, lighting another cigarette, and applauding the performance. I applauded, too, and walking over to the driver, extended my hand to him, saying: "Bravo! old fellow, that's better than beating him." I forgot, however, he did not understand English, so I tried Spanish; however, he understood this still less, and I concluded to try no more, so he offered me a cigarette, gave the usual salute of "Adios, Señor," and went lazily and merrily up the street after his brave little mule.—*Oerland Monthly*.

INDIAN ARROWS.—The Indians who congregated at Summit Soda Springs, summer after summer, whether from Utah or California, employed in arrow-head making every variety of flint rock, of slate, spar, and obsidian or volcanic glass. The larger heads were made of slate and obsidian, which materials served also for spear-heads, used formerly

in spearing fish, and commonly from two to four inches long. Obsidian seems to have been better adapted for all sorts of heads than any other material. It could be shaped with less risk of breaking in the process, and could be chipped with flint to a much sharper edge and point. The points of some of the small obsidian heads gathered by the writer are so keen, even after long burial or surface floating, that a slight pressure will drive them into the skin of the finger. The greatest number of small arrow-heads found, as well as the larger proportion of chips, consisted of the flints, including jasper and agate, variously and beautifully colored and marked; of obsidian, of chalcedony, of smoky quartz, and feldspar; very rarely of quartz crystal, and in only one instance of cornelian.

The workmen seem to have had more difficulty in making them, for they are often found broken and imperfect. This was due not alone to their size, but also chiefly to the difference in material when the small vein rocks were used, these breaking with a less even fracture, and being full of flaws. Persistence in the use of such uncertain material, when obsidian was so much better adapted to the purpose and equally abundant, would seem to have been dictated by a rudimentary taste for the beautiful.

A collection of the jasper, agate, chalcedony, and crystal chips and heads presents a very pretty mixture of colors, and the tints and markings of these handsome rocks could not have influenced their selection by the Indians; who spent upon their manipulation an infinite amount of care and patience. Here is the tip of a beautifully cut jasper head. We can fancy the chagrin of the Indian maker when an unlucky blow from his stone implement, or an unsuspected flaw in the flint, caused it to break off. In one instance several fragments of the same head of this material were found and fitted together. There is some reason to suppose that the selection of the above materials may occasionally have been decided by the superstitions attribution to them of occult qualities. Nearly all aboriginal tribes, and even some civilized races, have attached a peculiar sanctity and potency to certain stones, and the Chinese to this day give a religious significance to the jade. It is uncertain, however, to what extent such notions obtained among and influenced the simple savages of California.—*Oerland Monthly*.

SEEING VOLTAIRE.—Many stories are told of the unfortunate who came from far and near to see Voltaire, the intellectual wonder of his century. None better than the following, which I never met in English: One day an unknown person demanded to see the lord of Fernex. "Tell him that I am not here," shouted Voltaire. "But I hear him," urged the stranger. "Tell him I am ill, then," "I will feel his pulse; I am in that business." "Tell him I'm dead." "I'll bury him; it won't be first one either; I am a doctor." "Well," exclaimed Voltaire, "that's an obstinate mortal; let him come in. Now, sir, do you take me for a strange animal?" "Yes, sir, for the Phenix." "Do you know, then, sir, that it costs twelve sols to see me?" "Certainly; here are twenty-four; I'll come again to-morrow." Voltaire was disarmed, and lavished all manner of politeness upon his visitor.—*Ralph Keeler, Harper's Magazine*.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traps, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous Communications not Noticed.]

SPANIEL, Detroit, Mich.—Which is the most useful dog on all birds, the pointer or the setter? Ans. The setter.

J. H. S., Philadelphia.—Where can I procure some boiled silk and hair salmon lines? Ans. At Andrew Clerk & Co's. 48 Maiden Lane, or Pritchard Bros., 94 Fulton street.

SPHERICAL, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Otis LeRoy & Co., 26 Water street, will supply you by the bag.

CAPT. JACKSON, Schooner Potosi.—You can get the leggings of C. Field & Co., 735 Broadway. Caribou hide by all means.

R. L. N.—I have a valuable setter bitch, but she sheds her hair awfully? What can I do to stop it? Ans. A weak solution of cantharides and water rubbed in well, will effectually prevent the hair from falling out.

HOLBERTON.—Why do you call the Hare a Rabbit in your paper? Ans. Because these animals are commonly known as rabbits, and few persons would know what we were talking of if we called them anything else.

F. W. CLARKE, Paterson.—A 10 bore will chamber five; put in three layers. Eley's concentrated cartridges are best. Ask for buckshot. A smooth bore gun will shoot a ball very accurately for a short distance, say 50 yards.

MILLS, Creedmoor.—You will find the answers and all particulars in FOREST AND STREAM October 16th. Over 600 yards, target 6 feet high by 12 wide; bull's eye 4 feet square; centre, 6 feet.

BRANT, Fishkill, New York.—What is the proper charge for a No. 9 bore gun for geese shooting? Ans. 5 drachms of powder, 1 oz. and a half of No. 1 or B. shot.

WINTER CAMP.—Several times in our columns we have recommended Gail Borden's condensed coffee, meats, milk, as exceedingly desirable, and to those who have used them, almost indispensable to a camp outfit. They are among those things that have to be known to be appreciated. See advertisements in recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

L. H. BOWE, M.D., New York.—We have published several letters from Maryland on quail shooting. Almost anywhere on the eastern shore of Maryland, in Anne Arundel and Calvert county. You will be able to ascertain the exact particulars from the Captain of the steamboat. Go to Baltimore, take steamer down the Chesapeake.

FLORIDA, Brooklyn.—1. Orange county, Florida, on Lake Monroe, St. Johns river, is the healthiest and most desirable part of Florida for cultivating oranges. The principal towns are Melntville and Orlando. The population of the county is about 3,000. Write to W. H. McDonald, Sandford, Orange county, Fla. 2. No. sir. 3. 10 bore, 28 inch barrels, 4; \$75.

NEPIGON, Alton, Ill.—The large game of the Nepigon region is confined to the caribou and black bear. The fur-bearing animals number several varieties. Rabbits (hares) and ruffed grouse are very abundant. Wild fowl very scarce at all times—no feed for them. A few pigeons. Trout, pike, salmon trout, and whitefish in greatest possible abundance. Don't go to Nepigon before the middle of July.

WIDGEON, Boston, Mass.—Where can I find blue and green winged teal shooting? Ans. You will have to go at this late season to the rice plantations of South Carolina, on the bay side of the Hunting Islands, just opposite St. Helena. In September there are a good many on the shores of Delaware. Their flesh is very delicate and excellent eating, as their principal food is the seed of the reed and rice.

S. H. V., Washington, D. C.—Effects of lightning on the metals are very curious. The French Academy of Sciences have devoted considerable attention to this subject. We find in their annals the fact recorded that a woman having a purse with pieces of silver and gold, was struck, and that the metallic pieces went through some curious performances. Silver was vaporised, and coated the gold coin, and complete fusion of the two metals had taken place. Strange to say, the woman was untouched.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us one subscription and Five Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

Advertising Rates.

In regular advertising columns, nonpareil type, 12 lines to the inch, 25 cents per line. Advertisements on outside page, 40 cents per line. Reading notices, 50 cents per line. Advertisements in double column 25 per cent. extra. Where advertisements are inserted over 1 month, a discount of 10 per cent. will be made; over three months, 20 per cent.; over six months, 30 per cent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.
CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

ENGLAND VS. AMERICA—CHALLENGE TO OWNERS OF POINTERS AND SETTERS.

WE take especial interest in publishing the following letter from Mr. Price, of Bala, North Wales, the owner of the famous pointer "Belle," with the sanction of the Rev. Cumming Macdonna. As yet we have had no practical trials or field tests of pointers and setters in the United States. Yet there are many gentlemen sportsmen, who own first class American bred dogs, who would be willing to enter their animals for these tests in the field. Prize dogs are very handsome to look at and expatiate upon, but the only true criterion is public performance on the ground. We must here call the attention again of English sportsmen and boating men to this fact. Why have we invariably to cross the Atlantic to enter into trials of speed, endurance, and breed? But in this particular instance the liberality of the challenge is characteristic of the gentlemen concerned. We would suggest to Mr. Price and Mr. Macdonna that they should pay us a visit. We will promise birds such as the pinnated grouse and quail *ad libitum*. As to the ground, the open prairie would be the most desirable location:—

GREAT WESTERN HOTEL, Birmingham, Eng., }
November 29th, 1873. }

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

We are pleased to hear that our respected cousins on the other side of the Atlantic are beginning to take an interest in field trials on game for pointers and setters, the newest, and by many thought the most interesting of all our British sports, and in order to give these sportsmen in America, who have taken up shooting dogs, an opportunity of seeing the best animals perform that England can produce, Mr. Macdonna and myself will be glad to make a friendly match against any pointers or setters now in America; not English dogs, imported for the purpose—these we can run at home—but *bona fide* American animals. If the owners of the American team consent to run in England, we will gladly pay expenses, and in this case a well known sportsman and master of fox hounds, Sir Watkin William Wynn, of Wynnstay, will lend the requisite ground and game. I should propose that a double match, brace against brace, should first be run off, then two single matches to follow. I would suggest as the English judge the name of Viscount Combermere, a well known arbitrator at field trials, and a renowned sportsman. Also, the 13th and 14th of August next as the date for running off the match, and, if preferred, two brace from each country can take part in it.

Your obedient servant, R. L. PRICE.

Belle, the champion pointer of England, is a liver and white bitch, pupped June 28th, 1870, by Lord Henry Ben

tick's Ranger out of his dog Grouse, and is the champion field trial dog of his day. She was first in the Rhiwlas Stakes for all aged pointers and setters, beating Mr. Macdonna's Ranger, Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Flax, Mr. Statter's Rob Roy, &c. Appended are the points she made in the Rhiwlas Stakes:—

VALLE OF POINTS WHEN PERFECT.

Name of Dog.	30 Nose.	20 Pace and style of Hunting.	20 Break's.	15 Pointing, (style and steadiness) in	10 Back's.	5 Drawing on game or Roading.	100 Total.
Belle.	27½	20	20	15	10	5	97½

We call the attention of the following gentlemen to the above challenge:—Colonel Trigg, of Glasgow, Kentucky; Mr. George Taylor, of Virginia; Dr. Myers, of Savannah; Mr. Stephen Whitney, of Morristown, New Jersey; Mr. R. Robinson, of Brooklyn; Mr. Eyrich, of Mississippi; Mr. Raymond, of New Jersey; Mr. Scott Rodman, of New Jersey, and Colonel Knight, of Wisconsin. The portrait of "Belle" can be seen at this office.

OPEN AIR STIMULANTS.

AN earnest and sympathetic friend, whose contributions frequently delight and instruct the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, addresses us privately in these truthful and outspoken words:—

"I look to manly and womanly sports, and to the cultivation of natural tastes, for the only corrective to the present dissipated manner in which the self-indulgent of both sexes seek, in lavish and extravagant customs and ways that enervate mind and body, the interest and occupation that fail always, and leave days of pleasure-seeking to come up in memory as disappointments only. Horatio Seymour once said to me: 'Nature never disappoints us; her mysteries when unravelled are always pleasant, and as one grows old, natural tastes grow more and more congenial, as artificial life is seen to be unsatisfying.' Your paper, as now conducted, is leading in this recoil from the whirl and press of city life, and the first to enjoy it will be the men who are most mentally driven. The shade and rest of the wild wood, the quiet impressions given by all that appeals to eye and ear, are as grateful after care and haste as a snug harbor is in a tempest; and many human wrecks would be saved did more men cool their brains in forest springs, who now cool their 'coppers' with drinks in a line at Delmonico's. I think, as life driven by steam, electricity, and stimulants, becomes more complex, the reaction to quiet life will gain power; and fortunate are those men who turn in time to the rest Mother Earth still gives—fortunate those, when they go to the quiet whence none return, who do not hold on to folly to the end."

Although these thoughts were written for private ear alone, they explain so charmingly and so concisely the philosophy of life, that we fain would print them. And when we speak of life, we do not mean *existence*—for that is something too hard to bear at times—but that quickening of those higher impulses, passions and intelligencies, inborn in men, which alone makes true enjoyment here and happiness hereafter. And what is the fulness of this enjoyment but healthful vigor of body and mind? Such condition neither needs nor craves artificial stimulants. No superheated steam is required to run the physical machine. Out-door exercise supplies all the nerve-power necessary. It kills the morbid craving of debauched stomachs, and changes the desire for alcoholic stimulants to a repugnance which revolts at taste, sight and smell thereof. It eradicates disease and throws it off with the natural foul secretions of the body. The system, surcharged with health, with all its functions in vigorous play, may well exult over and despise that casual factitious force which "rum" begets. There is something noble and grand in the fibrous, sinewy structure of the brawny backwoodsman who swings his axe, or the voyageur who poles his bateau, hour after hour from one week's end to another. Grog won't hurt them. They may take their gill at hourly intervals, but exercise, perspiration and fresh air will counteract its deleterious effects. Perhaps, and doubtless, if they continued its use, evil results would follow; but the fact is, the disposition to drink decreases with each succeeding day of labor; the intervals of desire and indulgence become less frequent until it is lost altogether. Most woodsmen will use liquor if they have it with them; but if they have it not, they cease to feel its loss after a short period of abstinence. In the winter-camps of the hardy lumbermen no strong drink is permitted; yet no one feels or complains of the deprivation. There is a glow of health and hardihood pervading all these lusty men to that degree, that when they gaze with full finelining eye into each other's ruddy faces, they feel the mettle of their manhood and rejoice in mutual and self-respect. This is the triumph and exultation of "minds conscious of rectitude." Vileness and depravity can scarcely exist in the free atmosphere of the wild wood. The associations are all purifying and ennobling. Give us public parks, beautiful flowers and wide-extending lawns, and wickedness will skulk away from the light into its darksome reeking recesses. Give the people exercise. Instruct them all, rich and poor, and give them facilities for the practice of those pastimes which compel out-door exercise. Teach the intemperate to flee to the woods for escape from the power that enthralled. Tell them to seek new fields of recreation and change from the pestiferous atmosphere of debauching indulgence, and when they have thrown off the weight that deadens the intellect, depraves the taste, vitiates the blood, and shrinks the muscles, fully restored, they will rise up and call you blessed. This remedy is more certain and effective than inebriate asylums.

AGASSIZ.

THERE died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Sunday last, the 13th of December, Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, who was born at Motiers, near Neuchâtel, Switzerland, May 28th, 1807. His life and history, the various strides he made, until he stood the foremost in the world for ichthyological and almost cosmical knowledge, may be thus briefly mentioned: At eleven, Agassiz commenced his studies at the Gymnasium of Bicnne, and four years afterwards entered the College of Lausanne. In 1824 he went to Zurich, and applied himself to medical instruction for two years. Then he moved to Heidelberg, combining his anatomical physiological pursuits with that of zoology. In 1827 he was matriculated in the Munich University. Here he studied under such illustrious men as Schilling, Döllinger, Martius, Oken, and Fuchs. While a student, Spix, a distinguished zoologist, who had in charge under Professor Martius, the publication of the ichthyological portion of a work on Brazil, suddenly died, and the work was confided to Agassiz, and almost instantly the young scientist assumed a marked position. Here he abandoned all idea of making a profession of medicine, and from that time devoted himself to the study of ichthyology and kindred topics, though graduating with the highest distinction as Doctor of Medicine. He now commenced studying the fish of the Danube and the fossil forms in the fresh water deposits of Europe, continuing without intermission during a period of ten years the most laborious researches, frequenting all the European museums in quest of specimens for study and comparison. In Paris he was fortunate in becoming acquainted with Cuvier and Humboldt, the former having expressed his admiration for the accurate and artistic sketches of fish and fossils furnished by Agassiz. In 1833, Agassiz commenced the publication of his wonderful folio in five volumes on fossil fish. This work was met by the applause of the world, and the title L.L.D. by the Universities of Dublin and Edinburgh, was conferred on him. Numerous monographs followed, and from 1833 to 1840 he published many exhaustive works on the fish and shells of the present and past eras. During the summers of most of these years, amid the Alps, Agassiz studied the glacial phenomena, embodying the results of researches in two works. In 1846, Agassiz, in order to familiarize himself with the natural history and zoology of this country, visited the United States, completing a rapid survey in about a year, and lectured before the Lowell Institute, repeating his lectures in many of the principal cities. In 1847 the Scientific School in Cambridge was committed to his charge, starting with but a few pupils. His health suffering, in 1852 he accepted a position at the Medical College in Charleston, S. C., remaining there for two years, when he returned to Boston. Sometime in 1850 he commenced the preparation of his "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," this work being published principally by the aid given by citizens of New York. The opening of Agassiz's Natural History School at Penikese, due to the munificence of Mr. Anderson, was an occurrence of but a few months ago. What brilliant discoveries, what bright promises of future wonders to the world, might not have been expected from this source? But it was not to be. Perhaps an over-taxed brain helped to carry away this great man, in the midst of his most useful years. There are but few men in this world who can take Agassiz's place. He will rank with Owen, with Wagner, with Muller, with Liebig, Cuvier, and Humboldt, as having exercised the greatest influences on the progress of modern science, and America may be proud to have induced such a man as Agassiz to have dwelt in her midst, so that her people might listen to him as to a great teacher. Unlike the conquests of the material world, which leave no traces a few years hence, what Agassiz has achieved in science must remain forever. Mr. Disraeli's words lately spoken at Glasgow are pertinent on the occasion of this brief notice of Agassiz. The ex-Premier of England said: "How much has happened in these fifty years—a period more remarkable than any, I will venture to say, in the annals of mankind? I am not thinking of the rise and fall of empires, the change of dynasties, the establishment of Governments. I am thinking of those revolutions of science which have had much more effect than any political causes, which have changed the position and prospects of mankind more than all the conquests and all the codes and all the legislators that ever lived."

THE ENGLISH SALMON HARVEST.

IT is most gratifying to learn, from no less an authority than the London Times, of the marked improvement in the yield of salmon caught in the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish waters. If in an economic sense alone, the increased supply of food had added immensely to the welfare of the English people, this augmentation deserves additional notice from the fact that it is to the English fishermen, the gentlemen who fish for pleasure and not for profit, that this development of the fish is due. The London Times distinctly states that it is to the individual exertions of anglers, that the laws in regard to preserving the salmon have not only been originated in England but have been enforced, and from being some few years ago a fishery of no great importance, it promises to-day to be a source of great wealth to the country at large.

The Scotch yield of salmon was wonderfully productive. The number of boxes, each box containing 112 lbs. of Scotch salmon received in London last year, was 30,181; the year before it was 24,464 boxes. The largest salmon taken north of the Cheviot Hills weighed 64 pounds.

FLOGGING HUNTING DOGS.

THERE are many sportsmen who own hunting dogs (we don't refer to hounds) who ought by all means to break them themselves. The system of halloing, speaking coarsely, and whipping for the slightest offence is much to be regretted. Sportsmen must recollect that when teaching a thoroughbred pointer or setter, they are dealing with an animal gentleman. No sportsman should attempt to break a yearling dog unless he is possessed of a fair even temperament, and has absolute control over himself. To castigate a puppy two minutes after he has committed a gross error in the field would be absurd, as his latent natural instinct is almost instantly lost for the time being; but if he is whipped at the time the fault is committed, the puppy will at once know for what he has been chastised. On no account whip him more than once a day, and then severely, as if you continue to lash him for every mistake he commits his dumb instinct gets mixed, and the puppy remains the same as when you started his schooling, only that you have cowed him and injured his temper. What is the first principle of dog-breaking? It can be answered in a few words—simply to bring out the dormant instinct of the animal. How is it to be accomplished? By teaching him his A B C first. Accustom the puppy to the sound of your voice; throw him a glove, etc., and tell him quietly, always in a low tone, to fetch it; make him your companion, but never be familiar—the familiarity should always be on the puppy's side; treat him with decision and promptness, not harshness, as his delicate organization will not admit of it. A clever writer on this subject, Mr. St. John, says: "Every dog with an average share of good sense and temper is so eager for his master's approbation that he will exert himself to the utmost to obtain it; and if this fact were constantly kept in mind, the breaker-in of dogs need seldom have recourse to flogging. Indeed, I have no hesitancy in saying that five dogs out of six may be completely broken in without a blow, and that, generally speaking, quiet, patient reasoning with a dog is all that is requisite to secure his obedience and attention. I know that this is quite contrary to the opinion of most dog-breakers, who think that nothing can be done without a heavy whip and loud rating. But one thing at least is certain, that when you do punish a dog you should do it soundly, and only when you catch him 'red hand'—*in flagranti delicto*. He cannot then mistake why you flog him." Dogs have also a great deal of jealousy in their dispositions, and even this may be made to assist in their education, as it makes them strive to outdo each other. Every clever dog is especially unwilling that any of his companions should possess a greater share of his master's favor than himself. One of my dogs could not be induced to hunt in company with another, of whose advances in my good graces he was peculiarly jealous. There was no other quarrel between them. When Rover saw that a certain young dog was to accompany me, he invariably refused to go out; and although at other times one of the most eager dogs for sport that I ever possessed, nothing would induce him to go out with his young rival. He also showed his jealousy by flying at him and biting him on every possible occasion, where he could do so unobserved. At last, however, when the young dog had grown older and discovered that his own strength was superior to that of his tyrant, he flew upon poor Rover and amply revenged all the ill treatment which he had received at his hands. Although dogs form such strong attachments to man, they seldom appear to feel any great degree of friendship for each other. Occasionally, however, a couple of dogs will enter into a kind of compact to assist each other in hunting. For instance, I have known an old terrier who formed an alliance of this sort with a greyhound, and they used constantly to go out poaching together. The terrier would hunt the bushes, whilst the greyhound stationed himself quietly outside, ready to spring on any rabbit or hare that was started, and she always took the side of the bush opposite to that by which the terrier had entered it. On losing his companion, the terrier, who was becoming old in years and cunning, entered into a conspiracy with a younger terrier. In all their hunting excursions the old dog laid himself down at some likely looking run, and sending his younger companion to hunt the bushes, he waited patiently and silently for any rabbit that might come in his way. Their proceedings showed a degree of instinct almost amounting to reason.

—It has been calculated that in England, the loss of cattle from diseases propagated by the introducing foreign animals, has been fully £5,000,000 for each of the last thirty years. It seems to be the opinion there that the quantity of beef derived from imported cattle taking the losses in the home stocks into account, has not been actually increased. What they seem then to want in England is a stock of dead meat, as no practical means could be found to exercise a proper scrutiny in the importation of live stock. There is no reason why slaughtered meat from Texas or the Western Pacific plans should not be sent 10,000 miles. As has before stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, the method of preserving meat must not depend on ice alone. There are many mechanical ways with chemical adjuncts, by which the temperature of a ship's hold, or tanks full of meat placed in ships, could be refrigerated. It would be worth while if some of our ingenious experimentalists would give this subject their fullest attention. We believe this method of preserving meat by reducing the temperature, by making ice and keeping the meat at some point in the neighborhood of 32° Fahrenheit, is quite feasible, and really presents no more trouble, than to bring up the temperature to summer

heat. This problem is one which must sooner or later be solved. When this method is made perfectly practical, it would add immensely to the wealth of the United States.

Sporting News from Abroad.

THE curious question commented on by us in our last review in regard to the tiger hunting in India, and the remarkable complaint made that the Civil Service in her British Majesty's Eastern dominions, monopolized all the tiger killing, has been further continued, and the correspondence in the *Field* is quite singular in regard to it. One authority intimates that the killing of the tigers would by no means be desirable, and writes: "where there are large extents of jungle full of game of all kinds, hurtful to crops, I think that the tigers are certainly useful in killing these animals, and I am not sure that they do not in such a country do nearly as much good as harm." This same writer is quite indignant too that all tigers should have a bad name, and he intimates that although some individual tigers ought possibly to be exterminated, there may be other tigers who are quite nice animals, and ought to have protection. Altogether it is a strange topic, and treated in an eccentric way. We are inclined to think the charges made against the Civil Service are absurd.

—What we wrote in regard to Her Majesty's Stag Hounds seems to find an echo in *Land and Water*. We stated that the idea of cooping up a stag in a cart, and then letting him loose to dogs and men, was both absurd and cruel, and not sport. A correspondent in our excellent English contemporary mentions that at the last hunt two stags were unkenelled, that they ran twenty minutes, were blown and died, and that both animals were out of condition. He proposes, and quite rationally, that the stags ought to be exercised first, say with harriers before putting the regular hounds on them, and he suggests that the Society for Preservation of Cruelty to animals should interfere, and concludes thus pithily "these scandals and cruelties must end." Of course we would be the first to regret the extinction of this hunt, and of course the disappearance of these noble hounds, but times, manners and ways of amusements have changed. Look at it as we may, with due respect for old established customs, and the gallant gentlemen and ladies who follow her Majesty's chase, between the bull fight of benighted Spain with the torreadors, and the stag hunt with the best bred men in enlightened England, the line of distinction to our eyes is quite imperceptible.

—There died lately in Nottingham, the Mecca of cricketers, a brave cricketer, not unknown to us in this country, James Grundy by name. Many of us who pore over English cricketing annals, have seen his name associated with the distinguished ones of Lillywhite, Alfred Shaw and Hillyer. As a batter, though good, the younger school of the Grace character far surpassed him; but as a steady bowler of the old-fashioned kind, few were equal to him. In a match at Lord's in 1865, it is on record that Grundy bowled twenty-one successive overs without allowing a single run to be scored. "What he did," says one who writes a few kind lines in regard to him, "was to do his work honorably and efficiently, and he leaves an example to a rising generation of professional cricketers which they will do well to study and imitate.

—Those poor pheasants! Think how thick they must be at Marham House, Norfolk, thicker than mosquitoes on the Lake Superior Region. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with numerous Earls, Lords, Viscounts, and Equerries, some ten guns in all, killed only 1,018 pheasants, 53 hares and 14 rabbits. That makes over 100 birds per gun, or man or Prince, we don't know which; not counting the additional hares and superfluous rabbits. The days are short in November in England; presupposing aristocratic habits, a late *dejeuner*, and ample time to get back to dinner, in order to dress and to appear *en grand tenue*. Say these noble sportsmen shot four or five hours, the pheasants must have risen *en masse*, and have been so plentiful that whether to shoot or to knock the birds down with the but of their guns, must have been pretty much the same thing to this distinguished party. While on the pheasant question, this poor bird really has but few chances for life. The French garrison, near the good town of St. Germain, it seems have found out that an occasional bird, when added to their daily rations, was quite acceptable. If an English Prince bagged pheasants by the thousands, why should not the French private cabbage a few? Your French soldier with an intuitive instinct for subsisting on the enemy, studying the character of the pheasant, found out that he was fond of worms, and though a bird would take a well baited hook like a fish. Even a worm was not absolutely necessary, a fragment of cloth from his own *pantalon garance* would do the business. So he dressed his hook with a scarlet rag. Officers going into the men's quarters had their olfactory nerves delighted with the *fumet* of roasted pheasants. Of course such food, though succulent and wholesome, was not according to the dietetic instructions issued by the French Minister of War. French officers are, however, kind to their men, and though no court martials *a la Bazaine* ensued, gentlemen preserving pheasants in the neighborhood of St. Germain were at once put on their guard.

—CHAMPION ENGLISH POINTER, "BELLE."—The portrait of this remarkable dog, the champion of England, the winner of the great Rhiwlas Balla Field trials, elegantly engraved by the Photo-lithographic Co., with pedigree and points, will be for sale at the FOREST AND STREAM office, on and after Wednesday next, December 24th. Price, \$1.00, sent by mail.

Salmon of from 30 to 40 pounds were numerous. The salmon fisheries in England and Wales have been more than ordinarily remunerative. The Severn River claims the heaviest fish, one of 78 pounds, but this is not quite authenticated, though several of 60, and many of 50 pounds were captured. In the Usk, called the Premier angling water of England, one angler in a single day caught 26 fish weighing 280 lbs. In the Hampshire Avon, fish of 37 pounds have been taken. In the Eden and Derwent, the runs of fish have been quite large, some weighing over 40 pounds.

In Ireland the take of salmon in the estuaries and lower waters have been unusually productive, and Billingsgate Fish Market has been bountifully supplied from this source. The largest Irish salmon weighing 58 pounds was caught in the Shannon, a fish in the Suir was second, being only a pound less in weight. The Ballyshannon fisheries yielded many more tons of fish than on any preceeding year.

These fine results as we have before stated, are due to the exertions of the anglers. In proof of this, as early as 1860, the Royal Commissioners fairly and fully acknowledged angler's rights, and stated the obligations they were under to the private salmon fishermen, for advice as to how the salmon should be best protected, and their number increased.

Such results as recorded are most pleasant for us to publish. The FOREST AND STREAM endeavors to inculcate this idea, "that a practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all talents which combine to make the perfect sportsman."

Whether a man has a rod or a gun in his hand, if he is a true sportsman, he looks to the protection of the birds, beasts or fish, which afford him amusement. It is no longer paradoxical to state that the destroyer of the game is its true preserver.

CUBA, ORNITHOLOGICALLY.

WITH war and war's alarms the FOREST AND STREAM has little to do. Our province is a more peaceful one. Now that the chances are many that a settlement with Spain in regard to Cuba will be managed by protocols, memoranda and notes, more or less windy, instead of by shot shell, and bayonets, we rejoice in the fact. Nevertheless, should we have come to blows, what a gallant regiment could have been furnished from our own sun-browned and weather-stained subscribers, whose experience in arms and in the field would make a formidable reinforcement for those who strike for human rights and liberty.

Some time ago, when writing about the English conflict with the Ashantees, we remarked that now-a-days the naturalist and the soldier walked together with martial stride, and that often the man of war and the devotee of science were found in one and the same individual. Some of our own people might have perhaps gloated over the possible possession of fields studded thick with the golden sugarcane, or revel in the idea of owning the Vuelta Abajo district, with its plantations of fragrant tobacco. We took, however, a more placid, less ambitious view, and only thought of the birds, fishes and beasts, of all those rich treasures to be acquired by the sportsman and the naturalist. *Quien sabe?* Perhaps it was the more philosophical way of looking at the question. Strange it is, how men examine things from diverse and various standpoints.

During the midst of the excitement a distinguished naturalist said to us, "It is very terrible to think of war and its consequences, but honestly I shall be delighted if we get Cuba. There are at least some half dozen birds in that beautiful island I have been wanting to study for years. Now Ramon de la Sagra is good authority, and his book in its way is quite exhaustive in regard to the birds, fishes and animals of the Pearl of the Antilles, but as Cuba seems likely some day or other to be ours, it is only a question of time. I trust to spend a winter there and to indulge in my ornithological tastes, and I hope even to add another page to the book of American birds."

Cuba possesses innumerable birds of varied plumage and character. Situated in the tropics, the island contains many birds common to both North and South America. Gosse's admirable book on the Birds of Jamaica will about cover the whole ornithological ground, though there are several special birds native to Cuba not found in Gosse's work. Of reptiles Cuba has many, but no poisonous snakes. Alligators abound. Iguanas are found, and on her coast are numerous fish and all varieties of turtles.

Of animals, save those introduced by foreigners, there are hardly any. What says the old chronicler of Columbus: "The Admiral disembarked and approached two houses; in one he found a dog who never barked, (*que nunca ladra*.)" Oveida says Columbus found no four-footed animal, save dogs, and they gave out no sound. The same authority tells however of the peculiar rabbits which abounded at the period of its discovery, and mentions that the natives called them Quemi-Mohuy-Cori-Ayre, and Quabonquines. These ruminants were varieties of the Agouti, which species has been almost exterminated in the West Indies. If the mammals are wanting, the birds are found in wonderful variety. Ramon de la Sagra gives over 128 varieties.

Of course do not wish to anticipate matters, but we believe the time is not far distant when some adventurous sportsman with naturalistic tendencies will give to a numerous public through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM a glowing description of what is the game in our new acquisition, Cuba, and where such are to be found, with interesting data as to their habits. There is no doubt but that many a gap in the ornithological museum will some day be filled.

—The grandest of the dog shows, the 14th annual exhibition of dogs, held at Birmingham, opened on December the 1st, and closed on Thursday the 4th. It was an exhibition of more than usual excellence, the animals being of the elite, numbering 944 in all. The champion classes were confined to prior winners of a first prize at the National Dog Show of Birmingham. For bloodhounds, Mr. Ray's Roswell took the first prize. In greyhounds, Mr. Schackleton's Lord Derby was first. For large pointers, Mr. Francis' famous dog Chang was awarded the prize. For setters, Mr. R. P. Llewellyn's dogs Prince and Countess, were first. For Irish setters, Dr. Stones' dog Dash, was winner. Among the retrievers (curly coated), Mr. J. W. Morris' True and XL, were the champions. For deerhounds, Mr. Fisher's dog Fieldman, was declared the best of dogs not adapted to field sports. The prizes for mastiffs, St. Bernard dogs, Newfoundland and Sheepdogs were numerous. It seems as if more attention was given and greater pride taken in fine dogs in England to-day than ever.

—An extraordinary run of salmon took place up the river Nith in Scotland, the last week of November. A slight fresh in the water appears to have set the upward-bound fish on the move, and they were seen pushing up the river literally in shoals. The sight was witnessed by a large crowd of persons on either bank of the river, and from the description given in the *Dumfries Courier* it was doubtless well worth seeing. "At one time no fewer than fifty fine fish could be seen lying at the foot of the slope between the ladder and the Dumfries side of the river, 'taking breath' before attempting the run up; on a broad ledge or platform of rock on the farther side of the ladder they were seen in scores, likewise apparently preparing for the ascent, while below on both sides the ladder and water were almost black with fish. Great numbers succeeded by leaping in clearing the caul; others tried the ladder with a similar satisfactory result; and the weaker fish failed for the time in both. We trust that the improvement to the increased stock of fish, which under ordinary circumstances must accrue from the abundant supply of spawning salmon in the river, will not be altogether counterbalanced by the depredations of poachers who we learn have been carrying on a ruinous but lucrative trade since this great run of salmon set in. It is reported, for instance, that on one day last week no fewer than forty-four "gravid" salmon were taken out of the "Gullet" Pool, where they were waiting for sufficient water to take them over the Dumfries Caul. These fish, which are bought for "kippering" purposes find a ready sale, and although they fetch but a few pence a pound are captured in such quantities as to make this illegal traffic a profitable trade, and affords, moreover, a great temptation to many who would never think of engaging in it were there no means of reaping pecuniary profits from their ill-gotten gains."

Rational Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

YALE VS. OLD ETONIANS.

Our correspondent's letter arrived too late for our last issue. As there are some fresh facts connected with the International Foot Ball Match which have not appeared in print, we take especial pleasure in publishing his letter:—

Last Saturday week a foot ball match was played at Hamilton Park, New Haven, between eleven players selected from the "Yale twenty" and eleven graduates of the famous Eton College of England. Among the "Etonians" were Mr. C. W. Benson, celebrated as the stroke oar of last year's victorious Cambridge crew, and the champion scull of his college; also Mr. R. M. McKerrell, champion swimmer of England, and Mr. R. Russell, finest amateur English boxer. This eleven was selected from graduates of Eton scattered over the country, one coming from Canada, one from Philadelphia, but most from this city, (New York.) The game was called at half past two, Yale having won the toss and taken the wind. The first inning was a long and finely contested one, resulting after an hour's hard work in a victory for Yale. The second goal was won by Eton in fifteen minutes, and the third by Yale in twenty. After playing a short time longer, the fourth inning was declared a "draw," to enable the Etonians to take the 4.45 train home, the Yale eleven being declared winners of the First International Foot Ball Match.

The Eton game is very different from the American game as adopted at the convention, October 18. The chief points of difference are in the absence in the English game of any use of the hands, and the privilege of "lurking." The Yale eleven gave up lurking, but in other respects played her own game, while Eton for the first time tried the "hand kick" and batting. The playing on both sides was unusually fine, spectators asserting that Yale had never before played so well, and that the game was the most thoroughly satisfactory one ever played in New Haven. These are the corrected names of the players:

"OLD ETONIANS."	
G. C. Allen, Captain,	YALE.
P. Allen,	W. S. Halstead, Captain,
J. W. Balfour,	E. V. Baker,
C. W. Benson,	H. D. Bristol,
E. Chaplin,	C. Deming,
E. S. Handbury,	F. L. Grinnell,
R. M. McKerrell,	W. O. Henderson,
H. Romilly,	A. Hotchkiss,
Vicount Talbot,	H. T. McBirney,
R. Russel,	P. A. Porter,
H. M. Thompson,	T. T. Sherman,
	J. L. Scudder,

S. C. B.

CRICKET.

The Manhattan club of New York, during the season of 1873, played about a dozen matches, and had some very lively games at their Saturday practice gatherings. Among their most noteworthy triumphs was their victory over the St. George, on July 30th, and their success with the Waltham club, which afterwards won a game from the St. George on the Hoboken grounds. Out of the eleven regular contests the Manhattan were engaged in in 1873, they were successful in six, thus winning a majority of the season's games. The club record for the past season is as follows:

Date.	Clubs.	Place.	Score.
June 4.....	Manhattan	vs. St. George, at Hoboken.....	62 to 113
June 26.....	"	vs. Jersey City, at Prospect Park.....	69 to 109
June 28.....	"	vs. Knickerbocker, at Hoboken.....	48 to 44
July 4.....	"	vs. Prospect Park, at Prospect Park.....	88 to 53
July 16.....	"	vs. Waltham, at Hoboken.....	117 to 58
July 23.....	"	vs. Staten Island, at Hoboken.....	114 to 115
July 30.....	"	vs. St. George, at Hoboken.....	80 to 71
August 6.....	"	vs. St. George, at Hoboken.....	107 to 131
September 5.....	"	vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island.....	111 to 98
October 11.....	"	vs. Prospect Park, at Hoboken.....	141 to 92
October 16.....	"	vs. Knickerbocker, at Hoboken.....	50 to 77

Totals..... 978 to 961

The majority of these games were decided by the first inning's score. In the July game with the Staten Island club the latter defeated the Manhattans with ten wickets to fall. On the return the Manhattans won in one inning and thirteen runs. The most enjoyable games the club had were those with the journalists of the Prospect Park club, and the base ball players of the Knickerbocker club. During the season the club met with a severe loss, by drowning, of their most highly esteemed member, Mr. George Keller, who besides being one of the finest fielders in the country, was in every respect a thorough gentleman and a model cricketer. The club suspended play for a month after his death, and deferred their Boston tour to next year in consequence.

Below will be found the analysis of the club play at the bat for 1873, given in the form of runs made each inning:

Players.	Innings.	Runs.	Average.	Not Out.	Highest Score.
Hosford.....	8	116	14-4	0	35
Kersley.....	6	86	14-2	0	22
Cammell.....	6	73	12-1	1	28
Ronaldson.....	9	86	9-5	0	26
Kieller.....	4	23	5-3	0	8
Beattie.....	5	27	5-2	1	10
Hayward.....	8	42	5-2	0	27
Frater.....	4	21	5-1	0	9
Lammergan.....	9	46	5-1	1	24
H. Tucker.....	11	55	5-0	1	14
Rutty.....	8	38	4-6	0	15
McDougall.....	6	29	4-5	3	20
Lloyd.....	4	18	4-2	0	9
Byron.....	3	12	4-0	0	5
Jackson.....	4	15	3-3	0	12
Roche.....	4	12	3-0	0	9
Oakley.....	6	13	2-0	1	7
Tilly.....	5	9	1-4	1	5
Greig.....	2	3	1-1	0	3

In addition to the above players Messrs. Marsh, Donaldson, J. Tucker, Neeves, Chippendale, Glover, Tyler, Perryman, Lewis, Mears, and Evans played in single games, Marsh taking the lead with a score of 51 in two innings play. Of the general play of the principal cricketers of the club, the following comments suffice to indicate the cricket strength of the Manhattan club.

Hosford is a steady bat, strong in defence, and just the man to keep his end up against good bowling; besides which he is a very active and efficient fielder. Kersley is a fine batsman, a good fielder, and a very effective round-arm bowler, always good for a score and for his share of the wickets. Cammell is a very sharp fielder and a good bat. Ronaldson is a good batter, a fair round-arm bowler, and effective in the field. McDougall is a good wicket keeper, a very active fielder, and a good bat. Greig is a free hitter, a good bowler, and a fair fielder. Marsh is a strong bat and a good fielder. Byron is a good batter, a sharp fielder, and a fair bowler. Lewis is a good fielder and batsman. Jackson is a steady batsman, and an excellent fielder, and Hayward and H. Tucker are useful men both in the field and at the bat or in the bowler's position. Next season the Jersey City Club will amalgamate with the Manhattans and a strong team will be the result.

—The consolidation of the N. Y. Athletic Club and the N. Y. Rowing Club is only a rumor. No definite action has been taken by either club as yet; in fact, all that has been said is that some members thought it would be an advantage to all concerned.

—There will be a large gathering of gentlemen interested in athletic pastimes at Wood's Museum on Dec. 29.

—Edward Mullen, of Boston, has challenged W. E. Harding, of this city, to walk from one to ten miles for \$1,000 and the championship of America. Harding has accepted this challenge, and the match will most likely take place on New Year's eve in this city.

—The Jersey City Curling Club have elected the following named gentlemen officers for the ensuing year: President, Robert A. McKnight; Wm. H. Bradt, Vice President; James C. Clark, Secretary, and William W. Edwards, Treasurer.

—Leon Leotard, the French gymnast, was seriously, if not fatally, hurt by a fall from a tight-rope, at Salt Lake City, on the 13th inst.

—James Smith walked one hundred miles in 22 hours and 33 minutes at Racine, Wisconsin, November 28th, which was a remarkable feat after a hearty Thanksgiving dinner.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Decr. 15, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:— We have just organized a foot ball club, and practice regularly every evening. As yet we have adopted no special rules, but have those of the Foot Ball Association under consideration. We shall play a game with some Englishmen who have settled round here some time this

month, with fifteen men to a side, they not being able to raise a larger number. I will send you the account in my next letter.

J. C. McK.

—At the race track of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association, at Wilmington, North Carolina last week a pedestrian named O'Hara walked five miles in 49 min. 26 1/2 sec., a half mile and six yards of this distance being walked backwards.

—CHAMPION ENGLISH POINTER, "BELLE."—The portrait of this remarkable dog, the champion of England, the winner of the great Rhiwlas Balla Field trials, elegantly engraved by the Photo-lithographic Co., with pedigree and points, will be for sale at the FOREST AND STREAM office, on and after Wednesday next, December 24th. Price \$1.00, sent by mail.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

Pompano.	SOUTHERN WATERS.	Sheepshead.
Snapper.	Trout, (Black Bass.)	Tailorfish.
Groupers.	Drum, (two species.)	Sea Bass.
Rockfish.	Kingfish.	
	Striped Bass, Rockfish.	

—It has now been decided by the Chief Fish Commissioner, Professor Baird, to place the Sacramento salmon fry, that have been assigned for the Hudson River, into waters in the vicinity of Fort Edward. There are numerous cold feeders of the Hudson at that point very well adapted to the purposes required; besides, an association is being organized under the auspices of Messrs. C. E. and S. S. Bennett, of Fort Edward, for the express purpose of nursing and protecting these fish, and preventing their being hooked out by anglers, for they bite voraciously, and can hardly be distinguished from brook trout by the novice. We think that under the fostering care of the association this effort at propagation will prove successful. A letter from Professor Baird, dated Washington, December 10th, says:—

WASHINGTON, December 10th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have just telegraphed Seth Green to know if he will undertake to introduce the salmon into the Fort Edward waters. If not, I will send Mr. Milner, my assistant, on to attend to it. The head waters of the Hudson, and some tributaries of Lake Ontario, will be supplied from Seth Green's stock, and I shall request Dr. Slack, who has about 550,000 of the young fish at Bloomsbury, to introduce a portion of them into the waters of Long Island and the Sound. Seth Green recommends Smithstown River. Last year I introduced a considerable number of young Penobscot salmon into the ponds of the Long Island Southside Club at Islip, and shall send to the same place a number of the Sacramento fish. Mr. Green is to place 50,000 young fish near Fort Edward, and a quantity in the Conshoeton River, an upper tributary of the Chemung, which empties into a northern branch of the Susquehanna. He will place some also in Oswego and Salmon rivers, and possibly in the Genesee.

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

—The following letter from Fish Commissioner Worrall, of Pennsylvania, was received one day too late for our last issue, and had to lie over until this week:—

HARRISBURG, December 7th, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received here yesterday, on the part of the Fishery Commissioners of this State, five large cans of water, of the capacity of twelve to fifteen gallons, containing the fry of California salmon, which Professor Cope dominates *S. quinnat*. They had been shipped at Bloomsbury, New Jersey, the night before, and arrived here at 12:30 A. M. At 8 A. M. we placed them on a wagon, and drove over rough roads, say eight miles, to Bryson's Mill, on the Connadaguinet, probably about fifteen miles above its mouth, where Silver Spring freshens that stream. We distributed them in clear and favorable places for about a mile below the mill.

On entering the water they seemed a little dazed at first, but soon selected themselves into little groups of from ten to fifty, and in less than half an hour were all behaving like natural minnows of the stream. We brought them in water of forty degrees Fahrenheit. The Connadaguinet water was from thirty-nine to forty-one degrees.

One half the invoice was thus left in the Connadaguinet. We then drove about eight miles further, to Nautilly, Mr. Wm. Watt's place, on the Yellow Breeches, and there on a spring run we left the other half of our load, and they behaved in the same manner; indeed, seemed to like the last water the better of the two, for they disappeared more suddenly, most of them making for the main stream.

The cans or small tanks were estimated to contain from ten to fifteen thousand small fish, of which we actually lost but one, and he was more probably crushed by some movement of the cans than by suffocation.

The Connadaguinet lot were in the tanks sixteen hours without change of water, and the Yellow Breeches lot were so confined for over nineteen hours.

I attribute this to Creveling's admirable method of aerating the water. He plunges a hollow cylinder of tin, about four inches in diameter, closed at the top, and having a grasping handle; but this cylinder is perforated very generally with holes, scarcely larger than what a common household pin would fit in. The length of the cylinder is about equal to the depth of the water in the can. This thing, plunged up and down mouth downwards works a mixture of air and water which I cannot imagine any device to surpass, and is indeed, in my opinion, an ingenious contrivance. Let it suffice, however, to say, that we lost not an individual of the thousands transported from the want of air or the change of water,

We have now made a fair commencement on the Lower Susquehanna, and will be ready at any moment to receive some more from you.

Dr. Slack tells me he will make a deposit at the head waters of Conacocheague early next week. He will not have so long to keep his fish in a single water, and I trust, therefore, he will be as successful as we have been.

I have bespoken Mr. Watt's good offices in the care he has taken of those placed in his neighborhood, and we shall notify the people of Cumberland county to respect everything they catch in the Canadaguinnet that looks like a trout, and return it at once to the water. I remain, very truly yours,

JAMES WORRALL.

To HON. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Washington, D. C.

—J. Newton Nelson, Esq., of St. John, New Brunswick, in enumerating the lakes in the vicinity, writes some pleasant little paragraphs. He says:—

I have often thought how lonely would be the lakes and streams if it were not for the beautiful inhabitants of their waters. I have seen an extensive salt lake in the Bahama Islands that would cover hundreds of acres, but not a living thing dwelt in it. Its surface was blood red, and to the gaze of the stranger all appeared like death—so quiet, so inanimate; not even a feathered songster near its shores. The low moanings of the wind whistled through the thatch-trees, and seemed to sing a dirge half weepingly. But I am to tell you of our own familiar waters, teeming with life, and around the shadowing forests of which thousands of little birds tell their tales of love. Thank God for the birds and their enchanting melodies!

Tracey's lake, twenty-eight miles from St. John, is a delightful sheet of water. It is here Edgardo and myself oftentimes go. Near its cozy beach is a comfortable house to put up at. This lake is about one mile long by half a mile wide. A charming island, shaded by spruce trees, adorns its bosom. A bar extends from its uppermost point about two hundred yards out towards the centre of the lake. Two of us, on the 17th of June, killed on this spot 106 magnificent trout. The trout in this pond are seldom over a pound and a half in weight, but they are lively, and will fight to the last. We might have nearly doubled the quantity by remaining another day.

Riley's lake, Saddler's, McCracken's, Chambers', Lerrio, Bal's, Beaver, Deer, Latmer, Long's, Spruce, and Lake Lomond are all fine waters to fish in, and vary from seven to twenty miles in distance from St. John. With the exception of the white trout family of this latter lake, the fish of all these waters are of the very finest class, being handsomely formed, brightly spotted, and of an exquisite reddish salmon color. They exist in pure limpid depths, where no sluggish fish would enjoy himself.

Lake Lomond is a delightful resort, being only eleven miles from St. John. It consists of a chain of three lakes, and in extent covers fully 2,480 acres. It contains the red and white trout, both of which are taken at three and four pounds weight. It is surrounded on the west side by an amphitheatre of high hills, and in some places by perpendicular cliffs. On its eastern shores a road extends for miles, and here the view is not only pleasant, but perfectly charming.

The Ben Lomond House looms up prettily at the foot of this lake, and the proprietor is a great big Yankee named Bunker. He keeps a well supplied table, and I have often smacked my lips over his English ale. His little blue painted boats grace the fishing cove near his premises. There is also excellent stream fishing near St. John, such as Mispeck stream, Nerepis, Radcliff's, Collins', and lastly, Garnett's Creek. Here, in one day in 1869, a friend and I took 168. Of course very many of them were small, but yet a goodly morsel for the pan.

Now I most particularly wish my readers not to suppose by any means that I am a good fisherman. I am not. I fish because I love the sport. The exercise and pure air invigorates me, I know, and I think it in a great measure for the good health I am blessed with. A few months ago a friend and I were fishing Tracey's lake. We whipped the smooth and sometimes rippled surface most ardently, but not a rise could either of us get, and I consider Edgardo (as far as I may be a judge) to be a very fine and persevering fly fisherman. I at last became wearied, and resorted to bait. This I tried in vain. We were in a cove, the shores of which were fringed with long grass and white lilies, about four feet tall from the bottom. The trout were jumping in hundreds at something. Neither of us could capture any. Finally, Edgardo tripped up one by the tail. I held a *post mortem* on it, and found its stomach crammed full of winged ants, like pismires, just as I have seen a partridge's crop gorged with high bush cranberries. We might have fished for a week at this rate, and we would have labored for naught. The trout were glutting themselves on these insects, charging ferociously in among the rushes. By accident, we jigged about a dozen, and then the shades of evening drew her sombre curtain over the little inlet.

—Here follows a sketchy account of hake fishing through the ice in winter, a pastime which has its attractions as well as others:—

Our coasts are now frosted with the snows of firm winter. The mercury rests a little above zero. Let us go for a drive to the banks of the Kennebecasis River. This is the magnificent sheet of water on whose glassy surface many a hard battle has been decided with the oar. It is a little sea of itself, and flows gently into the St. John's River, not far above the wild roaring falls. Its shores westwardly consist of high rolling lands, with here and there a farm, environed by spruce trees and the shady ce-

dars. Opposite is the handsome and wealthy village of Rothsay. A frowning, perpendicular cliff stands to bare, naked view. It is called the "Minister's Face." A fearful looking precipice it is. The parties who named it could have had but little respect for their parson. Directly in, close to this cliff, great hauls of hake are often taken during the winter months. I have long since abandoned this cold, freezing sport, but will endeavor to describe its mysteries and pleasures, if such they are. Four of us, with horse and pung, drive down upon the ice near Torryburn. We are thoroughly clad with heavy overcoats, warm moc-casins, and oversocks. Fur caps are pulled down over our ears, and around our necks are long woolen mufflers. Our hands are encased in mitts, with an extra pair in our pockets to relieve the wet ones while fishing. Our lively horse spins rapidly over the cracking ice, for the day is cold, and the ebbing or flowing of the blue tide beneath causes the thick crust to crack, crack, sometimes quite sharply, but there is no danger at all. We have three feet, as it were, of solid *terra firma* under our horse's heels. After a brisk trot of about two miles we halt, and "toss up" to decide which two of us are to go for wood and trees. Half of our number are soon off a few hundred yards up shore. The wind sweeps for miles the glistening surface, and piercing are the blasts scattering the snow drifts about.

My companion and I immediately set to work with our slices, which consist of handles or poles five feet long, fitting into sharp chisel-like instruments, a foot in length by three inches wide, sharp and keen. We cut eight holes through the crystal floor, and I assure you we feel no cold or chills till this is accomplished, for hard work it is, and more particularly with such thick ice. This duty performed, we plant spruce twigs in the freezing heaps of newly made chippings close to the openings. On these we band our lines, using fresh herrings for bait. Down they sink, and we stand shivering around, beating our arms and waiting for our twigs to bob.

Hurra! up come our wood choppers with a huge load of trees and stumps. A shelter is formed, and we gladly take possession of its lee. A roaring fire breaks forth, and we are comparatively all at home, or, as one might remark, "A nice thing on ice." A twig bends low with a jerk. One of us grasps the line, which is more like stiff wire—up, up, and a fine hake, or perhaps codfish, comes to daylight. At this not very wonderful feat we drink the newcomer's health. This, however, proves certain death to our guest, who becomes in five minutes after his appearance on top as stiff as a brick.

An ordinary take in this way to four men in one day is eight dozen. The hake is very sweet flavored, and when served up hot, with an abundance of good butter and pepper, might make the most fastidious smack their dainty lips. A steak is broiled, a cup of strong coffee made, and I tell you, patient reader, that a fellow like me would put down on such an occasion a goodly amount, such as would raise "Ned" with a victim of indigestion at first, but a few days at this exercise, and a few doses of this medicine, would cure him, I think, and put quack mixtures to flight. Dyspeptics, try it.

Enough fish caught, we haul up lines, pack into our pung, and away, away over the slippery road to shore. At McGowan's Claremont House we stop to warm up and feed the horse, and again jingle on over the broad marshes towards home and St. John.

—Chris. A. Robertson, of St. John, New Brunswick, a gentleman to whom American sportsmen are annually indebted for favors, has just leased the south west branch of the Miramichi River for nine years. A note from him intimates that some of us anglers "seem to think that we have merely secured the river to make money out of it by subletting it to the Americans. *We got it for ourselves*, and yet we do not object to letting gentlemen occupy it when we don't want it. We do not solicit patronage, but will not prevent any stray gentleman sportsman from casting a fly. Some appear to think \$2 per day per rod too high; well, every day I have fished on that river it has cost me \$20."

—We observe by the St. John, New Brunswick *Globe* that the prospects of a good season for the fishermen is not very bright just now. There is no demand from the United States, as the markets there are stocked and money is not plenty. A considerable quantity may be taken for bait, but there will be a great excess for which a market is wanted. Notwithstanding the "advantages" of the Washington Treaty, the exportation of fish has not been large. The "catch" of fish this season is good, and the market house is well supplied with codfish, haddock, and herring. Prices are moderate, the latter selling for twelve cents a dozen, and the former from fifteen cents to \$1 each.

—We called attention, editorially, to the subjoined circular some three weeks ago, but are pleased to notice it again, and do what we can to aid the praiseworthy efforts of our officials to stock our waters with fish. The offer is a liberal one, and should be seized by all persons engaged in pisciculture:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

SIR:—Any person in the United States or Canada wishing to experiment in hatching salmon trout or white fish spawn will be sent a few hundred spawn on receipt of fifty cents to pay for the package, by addressing the undersigned. I think that every lake, river, and pond can be made to abound with fish.

In 1872-3 I sent away 218 packages. I would like to have those to whom I sent salmon trout spawn publish their experience in the papers in their locality, so that others may be benefited by it.

SETH GREEN,

Superintendent N. Y. Fishery Commission.
Rochester, N. Y., November 21, 1873.

—Messrs. Finsch and Linderman, who visited the United States last year to investigate the condition of the fisheries and fish culture in America, have, according to the *Deutsche Fischerei Verein*, presented an exhaustive report to the German Minister of Agriculture. While in this country they examined the leading fish breeding establishments, among them the fish nurseries of Mr. Stone, Dr. Slack, Seth Green, and Mr. Brackett. They speak in the highest terms of the courtesy shown them, and descant on the great progress made in pisciculture in the United States. A considerable portion of the report, is devoted to the study of the American oyster.

OREGON SALMON FISHERIES.—It has been stated to us that at one, and perhaps the largest of the fisheries on the Columbia River, 32,000 cases, viz: 21,000 1-lb. cans and 11,000 2-lb. cans of fish have been put up the present season. About 200 barrels and 100 kits of salted salmon have been put up at the same place.

The next place down the river has done almost the same amount of business, and the fishing standing next in order of capacity to those mentioned, has put up and sold 22,000 cases, viz: 15,000 of one-pound and 7,000 of two-pound cans, and 200 barrels of 200 pounds each of salt salmon. Also, there have been put up 100 kits of fifty pounds each, of salmon bellies.

It is estimated that another fishery, about as large, has put up 20,000 cases, of forty-eight pounds per case. Some of the fisheries pack the salmon in barrels more than in cans, and occasionally one does no canning business at all. Such a one has put up 16,000 barrels, salted, 600 barrels of which go to Germany for smoking purposes. To save coo-perage, tierces of 300 pounds each are sometimes used instead of barrels.

The latest estimated value of the salmon canned and salted this year is \$900,000, and this estimate is made by one engaged in the business. Five new large canneries will be put up for next year, beside the increase of the older ones.—*Portland Bulletin*.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces Macchis.</i>)	Caribou, <i>Tarandus Rangifer.</i>)
Elk or Wapiti, <i>Cervus Canadensis.</i>)	Red Deer, <i>Capreolus Virginianus.</i>)
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey.)	Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.)
Wild Turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>)	Quail, <i>Ortyx Virginianus.</i>)
Ruffed Grouse, <i>Bonasa umbellus.</i>)	Pinnated Grouse, <i>Cupidoria Cupido.</i>)
	All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—We learn from Geo. Gelston, Esq., the secretary and treasurer of the Currituck Club, that in the unfortunate affair at Currituck which we reported last week, Mr. Carington's gunner shot himself accidentally, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict to that effect. Mr. C. and his gunner were seated three feet apart in their "nest" among the tall grass, and Mr. C. was in the act of shooting a canvas back duck when the report of his companion's gun was heard almost simultaneously, and turning he comprehended the fatal catastrophe at once. An investigation showed that the accident was caused by one barrel of the gun going off while the other was being loaded, a circumstance of too frequent occurrence by far. The muzzle must have been within six inches of his head at the time. One barrel was emptied, and the other had simply powder and wad. The gunner was in the act of pouring in a handful of shot when the gun went off.

—The "Bald Eagle of Currituck" returned from his stamping ground about ten days ago. During a nineteen days' banging with his "thundering eight-bore," he killed 594 ducks, of which 213 were canvas-backs, 11 swans, and 18 geese.

—Gen. Messerole and H. M. Smith bagged a swan last week down on "Long Island's sea-girt shore" whose wings measured eight feet from tip to tip. This goodly specimen is being stuffed and mounted.

—Our correspondent, Mills, reports killing sixty-eight English snipe in three hours, at Winnebago Marsh, Wisconsin, October 24th, all single birds, ground clear, wind strong northwest; twelve gauge breech loading gun; two dogs, setter and spaniel. He says: "The large coveys of chickens found in Iowa will fully demonstrate the superiority of the breech loading guns for this work. I have to note three scores made from single coveys, respectively; 11, 14, and 19, at a single point from the first stand, all single birds, re-loading my own gun. In either case not more than four or six could have been secured with the muzzle loader.

—Our correspondent, "Luke Tripp," tells of the outfit of a swell sportsman whom he met out on the plains near Fremont, Nebraska. The gentlemen in question, Mr. M., hailed from Chicago, and was wont to take a two month's cruise every year after prairie chickens. "In the first place," says Luke, "he had a magnificent tent, about fifteen feet in diameter, plenty of robes and blankets, two India rubber beds, and several pillows, and a pair of bellows to blow them up to comfortable proportions; also an India rubber bathing tub. He employed three men; one to look after the dogs, guns, ammunition, &c., one to cook, and the other to drive and take care of the horses; his hunting wagon was complete; underneath the hind part was a large wire box to put the game in, and underneath the fore part a large zinc reservoir for water; on the sides of the box were brackets for guns, and under the seats closets for ammunition, and an extra large one for the whiskey jug. Mr. M. had also plenty of provisions both wet and dry, and

in one particular box a miniature tobacco shop." A luxurious menu this. And the hunting done by Mr. M., the Captain, Max, and Tripp was something to astonish our powder-burners down East. Luke says, "By sunrise one morning we were bringing down the prairie chickens at the rate of about a hundred an hour; after indulging in this sport in the farmer's new cut rye fields for about two hours, we drove around over the prairie and picked up scattering ones. That afternoon the Captain and Max drove out from Fremont and the next day we had glorious sport. Just imagine four hunters in a line, following six dogs down a hundred acre rye stubble; first one dog would point and then another, keeping all hands tolerable busy until we got through. The next morning we all started to town, as Mr. M. expected some friends from town, and also wanted to express about five hundred chickens to some other friends there."

—In our last issue, in the review of the scores at Creedmoor, we made the following errors. Dr. Anderson of the 4th N. J. used a Ward Burton rifle, and Licuteuant Smoot in the fourth match made in seventeen shots, thirteen hits. In our next number will be found a continuation of the scores of the various matches at Creedmoor, taken from official sources.

—Dr. George F. Hawley and Mr. W. W. Hunt, of Hartford, Conn., while at Great South Bay on the 9th and 10th inst., killed thirty-nine (39) ducks and one goose, the latter being killed with a seven pound breech-loader at ten rods; all shot over stools.

—Here are some valuable instructions about the use of firearms, which we copy from a letter written by a prominent member of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, on the occasion of his making a lad a present of a gun. Some of the points will not apply to muzzle-loading arms, as the one in question was a breech-loading double barreled fowling piece. It would be well for all sportsmen, old as well as young, to study these directions carefully. We give the letter in full, omitting names and dates only:

MY DEAR NEPHEW: Yesterday I sent the gun so long promised, and I hope you will obtain from it all the pleasure anticipated. But to have any lasting enjoyment you must use it with exceeding care.

First—Never in excitement nor in fun point it towards any human being.

Second—Never carry it so that if accidentally discharged it would endanger the life of a dog even.

Third—Always think, when walking, which way your gun is pointed, and if a companion is in the field with you, no matter how near and how temptingly the game appears, do not shoot until you know just where he is, and that a stray shot may not possibly strike him, for one little pellet is sufficient to destroy an eye forever.

Fourth—Never get in a wagon without taking the cartridges from the gun.

Fifth—Never get over a fence without either taking the cartridges out, or placing the gun through the fence on the ground, so that if you fall or the fence breaks it cannot be discharged.

Sixth—Always carry the gun at half cock.

Seventh—Never let the hammers rest on the "plungers," or pieces which strike the cap.

Eighth—Never try to close it when the hammers are down.

Ninth—Never get in front of it yourself. If you see you are about to fall, drop the gun so the muzzle will be from you. Occasionally a cartridge will stick after it has been fired. A stout thin blade of knife will generally extract it, if not, remove the other cartridge, and then cut a straight stick and poke it out from the muzzle, but even then don't place your body in front of it, but content yourself with using the hand.

Tenth—After firing one barrel, take the cartridge from the other and examine the wad over the shot to see that it is not loosened by the concussion as it very frequently is, which would produce a heavy recoil, and if it gets up the barrel, will burst the gun and likely take a hand off besides.

Eleventh—Never take hold of the muzzle to draw it toward you, nor set it up, when, if falling its muzzle would be toward you.

Finally, follow all these suggestions and be self-possessed, and the fields will afford you sport without danger, and I hope without temptation.

—Mr. Chas. Pickering, of Toronto, has won the championship for pigeon shooting from Mr. Miller, of Markham, who held it through seven consecutive seasons.

—Shooting snipe at Rochester within the city limits is thus described by an old sportsman:

Rochester is a favored spot. The other day I had the good fortune to secure a bag of game within two miles of the court house that one need not be ashamed to admit he had traveled a dozen miles for. This was how it happened. Some boys returning home from chestnutting, in passing through a certain field, were somewhat startled by the sudden flight of a dozen or more birds from under their feet as they jumped over a fence in a wet spot. The boys related the occurrence to your humble servant and told him that the birds arose with a whistle and had "awful long bills." This was enough, and hastily gathering the necessary accoutrements, in fifteen minutes we were on the ground and advancing into a bit of marsh, were greeted with the inimitable cry of a Wilson's snipe that rose like a phantom, and went zig-zagging up wind; he was stopped within twenty-five yards and bagged. On reloading, not two paces were taken before a brace rose together. One scooting directly toward a horse that was grazing near by, balked us of a shot. The other turning to the left was toppled over, and transferred from a potato hill to our game bag. The next shot was a clear miss, but it was the last that day, for with unusual good fortune we continued the sport until nine plump and lively snipe were within the meshes of our game bag. As we were shooting without a dog, two or three birds that rose out of distance could not be found and were left as "nest eggs;" but as nine birds out of ten shots was not bad for four hours shooting—in a city—I homeward trod my way, doubting that there are many cities of 70,000 inhabitants, where a sportsman could fulfill the injunction, "go thou and do likewise." W.A.D.

—It is estimated that from two to four hundred men are encamped along the line of the St. Paul and Pacific Branch Railroad, Minnesota, engaged in killing deer for market. One man is said to have slain fifty in a month, by lurking in runways, and shooting the animals when they came to drink. The same slaughter is going on along the lines of other western roads.

BRainerd, Minn., Dec. 3, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

A four years' experience in the forests and on the streams of central-northern Minnesota, would not be exchanged by me for the best opportunities for game animals and fish, on any "stamping ground" in the eastern and middle States.

My first experience with large game was in Wright County, this State, in the fall of 1869, in bringing down a buck, weighing not less than 300 lbs. on the hoof. On this occasion I used a Wesson breech-loading rifle, weighing about 5½ lbs; and with it I have killed since then forty-four deer.

I must tell you something about this first experience; it may recall to the memory of many of your readers similar experiences, which, I am assured, are very agreeable to remember.

Some days previous, and on two other occasions, I had seen this buck on a "dry marsh," near where I was living, and had obtained one good shot at his head and missed. I naturally felt sensitive over this poor luck, and was determined to try again and again, if necessary, until victory should crown my efforts. With this determination I set out one afternoon, about 5 o'clock, p. m., as I was then certain of catching Mr. B. feeding. Sure enough, on approaching the small marsh, which he frequented to dry his horns and feed, I discovered him, and he at the same instant discovered me, and left before I could bring my piece to bear. I followed along in the direction he took, some 400 yards, and looking back across my left shoulder, discovered Mr. B. quietly watching me at a distance of perhaps 75 yards.* I drew a bead on the forehead of the buck and fired, planting a ball in the center of his forehead equidistant between the eyes, unnerving him so quickly that when I came up to where he lay—and I made the best time of any known record of a 75 yards' run—not a muscle contracted indicative that animation had ever occupied that frame. But wasn't he a beauty! Splendid, grand, superb, even in death! And what a shot! My heart wasn't lively much either, I reckon. I did not say much—when for days afterwards old hunters praised me for that evident coolness which directed a ball to that head! I could not help saying my nerves "were steady" at the time; it flattered my vanity. But the fact was, there was not time enough between what otherwise might have been called throbs to separate them. It was one powerful concentration of muscular force knocking the wind out of me from within. I remember now distinctly that I did not breathe for about four minutes. I began to realize that something was wrong, and upon strict examination found that I was trembling all over. Every muscle in my body twitched and jerked as if some invisible spirits had each selected some particular muscle, and were desirous of discovering just how much tremendous forces combined might disturb my system. I fairly shook in my boots. Perspiration ran down my face in streams. Still I was not hurt, not frightened, no necessarily exciting cause to produce such a sensation. Nothing but a huge gigantic buck, lying there in his blue coat and splendid proportions, round and trim, and clean cut as the sculptor's model, with lofty antlers that proved him to be the "monarch of the forest," lying there in his holiday attire. It required some six minutes of time and much effort to realize this fact. I then commenced to survey the prize. His saddles were full, plump and rounded. Hair short and smooth. He carried five points on his antlers, and his limbs were sleek as those of the "Greek Slave" and just as pretty. He was a beauty! Many old hunters claimed they had spent day after day in trying to get this same identical animal. Had grown hungry and cold on his "runway," but he had dodged them all. Some of them felt a little envious for a time; others hinted that they should not have worried about it so much, but to have a "greeny" from the east come out and gobble their best piece of venison, was too bad. However, I talked knowingly of long shots, and good sights, and the best breech-loaders, and became reinstated in their good graces, and have had many a "long talk" over the incidents of a days' hunt since then, wherein I have been recognized as "one on 'em" and entitled to rank as an energetic sportsman, a No. 1, "deer shot" and to enjoy the privileges of an old hunter.

But the "buck fever" I did have, bad, too, on this first experience. That I have had it since then, slightly, it is unnecessary to admit here, though I may be induced to give your readers some further recitals of experiences in this northeastern country in which the fact may more fully appear. BEDFORD.

[*This letter confirms what we have said in a previous number of this paper, that game is often lost by too much hunting. If men would only have patience to wait, the game will come round to them; for deer, and caribou especially, have just as much curiosity as the hunter, and perhaps more. How often the persistent enthusiast has been traveling a circle in pursuit of the deer which is perhaps following his tracks not far behind.—Ed.]

—The Amateur Pigeon Shooting Tournament, open to all comers, which was begun at Toronto, Canada, on December 2d, was concluded on the 9th. There were 105 entries, distributed in twelve squads, each man allowed twenty-one rounds. Mr. Dalton, of Hamilton, won the

first prize, which was \$300 and a gold medal, having shot 20 birds out of 21. Haskell, of Detroit, killed nineteen birds.

—The international match which was commenced on Friday, between twelve Americans and twelve Canadians, for a purse of \$240, ten birds each, with the same rules as those governing the tournament, was brought to a close on Saturday, and after a close and exciting contest resulted in favor of the Canadians by three birds. The following was the score:

UNITED STATES.		CANADA.	
Haskell, Detroit.....	111101111- 9	McElroy, Perth.....	011110111- 8
Stanton, Detroit.....	110111100- 7	Drake, London.....	111111010- 8
Henderson, Detroit.....	111111010- 8	Moore, Clinton.....	111111111- 10
Long, Detroit.....	111111011- 9	G. Smith, Toronto.....	111111010- 8
Fulton, Niagara Falls.....	101010010- 5	Rennardson, Toronto.....	110011111- 8
Eldridge, Detroit.....	10111011- 7	Taylor, Toronto.....	100111101- 7
Fisher, Detroit.....	011110111- 8	Pike, Chatham.....	111101010- 8
Dubois, Detroit.....	101000110- 5	Stroud, Hamilton.....	111010111- 8
Cole, Detroit.....	010111111- 9	Rogers, St. Catharines.....	110010011- 6
Feat, Toledo.....	111111111- 10	Thomson, Toronto.....	111101111- 9
Smith, Buffalo.....	110111111- 9	Binkley, Hamilton.....	111111111- 10
Littleton, Detroit.....	111010111- 8	Chapman, Toronto.....	001110111- 7
Grand Total.....	94	Grand Total.....	97

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLSTON.	
	h. m.		h. m.		h. m.	
Dec. 18.....	10 43		7 27		6 43	
Dec. 19.....	11 31		8 13		7 31	
Dec. 20.....	morn.		9 8		8 21	
Dec. 21.....	0 21		10 0		9 14	
Dec. 22.....	1 14		10 48		10 6	
Dec. 23.....	2 6		11 40		10 6	
Dec. 24.....	2 56		morn.		11 4	

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.

THE YACHT META AND HER RACE WITH THE VISION.

A SIMPLE description of the race between these two celebrated yachts for the cup valued at \$500 might hardly be called a yachting reminiscence, but rather a description of a sporting event. I propose to review some of the main points of the event, and to give some of the experiences of her crew during those five trying days when her sea-going qualities, the bravery and pluck of her gallant crew, and the persistence of her owner to do or sink in the effort, were so well tried. The race has been run, although the owners of the Vision seem unwilling to admit the fact; but I propose to give my humble opinion why I assume that it has been not only run but won by the Meta.

The decision of the referee, Commodore Whitney, has not yet been received, (13th,) but will probably be given this week; as soon as it is known it will be handed to you. I may say this, however, that with the points submitted to him and the claim in writing made by the Meta party, I cannot see how he can fail to decide but one way, and that in favor of the Meta, and I say this with full and yachtmanlike deference to the owner of the Vision, his splendid yacht, and his gallant struggles for victory.

Let us look at some of the main points in the race. In full accordance with the terms of the agreement, the yachts were started by the judges for the struggle. The articles of agreement made no time limitation binding, and there were no restrictions as to anchoring. They simply, when once started, had to sail a certain distance and back to the starting point.

Let us follow them a little, or rather one of them, for after going a short distance the Vision turned back.

Being started by the judges at 11.52, Monday, October 6, they had fair weather to Long Branch. At 1 P. M. the judges hailed them and bid them go back—the wind being SSE, it was a beat to windward down the coast. After a few tacks, the Vision put about and went back. Commodore Beling said to the judges that the race had commenced and that he was going on over the course. The judges' boat then turned and went on and turned back and came alongside the Meta. Mr. Krebs, the judge for the Vision, said that she would go back to New York on account of bad weather, and that he would claim no race. Mr. Dillon, the Meta's judge, said go on. As an evidence of the stiffness of the Meta, an occurrence during that interview may be cited. While those on the judges' steamer were hanging on to the rails for dear life, being the only means of standing up in that heavy sea, Commodore Beling and some friends stood up, *aft the traveler*, hanging on to nothing except a good cup of coffee, (nothing stronger, 'pon honor,) and stood as easily and securely as possible, the Meta gently and gracefully rising and falling with each successive wave, riding like a duck. The judges' boat then started off in the direction of the race; and the Meta party supposing there had been an agreement, kept on.

After going about four miles, the steamer again turned and put back for New York. On passing the Meta, Mr. Dillon waved his hand for them to go on. At 3 P. M. the Meta arrived at the point for turning, and now things began to get lively; just at this point a heavy squall struck them from SE., as if they had not enough already, and they had to shorten sail; with a heavy sea running, they got in the jib; in trying to get down the sail, the topping lift caught the peak-halliard block. The only resource now was to wear ship, a dangerous experiment in such a sea and wind, but they tried it, watching the result, we can well imagine, with great anxiety. There she goes like lightning on the other side, and, whack, goes the boom, broken off like a pipe stem. Now it was neck or nothing, and they set about to save themselves. They could not go back now if forty judges said go back. Clear the wreck was the order, and

under the greatest difficulties they managed to get the boom clear, and rigged a lug sail upon her, which would hang too low, the block banging the wheel, and also unpleasantly whizzing past their heads. We can now imagine their really dangerous position. On consultation it was decided to scud for Barnegat, where they arrived at 2 P. M. and anchored. Here they repaired damages. Wind hauling NNE, they had to get away from that place or go ashore; they then determined to put for Egg Harbor. This was Tuesday. The Vision's judge on the Meta said he wished to get to New York. Com. Beling told him that "he considered him in the race," and that if he went ashore he abandoned the Vision's interest. He, however, went home.

On Wednesday, the 8th October, they left Egg Harbor for New York at 5 P. M., made Barnegat Light, bearing west and south at 9 P. M., going on they encountered increasing N. E. winds and very high sea. I imagine that staunch skipper "Joe" Ellsworth, made some such remark as: "Well, boys, this is the worst I ever see!" when he found that the combined forces compelled him to lay to till day-break; and then, when he found that, do his best, he could make no headway, and had to return to Egg Harbor.

How think you, Joe, some of your old friends, and often competitors, would have stood that trip? say the Addie, Gracie, Captain and others? Gone to Davy Jones, eh? Yes, and some of the two-masters, too.

On Thursday and Friday the wind continued so high and kicked up such a surf on the bar, they had to stay inside whiling away the time in repairing, perhaps imitating the wind in "blowing off;" perhaps "Johnnie" sang the "Maid from Kent." However, Saturday morning came, and they resolved to put out, leaving at 8 A. M., and beating up, reached Sandy Hook at 12 that night. Some good sailing on that beat up, you bet. If they had taken many eggs from the Harbor they left, the beating up would have made a respectable nogg by the time they reached Sandy Hook.

Now the points the Meta party make to the referee are these:—1st. They were started by the judges. 2d. There was no limitation of time, nor prohibition against anchoring in the articles of agreement. 3d. The Meta sailed over the course fully. (Should think she did.)

The stakeboat did not furnish a turning point, true—the Meta did not know the causes, and this cannot bar the Meta, even technically, for the reasons that one yacht having abandoned the race, the principal object of the stakeboat, viz—to form a common turning point for both, was done away with, and further, the Vision having a judge on the Meta, he could see the distance sailed.

These are the points submitted to the referee, and they are awaiting his decision. But they are points which, in my estimation, entitle her at least to the fullest consideration.

Still, her owner, the worthy Commodore, is confident, plucky, and has the fullest veneration for his Meta, and does not want to win unless he sails for it. I think no one will question the fact that he "sailed for it," and it is due to the "little cherub aloft" that the Ellsworth family have not a cast away "Enoch Arden" from their number, barring the "Annie Lee" part of that beautiful poem.

I think it may be a fitting "Yachting Reminiscence" if I refer to the launch and christening of the Meta. A goodly company of yachting men were assembled at Pat. McGiehan's ship yard on a certain Saturday afternoon. There lay the Meta on the stocks, the pride of her builder, Mr. McGiehan; the joy of her owner, Com. G. A. Beling. Gracious, how busy! "Ike" McGiehan, a "chip," certain, was putting a touch here and there, greasing the ways, till a fly would slip. All Pamrapo was out. Then with noises and cheers she slid gracefully to the water and Commodore Beling's daughter, Miss Meta, broke the traditional bottle over the bow, and in a gracious and graceful manner gave her own name to the beautiful little ship. A tug-boat immediately took her in tow and a line was formed, a nautical procession as it were. The Meta first, in tow of the tug; then by a connecting hawser came the "Addie," Com. W. H. Langley, and then the "Nettie B.," Allan C. Bush, each yacht covered with flags and signals. So we steamed up the Kills with music and cannon and songs into Newark Bay. The engine of a train at the drawbridge joining in the general excitement, screamed away at us; arriving at 5 P. M. at Commodore Beling's beautiful place, on Newark Bay, we all went ashore to find a bounteous repast under the trees, and kegs of lager opening at the word; with this and dancing and champagne in the evening, the day and evening was passed. Surely a good and auspicious start. Many were the toasts drunk to the success of the Meta, her owner and her namesake.

That she has fully come up to the expectations of her friends and well-wishers, I think will be acknowledged; may she do as well in the future as in the past, whether as sloop or schooner.

E. M.

—The following criticism from *Land and Water* is worthy of the attention of our University and college crews. It will be seen how the individual exertions of every member of a crew is judged and their faults told of in plain language:—

CAMBRIDGE.—"All change here," is an expression one frequently hears at railway junctions and termini. I think it might well be applied to Varsity trials. Since last week we have had great and important changes in the two boats. Shafto has been removed from Stroke, and sent three, and Wood (1st Trinity) has taken his place; Goulden has had his dismissal, and Campbell has taken his place; Peabody has come from three to four, and Rhodes has changed boats; so that the boats are now made up as follows:—

Rhodes'.
Bow, E. A. Saunders, 2d Trinity.
2, C. Etherington, Sidney.
3, C. D. Shafto, Jesus.
4, J. E. Peabody, 1st Trinity.
5, Bayley, Caius.
6, — Campbell, Trinity Hall.
7, Coode, 3rd Trinity.
Str., H. G. Rhodes, Jesus.
Cox., Wilson, Corpus.

Wood's.
Bow, S. T. Briscoe, St. Catharine's,
2, G. F. Armytage, Jesus.
3, W. Sparling, 1st Trinity.
4, A. S. Estcourt.
5, T. S. Turnbull, Trinity Hall.
6, Aylmer, 1st Trinity.
7, P. H. Hibbert, Lady Margaret.
Str., Wood, 1st Trinity.
Cox., C. F. Hunt, Jesus.

The rowing in the two boats as a whole, is decidedly worse than it has been for the last three years. The numerous changes that have been made have, no doubt, a good deal to do with it. With regard to individual rowing I will first take Rhodes' boat. Bow, Saunders, is rowing well, but is inclined to get late; (2) Etherington is not up to much; he gets very short and keeps bad times, makes no attempt at getting any beginning, and is inclined to pull himself up to his oar; (3) Shafto is improving, and was rowing much better to-day; he is rather inclined to row out of the boat, however, is frequently out of time, and wants to raise his hands over the stretcher. (4) Peabody is rowing fairly, but should row his hands in higher, as indeed all the stroke side ought to—his time, too, is rather casual. (5) Bailey is rowing very badly, he weighs 13st 9lb., gets less beginning than anybody in the boat; his time is not of the best, nor would his rowing be any the worse if he would learn to swing. (6) Campbell rows hard, but does not seem to know how to get any beginning on. (7) Coode, although it can't be said that he is rowing well, still I think that, considering his weight and size, he manages his place very fairly; he wants to be rather more careful about the time and to sit up more and to row his stroke well out. (Stroke) Rhodes is rowing fairly well, but he wants to get his shoulders further back, and to hold it well through with them, and also to get his hands out sharper. With regard to the other boat, their general fault, and especially on the stroke side, is bad time. Bow, Briscoe, rows rather well, his chief fault seems to be that he is inclined to get late; his swing is, as I said last week, perfect. (2) Armytage still has his old faults, viz., bucketing, not getting his hands out, and not marking the beginning, though they are in a somewhat modified form. (3) Sparling is improving; his finish is still awkward, but not quite so bad as it ought to be. (4) Estcourt has also improved slightly, but is still very rough; he buckets very much; gets his shoulders up and feathers under water a good deal, in which peculiarity he is followed by both Sparling and Turnbull. (5) Turnbull wants to row his hands straighter into him, and not to raise his outside one, and screw his outside shoulder up at the finish, which at present he does rather after the manner of some of the "mariners." (6) Aylmer wants to take more pains; one of his great faults is hurrying on stroke. (7) Hibbert is rowing pretty much as he always did; he is not a pretty oar, but he works hard and honestly, and is in all a good waterman, which is more than can be said of anybody else who is rowing in the Trials, except Rhodes and Saunders. (Stroke) Wood is a very pretty oar, and that is really all that can be said for him.

Art and Drama.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

BY T. B. THORPE.

THE Union Square Theatre is reaping a rich harvest from its play of "Led Astray." The universal judgment appears to be that it is very attractive and very unexceptionable in its moral tendency. The consequence was, that on Saturday night there was announced on a large poster "nothing but standing room." Miss Ettyng, for the first time since she has been at the Union Square, has a character that entirely suits her, and consequently her triumphs are complete.

—At Wallack's we have genteel comedy in its best estate. On Monday "She Stoops to Conquer" was played to a delighted audience, and on Tuesday "Ours." The patrons of this unvaryingly popular establishment include the best and most cultivated classes of our permanent population.

—The Fifth Avenue is vibrating between one attraction and then another, evidently not yet settled in a "favorite rut." The failure of "Fortune" has thrown some unoccupied time on the manager's hands, which he fills up with specialties. A new play, adopted from the French by Mr. Daly, was announced for Wednesday. The stringency in the money market makes it difficult to establish a settled patronage for a newly erected place of amusement. The popularity of the original Fifth Avenue was owing a great deal to its location. "Just around the corner" from the most fashionable and crowded thoroughfare in the city, and yet almost as isolated as if in the suburbs, it was especially favorable for ladies and families. This happy location was most pleasantly observable on matinee afternoons, when the ladies, after the performance, gathered unmolested in groups on the sidewalks and talked pleasant gossip, and then took up their carriages or their pedal conveyances at their leisure and went home. This made the theatre sociable, which desirable quality added to charming nothings in the way of plays and novelties, and the Fifth Avenue was a success. But the reasons of this popularity, intellectually, do not now exist, and the atmosphere and associations that made the name so cherished cannot be transferred to other places. The fire which consumed the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, consumed the scenery, the good will, and the pleasant associations. Mr. Daly's new theatre has yet to make its reputation, and the adoption of a favorite name for it is a misnomer, and unfortunate for suggesting odious comparisons.

—Salvini has added new lustre to his reputation by starting his audiences with novelties. His genius is as varied as possible. No living tragedian approaches him in this or

in an other respect. If he could present himself in the vernacular of our country, there would be no precedence for his popularity. On Friday Signora Piamonti has a benefit. On this occasion she will assume the rôle made so popular by Ristori, of Elizabeth, Queen of England; Salvini as Essex. We bespeak for the fair *beneficiaire* what she deserves, an enthusiastic welcome and a crowded house.

—Mr. Fechter, who was once pronounced by a "leading theatrical critic" of this city to be far superior to Garrick, a man, indeed, who made Garrick an absurd tradition by comparisons, is performing at the Lyceum, supported by an extemporized company, the members of which are endeavoring to eke out a support these hard times. In recalling our reminiscences of the "immortal David," we do not remember that he ever fell on such evil times. One of the wonderful things in this world that we cannot understand is the theatrical popularity of Mr. Fechter.

—Mr. Gilmore's musical and promenade concerts are crowded on each night of performance with the representative families of the city. We are encouraged with the prospect that Mr. Gilmore will complete arrangements for opening a large and complete concert hall for popular music in the central part of the city.

THE LOTOS CLUB.

—On Saturday evening the members of the Lotos Club gave one of their informal but charming receptions to Professor R. A. Proctor, the celebrated English astronomer. The occasion brought out a large attendance of the members of the club, and a number of distinguished guests. The President, in some pleasant and appropriate remarks, introduced Professor Proctor, who in turn made an interesting reply. He paid a just tribute to the industry and correctness of American astronomers, incidentally alluding in complimentary terms to Miss Mitchell. The novelty of our country, as exhibited in its enterprise and indifference to established forms and precedence, seemed to strike him with force and with pleasure. These club receptions to literary and scientific gentlemen from abroad are pleasant additions to our metropolitan society, and they have been so well and sensibly managed by the Lotos Club that its members naturally stand high abroad, and naturally the fact of such membership, especially in London, commands recognition in the most distinguished quarters.

THE BROOKLYN ART EXHIBITION.—The Art exhibition now open in the elegant rooms of the Brooklyn Art Association in Montague street, comprises nearly four hundred pictures from foreign and native artists. Of the former, one most noticeable is "Ophelia," by J. Bertrand, a broad, striking example of French art. The gaze centres upon the face of the drowned girl as she floats in the water among the reeds clasping the wild flowers to her breast, far too real. A fine transparent piece of color, cattle and figures by Bridgeman. A winter scene by J. C. Thorn, and among the gems rank foremost the Winetaster by Grutzner, a most charming effect of expression, contented and benign, upon the face of the rotund personage, "Dinner is ready," by Piltz, a most artistic effect of light and shade, a masterly work. A fresh sparkling piece, a girl reaching for some flowers in the sunshine, by Adam. A cabinet of an old man mending a quill, by Siccet. A madonna and child, by Ittenbach exquisitely finished. An old lady with a devout look in her upturned wrinkled face by Miss Conant. While amongst the local artists are prominent examples by Leutze, of Washington at Monmouth; the effect of drawing and grouping, expression and massing is a fine example of that lamented artist. A most masterly head by Huntingdon, painted evidently in his palmiest days, grand and speaking. One of a child by Geo. A. Baker, in his inimitable style, fresh and pure, pearly grays and liquid carnations. A most beautiful marine by Bricher, "Manchester Cliffs," full of sparkling play of brilliant colors; also one of Sylva's best marines, showing much improvement, painted in his broad effective manner; also two by Arthur Parton with all his bright transparent color so rich and yet harmonizing so well in that silver sheen-like atmosphere, peculiar to him. An interior, with figures, by J. Beaufain Irving, most exquisitely worked up, rivaling Messonier in the minuteness of detail and finish, it shows what can be done in New York as well as in Paris. A couple of figures—a girl with a child in her arms, crossing a brook on the stones; treated in that bright sunny manner by New York's well known artist, J. G. Brown. A grand example by another New York artist, unrivalled in his glowing delineations, golden and dreamy, S. R. Gifford. A charming effect of color is a snow scene by T. W. Marshall, most artistically treated. The snow clumps upon the trees, the russet of the branches, the attitude of the plodding figure, all are well rendered. C. C. Markham, whose pictures are well known in Brooklyn, sends an interior "How cold!" A boy warming himself at a stove, the attitude is natural, the coloring harmonious, and the accessions well delineated; a pleasing, popular style of picture. Also a portrait of a child, delicately finished, with a blue French cap, whose silk and lace is most exquisitely rendered, and a camp scene upon the Little Tupper Lake, with the hounds, deer, and the luggage and utensils of the camp. J. S. Palmer sends three pictures, one of them a well painted winter scene in the woods; a fine effect. A cool, sylvan retreat, green and brilliant, by Bolton Jones, invites attention, while a most beautiful landscape by Kensett and Casalier, attracts the eye of the lover of these much noted artist's work. A little gem by Wyant, resembling Kensett in its cool gray tones. A finely rendered interior, by Toussiant, a foreign artist, with an old woman and child, beautifully drawn and modelled, and a picture by Hovender—The Reverie—most poetic in feeling and treatment. But space forbids further mention of the hosts of other pictures.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

THE REVIEWER TO HIS FRIENDS.—The near approach of Christmas and the New Year, reminds us that we have a duty to perform in the way of imparting information to our readers as to where to go for the purchase of fitting mementos of regard, or presents to their friends. Among the intellectual wants of the public, we place first books, good, amusing, and instructive books. Secondly, we shall endeavor in the FOREST AND STREAM to keep them always posted as to the best literary and amusing works of the day, who publish the books, where to go for the same, together with much information of an amusing and valuable kind to both publishers and their patrons. The FOREST AND STREAM is everywhere conceded to be the best circulating medium of literary information, in its special character of a first-class review paper, and will always be found, like a well attuned harp, never giving an uncertain sound; always an open vehicle for the diffusion of all that is rare and curious in the literature of the times. We wish to assure all our friends, publishers, advertisers, and patrons, that while we cordially tender to them the compliments of the season, we truly hope and desire that one, each and all be mutually benefited during our next year's rambles beside the sparkling waters of the Forest and Stream.

Porter & Coates, Phila., will soon place before their readers a very interesting work, under the title of "Idle Hands," by S. T. Arthur, whose name is a guarantee that it will be something very good. They will also place their "box libraries," always popular and rich in well selected books for all ages, where every purchaser can examine them. Among them, as deserving a critical examination, please notice in six volumes "World Famous Fiction," "Presentation Library," "Ladies' Historical Society," comprising lives of five celebrated women, in four volumes, "Fairy Library," in three volumes of Swedish, French and English fairy tales. These are not one-quarter of the really good things these publishers set before you. We shall speak in our next of some other rare and valuable publications designed for the holidays from this wide awake publishing house.

Rob't Carter & Bros., New York, on the approach of the coming holidays, bid their patrons welcome to a full board of the rich and varied productions of their teeming press. Among the very desirable books published by them we notice "Songs of the Soul," gathered out of many lands and ages, by Samuel I. Prime, author of the "Alhambra" and the "Kremlin." For a really valuable present we can recommend this work as not surpassed by any for its pure teachings, its soul-stirring, elevating truths. Price \$5.

Hurd & Houghton, of the Riverside Press, have a goodly stock of very rare and useful, elegantly bound works for the holidays, varying from the low prices of \$1.50 to \$30 and \$40, all varied; and some of them exceedingly beautiful and valuable. The Egyptian sketch-book, price \$1.75, with its very rollicking story of the dancing girls of Egypt to the ladies of the Nile, the dusky Hottentot Venus, the Gypsy Astrologers, the famous Black Jugglers, and last and by no means least, the chapter on Spirit Sweethearts, Fairy Lovers, and Goblin Wives, will interest anyone that can be interested in the rare and curious revelations of this wondrous tour into the land of the Pyramids. A wonderfully interesting book, we fully endorse it as just the book for Christmas.

Next we have from the same house "The Grammar of Painting and Engraving from the French of Charles Blanc, translated by Kate N. Daggett, and illustrated with many original illustrations. One of the best books of the season, and of great intrinsic value to art students. We shall notice this work, together with quite a number of others, in full, hereafter.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Would you spend an hour or two without *ennui*, go to Osgood's, see the rare and beautiful treasures of art and literature beneath which their tables literally groan, select from the many beautiful presents before you something with which to gladden the heart of wife, or daughter, or the boys. Why, a Christmas morning without a remembrance by good old Santa Claus is no Christmas at all. Then buy a gift at Osgood's. He has all the illustrated books of the season—all the poets, in blue and gold. Lastly, the book of the times for old Middlesex boys—"Drake's Elegant Mansions of Our Own Fireside Homes." Buy it, and anything else you wish at this art emporium of the old and new.

Lee & Shepard for the holidays present their compliments to their many patrons, and invite them to call "early and often," and promise to give them a cordial welcome to a great and valuable collection of books too numerous to mention. Here you may revel in the wild and wonderful realm of fairy land and ramble within the walls of the "Ancient City." You can find a thousand and one books at the graduated prices of low pockets, well selected, ready and waiting for you. Go to Lee, Shepard & Co., and thank us for this notice.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, have a full list of books of great variety and of all prices. The costly elegant "Illustrated Library of Favorite Song," is illustrated fully and with great fidelity and appropriateness of design. Edited by Dr. Howard. As this rare book can only be obtained of the publishers and their agents, all our friends desiring to possess an exceedingly well chosen work, especially for a holiday present, will take our advice and send their orders at once. These songs are of such a character as to recommend them to all readers, old as well as young.

It gives us true pleasure to state that the Messrs. Harper have in course of publication a very valuable edition (library edition) of Wilkie Collins' works. At this time, just the best time that could have been chosen for such an enterprise, as Mr. Collins is now among us, very many who have had the pleasure of listening to him, will more readily purchase his works. Standing almost at the head of our best living English novelists, we predict for his works in this last and best style, a large sale. Let any one who has never read "The Woman in White," procure the same, and it, and then the other two and read them carefully, and he will doubtless by that time be ready to purchase the entire set as they are placed before him in a uniform style of binding which much enhances this work. We thank the Messrs. Harper for this fine edition of Collins' works, called "Harper's Library Edition."

Then we turn to the Harpers, and Appleton & Co., R. Carter & Bro., for the juveniles, Carleton & Co. for the lively books, and Armstrong & Co., Holt & Williams, of New York, and a host of other New York publishing houses, names too numerous to mention, whose counters literally groan with Christmas presents for all good boys and girls, and where the prettiest books are to be had, at the lowest prices. We wish them all to realize from their friends the gift of a good book, and the hopes of a "Merry Christmas" from the FOREST AND STREAM.

Among the many elegant books of the year a prominent place must be given to "Heaven In Song," a collection of gems of Poetry of all ages on the better land, by Henry C. Fish, D. D., author of "History of Pulpit Eloquence," and published by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway, New York.

Great as has been the progress made in elegant book printing in the United States, "Heaven In Song," with its rich ornamental red line borders and prettily tinted paper, classic text printing, and elegant binding, is the perfection of book production. The selections are chosen with the best of judgment, and the result is a volume suited to ornament the drawing room, for consolation in the sick room, and for hours of amusement or devotional musing.

LAND OF MOAB. [Harper & Bros.: By Tristram, will be found among the very acceptable books of the times. Quite a sensation, you will recollect, was the result of a so-called wonderful stone, found some few years since in the region of the Dead Sea, in Bible history called the Land of Moab. Now, we have a bright, life-like, sparkling history of what the author calls the land of Moab. This book comes to us in its neat Harper impress, and will not be thrust aside for some perhaps more profusely decorated. The scenes of true Bible history will be found a great inducement to give this book its place in the list of Christian keepsakes, as it can be given with a good conscience by any one to his or her friend. The scene of John the Baptist's imprisonment and his final martyrdom is graphically portrayed, and will be found deeply interesting. In point of scriptural accuracy this work may be called perfect; to the student of Sacred History invaluable.

THE WOOLING O' T. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

We take up the books belonging to this series, knowing that in them we find profit and pleasure.

Of this last we can say that it is a work that well sustains the character of a bright, entertaining, and by no means trivial novel, the characters of which are well delineated and not overdrawn. The story is one in which all the holy horrors of English aristocratic disdain of misalliance is vividly depicted. In the love of Lord Torchester we have a good picture of the good-natured, polished nobleman, who thinks he can have the fair Maggy Grey, the refined, quiet, noble-souled woman in her proper station merely for the asking. He finds, however, that virtue and true nobleness of soul can exist, even in the humbler walks of life. Though he is much astonished that a lord should be rejected by an humble secretary, Trofford is one of the class of strong persevering men of the world, sometimes prone to tipping; yet at last gives us by his manly course his true fidelity to principle, an example exceedingly rare in high life. The countess is one of those compound characters often found in English society, upon the whole good. Mrs. Berry, as Mrs. Berry, is a vulgar character, with naturally a good heart, perverted by too much worldly goods. She is a character our lady readers will be pleased with. She is unfortunate in her marriage with a low black-leg, one of the genus scamp, always found in London society. There are many DeBragmances to be found, but few nobler men than Trofford and Torchester. This series of books are well suited for presents for the coming New Year.

LYNX HUNTING. By C. Stephens. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

All the boys who behold this book will be extravagantly pleased with it. When we read it, it gave us a new life, and all the wild sports of our younger days came vividly before us. Those days when the young blood ran riot in our veins and boyhood made us sanguine. Then again came before us our camp in the deep woods; the days of preparation for hunting on the Penobscot and other fields of note, and which we then knew well, and which "all the boys" know to-day.

We well remember the first snowy owl we dropped from a tall pine tree in the deep forest of Maine. How proud we were when we carried him from the taxidermist's shop to our home. "Lynx Hunting" goes far beyond our juvenile experience; but we can truly say you will get all your money's worth when you buy it. You will find in this work how hunting is made easy, and how to catch, trap, and shoot to perfection. For a Christmas or New Year's gift this is just the book to present to every young adventuresome boy. There is life and fun and genuine knowledge to be found within its varied pages.

FOX HUNTING, as recorded by Raed. Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

After speaking quite pertinently to the fact of our American public opinions as being quite against the old English fox hunting or coursing pastime, and that, too, for good and sufficient reasons, he says what is very true: "Fox hunting, as a business, is notoriously unprofitable. This of itself would be stigma enough in any Yankee community." Everyone knows that a hound following a man's heels and claiming him as his master, discounts his owner's character at a pretty heavy per centum. Nevertheless, according to our author, for aught we know there might have been an infusion of fox-hunting blood brought over in the Mayflower. It may be seen, now and then, in our village Nimrods, and wherever and whenever a "long-tailed brush" is seen the village men and boys are sure to be all agog for Reynard and Tally Ho! is the exhilarating cry that wakes the echoes of mountains of our New England villages. The author, in his attempt to Americanize somewhat this old English sport, has given the young men and boys a very amusing series of stories of wood and field, vales and plains, afloat at sea and ashore. They are as readable as we can desire: full of fun, frolic, and down East winter amusements. This winter's fox hunting tour, with all its rare excitement and ladies' accompaniment will be read by many lovers of rare and racy adventures of four young students, as one of the most entertaining books of the day.

TAINÉ'S TOUR THROUGH THE PYRENNES. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Author of a "History of English Literature," "Travels in Italy," etc. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Square 8vo. gilt, of full Levant morocco.

A superb presentation volume, with nearly 300 illustrations in Doré's early careful manner. The text and illustrations are not confined to the scenery of the country, but also include many of the adventures, tragic and grotesque, that beset the traveler; and, what is of more interest and importance, many of the legends of that historic and romantic country from Froissart and the other old chroniclers. The volume is as valuable for its historic information as for the beauty of its descriptions and illustrations of nature. This is one of the most accurate historical works to be found upon this interesting country.

BRANCA CAPELLO. A Tragedy in five acts. By Elizabeth C. Kinney. In one volume, 16mo. Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge Riverside Press.

This five act tragedy, although in verse, is quite as interesting as it would be in prose. Mrs. Kinney is well and favorably known for her poems, and from her correspondence with various newspapers, and letters written during a residence abroad, her residence being in Italy. This drama was composed in Florence, and here were drawn the characters of this startling drama of a life. The romantic and tragical story upon which it is founded is a well known historical fact, and covers the whole career of the beautiful yet guilty Bianca, who was called the "golden-haired socceress," who it is well known rose from a sad mesalliance with an humble clerk to the high and dignified station of the wife of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with whom she perished by poison some years after while in the full prime and beauty of her power. The historical points of this tragedy are in strict accordance with the facts as they took place long ago; and the play is one that will be read with much interest. It is well written, and does the authoress justice.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. For December. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Well filled with new and varied matter, well sustaining the high reputation of the first-class instruction of the whole people, we find no more welcome visitor to our table than this interesting and erudite monthly. From a strongly written article by Herbert Spencer, we extract the following, which is so true to the present time that he who "runs may read," on "Mistakes of Reformers:"

"In the speeches and writings of those who advocate various political and social changes, there is so continuous a presentation of injustices and abuses and mischiefs and corruptions, as to leave the impression that, for securing a wholesome state of things, there needs nothing but to set aside present arrangements. The implication seems ever to be that all who occupy places of power, and form the regulative organization, are alone to blame for whatever is not as it should be, and that the classes regulated are blameless. 'See the injuries which these institutions inflict on you,' says the energetic reformer. 'Consider how selfish must be the men who maintain them to their own advantage and your detriment,' he adds; and then he leaves to be drawn the manifest inference that, were these selfish men got rid of, all would be well."

BOOK OF BIRDS. By Charles F. Holden. New York: Charles Reiche & Bro.; and 9 Bowdoin street, Boston; N. E. News Co., Court st.

We have received this little manual, talking pleasantly all about birds of the many different kinds used by the lover not only of the out of doors free music of the uncaged warbler, but also of our much loved captive of the Canary islands. To all who love these "God's joyous warblers" this work is dedicated. In it the whole subject of bird training or culture is made easy to the most common comprehension. The mocking bird and parrot are particularly spoken of, and new facts given to the lovers of birds never before published. All desirable information in relation to the way to take the best care of fancy Canaries and other birds is here given.

Mr. C. Reiche having been for many years an extensive dealer in almost every variety of birds, has made a specialty of this business, and a visit to his place of business is like an hour at a museum, for he knows all about birds and their treatment, and can tell you all you want to know in the most pleasant manner.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO GERMAN. By H. L. O. Rochrig. Andrews, McChain & Lyons, Ithaca, New York, and F. W. Christian, 77 University Place, New York. 1874.

In 1858 the author of this book issued a small volume called the "German Student's First Book," which was received with such favor by instructors and pupils that he has been induced to entirely recast and remodel his labors in the production of this second work. In this present volume under review are incorporated Mr. Rochrig's experiences of many years in teaching the German language, so that in presenting many new philological features, "The Shortest Road to German" is an entirely original book. There are two methods of studying a language, the practical and philological, and both plans are combined in this most excellent class book. It is not intended that the book shall take the place of a formal grammar, but is designed to supplement any work of this nature, and will be found of singular advantage by those who are desirous of attaining any proficiency in German.

MIRIAM MONFORT. A Novel. By the author of "The Household of Bouverie." 12mo. 556 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Miriam was a "born Jewess," daughter of an educated English Jew-ess, who renounced her family, abjured her religion, and married with an English nobleman. Circumstances afterwards compelled him to remove to America. Prominent among the causes of this expatriation was the unkindness and uncivil treatment and contumely received by him from his aristocratic relatives and friends. The mother of Miriam died when her daughter, the heroine of this work, was only five years of age, and the father's second marriage taking place soon after, the child life of Miriam was far from a pleasant one. The whole gist of the story is to exhibit to what extent character is inherited rather than imparted by education, and in the plainest, most unequivocal manner illustrates the unjust popular prejudice against the Jewish race, which we are sorry to say exists even in our liberal American society. Some new ideas are elucidated, and the book is readable, even if it is sometimes a trifle heavy and monotonous.

RAMBLER'S GUIDE TO FLORIDA. American News Company, Nassau street, New York, 1873.

This is a useful little guide, written to the point and gives an excellent idea of the itinerary between the North and Florida. Beginning with an historical description of the state of Florida, it tells one how to reach Charleston, Savannah, and the best methods of arriving at one's ultimate destination in Florida. Steamboats and hotels are fully mentioned.

THOSE ANTLERS.—The editor of the "Woodland, Lawn and Garden" and Book Reviewer of the FOREST AND STREAM world, with great pleasure, acknowledge the receipt, with the compliments of the season, of a magnificent, finely mounted antlered head of the American Red Deer. This fine specimen was presented to us by Frank Robbins, Esq., of Arlington, Mass., who may be found at the celebrated game stall of his grandfather, Nathan Robbins, Esq., Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, so extensively known throughout the country.

—Happy now are the children whose thoughtful parents have bought for them "Avilude, or Game of Birds." They gather around the table with bright eyes and smiling faces as it's announced, "We are to have a game of Avilude." A whole winter of enjoyment combined with instruction, for seventy-five cents. Sent post paid on receipt of price, by West and Lee, Worcester, Mass.

TROUT SPAWN.—Any of our friends who wish to procure trout spawn are referred to the advertisement of "Church's Pisciculture Company," Fall River, Mass. This company have extensive facilities, their ponds now containing over 200,000 trout, from fingerlings to three-year-olds. Spawn will be carefully shipped to any point desired.

—Our old friend, the traveler and naturalist, Paul du Chaillu, is back again once more in the United States. Du Chaillu is one of those explorers who refuses to be lost in the wilderness, and turns up, like a very sensible man, periodically. This time his explorations have extended over the extreme northern portions of Europe. If the Gorilla no longer tempts a Du Chaillu in his younger age, now in his older time, he can be satisfied with the reindeer

—A grammar school boy translates the old saw, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," "After death there is nothing except bones."

—Professor in Natural History (to Spunkirk, '75).—"where would you place this creature?" Spunkirk (promptly).—"In the ash-barrel."—Spectrum.

—"Please don't shoot the cows," is a sign on a farmer's fence near Chicago, intended for city sportsmen who go out after prairie chickens.

—Fashionable Intelligence.—Ladies, this winter, will wear the same things they wore last year—if they can't buy others.

—Small Coal Dealer—"Another penny, my dear. They've riz. Ah, coals is coals, now-adays." Little Girl—"I'm glad of that, sir. Mother said all the last lot was slates!"

—Yachtman to invited Guest. "Would you like to take the helm?" Guest. "No thanks, I never take anything between breakfast and dinner."

—Potter Palmer's new hotel in Chicago is said to be the finest caravansary in the world. The building will cost about \$2,000,000; the site upon which it stands is valued at \$1,000,000, and the furnishing will cost nearly \$500,000.

—A girl who rode at a Vienna circus recently killed herself because her father beat her for being unable to accomplish some new and difficult feat. The circus was obliged to close, so great was the excitement among the people.

Hotels.

St. John's Hotel,
PALATKA, E. FLA.,

P. & H. PETERMANN, PROPRIETORS.
This well-known resort for Winter has been newly
unished throughout, combining first-class table with
every convenience and comfort to guests.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

CORNER OF—
Fulton, Water and Pearl Sts.,
L. TRUMAN, Proprietors. NEW YORK.
G. L. PEABODY, }

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{ Volume I, Number 26.
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Al! hungry reader! gormandizer!
How blest your lot, how foul is mine!
Pray realize it—realize, ah!
Mine 'tis to die that you may dine.

When from the natal shell I burst
To fledgling life and parent hen,
That precious life I little trusted
Would be so soon shelled out again.

Amid the barn-yard's rare attractions,
Strutting the feathered herd among,
I little dreamed such fowl eggs-actions
On Christmas holidays were wrung.

I never troubled the Hereafter;
The present was sufficient bliss—
Alas! it is no cause for laughter
To find our necks twirled short in this.

Yet 'twas for this betimes I fattened,
For this alone so fully fed;
That when a Christmas day next happened
My veins should not in vain be bled.

For this I proudly strutted, hobbled!
I dreamt not of this bitter cup.
Long time I gobbled, gobbled, gobbled,
But now at last I'm gobbled up.

Say, reader, am I justly treated?
Should that which is of right my meet
Be freely out to strangers meted?
Confess it now, I beg, entreat!

Regard my end with melancholy—
Drawn and quartered, basted, sauced—
And when you sing the yule and holly
Contemplate, too, the holocaust. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Buffalo Hunt with the Pawnees.

THE sun pushing aside the rosy curtains of the east commences to renew his daily course, bringing again light and life to all animated nature. He touches the more elevated bluffs with flaming light and suffuses the whole heavens with a ruddy glow. The leaves of the low willows, frosted with a coating of tiny dew-drops, glisten in his light, and each silvery globule that hangs from the high grass reflects his image like a polished mirror. The waters of the Republican, dark and turbid as they always are, seem to become purer as they are touched by his beams, and flash and gleam as they whirl along toward the Missouri. The mellow whistle of the meadow lark is heard from the prairie, the short cry of the migrating blackbird falls from on high, a flock of ducks on whistling wing pass over us on their way to those genial climes where frost and snow do not penetrate, and where the rigors of winter are not felt.

The quite beauty of the prospect is enchanting, but I desire to introduce you to more stirring scenes. Bear with me for a moment, however, while I give you a brief description of the country through which we are to journey—of the land of the buffalo. Could we attain the heights traveled by the feathered travelers that are continually passing, a magnificent view would meet our eyes. Far away to the north I would point out to you the faint dark line formed by the tall cottonwoods that fringe the Platte and by which its direction east and west may be traced as far as the eye can reach. As far to the south and scarcely to be discerned save by the keenest sight, another low dark line marks the course of the Solomon, and between these two we see many lesser streams, some flowing north and some south, each bearing its share of alluvium to swell the deltas of the Mississippi. Besides these the plain is intersected by innumerable ravines running in all directions. These serve to carry off the surplus water in times of rain, each emptying into some large one, and that in turn into one still larger, until finally a stream is formed which joins into the main river. On the borders of such streams feed the deer and elk, along their grassy bottoms stalks the wild turkey, resplendent in his bronzed plumage; among

the tangled thickets that grow upon their banks lurks the great white wolf; and amid the topmost branches of some lofty cottonwood the white-headed eagle rears her gigantic brood. Among the numberless bluffs that rise one after another like the waves of a tossing sea, the buffaloes can be seen by thousands; some peacefully reposing on the rich bottoms, others feeding upon the short nutritious grass that clothes the hillsides. The calves play clumsily about, and the old bulls from the tops of the bluffs grimly watch over their uncouth families.

Rarely are these scenes disturbed save when the prowling Sioux, returning from some foray upon the luckless settlers, halts for a brief period to rest his worn out animals and to eat his hasty meal, or when a squadron of cavalry with rattle of arms and clink of spur hurries along upon the trail of the dusky robber, all too late to recover his booty or avenge his crimes. A few hunters or a party of surveyors occasionally pass through this region, but except by these and by the Indian it is rarely visited.

We are standing upon the northern border of the present range of the buffalo. A few passing beyond the Republican advance as far north as the Platte, but rarely cross that river. South of the former, however, they still abound; not in such numbers indeed as in former years, but still often sufficiently numerous to blacken the plains and to become an easy prey to whoever will hunt them. But their days are numbered, and unless some action on this subject is speedily taken not only by the States and Territories, but by the National Government, these shaggy brown beasts, these cattle upon a thousand hills, will ere long be among the things of the past.

Jim. R—and myself had left New York a week before, and meeting Lute at Plum Creek, had there obtained horses and a team and started off to overtake the Pawnees, who with their families and all their impedimenta, had set out from their reservation three weeks before for a grand buffalo hunt. Many a time during my wanderings west of the Missouri, had these hunts of the Indians been described to me with a graphic eloquence that filled me with enthusiasm as I listened to the recital, and I had determined that if ever the opportunity offered I would take part in one. The time had at last come, and we were now on our fourth day out from the rail road, having traveled over one hundred and twenty miles, and hoping before nightfall to catch up with the Indians.

Nor were we disappointed in this hope, for when we crossed the Republican and turned southward, the trail which we were following became fresher and gave evidences of having been made only the day before. Soon we passed their last night's camp, the ashes of the fires still warm and the fresh buffalo bones not yet dried by the sun. Encouraged by these signs we urged forward our horses, and a short time before dark our exertions were rewarded by the sight of the white lodges of the Pawnees which dotted the broad bottom of Beaver creek.

There were about two hundred lodges, occupied by over four thousand Indians, principally Pawnees, with a few Ponies and Omahas. Within the camp and among the lodges were picketed the horses. The reason for this as we afterward learned, was that the Pawnees had encountered that afternoon a small band of Sioux, and after chasing them for several miles had captured four of their horses. Of course they knew that the Sioux if they had the opportunity would return the compliment by stampeding their stock and making off with the best of it. This they intended to prevent by keeping the horses so near them that no unusual movement of the herd could be made without being noticed by some one in the camp.

The scene was one of bustling activity. The women and girls were busily at work bringing water, chopping wood and cooking, while the men strolled about the camp smoking and talking, or clustered together on the bluffs and gazed at us as we approached. Half a mile from the village we halted and made camp and after supper rode over to see old Peta-la-shar, the head chief of the Pawnees. He received us courteously, and Lute even warmly, calling him "my son," and patting him affectionately on the back

as he sat by his side. The old man told us that the hunt so far had not been very successful, that the buffalo were not plenty north of the Republican as they used to be when he was a young man, but tomorrow, he said, a grand surround would be made, as his young men had reported plenty of buffalo about twenty miles to the southward. Pleased with this intelligence we left him and after a stroll through the Indian camp returned to our own, and were soon enjoying the deep and dreamless sleep that follows a hard day's march.

But alas for our anticipations. When we rose next morning we were dismayed by the sight of a dark mist which hung over the valley, sometimes lifting for a few moments so as to disclose the bluffs beyond, and then settling down again heavier than before. It was evident that the scouts sent out by the Indians to look for buffalo would be unable to see through the heavy fog, and so our prospects for a hunt on this day were very poor. We started from our camp soon after the Pawnees moved out, and before long our doleful thoughts were dispelled by the interesting spectacle of four thousand Indians on the march.

At the head of the column walked eight men, each carrying a long pole wrapped round with red and blue cloth and fantastically ornamented with feathers, which fluttered in the breeze as they were borne along. These were the buffalo sticks, and were religiously guarded at all times, as the success of the hunt was supposed to depend largely upon the respect shown to them. Immediately after these came thirty or forty of the principal men of the tribe, all mounted on superb ponies, their saddles glittering with silver ornaments, and their bridles tinkling with little bells. Then followed a motly assemblage, consisting of the squaws of the tribe, each of whom as she walked along led one or two ponies heavily packed. A moderately loaded pony would carry, first the lodge, with the poles tied on each side of the pack, the ends dragging along on the ground, next a pile of blankets and robes a foot or two in height, around which are tied pots, tin cups, and other utensils, and on top of this heap are perched from two to five small children, each of which holds in its arms two or three young puppies. Loose horses without any burdens, and half-grown colts, each with a little pack on its back, run at large among the crowd, and their shrill neighings mingle with the barking of the dogs and the incessant clamor of the women. Along the outskirts of this strange concourse ran half a dozen well grown boys engaged in playing a game in which they seemed intensely interested, and on which as I afterwards learned, they were betting. Each held in his right hand a slender stick about four feet long, and one of them had also a ring of plated raw hide three or four inches in diameter. As the latter ran he threw this ring before him so that it rolled along upon its circumference and then each of the players tried to throw his stick through it. They were not very successful in their attempts, and I fancy that the amounts lost and won were not very heavy. As I cast my eye around over the prairie, I saw on every side small parties of Indians trudging along on foot, their blankets drawn closely about them and their bows and arrows on their back. Surprised at seeing so many walking when the number of riderless horses in the band was so large, I asked Lute the reason of it. He told me that they were letting their horses rest now, so that they might be fresh when they needed them to run buffalo.

We travel on for several hours and gradually the mist disappears beneath the powerful rays of the sun. Occasionally we cross a little stream, and as we approach it forty or fifty men and boys hurry ahead and disperse themselves through the timber, killing whatever game they can find. On one such occasion a lordly elk disturbed by these invaders, springs from a thicket and runs out toward the bluffs unfortunately on the wrong side of the creek and toward the column. Too late he perceives his mistake and turns to retrace his steps, but is met by a dozen yelling enemies. Again he turns, and now strives to escape in another direction, but twenty horsemen have shot out from the main body, and in less time than it takes to tell it the

noble animal is surrounded. He hesitates, stops, and then makes a bold dash at the weakest point in the circle, but ere he reaches it three or four arrows pierce him and he turns again. The circle grows smaller, and again he makes an effort to break it, but his strength is gone, he staggers and comes to his knees. Vain are all his efforts, the knife is at his throat, and with a groan he yields up his life; and in a few minutes naught remains to mark the spot where the beautiful creature fell save his horns and a few polished bones that shine white in the morning sun.

A little later, distant shouts great our ears and attract our attention to another quarter. As we gaze in the direction of the sounds we see the huge forms of thirty or forty buffalo appearing over a bluff but a few hundred yards away. Again the better mounted riders spur out from the line, this time myself among the number. The buffalo see us, stop, and then separate and flee in wild confusion. Half a dozen Indians and myself start after part of them and follow at a full run as they dash madly down a steep ravine throwing up dense clouds of dust in their furious career. As we near the small stream into which the ravine empties I am within thirty yards of the hindmost, when a young Indian mounted on a beautiful, but evidently untrained horse, passes me and in a few jumps is alongside of the game. He discharges an arrow, but before he has time to do more his horse, terrified by the enormous bull, carries him by, and the latter becomes now the pursuer. I put spurs to my horse and as soon as I get within easy distance, fire and the ball entering near the root of the tail ranges diagonally forward and comes out at the shoulder. The huge beast drops to the shot and I pull up to examine my first buffalo. I marvel at his monstrous size and vast strength, and admire his massive horns and hoofs, which shine like polished ebony, and his shaggy head with its impenetrable shield of hair, hide and bone; and as the Indians prepare to skin the game I remount and ride off, musing sadly upon the future of the Indian and the buffalo.

As I proceed I am joined by several returning hunters laden with spoil. The red meat neatly sliced from the bones, is piled high behind the riders, and the crimson drops which trickle from it color the flanks of the horses, already wet from their sharp exercise. My companions chatter and laugh in high glee at their success, and we converse as well as we can by means of signs and broken sentences of Pawnee and English. We reach the main body, and the bloody loads are handed over to the squaws and by them transferred to the backs of the much enduring pack animals, the march is resumed and we do not halt again until near noon, when we cross a small creek and prepare to camp. Almost all the company have crossed when we hear a shrill chorus of yells and a great fluttering of wings, and perceive that the foremost of the "skirmishers" have come upon a band of wild turkeys. Several are killed with clubs, and the rest seek safety, some by running and others by flight. One of the latter passing over us at a height of not more than twenty yards, becomes a target for all the loose articles in the camp. The air is positively darkened by the cloud of arrows, whips, sticks and hatchets that are projected at this unlucky bird. No one seems to care what his missile hits when it comes down, or whether he loses it or not, if he can only get that turkey. The latter sustains no more serious injury than the loss of a few feathers and manages to prolong his flight until he reaches the outskirts of the crowd. There he alights, however, and is immediately pounced upon and torn to pieces by the excited boys.

All hands having crossed, a spot is chosen where the creek bottom is wide enough to accommodate the whole company, and camp is made. The animals are unpacked and picketed out to feed; the lodges are set up; a hundred thin columns of smoke denote the existence of as many fires. Some of the squaws hurry away up and down the creek and soon return laden with wood and water, others plant poles upright in the ground and throwing the fresh hides over them commence the tedious operation of scraping off the flesh and fat that still adheres to them. Part of the men ride out toward the bluffs, so as to be the first to receive the news, if any thing is reported by the scouts, and a few lounge about our wagon, but by far the greatest number are in their lodges eating their midday meal.

We had been in camp two hours or more and were lazily reclining under the wagon, when a sudden bustle among the Indians attracted our attention, and on looking out toward the bluffs we saw a horseman riding hard for camp, while the men that he passed shouted and gesticulated in great excitement. On reaching the lodges the rider halted near a group of the chief men and spoke a few words to them. He then rode off again, and after a short consultation some order was given, and in ten minutes the lodges were down and packed and a part of the company were flying off down the creek. Only the women and children, however. While the packing was being done the men had moved the saddles and bridles from their horses, substituting for the latter a strip of raw hide around the lower jaw. They had also stripped off their own clothing and stood forth as naked as when they came into the world, save for a breech clout and a pair of moccasins apiece. Their bows and arrows they held in their hands. At a given signal they started off, at first on a slow trot, but gradually increasing their speed until the trot became a canter and the canter a swift gallop.

At the first movement in the camp Lute had notified us of what would take place, and we had saddled up and leaving all our superfluous articles in the wagon had made ready to start. The wild gallop over the prairie with that excited multitude was an experience calculated to impress

itself indelibly upon the memory, and I shall never forget it.

The band was at first widely scattered, but as we proceeded the ranks closed up and it became more compact. Many of the Indians leading their horses, advance on foot, keeping well up with the mounted men. Here and there I see two of them mounted on a single horse and leading two others; the former will be turned loose when we approach the buffalo and its riders will make their hunt on fresh horses.

On we go, mile after mile, and still no sign of halting. At times the pace is slackened as we ascend some high bluff, and one or two of the leaders cautiously peer over it to see if the game is in sight. In front of the line ride at regular intervals the "Pawnee Police" so called, whose duty it is to restrain the more ardent, and those whose horses are fastest, until the charge is made; so that the game may not be frightened too soon, and so that all may have an equal chance at it. Very deliberately they advance, checking their impatient ponies which snuff the chase and are eager to commence it. Sometimes a restive horse carries his rider too far forward and the latter is sternly warned back by the nearest of the leaders. And woe to the luckless wight that fails to heed such a warning. The power of the "Police" is absolute during the hunt, and if an order is disobeyed or neglected by the delinquent, be he white or red, of high degree or low, may be knocked off his horse with a club and beaten into submission without receiving any sympathy even from his best friends.

Six, eight, ten miles have been passed over when a brief halt is made. The game is in sight, and when I ride up to the top of the high bluff where the leaders are congregated, I see on the prairie four or five miles away clusters of dark spots that I know must be the buffalo. Presently we start again and change our course so that a range of bluffs conceals the game. By this time all the Indians have mounted and are pressing as close behind the "Police" as they dare. The wet flanks of the ponies glisten in the declining sun, and dashes of white foam flake their breasts as with outstretched necks and ears thrown forward they gallop along, showing as much excitement as their riders. The latter sit their animals like Centaurs, their long hair streaming out behind them and lifting at every jump of the horses.

At length we reach the top of the last ridge and see the buffalo lying down in the creek bottom a mile beyond. The place could not have been more favorable for a surround had it been chosen for the purpose. A plain two miles broad and intersected by a narrow stream, is encircled by high bluffs up which the buffalo must toil slowly, but which the more nimble ponies can ascend almost as fast as they can run on level ground. As we commence to descend the face of the bluff, the pace is slightly accelerated. The Indians at either extremity of the line press forward, and its contour is now crescent like. Men and horses commence to evince more excitement, but the five hundred buffaloes reposing below us do not seem to notice our advance. A few wiley old bulls, however, that occupy the tops of the lower bluffs, take the alarm and commence to scud off over the hills. At last when we are within half a mile of the ruminating herd a few of them rise to their feet, and soon all spring up and stare at us for a few seconds; then down go their heads and in a dense mass they rush off toward the bluffs. As they rise to their feet the leaders of our party give the signal, and each man puts his horse to its utmost speed. The fastest horses are soon among the last of the buffalo, but still their riders push forward to try and turn the leaders of the herd and drive them back into the plain. This they in part accomplish, and soon the bottom is covered with the flying animals. They dash madly along and the trained horses keep close to the buffalo without any guidance, yet watch constantly for any indication of an intention to charge and wheel off, if such intention is manifested. The Indians discharging arrow after arrow in quick succession, ere long bring down the huge beasts and then turn and ride off another.

Lute, Jim, and myself each shoot three or four and then we come together on a little hill that overlooks the valley and become spectators of the scene. Soon the chase is ended, and the plain is dotted with dark objects over each of which bend two or three Indians busily engaged in securing the meat. Every ounce of this will be saved, and what is not eaten while fresh, will be jerked and thus preserved for consumption during the winter. How different would have been the course of a party of white hunters had they the same opportunity. They would have killed as many animals, but would have left all but enough for one day's use to be devoured by the wolves or to rot upon the prairie.

As we ride slowly back Lute beguiles the way by relating to us some of the traditions of the Pawnees, to which we lend an attentive ear. Camp reached and supper over, we turn our attention to the Indians. There is great rejoicing among the company to-night. Some roast the delicious lump ribs, and some broil the heart and liver. Many stuff the intestines with fragments of the tenderloin and boil them, thus obtaining a most delicate soup, and others take the great marrow bones and greedily feast upon the luscious contents. And so the evening wears away, passed by our little party in the curious contemplation of a phase of life that is becoming more and more rare as the years roll by, and by the Indians in feasting and merriment, and when at last we seek our couches and drop off to sleep, the Pawnees are still pegging away at the buffalo meat right manfully.

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A CRUISE TO WINDWARD.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

THE British flag was gracefully floating over the dark walls of Fort Charlotte one breezy morning as we quietly glided from the harbor of Nassau, bound for a trading voyage to Turk's Island and other small seaports lying in our track. Our craft was a very fine Bahama wrecker, of schooner rig and clipper-like appearance. Her tall, tapering spars bespoke for her somewhat the appearance of a slaver, which in truth she had been at one time. We were not many hours in rounding the eastern shores of New Providence, and ere the sun had set below the western coral hills the silvery islands were rapidly vanishing from our view. I kept the deck till eight bells were struck, and then went below, leaving the pilot and mate in charge of the watch. I sprang into my bunk and flew to the land of dreams, nor did my eyes wink again till the loud clang of the breakfast bell caused me to arouse myself and partake of the savory turtle stew that was neatly served up to the table by a Spanish darkey. After doing ample justice to this favorite West India dish, I lighted a cigar, and taking my cup of steaming coffee proceeded to the deck. The morning was balmy and refreshing in the extreme. No land was visible, but close on our starboard were to be seen the snowy sails of sponging sloops. Our little vessel was dancing prettily over the foaming waters, for the wind was fine and free. Flying fish darted from the blue depths of the sea, and, as it were, played tag for an hour. Towards noon a negro from aloft cried "Land ho," which soon appeared on our lee, when we gave free sheet to the flowing sails, and a narrow neck of land loomed before us, and the beauties of habitation greeted our eyes, and noon found us anchored at Long Cay. Here I had letters to a Mr. F—, a gentleman much esteemed by the natives of the Bahamas. He was one of those jolly, good-hearted fellows that I have met with once and a while through life. His dwelling was a delightful and cozy little stone building, surrounded by a latticed piazza, and being on a hill overlooked the broad ocean before it. My host's good wife made me feel perfectly at home.

One morning my friend saddled two Cuban mustangs, and we rode on these spirited little animals for miles away to the extensive salt lakes. This was a novel scene, the waters covering as much ground apparently as Loch Lomond, New Brunswick, and of a blood-like color. These ponds, as they are styled, are divided into numerous small spaces by low stone walls, and are called paus. Here the waters, which are not six inches deep, become curdled by strong dry winds, and the salt is then raked by the natives in heaps, and after being thoroughly bleached and drained is wheeled in hand barrows to the margin of the lake, and is then carted by mules to the place of shipment.

After transacting my business at this place I hastened on board my vessel, and soon we were running along before the trade winds towards the island of Inagua, and arrived at Matthew Town next day. Here I sold more of my goods, and passed a pleasant evening at the residence of the American consul. The houses at this town were nearly all of stone, with latticed balconies adorning those of the Government officials and some others. It presents quite a lively appearance from the sea, and its custom-house officials, who are as black as the eyes of "Black-eyed Susan," dress most stylishly. Polished brass buttons and fine navy blue gave them an appearance that would invite all nations to respect the officials of Her British Majesty's Government. Here I found a stout, genial old allopathic doctor. He was a liberal fellow, and was never known to throw a drop of good grog over his shoulder.

One morning, with the thermometer at about ninety-two, we started, gun in hand, among the flamingoes. We knocked over some young ones as they flew in line like a body of English red coats charging bayonets. Their reddish feathers would have added fair stock to a millinery establishment, and, like the Ashantee warriors, their beaks or noses were Romanish, their legs and necks long, but without muscular and full of vitality. There is plenty of game in the West Indies, and I have often bagged enough to reward a hard day's toil, among which was the stilt plover, pigeon, snipe, common quail, ring-tailed dove, and last and best of all, the *gaulding*. This bird is about the size of a bantam hen, and flits among the mangrove trees in lagoons and swashes just before dark.

We again set sail, and shaped our course over the Cayas Banks for Turk's Island, our destination. The scenery in crossing the limpid waters of these shoals is of the most romantic character. For more than a hundred miles can plainly be seen the bottom of the sea. Countless numbers of fish might be observed swimming busily among the sponges, near which exquisite shells were strewed, but suddenly the dark form of a murderous shark rushes forward, and they dart for safety beneath some friendly coral ledge. After crossing these banks we hauled aft our sheets and stood for Turk's Island passage, and were soon moored near the Grand Turk, or king of the West India salt islands. This island is nothing more than a barren rock. The vast mounds of salt along its shores remind the northerner of the snow covered hills of his native land in winter. About one eighth of the population are white, and form the chief portion of the business community. Some extensive general stores adorn the wide street that ranges

ong the seashore of the town, and many fine dwellings and on its salt covered suburbs. Here the place was filled with refugees from Hayti and St. Domingo. What all, muscular fellows they were—their skins quite dark, with Arab features, and long coarse hair, glossy and black. Many of them had taken part in the fierce struggle which was raging in their unhappy country against the Spaniards. One of them told me he had killed in battle three Spanish officers with his sword. Said he: "My English young friend, Spaniards bloody cowards; they cut your throat in the dark; they like to grind knife and feel the edge, but they cannot stand the swordsmanship of my countrymen." At Turk's Island I sold the balance of my cargo, and purchased anchors, spars, and wrecked coffee. I also received on board some gold and silver—over one thousand pounds sterling—to be delivered by me to sundry merchants in Nassau.

I now weighed anchor, homeward bound; the day was sultry, and accompanied by heavy thunder showers. Towards night the weather threatened ill, and we took shelter in a place called East Cayco Harbor. Here the speckled mosquitoes drew the blood from our necks and faces most thoroughly, and many was the thick skinned negro who groaned under their weight. Here we obtained two barrels of beautiful fish of many varieties.

Again we weighed anchor, and with a glorious breeze, about four points free, flew on towards the Bahamas, and made a call at Rum Cay, where we took aboard some passengers, and four days after this we passed Cat Island, or better known abroad as St. Salvador. We are told that Columbus first saw it in 1492, but how he got to it without dashing against some of the other islands to windward of it I don't know. Perhaps he had a pilot on board like myself, that kept him clear of the rocks. This long snake-like island is the most valuable fruit growing district of the Bahamas, and exports pineapples, bananas, and oranges to the United States. During my stay in the Bahamas I always "went in" for plenty of watermelons, bananas, sugar apples, sappadillis, and guavas. I have often seen a bunch of bananas weighing over a hundred pounds.

The most curious little resident I ever met with in the West Indies was the soldier crab. Its limbs are remarkably small, and it handles them with all the machinery of a well ribbed umbrella. When frightened it silently stows away its limbs, lays low, and keeps cool. I am told that every year they march down to the sea by thousands to spawn and change their shells. I have heard of their being used in Jamaica for soups, but in the Bahamas they are not considered fit for human food.

Two days more and we sighted New Providence, having been absent about forty days. We sailed through the eastern passage, and handsomely glided past the massive old forts, and were soon at anchor abreast of this beautiful city of trees; but its glory was departing, for Fort Sumpter had hauled down the stars and bars, our friend Uncle Sam had conquered his brother, and peace reigned again the Union; but empty warehouses and well-filled graves stood as monuments in New Providence to account for some of the nett proceeds of the sum total of the "Yankee war" and yellow fever.

"TURKEY SHOOTS."

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Who of us, country-reared and with sporting proclivities but recall with pleasure those days when, word previously given out, or more often a notice in irregular characters, (suggesting strongly that "the schoolmaster was abroad") posted up on the door of the bar-room or grocery store setting forth that on a certain day, (generally Thanksgiving or some day just before or between the holidays), there would be "a Turkey shoot" at the corners, or at some well-known tavern. How the announcement used to arouse our juvenile enthusiasm! Then were rifles looked to, bullets cast, patches cut, and all the minutiae of arrangements made for the match. The crack shots for miles around would be sure to be on hand, and many that were not shots at all, for there would be other fun always connected with "a shoot."

It is many years since we ran our eye along the tube at a turkey, but we presume those things are conducted about the same now a-days, varying in particulars perhaps in different localities. In one section of the country the bird is secured in a box with only his head and neck exposed through a hole on the top, and at a distance of eighty yards the shooter must kill the bird "off hand," or at two hundred yards and off hand, the bird being tied to a stake and in full view, it is only required to draw blood to win the prize. It could easily be seen when a turkey was hit by its flopping or jumping up, but sometimes a turkey would move even when the bullet came close, and only threw snow in its eyes, then if shooting at a long distance and the shooter had a friend on the watch to rush up and examine the bird, it gave occasion for fraud or thumbing, as they call it, *i. e.*, drawing blood with thumb nail or a knife even, and claiming the bird. Then often followed angry and sometimes very vehement discussions.

Up our way a dead rest was allowed and invariably preferred, the object being placed at a distance varying often according to the timidity or meanness of the setter up of the birds. I can recall the time when sixty rods, (measurement then was always made by rods instead of yards), was considered fair; but as rifles reached a higher degree of accuracy at long range with their globe sights and other im-

provements, ninety or even one hundreds rods were not considered out of the way. How well I remember the excitement that was created when Hi. R.—, a celebrated turkey shooter of that region, brought on the ground his new Ferris rifle, with its globe sights and patent muzzle, (new things in those days), and what exclamations of wonder were uttered when Lance—who though but a boy then, but known as a good shot, after having got his range picked off seven of "old Pinto's" turkeys in succession.

Old Pinto was a character in our parts, and known far and near for his speculating propensities, and withal was considered not over scrupulous in his business transactions, being decidedly close and not disposed to give the boys as they thought any more show than he could possibly help.

The right thing to do was to have the turkey tied to the end of a rail or short stake with a cord of a few inches, giving the bird full play to stand erect and even to walk around a little, and that, too, on or against rising ground, in order that the shooter, when he missed or at the first shooting, might see where his balls struck and arrange his sights accordingly for his next shots. This of course, especially in a windy day, would be an advantage to the shooters; but at one hundred rods or more, they claimed it, and it was considered right.

But old Pinto could not often be so magnanimous, but would not only have small hen turkeys, often speckled or nearly white, and therefore difficult to be seen against the snow, but would set them down half way behind the rail, or as he once did, (and that created a big breeze among the boys), tied his bird on top of a crockery crate; and moreover, told us it was only ninety rods off when it was one hundred and more.

That turkey stood thirty-six shots and was then killed by a hilarious hiccuping Hibernian, who never shot a rifle before in his life. He had come reeling out of the tavern, and approaching Col. B., who was driving down his ball for his tenth shot, he said: "Kurnel, be jabbers, yeess promised me a sehut the day." The Colonel, as well as all of us, were pretty mad, for the arrangement had been consented to previously, that that turkey must be hit before any change should be made. Turning around, the Colonel said: "Well here, Jimmie, if you will kill that pigeon," (it was a small speckled hen, not much larger than a pigeon, and being the first bird, and that too on a crockery crate, none of the boys had got the range), "you shall have all the whiskey you can hold."

Jimmie took the gun, and instead of lying down at full length on the slab, one end of which rested on the lower board of the fence, the other on the ground, thus giving a dead rest, he walked up to the fence and placing the barrel on the top board, about breast high, after swaying about a little, pulled the trigger, and to our utter amazement, he shot that little bird through at the butt of the wings.

It was an extraordinary chance shot, of course, but it was a big thing, and Jimmie was the hero of the day. I don't think it was a good thing for Jimmie, for with the treats by all hands, it was the occasion of his taking in a very full cargo before night. After that, of course, the crockery crate was kicked one side, the birds were properly put up and everything went off smoothly.

All this time fun was going on in the bar-room. Those who were not shooters, but were not the less anxious to carry home a roaster, were trying their hands at the raffles. Ah, with what intense anxiety the boys would watch the turn of those deceiving dice! Once we remember when the big turkey was up, (an eighteen pounder), forty-six was high, and had so stood for some time, when it came little humpbacked Mike's turn, (Mike was the only son of the washerwoman, "and she was a widow," and the Doctor had given him a sixpence to try his luck). As his first raffle proved to be three sixes, his next two fives and a four, leaving fourteen to tie, with what eagerness we watched for the result, and as the ivories rolled out two fives and a six, what a shout went up, and then when little Mike trudged off home with the turkey on his shoulder, nearly as large as himself, it was a fit and satisfactory finale to the day's sport.

JACOBSTAFF.

A "WATCH ON THE RHINE."

ST. BARNABE, Canada, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

We had been told such marvelous stories about the abundance of game here that we made up our minds that if we once got started nothing would stop the slaughter but darkness or lack of shooting material. Friday night we scoured the town for guns, and laid in our stock of ammunition, which, by the way, is a very important part of a hunter's outfit. I calculate that our stock averaged about as well as that of any party that has fitted out since the days of Daniel Boone. It was near eight o'clock A. M. when we left St. Barnabe and plunged into the mud and primeval forest. Our party consisted of Mr. Roloff, myself, two Canadian guides in full war paint, and two dogs. Immediately on striking the woods we threw ourselves into attitudes ready for instant action, and I am sorry to say we had no occasion to throw ourselves out of them, only as the position became tiresome and obliged us to change hands for a rest. In fact, we travelled from early morn until two P. M. without seeing a living thing twice the size of a June bug, and it was astonishing how fast I lost interest in that raid after twelve o'clock. I begged one of the guides to throw himself up and let us try him on the wing, but he flatly refused. Nothing presented itself to relieve the monotony but certain fluids, that suffered continually.

At a quarter past two P. M., while sitting on a fallen tree, I thought of my dream of the night before, and then the mortifying fact dawned upon my benighted mind that dreams always go by contraries.

As it was then late, and we were about eight miles from any living thing, we deemed it best to strike civilization as soon as possible, and with this thought uppermost in our minds we turned in the direction of St. Barnabe. I don't know how the others felt, but I was growing savage. I was determined to shoot something before I got home, and when we were so near St. Barnabe that I knew where I was, I left the party and went into business for myself, and it came very near being a grave mistake. Shortly after we separated, as I was making my way through an opening in the woods, I was startled by hearing a loud grunt and something run. I was frightened. I thought of bears and panthers, and a cold sweat fairly stood on my gun barrel. I buttoned my coat around me to keep from shaking to pieces, and cautiously moved away. In doing so I discovered the cause of my unmanly agitation. It was standing about five rods away, and was nothing more nor less than a hog; but such a hog I never saw on hoofs before. He looked as though he had just returned from an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and had endured the privations and hardships of numerous Arctic winters. Why, you could have cooked him bodily and he wouldn't have produced enough grease to lubricate the balance wheel of a Howard adjustment. The idea of being frightened by a hog roused my indignation to such a pitch that I determined to teach his hogship a good lesson. Accordingly, I levelled my Canadian stub twist in his direction and covered what I could with my sight, and then, without a word of warning, I introduced to his notice about a quarter of a pound of No. 8, backed up by a reasonable amount of projective material. To say that the swine was taken by surprise doesn't express it. For about a minute I guess he thought King William had made another forced march on the Rhine. Eleven seconds later, hatless and gunless and senseless, I was ruminating on the mutability of human calculations among the branches of a small oak, whither I had taken myself rather suddenly to escape the fury of that hog's onslaught. Looking at him from the tree, I never for an instant doubted but what that hog's whole soul was in the work before him. I never saw a more thoroughly interested specimen of hog anatomy in my life. He peeled the bark off the tree with his tusks, and ploughed deep furrows in the dirt and leaves directly under me. From a base ball point of view, that porker did the finest bit of fielding I ever saw. I thought of George Wright, Ros. Barnes, and other noted players, but the hog suffered by comparison. I tried to enter into conversation with him, with the view of getting him to play in Boston next season, but as near as I could make out, he was *already engaged*. I didn't relish the idea of remaining in that tree long, for I was bareheaded, and feared sunstroke; besides, I never took much interest in the lumber trade. But deliverance came from an unexpected quarter. It appears that when I fired one of the dogs left the party and started in the direction of the sound, thinking, no doubt, I had discovered game, and so I had. I would give all I possess in the world to know what that dog's feelings were as he came upon the scene and saw me up the tree and the hog standing guard. I was completely overjoyed, and came near falling out of the tree into the jaws of death, or the hog's. However, the grunter now turned his attention to the new comer, and I made up my mind that if that dog didn't want erape on his front door in the morning he had better leave me to my fate, but the result clearly proved the truth of Bill's remark, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." The dog seemed to take in the situation at a glance; he also noted that he had got no slouch of a hog to deal with, and then commenced a series of movements between the two which for grandeur of conception and rapidity of execution have had no equal. The highest ambition of that dog at this particular moment seemed to be to get in the rear of the hog, and the hog was just as anxious to keep his enemy in front, and for me to describe the movements of the two in this contest would require a volume as large as the corner-stone of the new post office. I should think that fifteen minutes had passed when the hog showed signs of distress, and he was evidently contemplating one of those masterly retreats that made McClellan's name so famous, when an unexpected movement on the part of the dog brought the idea to a head at once. The dog had been watching for the chance, and when he caught the hog off his guard he made a lightning spring and fastened to one of the hog's ears, and that settled the fate of Europe on that field. You could hear that hog give vent to his injured feelings for miles as he crashed through the woods, dragging the canine with him. I lost no time in getting out of that tree, and gathering up my hat and gun I commenced to put real estate between me and the scene of the late conflict in a somewhat marvelous manner. Before I got home the dog joined me, and he seemed as modest and unconcerned about his victory as I was in not saying anything about it when we arrived. I don't care to go hunting here any more; it isn't a happy pastime. From your unhappy

DAMON.

—To the father of the family the FOREST AND STREAM offers the advantages of amusing many a leisure hour. All rational sports are advocated. The ladies read and contribute to the FOREST AND STREAM. The children can receive a pair of skates as a Prize. See Prize List.

For Forest and Stream.

IN CAMP.

SLOW down the mist the dying sun
Drops to his crimson bed,
And sad, weird voices of the night
Lament the day as dead.

The moon climbs up above the hill,
In golden garments bright,
And marks the ripples on the lake
In lines of silver light.

Amid the trees strange shadows glide
Around our flickering fire,
Going and coming as the flame
Falls low or rises higher.

Like sentinels above our camp,
The shattered hemlocks stand,
Gray warders, who a hundred years
Have looked o'er lake and land.

And softly through the silence comes
The outlet's distant roar,
And mingles with the rippling waves,
Along the sandy shore.

One flashing spark, the fading fire
Throws up, and then is dead,
While forest breezes soft and cool,
Blow o'er the hunter's bed.

FERN FLY.

AMONG THE ADIRONDACKS.

SUNRISE ON LITTLE TUPPER'S LAKE.—A DEER HUNT AT ROCK
POND.—CHASE AFTER A BUCK.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

One day last September, just as the gray dawn was breaking in the east, and before objects became barely discernable, I awoke and throwing my blanket aside sprang from my hemlock boughs, and pushed back the folds of the tent and stepped out into the morning air. How wondrously calm was all nature! So peaceful and quiet had been her slumbers here in the wilderness that night. The wind but barely stirred the leaves; the wavelets lapped the shore at our feet with a soft rippling sound, and across the waters in a path of silver sheen the moonbeams danced, while the moon, full orbed rose right royally from behind the dark sides of old Buck mountain, and held court with her bright starry satellites over forest and stream. Soon the scene shifts. From the heavens the morning star, so lately sparkling like gold, is withdrawing its lustre, and the dark of the morn is becoming a pale gray, and surrounding objects are becoming visible; a warm pink flush suffuses the east; higher it mounts, and the day is fairly breaking. Our camp is now astir. The guides begin to gather logs; the axe soon divides them; some splinters are whittled, and soon a bright, cheerful flame is dancing through the fuel. The water is soon boiling, the coffee is made, and with some cold biscuits and fried potatoes, we despatch our breakfast, and then unchaining our hounds we enter the boats and are once more dancing over the rippling waters of Little Tupper toward its head, where a party encamped there are to join us in our hunt. The sun has risen above the mountains and is flooding the forest world with glory, painting with purple and gold cloud and mountain, and running around their edges golden lines, while others glow with crimson fire; and through this floating sea of clouds gleam all the colors of the rainbow. Such a mass of fantastic shapes, such changing hues, and yet so beautiful! I would that I had my paints and brushes with me that I might hastily sketch this wondrous scene, this most rare cloud effect in sunrise. But no, on we must push as the sooner we get our dogs started the better, and I turn my back to the glorious cloud palace, with its jewelled lines, and feel the breath of the fresh, pure morning blowing in my face, as our Saranac boat is swiftly propelled over the water by the strong arms of Hank, my trusty guide. How sparkle the waters, a ruby tint upon each wavelet! How liquid and transparent they appear in the morning glow! Up towards the head a fog bank lies cold and gray, its upper edges bathed in faint coral hue. On we dash, and as we round Watch Island we find the wind freshening, and out toward yonder point the waves are beginning to dash. "We'll have a windy day, and I rath'er guess we'll get some rain." I glance at the heavens as Hank speaks, and find the clouds gathering and fast losing their bright, gleaming colors, while those of violet, salmon and gray are taking their places, and over to our right spanning the sky is painted a rainbow, and the old saying comes to mind, "rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning." The loons are flying, and their clarion call echoes like a bugle blast from mountain to mountain. "That ere wind's risin' fast;" and sure enough Hank's words proved true, for in a few moments we had hard work to make headway against the combing, crested waves. On we pull off from the lee shore, and upon rounding the point at the head, see lowering in a dark gray mass, far over Smith's Lake, a shower.

Reaching the other camp, we find them all astir and ready. "Well, boys," says Pliny, "we had better wait awhile till we see whether it's going to rain or not; 'taint no use for me to put out the dogs if 'tis." And we wait; and now the rain drops patter on the water which has become quite tranquil, breaking the surface with myriad white spots; and now the cloud is passing to the westward, and through flying clouds we catch glimpses of the blue sky. "Well, I guess we'll try it;" and as the rain has ceased two boats start for Smith's Lake and Charley Pond, another for Salmon Lake, while the other two go one to Rock Pond and the other to the island near the inlet of the lake. I also am to watch Rock Pond, and taking the dogs,

we start. Hank steps into the boat with me, and off we go up the inlet. Pliny meanwhile takes the other dogs and plunges to the west of the camp. Rowing along up the reed fringed banks of the stream, we breathe in great draughts of the pure, fresh air, and gaze with delight upon the deep amber waters in which is reflected as in a mirror the long brakes and ferns, sky and clouds. The broad leaves of the lily lie floating on its bosom, upon which lay contentedly here and there some frog or huge dragon fly, the former blinking at us comically as we pass, the latter waving its wings to and fro glistening in the sunlight.

From the bushes of the mountain ash with its scarlet berries, from the showy stems of the golden rod, and from reeds and rushes so brightly emerald, drip the crystal rain-drops, glistening like pearls in the bright beams. "Look there, Hank; just see how the deer travelled through here last night," I exclaim, as in the mud and sand all around us are seen the prints. "The shore is cut up like a sheep pasture." "Golly," says Hank, "aint that an all-fired big feller that made that there huge track; as big as an ox." The lily pads were broken off where they had fed, and the bushes beaten down all around. The stream is very crooked and narrow and shallow, except here and there where at a bend lies a dark pool, where the trout love to lie. We at last arrive at the "carry," and Hank and I shoulder the boat and contents, and walk over it, and we did it without a slip or stumble over the old gnarled roots and rough stones that obstructed our path. Launching the boat again in the stream, we put off, now running upon some sunken log, now grating over a concealed rock, tugging and pulling, we at last emerge into Rock Pond, a beautiful sheet of water with an island almost in its centre. I row to my watch ground on the point near the outlet, thus commanding a view of the Pond and the "runway" near the carry. Away down toward the westward, near the outlet of Salmon Lake, upon a small rock lies the boat of H. and his guide, a mere speck. Farther on, a mass of purple haze, loom the mountains of the lake, while all around is a cordon of forest primeval. The red man has disappeared, as also the solitude-loving moose and beaver. By the far back lakes they still exist with the wolf and panther; the two latter, with the bear, make a tour now and then to this region.

The pond now lies quite calm, "the calm before the storm," as afar over the woods is heard the hoarse murmur of the wind, like the roar of the sea, and out to the west the mountains are hid from view by a thin gray veil, as the rain comes steadily on; and now the island is shut from sight, and the patter of the rain over the trees and water sounds like the foam of some distant cascade. "Ough! this is pleasant," I exclaim, as the storm comes down upon me, wetting me through. I wrap my rubber blanket as closely around me as I can. "I hope they haven't started the dogs yet." How dismal now is the scene; everything gray and leaden; but I think it nothing more than a shower; still it comes down fast, and I have to stand and take it. Ah, there it a streak of blue sky again, to the west. Not so bad a day after all. And the wind lulls, and the rain ceases to patter, though all around me is wet and dripping. I throw off my blanket and brush the water from my rifle, and—ah, isn't that a dog? Away to the north I hear a faint hum like a bee. I listen. Another hum; and another and another. Fast it booms and nearer. Ah, sweet music! and now the deep voices of the hounds are heard ringing out clearly on the mountain not two miles away. Nearer and nearer. The chase is warmer as they open out quicker. Now look out, sharp. The deer may be in the lake any minute. I await with breathless expectation, the blood coursing quick and hot through me. Ah! A bound in the bush, a crash, and into the pond leaps a large doe. I crouch down to let her swim out far enough to cut her off. Her ears are working back and forward; she swims out but a few yards, turns, and makes for shore again. I ran through the woods towards the spot which she is making for, in order to frighten her out again, as I desired to make her swim out to H., after I got into my boat, which I could easily do, as he was very desirous of killing his deer, and I had killed two old does already in the past few days; but though I ran with all my might she was ashore before I arrived, and we met almost face to face. With a bound like lightning she dashes by me on the beach. I fire, but it is like shooting at a rocket, and I miss, and she is out of sight across the point. I take a long breath and wish I had fired at her at once while she was in the water. But no matter; "make the best of it." And now come down the dogs hot and fierce. I call them; "here, Spot, here Drive," and show them where the deer came ashore; but no use; they think the deer swam into the lake, and will not follow. And now, crashing through the brush, comes Hank, and he hastily inquires where the deer went in, and he tries to put the dogs on the track, but no use. "Durn the dogs," says he, "that's all-fired mean." I jump upon my watch ground and look over the pond. What is that swimming out there by the island! A black speck! Is it moving? Yes. "By Jove, Hank, there's another deer!" To make sure, I level my field glasses upon it. Hank seizes them and says, "where?" and looks through them quickly, and with a "by golly, so it is; get into the boat quick," we dash out, and though the distance is about a mile and a half, we overhaul him fast. "Why don't they start out from the island," (meaning H. and his guide,) I exclaim, as they are seen standing upon it watching us, apparently wondering what we are rowing so fast across the lake for. "Don't see the deer," says Hank. The perspiration rolls from his forehead as he pulls with all his might, and we dash swiftly along. "A big buck," I cry, and Hank re-

plies, "Guess it's the same buck I put Watch after up in the slash." And now we near him; truly a big fellow, with a fine pair of antlers. "Just the one I have been looking for the past two weeks; how splendidly he will look mounted for a hat rack in my hall, eh, Hank? Can't let H. have him anyhow; if 'twas a doe 'twould be a different thing." Now the buck sees us and makes for the point he is near, (and which I was afraid he would reach before we started as he was heading for it.) "Faster, Hank," I yell, "he'll get ashore," and Hank tugs faster, the water flies, the oar blades bend, and the boat fairly jumps along." Ah, the deer is turning from the point; he sees he cannot reach it, and makes for the marsh. We near him; he turns again for the Island; around again goes our boat. Ah, there comes H., his guide rowing with all his might; but he can't overtake us, and the deer is ours, for the law of the woods is "who kills the deer to him it belongs," and so we dash alongside. What a splendid big neck. "Hold, Hank, keep the boat steady," I say, and aim at his back just below the neck. I fire, but on he keeps. I fire a little higher. "He's a tough old fellow; shoot him through the neck," says Hank, and I put another cartridge in and aim and fire. I send the ball through his neck, his head falls over and he is ours. We tow him ashore, and it as much as we two wish to do to drag him on the rocks. "A buster; an old chap; will weigh 200 sure." "I'm satisfied," I replied. "Ah, there is Watch down at the runway where the buck came in." A white spot is seen across the lake in the slang or marsh, and we row across and take him, and call him, "good dog, good fellow, and rowing back to our watch ground, we built a fire, and each taking off his clothes, while the other watches, dry them and feel better.

The afternoon wears away. Now and then, afar off toward Salmon and Smith's Lakes, we heard the notes of the hounds, waking the woods with their music, and once the chase came so near we were all expectation to see the deer enter the lake; but presently it winds, and off up towards Salmon Lake it dies in the distance; and after waiting an hour or so longer, until near five o'clock, we enter our boat and with our game and hounds find it heavily weighted. We reach camp after dark, hungry and tired, but pleased with our day's hunt. And so go the days, happy ones, full of golden hours, but we must soon turn our faces homeward, after painting a few more scenes to show my friends glimpses of this wondrous forest world up here in the Adirondacks.

C. C. MARKHAM.

HONK! HONK! HONK!

CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND, Dec'r 19th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I had been stopping for several days with Mr. Griffin, in Accomac county, Virginia, awaiting Jake's coming, and was somewhat annoyed at my gunner's delay in not turning up. However, on the 3d of this month, near the cotton field at the end of the garden, I heard honk! honk! honk! and rushing to the house for my gun, was making for the open fields near the shore, when who should I meet but my stalwart gunner, Jake, in person. My first question was, "are there any geese yet at Chincoteague, Jake?" His reply was reassuring to a degree. "Yes, sah; lots of 'em; my boat is on the creek, and by the feel of the wind, I 'spose we might make Chincoteague to-night." I was somewhat doubtful in regard to the weather, not relishing exactly a thirteen mile sail in a cranky boat of a stormy evening, but on Jake's assuring me that he "was bound to do it under three hours, if I didn't mind getting jess a little wet now and then," I put on my water-proof, took my two guns, blankets and valise, and consigned myself to Jake's care. One hour out in the bay, I had rather good reasons for regretting my voyage. The wind blew from the northwest, "a good wind for geese," as Jake remarked, "but a mighty unsartain one for folks in a boat." The water broke over our craft repeatedly, the spray driving with stinging violence against my face, though thanks to my water proof, my body was perfectly dry. The gun cases I had lashed under the thwarts, and the ammunition, being in the fore-castle hole, I knew would not be damaged. The wind came in so strong that Jake reefed close, but instead of three hours it was nearer seven hours before we made Wallop's Island. A few hundred yards back of the inlet, on a point, I was welcomed by one of Jake's colored friends. In fact I found every preparation made for me. No sooner had I thrown off my wet wraps than supper was announced, and a glorious one was it. Inprimis, a brant stuffed with persimmons; secondly, a slice of baked drum-fish, some fried spud; lastly, a roasted coon with sweet potatoes, all flanked with flapjacks and corn pone. How will this do for a Chincoteague supper? But gunners always do live on the fat of the land, providing they can accommodate themselves to circumstances. In the present case Jake and I were old friends. With these colored people of the better class, for Jake had been the body servant of an excellent master before the war, money was no object. What Jake wanted was to be treated with that respect which he was entitled to, and which he fully merited for his faithfulness and honesty, not counting his sportsman-like ability. Jake's invariable price is \$3.00 a day, including stools.

I turned in and had a comfortable night. Next morning I was up at daybreak, it wanting about an hour to flood tide. Isaiah, Jake's friend, had four live geese stools and ten pairs of decoys. They have no blinds at Chincoteague; we therefore made the boat the blind, easily accomplished by nailing cedar brush, some two and a half feet-high all around the boat. The live geese stools were arranged on a platform of wood, a kind of raft, a piece of leather with

string to the geese, keeping them to the raft. In order to secure the platform from floating off it was anchored with a brick at each end. At each corner of this platform three pairs of decoys were placed, the wild geese being on the platform itself, with strings leading into the blind boat.

I now instructed Isaiah to take the live geese stools and platform in his boat, to place them about a hundred yards forward of some sedge grass, and to wait there until we came up with the blind boat. It was still pitch dark. While this was being done, and the tide was making up fast, Isaiah soon completed his task, and we rowed to where he was and took hold of the strings which were attached to the geese, which we fastened to the rollocks of the blind boat. Isaiah was now ordered by me to take his own boat to the Bay side and to scare up the geese and drive them in. I had hardly got through eating my breakfast before Isaiah had rapidly pulled around the point, and I heard him honking away merrily, Jake playing second fiddle. The first gray streaks of morning commenced to show the coming dawn, allowing me to look over my guns and arrange the ammunition, which was all in good order. I was using my swamp angel, (according to the judgment of some of your FOREST AND STREAM erities,) a 10-bore Snyder-Allen breech loader, and a muzzle loader, Greener, 8-bore. I had prepared my cartridges as follows: 5 drams of powder and an ounce and three quarters of single B, for the Snyder-Allen, and 6 drams of powder and full two ounces of B's for the Greener. There is no use of bringing pop guns down here. You must load up, as geese have to be killed and killed dead; for if you load as for pigeons, you waste your time in picking up wing-tipped birds, for geese, even when badly wounded, can swim with the tide faster than you can row after them.

Jake now commenced pulling the strings on the geese, imitating the cry of the live decoys, they fluttering their wings and making the spray fly. The decoy geese seemed to understand their business thoroughly, having doubtlessly taken advantage of Isaiah's instruction. Presently a flock of five geese came up on the wind out of the sedge, where they had certainly been feeding, and made directly for the stools. Now I wanted for once to understand the character of the live decoy birds we were using, and whether the wild geese would really approach close to them, so I determined to forego shooting the first flock and watch their familiarities. The new comers, they were young geese, absolutely alighted on the platform, and made advances to their captive friends, not honking, but whistling, the sound not resembling in the least the hiss of the tame goose. We were in the blind-boat, not more than thirty yards from the platform. They must have staid there fully three minutes, when all of a sudden, from some unknown cause—for we were in the boat hidden and perfectly still—they rose as if alarmed all at once, and with such a sudden jerk, using the platform to make their flight from, that they upset the platform and submerged for a moment our educated birds. I was so intent on watching the antics of the wild birds that I was slow in shooting. Though having shot geese in this neighborhood for the last fourteen years, it was the very first time I ever had an opportunity of noticing geese as closely, or of acquiring so much knowledge of their habits and actions.

They must have got away fully twenty yards before I could get the Greener to my shoulder, and I dropped two and wing-tipped one which I did not recover.

I have always observed that wild geese, when feeding, leave one bird on the watch, and most thoroughly does she perform the task. With outstretched neck, watching on all sides, and listening to every sound far and near, she keeps a wary guard. Nor does she look for a single worm or scollop, however famished she may be, till one of her companions sees fit to relieve her guard. Then the former sentinel sets to work at her feeding with an eagerness which shows that her abstinence while on duty was the result, not of want of appetite, but of a proper sense of the important trust imposed upon her. If any enemy, or the slightest cause of suspicion appears, the sentry utters a low croak, when the whole flock immediately run up to her, and after a short consultation, fly off, leaving the unfortunate sportsman to lament having shown even his head or the muzzle of his gun above the sea sedge grass.

About an hour afterwards—it was now high flood tide, and the wind blowing dead on shore—I heard Isaiah "honking," and to my delight saw him rise and drive a flock of as many as two hundred geese towards our side over the point. Approaching our stools, they divided into two flocks, one going apparently to the southward and the other answering the cry of our live stools. Here Jake showed some excitement, and asked me to allow him to use my Greener. "Take anything," I said. The geese came on swiftly to the stools, swept past them for a moment, then circled back, Jake jerking at the strings attached to the educated geese. The wild birds seemed to hesitate, but all hands honked away, and after a moment they all swooped down, and were just about alighting, not more than three feet above the stools, when Jake and myself fired off four barrels almost simultaneously. Eleven geese we killed outright, stone dead, they falling into the water with a loud flop; five we wing-tipped, three of which Isaiah secured in the pick-up boat. It took us fully two hours to gather the birds, and by this time the tide had fallen so much that the geese, although still flying in flocks, sought other bars and points to alight on. Towards evening we had a few more shots, but nothing of special interest, and I should not have written this letter save to record the excellence of the live stools, and the fraternization of the wild geese with our educated ones. Very truly,
C. B.

Total bag, three days' shooting, 24 geese, 5 broad-bills, and 1 whistler.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

To gratify the imperious demand of the public, to place my friend Captain Porgie in a true light, and allay, if possible, the torrent of ink shed which this remarkable case has produced in scientific circles, are the objects of this present statement. Captain Slocum W. Porgie is a modest man and a truthful witness, and his modesty and veracity have been shocked by the distortions and calumnies of friend and foe on this unpleasantly notorious affair. The action of certain illustrated weeklies in reprinting from an old portrait which had done good service before as the "Nathan Murderer," and been used with success as the "counterfeit presentment" of a "famous Sorosis president," and labelling it now as "Capt Porgie, or the Demon Slayer of Sorghum Bay," he looks upon as a highly improper proceeding; nor is he less justly annoyed at the gratuitous insinuations of the *Popular Science Monthly* and *American Naturalist* to the effect that he is a "hoary-headed old miserant," and a "blasphemous desperado." He says that such language almost implies a reflection on his private character, if not a positive misconstruction of his motives. For which reasons he desires to be set right before the public. Having ascertained that Captain Porgie was in the city last week with his schooner, I called at his hotel, the "Mariner's Haven," and found him engaged in a little private business at the bar of the house. He was discussing a modest luncheon of *lobscouse a la feucas'le*, in company with a half dozen other gentlemen of saline appearance and flavor. The Captain is about fifty years of age, iron-gray hair, a steel-blue eye, and copper-colored nose, and a decided list to starboard.

Your correspondent opened the conversation by introducing himself as the commissioner of FOREST AND STREAM, and with the hospitable query:—

"Well, Captain, what's yours?" to which fourteen entire strangers simultaneously replied, "ruman'n'lasses."

We sought a private room, and the conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

Capt. P.—"Thankee; I don't care if I dew. That's earned poor liquor. When I was in Cuby in '48, they was a Mexican feller from Seinfoogos had some pooty nice liquor, what he called 'pulque.' Ever drink pulque? Sho! Well, you see pulque—"

Your correspondent gently assured his narrator that strict temperance principles and patriotic impulses alike prevented his taking an absorbing interest in the productions, however fascinating, of a degraded foreigner; and besought the Captain to impart the true story of his adventure with the saurian of Sorghum Bay. We also, with a pardonable desire to impress the narrator, told him that our name was Cuvier, and that we thirsted for information of an iethyological nature.

Captain Porgie.—"Glad to make your acquaintance, Col. Cuvier; well, I don't mind telling you, sir, though I don't care to speak of the circumstance to lubbers generally, after the way your papers sarved me. Some people don't know a true story when they hear it, and some people can't open their hatches without discharging a cargo of lies. But I ain't that kind, sir. I've been a sailor, man and boy, for forty year, and I never told a lie, outside of a Custom house in my life. That's why it gets me up when folks don't believe about that sarpint I saw last fourteenth of August, at 2,10 P. M., from aboard my own schooner, the 'Hiram A. Dodge,' in Sorghum Bay, latitude 43° north, and my first mate drunker 'an a porpoise in the fore'sle. A good deal drunker, sir. Capt Rampike was with me, too. Jotham Rampike, of the Senpulin Centre, and was going home after losing his vessel and seventy barrel of mackerel, good No. 2 mackerel, in a sou'wester off Cape Ann, with all on board except himself and a nigger cook. Saved by the mercy of Providence, and a Calais wood boat. He was a awful critter. Shed say he was an eighty barreller, half an acre across the bows and a hundred fathom from stem to stern, and had flippers like a walrus. He was lying across our bows, about a half a cable distant. There wan't a capfull of wind aloft, and the sea was as smooth as the bottom of a flap-jaek. Rampike and me obsarved the critter elusly. He had a mane as high as the foremast, and was covered with scales like a mud turtle. Rampike was an old whalemen and always has a harpoon round his rigging somewhere. He wanted to seek it to him, and I let him try it on, though I knew it wan't no use. Sea sarpints ain't to be fit with harpoons, Mr. Cuvier, not that kind of sarpints. But I let Rampike have his way, for he's a dreadful set man, and he driv the iron into the critter's gills. Sarpint didn't mind it no more 'an a flea, but he just histed his bowsprit and surveyed us all over, kinder eurous like, much as to say, 'I'm a notieing on you, gentlemen, and I'll make salt junk on ye, bimeby.'"

Then Rampike wanted to try him on with a shark hook; never see sich a lubber as that Rampike, for a man who sailed a morphidyke brig eleven year and ought to know suthin. Sez I, 'No, Rampike; I wouldn't be a consarned ijit, if I could help it,' sez I; 'Let's lighten ballast,' sez I, and get on his weather quarter.' So we took holt and emptied two sandbags, and I fastened a hank of beef to the kedje anchor, and then the balloon riz."

Cor.—"The balloon, Capt. Porgie!"

Capt. P.—"Sartinly; didn't I say we throwed out ballast, and of course the balloon riz. Oh, you didn't know we was in a ballon. Aint never been to sea? Thought not. Of course, allus keep a balloon aboard to rekonitre. Could n't get along 'ithout 'em no ways. Well, sir, as I said, it riz, and I drawed the grapnel just across the sarpint's nose

and he snapped for it like a shark. Bolted it; went anchor and all. Rampike jest set on the edge of the car and laughed fit to bust, and all the while the sarpint kept a chewin' and a chewin'; and bimeby he began to smell the trap and to lash the waves all around like a typhoon; and Rampike wanted to let drive at him with a round shot outen the old swivel. Never see sich a lunkhead as that Rampike. Whoever heerd of shootin' sea sarpints with round shot outen a balloon? Sez I, 'Capt. Rampike, I'll manage this disussion, if you please.' And I was going to give a turn on the windlass and bring the critter to close quarters, get him yard-arm to yard-arm, as it were, when I'm blowed if I didn't see the pizen reptile a swallowing that 'ere four inch manilla like prize eandy, and stowing it away by the fathom till he was within twenty foot of our ear! Rampike was standing there like he was struek dead, and had dropped the slow match into the car, and sot fire to the bottom of it. I see how things was placed immediate. That sarpint would make us siek in just four seconds and a half 'ithout we changed our moorings. 'Rampike,' sez I, 'follow me,' and I went overboard and Rampike after me just as the scaly critter was taking a mouthful outen the bottom of our ear. He seen us jump, and aimed a liek at us with his tail, but the balloon being lightened up, went aloft like a rocket, anchor, sarpint and all, and when we clomb aboard the schooner there was a holler in the water like as if an earthquake had dropped there. We saw the balloon and the sarpint heading NNE, about half a mile high, and could hear the snake hissing and coughing and swearing like a volcano. And bimeby there come the all-cusseddest explosion you ever heerd, and we knowed the fire had caught in the gas and set off the swivel, and given that reptile critter rather a surprise party. And that's all," said Capt. Porgie, as he shook the bottle mournfully.

We asked the conscientious narrator had he seen any remains of the shattered saurian.

"None to speak of," he said. Folks on shore had spoken of gathering up barrels of scales all over the coast, but he, Capt. Slocum W. Porgie, "made it a pint" to not place too implicit confidence in the statements of shore folks. He had found a painful absence of veracity and an unscrupulous disregard of accuracy in their narrations.

Such is the simple, straightforward story of one who has beheld the terrible denizen of the deep in his native element as well as in the less congenial sphere of upper air. The writer would gladly wish that he could here chronicle a fitting tribute from our savans to this gallant mariner, but to the disgrace of our common nature be it said, no such testimonial has been spoken of; on the contrary, his story has been greeted with suspicion or open hostility by those who should be first to greet him with pride and respect. Only one public functionary in this city has treated his story with any show of credence. The agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has placed sufficient faith in our hero's tale to indict him for causing the death of this sea serpent under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Capt. Porgie confesses that such persecution and contumely are almost a source of irritation, and appeals to his fellow countrymen for justice. Shall he appeal in vain?

J. J. R.

[Notwithstanding the high scientific attainments of our informant, and his undisputed claim to veracity, we have an inkling that he has been imposed upon. The circumstances related are plausible enough, and the identity of the Sorghum Sea Serpent fully established by savans, but we have never known of any of this species of saurian being found in the latitude mentioned, and more than all, question whether the traetic force of mere deglutition would be sufficient to enable the creature to swallow a balloon under headway. We place little faith in balloons anyhow, or anything connected with them. However, we give the story for what it is worth, acknowledging its value to science if true, and, if not true, consoling ourselves that wiser men than we have been made the victims of wags without conscience, who to ensure the successful perpetration of a hoax, are contented to pass it off on poor credulous marines.—ED. F. AND S.]

NOT THERE.—The Canadian *Gentleman's Journal* is anxious in regard to the whereabouts of a large bear. We should most respectfully ask, if in Toronto they do as they are reported to have done in London, when a fashionable hair dresser hired the man who did no end of howling *à la bear*, as an advertisement for pots of bear grease? We produce the article in question, taken from our excellent Canadian contemporary:—

"Mr. Britton, butcher, of this city, has been carefully feeding for Christmas time a remarkably large bear with which he intended to create a sensation in the St. Lawrence Arcade. A well-known young sportsman had volunteered to administer a leaden pill to bruin yesterday afternoon, and having armed himself with his earibou revolver and a knapsack full of penetrating arguments, proceeded to the scene of action. The chain to the end of which the bear was supposed to be attached was lying loosely on the ground, and at the word—'All ready,' from the ardent sportsman, an attendant commenced to haul at the chain, but no bruin appeared at the end of it. A special force of detectives is now engaged hunting up the missing pet. Any information will be thankfully received."

—"The double barreled gun came safely to hand, express paid. You put it down at \$45; I have just refused \$50 for it. I am now going for a rifle, the kind will depend on my success in getting up a club. The paper is unexceptionable, and is worth the money without the prize. How do you manage it, to give a really good paper, and such handsome prizes?" St. Louis, December 22. See Prize List of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

SHELTER PLANTING.

IN recalling memories of woodland camps that have been tenanted through fair weather and foul, the sheltering effect of the unbroken forest always comes among the most gratefully remembered of all the camp associations; as having disarmed the blast of its fiercest power, and taken from sleet and storm their keenest sting, and we are inclined to feel that when the pioneers came, axe in hand, to establish lawns in the new country, that in the great arms of the old trees they found a source of protection and shelter that their later "betterments" have hardly compensated for. Yet very few saw it so. The leaves hid the sunshine, the roots were so many obstacles to the plow, and down they came. The bark went to the tanneries, a little of the timber was used, while the main part was burned in heaps and the ashes sold. Of course it was necessary to clear land, but the woodman, proud of his skill with the axe, saw only an enemy to agriculture in the forest, and nothing but complete extermination satisfied him, and with untiring energy the work was pushed, until from corner to corner of many a farm every branch was trimmed, no shade remaining for man or beast, no shelter for the friendly birds, nor cover for any covey of game. All clear, bleak, storm-swept and bald; with the springs dried up, the meadows brown and baked, the wheat smothered under drifts or frozen out on wind swept knolls. Many and many such a farm now lies bare and dreary under winter's cold and August heat, and the buildings stand on some hill side with no tree, shrub or friendly vine to clothe their nakedness. If a tree has been planted in a moment of inspiration aroused by some of the excellent rural papers, it has been used as a hitching post, a hen roost, or a scratching stick for lean-ribbed cattle, and brier-tangled horses, and it assumes a discouraged form, bent and hopeless, showing as little grace or adornment as does the farmer's wife, who is expected to get early breakfast, work all day, and do the mending in the evening while the lord of the *sile* takes a preliminary snore before the fire.

Heaven may temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but not to the shorn land,

The storm spirit revels over such a scene; it is just such a barren as with windfall and flame he makes in his wildest moods in the broad forest, and roaring and wailing at window and door, he tells of discomfort and disaster, until the farmer often comes out from a sleepless night to gather his scattered rails, nail up his broken fences, or long disabled gates and doors, and feed the unsheltered animals that waste their nourishment in resisting exposure.

Graceless indeed are such homes, and yet they are all about, lived in from youth to age by men who exult in claims to represent the civilization of the century, and they are satisfied with an outlook that would have driven away the very Indians whose rude tools are often turned up to provoke comment and contempt.

The glorious inheritance from the ages when beneficent nature was untrammled has been wasted, squandered, and only the years that lay generations low will undo the ignorant work, which is still going on, going on because coal is coming in as cheap as wood, and the farmer says there is no use in his acres of woodland.

No use in their beauty! Talk not of beauty to him who hates a tree for the land it covers; he would shave his eyebrows and apply guano if the space would produce at the rate of one ton of nice grass per acre, and let hens roost on his nose if they would lay hard *biled* eggs in his mouth! Talk not to him of the free gifts that cannot be replaced if once wasted. He will not learn the value of a tail even if he loses it, and until his sterile farm drives him west, out on some forsaken prairie, where trees three feet high cost fifty cents each from agents, with illustrations of how they will look to his children in thirty years; he will not see money or anything else in a tree.

Pass such a man's home in winter, button up your coat and drive fast, get home and take something to drive the chill from mind and marrow! Has the home of any bird or animal but man such a wealth of desolation? See the drifts that defy the shovel, and note the sod swept bare just by the corners. Hear the scream of the gale about the close cut eaves, and the rattle of the sash that clatter until it were better were they all filled with old hats that would keep quiet and veil the dreariness from the eye as well as ear. See the snow creep and crawl on the surface of the crust like a visible shiver, driven carelessly onward, and don't see anything more over your wrappings until you come to the home of one who loves a tree and cherishes it. Willingly will your steed halt and be patient in the lee of an evergreen grove. All about from the light undisturbed snow, resting like a beautiful cover over grain and grass, to the sleek animals that are ignorant of exposure, is suggesting repose and shelter. The wind whispers a more gentle tale in the pine tops, and when snow flakes fall they drop gracefully and coyly down, resting on branch and vine, till each seem again clothed in a new and more beautiful foilage. Winter and summer it is always a place to linger when the forest is near, and thrice fortunate is he who has some woodland between him and the cold north and west. In summer it is a cool and shady retreat, a place for quiet Sunday rambles, and one where he who runs may read lessons of deeper teaching than may be hammered into the pulpit of some unsheltered church.

From it children bring bright red willow wands and "pussies," the first harbingers of our tardy spring. From

it when the damp thawing air bears all sound with double richness, comes the warble of the blue bird and the whistle of the robin, and as the season advances, the partridge will drum to his mate, and myriad voices will cheer the busy workers on the farm.

Sheltered among ferns the spring will glisten all through the long summer, and about it an unpaid gardener will bring flowers of the rarest hue and perfume, and even in the short days when the trees snap with frost, the squirrels will come out and print their little tracks for the children's tracing, and the downy woodpecker, the Canada jay, and chickadee-de, will give life and animation. And such a place for trapping when there is little to keep the boys amused, is the farm wood lot; how many trips will be made to it at dawn to see what luck? When indeed on the homestead farm will more memories cluster to deepen the wish—"Would I were a boy again," than about the forest with the spring?

The farms are not all bleak and bare, although too many remain so. Many are in intelligent keeping, and not only is the woodland drawn from with care for the young growth, but groups of strong evergreens are planted to meet as outposts the most sweeping winds, and as they assume size a look of homelike comfort settles all about, and no one looks upon the coezy house free from a feeling that here the good offices of the forest are known and gladly welcomed.

The lessons are spreading, and speed the day when the exposed farm dwellings will shrink from our gaze into the shadow of protecting groves. To have these valuable trees cattle must be kept from them; some land must be given up; but the grove will give more warmth standing in the path of the gale, than it would burning in the stove; the blight of the May winds will pass over the sheltered land, and the beautiful home will rank in the market many dollars higher per acre than the bare farm that cannot spare any land for brush and timber.

No more important question lies before us than the preservation and extension of the woodland. It meets not only the mind of the farmer, but is forcing itself upon the manufacturer in the form of fearful floods and equally extreme droughts; upon the commercial men in dry canals and shrunken rivers; upon the railway king with regard to ties and fencing, and upon us all with extreme changes in climate that may render our fair State almost uninhabitable.

Legislatures, selfish as they are, must face the question, but in the mean time let us honor and encourage him who plants a shelter, and brings back a little of what has fled before ignorance and waste.

L. W. L.

—England imported last year the enormous amount of £14,603,479 of lumber. From Russia she received timber to the amount of £2,148,973, and from the United States, fully one-fourth of the whole amount, representing timber to the vast sum of £4,221,420. The timber used specially in England for mining purposes, is alone an extensive business; this wood comes principally from Sweden, Russia and France.

A DISEASE-DESTROYING TREE.—M. Gimbert, who has been long engaged in collecting evidence concerning the Australian tree *Eucalyptus globulus*, the growth of which is surprisingly rapid, attaining besides gigantic dimensions, has addressed an interesting communication to the Academy of Sciences. This plant, it now appears, possesses an extraordinary power of destroying miasmatic influence in fever-stricken districts. It has the singular property of absorbing ten times its weight of water from the soil, and of emitting antiseptic camphorous effluvia. When sown in marshy ground it will dry it up in a very short time. The English were the first to try it at the Cape, and within two or three years they completely changed the climatic condition of the unhealthy parts of the colony. A few years later its plantation was undertaken on a large scale in various parts of Algeria. At Pardock, twenty miles from Algeria, a farm situated on the banks of the Hamyze was noted for its extremely pestilential air. In the spring of 1867, about 13,000 of the eucalyptus were planted there. In July of the same year—the time when the fever season used to set in—not a single case occurred; yet the trees were not more than 9ft. high. Since then a complete immunity from fever has been maintained. In the neighborhood of Constantine the farm of Ben Machydlin was equally in bad repute. It was covered with marshes both in winter and summer. In five years the whole ground was dried up by 14,000 of these trees, and farmers and children had excellent health. At the factory of the Gue de Constantine, in three years a plantation of eucalyptus has transformed twelve acres of marshy soil into a magnificent park, whence fever has completely disappeared. In the island of Cuba this and all other paludal diseases are fast disappearing from all the unhealthy districts where this tree has been introduced. A station house at one of the ends of a railway viaduct in the Department of the Var was so pestilential that the officials could not be kept there longer than a year. Forty of these trees were planted, and it is now as healthy as any other place on the line. We have no information as to whether this beneficent tree will grow in other than hot climates. We hope that experiments will be made to determine this point.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

—The skin of an animal, whether cow, calf, colt or horse, that dies on the farm, is worth more at home than at the tanner's. Cut it into narrow strips, and shave off the hair with a sharp knife before the kitchen fire, or in your workshop on stormy days and evening. You may make them soft by rubbing. A rawhide halter strap an inch wide will hold a horse better and last longer than an inch rope. It is stronger than hoopiron and more durable, and may be used to hoop dry casks and boxes, and for hinges. Try it on a broken thill, or any wood work that has been split. Put it on wet and nail fast. Thin skins make the best to use it in its natural state. For other purposes it may be dressed.

Natural History.

TRAPPING A CUNNING FOX.

WESTON, VA., December 13, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Some time last summer I saw a copy of your paper, and was greatly pleased with it, but being poor (an invalid soldier of the Mexican war) I was unable to subscribe for it. I am a trapper, and as the season is over, and I am shut up with snow here in the mountains, I thought I would try my "prentice hand" on a sketch for your paper.

Not many years since I was trapping foxes and other game in Londonderry, a town in the Green Mountain State, and the following account of my experience with a cunning fox may perhaps interest some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. My style of trapping foxes at that time was to set in water, preferring a warm open spring, placing the trap beneath the surface and near the shore. The best of springs will sometimes crust over near the shore in very cold weather, especially if there is no snow upon the ground. It was on such an occasion I one morning discovered that a large dog fox had got into one of my traps, and the ice prevented the jaws closing tight enough to hold him. I felt somewhat chagrined, as any sportsman will readily believe, and came to the conclusion that the old fellow would give me trouble; nor was I mistaken. He soon commenced springing that trap, apparently by reaching over and under and throwing it out upon the shore, and after a while would spring it by dropping pieces of wood upon the trencher, and before the season ended I found sticks standing upright between the jaws, showing plainly that he knew how it was himself. On every occasion he would regale himself with the bait, or at least drag it out upon the shore. His visits were not very frequent, so that I had opportunities for getting other foxes.

The next season Reynard plagued me as usual, and still the third season found him alive, as mischievous and cunning as ever. Now, it must not be supposed that I was not alive to the necessities of the occasion, for in fact I exercised all my skill in trying to outwit him, and I enjoyed it, too. In truth, there is nothing a trapper likes so well as meeting with a cunning fox. There is an excitement about it that lends an additional charm to the sport, for you are compelled to draw on your every resource and originality, and when you have triumphed, as in the end you must, you feel a greater pride than in taking a dozen ordinarily.

But to my story. Whenever he visited my trap he invariably crossed my route, and as I well knew his track I could tell in advance when my trap was to be sprung. Of the many ways I adopted to catch him it were needless to state; suffice it to say that I used several traps at the same time, and he invariably sprung them all. But one day, as I stood gazing at his work, a plan occurred to my mind as if by inspiration. I set one trap, and at the next visit I had my game. When he saw me approaching he commenced to bark and jump furiously towards me. It seemed to me he felt enraged that I had outwitted him, and although I felt elated, still I could not but regret his fate, for he seemed so human in his intelligence. He had gnawed the trap till his jaw was worn through in front. That he was a patriarch among foxes was evident. Not a tooth had he left. His weight was fourteen pounds, and he measured four feet six inches from tip to tip.

C. L. WHITMAN.

×—THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HARE.—The Rocky Mountain hare is a rare species in Colorado. I saw but four during four months collecting in the Rocky Mountains. I do not know of any live specimens in a state of domestication. In the winter they descend the mountains and feed in the quaking aspen groves on the side hills in the valleys. During the summer months, they are found feeding on the outskirts of thick heavy timber, generally on the highest mountains. They breed in June, and do not burrow; and are very shy animals. Perhaps C. W. Derry, of Granite Lake county, Colorado, can trap one alive. They are known to him as the Mountain Jack Rabbit or Hare.

Yours, truly,
BATH, KING'S CO., N. Y. J. H. BATTY.

DO SNAKES HISS?

BALTIMORE, Dec. 17, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In reply to the question, "do snakes hiss?" I can assure your correspondent they do. In September, 1864, I twice heard it, and each time had my attention directed to the snake by the sound, and then saw and heard him repeat it. The snake was the *Heterodon platirhinos*, *vulgo*, *hog nosed*, snake, and in the country where I saw it, Baltimore Co., Md., viper. Dr. J. E. Halbrook, in his *Herptology*, 4th vol., sixty-ninth page, says of this species, that when irritated it coils itself as the rattlesnake does, erects its head, which it waves to and fro, and hisses. I think I have heard other species hiss, but cannot remember time and place.

Yours, truly,
G. H. MORAN.

—Connected with the new citadel at Strasburg is a pigeon house, with accommodations of the most approved description for 500 carrier pigeons, to be ready in event of war. Are we in England, asks *Broad Arrow*, to rest so well satisfied with the omnipotence and omnipresence of telegraph wires as to neglect entirely the homing pigeon? In Germany, the War Department is wise enough to organize a pigeon loft in its important garrisons, but in England it is evidently to be left to private enterprise to encourage pigeon flying in Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham. Some time since we endeavored to provide the means of

distribution of homing pigeons to the several garrisons, but our offer did not meet with adequate response; we therefore return to the subject, and shall be happy to offer prizes for pigeon flying in our great military garrisons, provided a committee of officers interested in the subject will aid us with their assistance or suggestions.

[It would be exceedingly interesting if some of our officers on the Pacific frontier should try and communicate with friends in the Atlantic coast by means of carrier pigeons. The extent of our country would allow of the homing instincts of these beautiful birds to be better tried than almost anywhere else.—Ed.]

The Kennel.

INSTINCT IN YOUNG POINTERS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM is a remarkable instance of the above trait, taken from *Land and Water*. [See note below]. I can give you one from my own experience perhaps equally remarkable.

Twenty-five years ago, or more, then living in Chicago, I raised a brace of pointer puppies which, from the good qualities of their parents, promised well. They were trained to obedience, would fetch, and go to heel, but at six months old had never seen living game. When at that age I took them one day early in August in my buggy a few miles south of the city, where I expected to find a covey of grouse. It was then an open prairie, though now covered with streets and houses. While putting up my horse in the tavern shed, the dogs slipped away, and betook themselves to the prairie. I followed, but at first could see nothing of them. Looking carefully about, on nearer approach I saw their heads above the long grass a few hundred yards away, apparently standing on birds, but as they had never been in the field before, I could hardly think it possible. But sure enough, when I came up there was Don, pointing as steadily as an old dog, and Hal at a few paces behind backing him. Their point was as staunch as that of their sire (Phil), who would have stood on birds while his portrait was painted; nor did they move till I walked before them and put up a covey of half grown grouse. Then Don, who was high couraged and obstinate, started in pursuit, but dropped to the word "Down!" as did his more docile brother Hal. This was a remarkable manifestation of an instinct handed down through a long line of well-bred and well-trained ancestors. It could be nothing else, as these young dogs had never received any instruction or training, and had never seen or smelled living game before.

The next month I took out these dogs in company with their sire, and they seemed to hunt about as well as the old dog, who was one of the best in the State. Like him, they were liver colored, with a white spot on the chest, but their dispositions were wholly unlike. Don was high spirited and stubborn, requiring frequent correction, while Hal was timid, and needed encouragement. We hunted them that season, and they turned out to be the best brace of dogs I ever saw.

Next summer, the usual senseless panic about mad dogs taking place in the city, the police were ordered to strew poison about the streets, and both Don and Hal, escaping one night from their kennel, were poisoned. Had they lived they would, I think, have proved equal to their sire (Phil), who performed in his day all the remarkable feats recorded of pointers—such as pointing birds while bringing a dead one in his mouth, and coming to a point on the top of a fence, the scent having struck his nose as he mounted it. I have also seen him, when grouse were running before him and would not stop, deliberately back out from his point, and taking a circuit meet and bring them to a stand. He was also a good retriever, and though not fond of the water would plunge in and bring out game if there was no other way of getting it.

Being a great favorite with his master, he was allowed to live in the store, and so well did he understand the meaning of language that if his master asked him in the most common tone of voice, "Want to go hunting, Phil?" he would spring to his feet and rush about barking in great excitement till the wagon was brought to the door, when he would jump in and coil himself away under the seat. In his younger days no amount of work was too much for him in the field, and he preferred to go to it on foot, and would trot along the road under the horse's belly, where he knew he was safe from the attack of hostile dogs. He would fight savagely when he saw fit to do so, and often came home wounded, when he would go to his master whining to have his wounds dressed, clearly understanding the process, and never wincing at the pain of the operation. Being known as the best dog in the town, he was frequently stolen, but never remained long away, coming home travel soiled and weary, with a rope round his neck, which he had gnawed off and escaped. He was so fond of the sport that he would go out with almost any one who carried a gun, but if his temporary master proved to be a bad shot he would leave him with contempt. His qualities were inherited by his descendants, many of whom may be recognized in northern Illinois by their resemblance to him.

S. C. CLARKE.

NOTE.—The instance here referred to was first printed in FOREST AND STREAM, and thence transferred to the columns of *Land and Water*, which gave us credit. It was printed in a letter from our Jackson, Mississippi, correspondent. We thank Mr. Clarke for these additional very interesting incidents.—[Ed.]

—We notice in the *Field* that quite a number of fatal accidents have occurred in dogs from the use of santonine as a method for curing worms. Though we have ourselves

seen santonine given to dogs, and without ill effects, we have been chary of recommending it. The parallelism between human beings and dogs, as to their power of taking medicines, is not always the same, and santonine is not the only medicine which has this different power on animals. Recent cases are cited in the *Field* where a quantity of santonine, one to two grains, having been administered, resulted in the death of valuable puppies. We should therefore advise our readers not to use santonine for their dogs. In former numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM will be found several simple and harmless medicines. The best remedy, we think, is turpentine, strengthened with a drop or so of worm seed oil, mixed with castor oil. We have just had a puppy cured of worms, at least for the present, by using this method. It is quite probable that the pests will return again, when we will redose him. Some cases of the hurtful use of carbolic acid are also mentioned when used for mange. We believe when carbolic acid is employed with care, well diluted with water, made quite weak, and thoroughly mixed mechanically with the water, it can do no harm even to a puppy. After all, a good salve of lard and flour of sulphur almost always cures ordinary mange, though we have no objection to using carbolic acid in a weak solution well agitated. Will some of our numerous canophilic friends give us their experience?

CHAMPION POINTER DOG "BELLE."—The engraving of this remarkable dog, the champion of England for 1873, the winner of the great Bala Field trials, for all aged pointers and setters, beating Mr. Macdonald's Ranger, Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Flax, Mr. Slatter's Rob Roy, &c., &c., with pedigree, and points made in the trial appended, sent by mail. Price, \$1. Discount to the trade. FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Co., 103 Fulton street, N. Y.

—A farmer at Augusta, Ga., lately discovered that his dog was in the habit of milking a fine cow.

The Magazines.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

A LARK'S song dropped from heaven,
A rose's breath at noon;
A still, sweet stream that flows and flows
Beneath a still, sweet moon:

A little way-side flower
Plucked from the grasses, thus—
A sound, a breath, a glance—and yet
What is it they bring to us?

For the world grows far too wise,
And wisdom is but grief;
Much thought makes but a weary way,
And question, unbelief.

Thank God for the bird's song,
And for the flower's breath!
Thank God for any voice to wake
The old sweet hymn of faith!

For a world grown all too wise,
(Or is it not wise enough?)
Thank God for anything that makes
The path less dark and rough!

INA D. COOLBRITH—Overland.

THE BERMUDAS.

THE soil of Bermuda is most fertile. It produces year after year, without the high manuring or long rests of other soils. The seaweed or kelp that everywhere floats into its bays and coves is the common fertilizer. It is the flotsam and jetsam of the waves, which all the planters have free access to, without tithe or toll. Two kinds of potato, the sweet and the white, and two crops of each can be grown each year. The delicate white potato that comes to us in the early spring from the Bermudas lacks the faculty which Mr. Toots valued so highly in his wife. It cannot repeat or reproduce itself. It is the poorest of propagators, and every year the common Mercers, or other potatoes of Ohio or Illinois, are sent to Bermuda to be planted, and in a few months come back to us the pink and thinskin delicacies so much affected by the New York palate. The growing of vegetables for the markets of the United States is fast becoming the chief business of Bermuda. A few of the onions from there find their way to the West Indies, and the bulk of the arrowroot goes to London. But with these exceptions, the garden produce comes this way, and in the spring, before our home markets send their supplies, the streets and wharves of the Bermuda towns are awakened from their usual dulness, and are crowded and bustling, and the supreme energy and effort of the year are displayed in packing, forwarding, and shipping their potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and other delicacies to New York and other ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

It must be understood that it is not always calm and smooth weather in Bermuda. The winds have the islands almost as much at their mercy as a ship at sea, and there are frequent breezes too strong for any but the best boats to venture out in, and occasional storms and hurricanes that carry havoc and destruction in their track. But the characteristic of the climate is its softness, and the nights as well as the days can, with few exceptions, be enjoyed "in the open" with safety and comfort.

The visitor to Bermuda who seeks the pleasures and excitements of cities will be disappointed. If he does not enjoy boating and fishing; if he tires soon of the same walks and rides; if he does not need the compensations of warmth and convalescence; if his nature be altogether busy and restive, and not given to meditative moods, then, probably his days will be tedious. There are no operas or theatres, none of the contrivances of larger cities for helping or improving time. The place is small, simple, and unpretentious; the people are kind, hospitable, and unaffected in their tastes and habits. Good and sufficient food can always be had, and clean and comfortable lodging, at prices that need not alarm people of moderate means.—*The Sanitarian*

MONKEYS ON THE GOLD COAST.

I HAVE as yet scarcely made mention of the numerous species of monkey and ape which are to be found on the Guinea coast. Truth to tell, I have an invincible repugnance to shooting these poor creatures. Their gestures are so human, and their distress and amazement when wounded so touching, that I can scarcely dissociate their destruction from murder. It is true that I have on one or two occasions shot them—once or twice because we were reduced to seek them as food, and their slaughter became a matter of absolute need. This happened up the Porto Novo Lagoon, near Lagos, where H. M. S. — had unfortunately grounded on a sand-bank, and the people of the neighboring villages, being both poor and unfriendly to us, could not or would not supply us with fresh provisions. I am not aware of the species of monkey we killed and ate; it was of about the size of the Diana monkey, and rather like it, although by no means so beautiful as that handsomest of the Simia. They were generally to be found from dawn to seven o'clock a. m. up the palm trees (*Elias guineensis*), devouring the rich nuts; and they certainly appeared to thrive upon them, for no rabbit had ever tenderer or more succulent flesh than these little rascals. They were usually stewed or curried, and were excellent to those who could overcome their prejudice; and those whose stomachs were too squeamish were few in number, as a lengthened course of "salt horse," as Jack calls it, rarely fails to render any fresh meat a welcome addition to the table. The last monkey I shot was, I regret to say, for "sport;" and I vowed I never would shoot another wantonly. I was wandering about in a sort of little grove near Lagos, when in the tall trees above me I saw a large troop, headed by a very patriarch, with a long white beard and whiskers. I could not resist trying an "Eley" at him, and shot him through the body. As he fell at my feet I shall never forget the mingled expression of mild reproach and agony that he turned upon me, as he sat with one hand supporting his side over the wound. I confess to having felt a very Cain; and as, in mercy to the poor animal, I procured a heavy stake to knock him over the head and end his sufferings, my feelings were of a most painful nature—the more so as he was difficult to kill, being a powerful brute. No! I never will again kill a monkey for sport!

I except from this the tyrant of the Gaboon forests, the terrible gorilla, as it appears to be a task attended with considerable danger to hunt him out and attack him, and there seems to be more fair play in the matter. The huge and savage mandril, too, which is found in the countries bordering the Volta, and the gigantic ursine baboon, would doubtless be formidable enemies to tackle; and I have heard many tales of their ferocity from the natives, who appear to dread them. The latter animal, I have been informed, being solitary, is not uncommonly captured alive with the aid of dogs, who distract his attention from the hunters. I saw an immense female, I should say over four feet in height, in an iron-barred room at Cape Coast. They had attempted to secure her, having borrowed an iron chain from the prison, such as refractory prisoners wear for security; but she snapped it like a carrot.—*The Field*.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traps, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous Communications not Noticed.]

W. H. H., Hartford, Conn.—We can procure you the setter pup you want. Price \$25.

J. G. A., New York.—See instructions "Moccasins" in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 20. Any good bootmaker.

YOLO, Philadelphia.—The whole question of using hair triggers was explained in an editorial of this paper, Nov. 12.

D. L. BODGE, Bald Mountain.—The address of F. Wesson's Breech-loading Rifle is "F. Wesson, Worcester, Mass." Peabody Rifle manufactured by the Providence Arm Co., Providence, R. I.

W. H., Boston, Mass.—What would you deliver in Boston a first-class setter dog for; a young, staunch, steady animal for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting in New England cover? Ans. For \$80.

W. M. H., New York.—The astronomical telescope, with books on astronomy, you can procure by writing to E. H. Madison, 546 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

INDIA RUBBER, Germantown, Pa.—The decoys you speak of will not last any length of time. They require constant painting. See FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 11, under "Shot Gun and Rifle."

R. S. N., Salem, Mass.—The weight of the Jack curlew is correct. His bill measured 1½ in., his legs 9½ in., and the body, with the head and legs cut off, weighed 2 lbs. 11 oz. I call it the great solitary Jack Curlew. C. B.

GREENY.—1st. Does a pin fire shoot as well as a central fire gun? Ans. No. 2d. What size bore is best for general use (excluding duck shooting)? Ans. No. 12. 3d. Does a muzzle loader shoot stronger than a breech-loader? Ans. No. 4th. Can metal shells be used in pin fire guns? Ans. Mechanically, yes; ordinarily, no.

J. S. K., Paterson, N. J.—Where can I go with a good chance of seeing and killing a bear? Ans. We don't know anything about the killing, but if you wish to see a bear, take H. R. R. for Kingston, which connects with the Rondout R. R. for Shokan, distance 17 miles; thence by private conveyance to Watson Hollow; ask to see C. Akert, the bear hunter, he will put you through, and most likely the bear also.

W. A. B., Harvard University.—In regard to the weight of lions and tigers when kept in menageries, we are of the opinion that they are mostly thinner than their brothers who range freely in the country. We are sure of having seen somewhere this fact stated, and that in a state of nature a tiger would weigh fully one-fourth heavier than when in captivity. Of course the nature of the *felidae* is changed in the narrow boxes we are forced to confine them in. The question of having open space for them was agitated in England, but was abandoned.

DE H. X., Hartford, Conn.—The method of capturing monkeys by making them drunk is frequently cited. In Mansfield Parkyn's travels in Abyssinia it is stated that the plan adopted by the Arabs of Taka, is to take large jars of the common country beer, sweetened with dates, drugged with the juice of the oscher (*aselepias arborea*), and to leave them in the neighborhood of where the monkeys come to drink. The monkeys drink largely and soon fall asleep, and are taken senseless by the Arabs. We may state, however, that Parkyn's book, to us, has always partaken of the mythical character. Facts of this character, though very probable, are not positively reliable.

NEWCOMB.—We are glad you are so guileless as not to know what a "set line" is. It is a poacher's contrivance, but is most useful to the sportsman at times, when fish can be caught in no other way. It is merely a stout cod line from 100 to 1,000 feet in length, to which short lines are attached at intervals of twenty feet or so, baited, and made to reach within three or four feet of the bottom. It is stretched across the entrance to coves and bights to which fish resort. It is supported by buoys. When a sufficient time has elapsed for the desired fish to hook themselves, it is overrun and the catch taken off, the hooks rebaited, and the whole set again. Live minnows are the best bait.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS,
AND THE INOCULATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1873.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,

Managing Editor.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HO! a Christmas greeting to the patrons of FOREST AND STREAM! What though the woods are bare and cheerless, the water-courses bound by fetters of ice, and the whole earth covered with snow? A cheery greeting, for all that, to those who burn the Yule log and brighten their homes with the holly and yew. They say these days are the embers of the dying year; then kindle the flames of life and love anew. Light up the candles that gleam in the branches of evergreen. Hang Christmas boxes on every bough. Make every one happy, old and young. Rejoice! for to-day THE CHILD is born that promises the redemption of the world!

What joyous festivities ever attend the recurrence of this hallowed natal day! By merrie old England, with its roast beef and plum-pudding, its hounds and hounds, and its pealing chimes from solemn Westminster; by the pontifical hosts who crowd the aisles of St. Peter's at Rome; by the Muscovites who raise the emblem of the cross on every street and highway; by the straight-laced Puritans of New England, with their tables that groan with turkeys, pumpkin pies, and cranberry sauce; by the cavaliers of old Virginia, who celebrate with tournament, fox-chase, and turkey shooting; by the exuberant negroes of the far South, to whom these holidays were always an especial season; by all throughout the length and breadth of the civilized globe where Christianity is recognized, this sublime Holiday is welcomed with a zest and manifestations that greet no other. Chief among its customs and observances is the interchange of presents. It is a most befitting custom, and conducive of good-will and enduring friendship. But this year, it is said, old Santa Claus is poor. His usually pleroric stocking is out at the heel. He drives but a sorry team, and his chuckle is less merry than usual, when he is wont to cram the bags of the youngsters that hang in the chimneys. But what does this signify? We will give the old fellow credit for past favors and best intentions, and still be jolly. Our resources for pleasure are boundless and varied, and none of them all are more enjoyed than those which the open air affords—the jingle of the bells over the crisp and creaking snow, the ring of the gleaming skate on the polished ice, the wild hunt in the forest, the dash after Reynard, and the numberless pastimes in vogue from north to south. And so, to all rosy-cheeked lasses impatiently waiting for Christmas boxes, to all lovers of roast beef and plum pudding, to sweethearts and swains neath the mistletoe, to the piously devout who observe the day as sacred to all its hallowed recollections, to the jolly roysterers who fill their bumpers to old Kriss Kringle, to the butchers, the bakers, the lamplighters, the

news carriers, the bell-ringers, the pastry cooks, the confectioners, the ear-men, the rag-men, the beggars, the dominies, the everybody who is expecting a good dinner and kindly remembrances on this welcome anniversary, we wish a right jolly, thumping MERRY CHRISTMAS. Hurrah for Santa Claus, Saint Nicholas, Kriss Kringle, and all the rest of the mystic crew—for "Christmas comes but once a year!"

ENGLAND VS. AMERICA.

CHALLENGE TO OWNERS OF POINTERS AND SETTERS.

THE publication in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM of the challenge thrown out to all American sportsmen by Mr. Price, of Bala, Wales, who is desirous of testing the comparative merits of English and American pointers and setters, has excited considerable attention, having been copied by all the leading journals in the United States.

The straightforward tone of the challenge and its liberality, are characteristic of the gentlemen sportsmen of England. As was stated in our last issue, it is all very well to expatiate on color, form, appearance and fineness of breeding, but the real crucial test, the positive action, hearing and manner of the dog in the field, when in presence of the game, is the only thing worth earing for. Dog shows are of course admirable in their way, as far as the judgment of experts can go as determining those ideal proportions which should always accompany certain marked breed of dogs. But from some quite extensive experience in dog shows, and bowing to the opinions of the best judges, it has often come to our notice that the handsomest dogs were not the best. The field trials at Bala, North Wales, have inaugurated a most novel, interesting method of testing the actual hunting qualities of the pointer and setter, and the only one which is practical. At Bala, the intuitive instinct of the dog is tested, and to it is added the education, the training he has received from man, his master.

Mr. Price, in offering this friendly match, proposes to adhere to the rules which governed the Bala contest, and offers as arbitrators of the trial such distinguished names as Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart., and Viscount Combermere. A certain fixed standard of excellence of performance is decided on. The nose, as allowing fine shading of scent, is placed at 30. Pace and style of hunting at 20; breaking at 20; pointing (style and steadiness) at 15; backing, 10; drawing on game or roading, (not attended to as much as it should be by our sportsmen with their dogs in the United States,) at 15. It will be seen by the performance of Belle that with a possible 100 points, she was within 2½ points of being perfection, her total excellence being 97½.

We have already received numerous letters asking for information as to the rules and regulations which govern field trials, which rules, &c., we will shortly publish.

In order to give our own sportsmen who own pointers and setters some insight as regards field trials, we publish an account from the London *Field* of the trial of Belle, the winner: "Belle and Grouse" were expected to do a great thing, but their attention was first riveted to some snipe on boggy wet ground. The bitch made a false point or two, which the judges did not lay much stress on, as birds had probably been there, and she cleverly puzzled out the scent, and waded up to a brace of close-lying young grouse in high heather. The dog was never in it, and let the other do all the work. He possesses some style in pointing, but is slow and clumsy in ranging, wanting more go and finish. As to the bitch, she is almost our *beau idéal* of a broken pointer—a pleasure to shoot over and a treat to see, making sport delightful, and walking up birds murder. "Belle" dropped to shot when a drawn bird was knocked down, and then got two consecutive points. They didn't put any birds up, though it was thought probable that they would. For one hour and a quarter chance held the scales, and it required great discrimination and knowledge of sport to pick the winner, which knowledge the judges fortunately possessed. The flag was run up in honor of "Belle;" and to avoid disputes, and to settle bets, Countess and Rob Roy fought it out for the third place, and the bitch having improved a little, won it.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

IN *La Chasse Illustrée*, we find not only a most ingenious but interesting article on the subject of the migration of birds, where the idea is developed of bringing into use the telegraph, in order that we may better study their movements. With the prime instinct of the birds to move their quarters from North to South, and vice versa, we have nothing to do, but it may not be impossible to study the direction of their flight, and give the reasons for their alighting on certain favored localities and not on others.

Two causes very probably induce migrating birds to settle. First, the necessity of food, in order to replace forces exhausted by a long travel, or to gain strength for renewed flight. This would induce birds to stop on their journey at points where food was most abundant, and the best adapted to their tastes. Secondly, birds of passage fly with the wind, that is when they can; but when the wind is adverse, they sometimes, but not always, alight. In fact, the advent of birds, even their residence in certain quarters, and the duration if they stay, seems to depend very frequently on meteorological causes. Now, all that is wanted, as proposed by our French contemporary, is to have some central office, and by means of telegraphic communications to study the movements of the birds and the

conditions of the atmosphere. For instance, the wind off the coast of British America, on the 10th of September, might be blowing from South to North, the probability then would be that the ducks, geese and wild fowl would be slow in coming to our shores. Now, if on the contrary, the winds on the whole coast had been blowing from North to South, the advent of ducks, brant and geese might be earlier than usual.

The migrations of inland birds might also be studied in this way, not only to the profit of the sportsman but of the naturalist. Questions in regard to the capricious movements of that most uncertain bird, the woodcock, taking into account both its opportunity of procuring food in certain localities, and the effects of wind and temperature, might help us better to understand their coming and going.

In an early number of the FOREST AND STREAM we wrote in regard to the influences of temperature on fish, as directing their movements, and that fishermen studied the meteorological reports with advantage. The benefits we already derive from Maury's system of weather reports may still have further development, and it is not at all impossible that the ideas of our French contemporary may be quite practical. As was remarked before by us, the advantages to be derived from the solution of any scientific fact are immense, and practical benefits derived from it extend in directions which were at first unthought of.

THE FORESTS AND THEIR EFFECTS ON MAN.

THAT the effects of moisture have a marked influence on the physical condition of man, is we believe pretty clearly established. If we contrast the stature of the Englishman living in a country surcharged with moisture, with the Arab living in the arid plain where rain but rarely falls, we have the two extremes of man, considered in an animal sense. Questions of moral or mental power, do not enter into this question, though that some effects, of an incorporeal nature, are closely allied to a corporeal condition, seems quite evident. If some of the careful observers, of the meteorological conditions of the United States in reference to the physical condition of its inhabitants have already advanced the somewhat bold idea that the drying up of the face of the country caused by the destruction of the forests has already had an effect upon the health and longevity of the people, and that there is a tendency towards increasing degeneracy, we are not prepared exactly to agree with them. The anthropological studies of the American race have not yet commenced. There can be no comparison made yet of our own people, for the reason that we are too young, and that we have no standard of our own to go by. The inhabitants of the United States are composed of such mixed elements that for centuries to come there can be no types. We differ, too, in another important respect, from all other nations. If it was possible to imagine a peculiar race of beings, as for instance the Basque people, who having a certain definite physical form and language, men and women who have preserved their type by isolation for 1000 years, such an accident is utterly impossible in the United States, where men wander to and fro every day, and where that novel factor, locomotion, or the ease with which a man can move, has undoubtedly everything to do in preventing the creation of any fixed rules of size or corporeal proportion. Yet the effects of the ruthless destruction of the forest, and the consequent depriving of the soil of the requisite degree of moisture, may certainly have even at the present, minor local effects. The quality of food a man eats may have more to do than we think for with his physical and mental qualities. The humidity of the atmosphere, as was remarked by Dr. T. C. Duncan, of Chicago, has a marked influence upon the vigor and fruitfulness of both animals and plants, and therefore the effects of this great and growing change on the face of the country, and its climatic and meteorological condition upon our people, is worthy of the attention and study of men of science.

If the effects of this denudation of the soil, this absolute stripping the ground of all its natural covering, by cutting away ruthlessly, inconsiderately, all the forests, does not today make itself felt but in a minor degree, it has within itself a latent and accumulative power for working ill, not only to man, but to his works, which may be developed in a few years hence. The absence of rain fall in any section of country, is sufficient to deter civilization. Whole broad areas of this good country of ours, will very probably be in the condition of barren wastes some years hence, regions which years ago, when they were covered with the forests, rejoiced in the falling showers. "The Government, land owners, private individuals, should encourage the growth of timber in barren regions," writes Dr. Duncan, and prevent the clearing off of whole belts of timber where the face of the country would be materially affected thereby.

THE FOREST AND STREAM SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—We fully appreciate the high compliment paid to the FOREST AND STREAM, by the fact that a club has been formed with the title of the "Forest and Stream Sportsmen's Club," at Brainerd, Crow Wing Co., Minnesota. As we have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with several members of the club, and know them to be thorough sportsmen, we feel certain that the name these gentlemen have given to their club will be upheld with all honor. We trust to hear frequently from the club, and it will give us pleasure to record their prowess.

—Lake Erie is the home of thirty-five varieties of fish.

MACKINAC ISLAND AS A PARK.

WE most especially recommend to the notice of Congress the measure introduced at the last session by Senator Ferry at Michigan, as to the expediency of dedicating to the public use as a park the Island of Mackinac, now held by the United States as a military reservation. This most beautiful Island, situated on Lake Huron, just at the entrance of the Straits, which connect the two grand Lakes of Huron and Michigan, is some 320 miles from Detroit, and lies almost directly in the way of the tourists and travelers who take the great fresh water road to Lake Superior. The Island of Mackinac is celebrated for the magnificence of its scenery. Covered mostly with a grand old forest, which has so far escaped pretty much the ruthless axeman, it lies placidly on the deep blue waters of the lake. It has certain peculiarities which would make the preservation of the Island for public use a most fitting one. From its geological formation, and from its configuration, sloping to the water in some places, and with high bluffs in other parts, it has a remarkable water drainage. When you go to Mackinac, no matter how hard it may rain, in two or three hours afterwards, as if by magic, the ground is dry. Mackinac would then, of all places, from its salubrious climate, be an Elysium for those afflicted with pulmonary diseases. As a place of public resort from its situation, within easy reach of Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis, and other great north-western centres, the preservation of this Island would be hailed with untold satisfaction.

Measures of this character are as wise as they are thoughtful. The worthy Senator from Michigan is not thinking only of to-day but of to-morrow, not of us alone belonging to the last quarter of the 19th century, but for those who will come a hundred years after us. Surely if our cities make appropriations for breathing places in their midst, why should not the government imitate their example on a grander scale? There is land enough for us all, and since the Yellow Stone Park has been appropriated to public use for the inhabitants of the Pacific slope, why should we not have a grand Park for the North.

In this particular instance, the Island of Mackinac belonging to the United States, and necessitating no outlay on the part of the government a concession of the character as proposed by Mr. Ferry, could not meet with any possible objections. If from the position of Mackinac it might be of use at some future day as a strategic point, there is no reason why it could not be made to serve for this purpose, for such is nature's cunning, and so charmingly does she deck herself with her native bravery, that festoons of creepers and fern might cover battlements and gun embrasures, and none be the wiser nor the Island the less beautiful.

The FOREST AND STREAM most strongly advocates the founding of National Parks and thinks the people cannot have too many of them.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—A physician says the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

The Tribune has a graceful column devoted to some new incidents in the life of the great naturalist, Agassiz, evidently written by one who knew him well. We give one of them:

"One day from my window I noticed a horse that had been carelessly hitched, had worked himself loose, and, having moved a little way out in the street, seemed inclined to go off with an empty wagon. A student and a minister of the gospel in turn passed that way, but neither made any effort to keep this horse from straying. Presently I saw Agassiz coming down the avenue, apparently absorbed in deep thought, his eyes bent upon the ground. He stopped when he got to the horse, and, without seeming to take his thought off the subject on which he was engaged, picked up the hitching-strap, tied the horse, and went on, leaving the owner ignorant that anybody had done him a favor."

ALL ABOUT A FRENCH HORN.—It is no easy task to wind the French Horn—or even a cornet-a-piston—not mentioning the trombone or the ophicleyde, without throwing a certain amount of moisture into the embouchure—or mouth-piece. How strange that not exactly a name—for the St. Simons has always been illustrious in French annals—but that the fortunate career of this noble family may be said to have arisen from the neatness with which one of its members could blow the calls for the hunt on the cor de chasse. It is told that Louis XIII, when hunting, would only take St. Simon's horn to blow through, because St. Simon's breath was sweet, and for the reason, besides, that there never was any saliva in the mouth-piece.

THE COMING MAN.

WE have had occasion from time to time in discussing the many topics which come within the scope of our Journal to treat of that most important one, the future physical and mental condition of the American people. This subject was forcibly presented to our minds when reading Lieutenant Butler's book, "The Great Lone Land." Speaking of the tired, travel-stained crowd of men and women seeking their western homes in this land of ours, some fair-haired with the pure Scandinavian type, others with the dark lustrous locks of the South of Europe, this great mixture of Celt and Saxon, Teuton and Dane, of Fin and Goth, of old Roman and Greek, the author wonders how this huge machine of American civilization will grind up this heterogeneous mass, and what will be the character of the future compound. Certainly the world never has witnessed such a gigantic fusion. We may philosophise as we please, but men and races have their marked different characteristics—some of them, too, right sharply defined. The gold, the brass, the silver, the lead, the dross, have all their living prototypes, and when they are thrown together, in this seething furnace of ours, one cannot help but speculate as to what shall be the final ring of the metal that comes from it all.

Are the worst characteristics, the idiosyncracies of each nationality, to be tempered or bettered? Are we to have nobler, stronger and higher instincts engendered? Are certain human families, like particular plants, which indigenous to some soil, take stronger root when transplanted, and throw out more vigorous branches, laden in their time of fruitage with richer, riper fruits? Will the German, the Swiss, develop for his foster mother, stronger bonds of attachment, than those which once held him to his Rhine or Alp? Are we to have worked out in the United States the wonderful problem of regeneration of the human race? There is a dull heavy morbid philosophy, and a narrow-sighted one which dreads change, that fears the coming of this future race; that trembles at the old natural decomposition, which must inevitably occur before the newer elements can arise! Let us hope that this transition may be a gradual one, and without shock or clash.

What then we may expect from this newer type of man, no man can tell. It seemed, ten years ago, that the Celtic forms might physically shape our future race; but to-day, the Teuton element, if our statistics are to be trusted, seems to be getting the predominance. European political changes will have the most momentous effects on our future generations. There is not a petty difference abroad, from the raising of a groschen, a centime or a halfpenny on the pound of bread, not a contest from a miserable barricade of a few factious blouses in Paris, to the dire shock of armed forces, hurled by the hundreds of thousands against each other in Europe, which does not effect us instantly. As this year of our Lord, 1873, passes away and is numbered among the things that have been, we await the coming years with hope. We are all in God's hands. Misery may be meted to some, happiness to others. All nations are as individuals, and the Almighty holds in his hands their destinies.

In this great land of ours, with its limitless extent of country, there is room for all comers. They will shape themselves by some natural process, so simple, that though it be a mystery to us now how it can be done, our children wiser than ourselves will see in it only the most natural of sequences. We pray though most especially at this season, remembering the holy coming of our Lord. "Peace and happiness to all men."

—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker were the centres of attraction at the late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held in London on the 9th of this month. Sir Samuel Baker, after having been welcomed by Sir Bartle Frere, gave a *viva voce* narrative of his famous exhibition. He briefly sketched his exploration into Central Africa, and the many difficulties encountered, and though but dwelling lightly on his own personal prowess, all who heard him were convinced that the success of the undertaking was mainly due to his own pluck, courage and indomitable energy. So thought, undoubtedly, the Prince of Wales, who concluded the ovation to Sir Samuel Baker and his Lady with quite an able speech.

—All our new subscribers express their pleasure at the excellence of the articles they have received as prizes by accepting our most liberal terms. See advertisement. Skates, guns, rifles, fishing rods, prints, books, &c., given to all new subscribers to the FOREST AND STREAM.

—"The gun you sent me is just what I want, handy and serviceable. It did not give me much trouble to get up the club for the FOREST AND STREAM," writes one of our young subscribers. See our Prize List.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS, OFFICE OF MENAGERIE, New York, Dec. 20, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—List of animals donated to Central Park Managerie for week ending Dec. 19, 1873:—

One Apella Monkey, *Cebus apella*, Hab. Brazil, presented by Mrs. Fred. Lewis, N. Y. city; two Canada Porcupines, *Erethizon dorsatus*, captured at last end of Hoosac Tunnel. Presented by Mr. J. H. Blood. W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

QUESTION FOR CHRISTMAS COOKS.—What is the difference between dressing and stuffing? The first comes before church, and the last after church, at dinner.

CREEDMOOR.

THE SCORES AT CREEDMOOR FOR THE SEASON OF 1873.

We resume in this issue the scores at Creedmoor. For commencement of same see FOREST AND STREAM, No. 18 of December 11. In our last in giving the score of the Amateur Rifle Club, we were unable to obtain the names of the rifles used by the contestants for the badge; we now furnish this necessary data.

ABBREVIATIONS FOR NAMES OF RIFLE.

R. M.—Remington Military. Spg.—Springfield.
R. S.—Remington Sporting. Ber.—Berdan.
Shr.—Sharpe. Bal.—Ballard.
W. B.—Ward Burton. Win.—Winchester.
May.—Maynard. M. l.—Muzzle Loader.

NAME.	Age.	No. of shots.	Average.	Rifle.
J. P. M. Richards.....	106	28	3.57	Sharpe.
Robert Omand.....	25	28	3.57	
John Bodine*.....	97	28	3.46	M. & Rem. Sportg.
George W. Wingate.....	72	21	3.42	Rem. Sporting.
L. L. Hepburn.....	23	7	3.28	Rem. Sporting.
And. S. Fowle.....	68	21	3.23	Rem. Sporting.
J. S. Coulin.....	45	14	2.21	Sharpe and M. l.
George W. Hamilton.....	41	14	3.1	Sharpe.
Bethel Burton.....	65	21	3.09	Ward-Burton.
G. W. Yale.....	65	21	3.09	Sharpe.
S. J. Kellogg, Jr.....	43	14	3.07	Rem. Sporting.
A. V. Canfield, Jr.....	42	14	3.	Rem. Sporting.
And. Anderson.....	19	7	2.858	Sharpe.
A. Pyle.....	80	28	2.857	Rem. Sporting.
William Robertson.....	97	35	2.7	Rem. Sporting.
Hen. Fulton.....	75	28	2.6	Sharpe.
H. A. Gildersleeve.....	36	14	2.57	Rem. Sporting.
W. H. Richards.....	18	7	2.57	Rem. Sporting.
L. C. Bruce.....	53	21	2.52	Sharpe.
J. Ross.....	17	7	2.4	Sharpe.
L. W. Ballard.....	17	7	2.4	Rem. Sporting.
J. T. B. Collins.....	28	14	2.	Rem. Sporting.
Other competitors.....	255	168		

*First match Metford; 2d and 3d matches Rem. Sporting.

"TURF, FIELD AND FARM" MATCHES FOR THE SEASON OF 1873.

Distance, 200 yards; any rifle; position, standing.

FIRST MATCH—Aug. 2. SECOND MATCH—Aug. 29.

Name.	Rifle.	Score.	Total.	Name.	Rifle.	Score.	Total.
J. Bodine.....	R S	3434418	18	G. W. Wingate.....	Bal.	4444218	18
W. F. Robertson.....	R S	3334416	16	L. Backer.....	R M	3344317	17
J. T. B. Collins.....	Bal.	3332416	16	W. Robertson.....	R S	4334317	17
J. Eddington.....	R S	3432315	15	B. Burton.....	W B	4333316	16
H. Fulton.....	May	3333214	14	H. Fulton.....	May	3333416	16
J. E. McEwen.....	R S	3333214	14	E. Brower.....	Shr.	3333315	15
B. Burton.....	W B	3432314	14	H. Meday.....		3333315	15
T. S. Dakin.....	R M	2333414	14	A. Anderson.....	Win.	3333315	15
W. G. Burton.....	W B	3332314	14	asa Farr.....	Bal.	4233315	15
Leon Backer.....	R M	2333314	14	A. J. Roux.....	R M	3432315	15
P. Klein.....	R S	2334314	14	T. Henderson.....		3333314	14
A. S. Fowle.....	M l.	2332313	13	J. P. M. Richards.....	Shr.	3333214	14
G. A. Strube.....	W B	2332313	13	Alex Pyle.....	R S	2333314	14
Major Constable.....	Win	2332313	13	A. Fowle.....	M l.	2432314	14
A. Pyle.....	R S	2332313	13	C. F. Robbins.....	Bal.	4232314	14
W. J. Harding.....	R M	2332312	12	W. J. Carmichael.....	R M	2343214	14
T. H. Banckle.....	R M	2332312	12	J. Eddington.....	R S	4332314	14
asa Farr.....	Bal.	3222312	12	P. Klein.....	R S	2422414	14
S. S. Kellogg, Jr.....	May	3222312	12	A. Alford.....	R S	3422213	13
W. Hellicr.....	R S	2224212	12	G. W. Yale.....	Shr.	2233313	13
L. C. Bruce.....	Bal.	3322212	12	A. Robertson.....	R S	3233213	13
A. Alford.....	R S	2304312	12	J. Bodine.....	R S	3232413	13
G. W. Wingate.....	R S	3222312	12	J. Campbell.....		3232313	13
J. L. Price.....		3222312	12	J. Buchanan.....		3224213	13
J. B. Dewson.....		2222311	11	D. Cameron.....	R S	3232313	13
C. F. Robbins.....	Bal.	2222210	10	W. G. Burton.....	W B	3242213	13
H. Davis.....		0322310	10	E. H. Madison.....	R S	3330312	12
T. Lloyd.....	Bal.	220206	6	G. Crouch.....	May	2232312	12
T. Lloyd.....	Bal.	2232312	12	T. Lloyd.....	Bal.	2232312	12
T. H. Banckle.....	R M	2322312	12	General Dakin.....	R M	2322211	11
Adj. Murphy.....	R M	3222211	11	Adj. Murphy.....	R M	3222211	11
J. E. McEwen.....	R S	2222311	11	J. E. McEwen.....	R S	2222311	11
T. B. Fish.....	Allen	2023310	10	T. B. Fish.....	Allen	2023310	10
J. T. B. Collins.....	Bal.	3022210	10	J. T. B. Collins.....	Bal.	3022210	10
J. Schermerhorn.....	R M	202229	9	J. Schermerhorn.....	R M	202229	9
L. C. Bruce.....	Bal.	202228	8	L. C. Bruce.....	Bal.	202228	8

THIRD MATCH—Sept. 27.

FOURTH MATCH—Oct. 24

Name.	Rifle.	Score.	Total.	Name.	Rifle.	Score.	Total.
L. M. Ballard.....	R S	3342416	16	L. M. Ballard.....	R S	3342416	16
F. M. McMillan.....	R M	2244416	16	F. M. McMillan.....	WB	2443316	16
B. Burton.....	W B	2443316	16	B. Burton.....	W B	2443316	16
J. V. Meserole.....		3333315	15	J. E. McEwen.....	R S	3244215	15
A. Pyle.....		3323415	15	A. Pyle.....	R S	3323415	15
J. E. McEwen.....	R S	3244215	15	Ed Browe.....	S S	3324315	15
E. H. Sanford.....	S S	3333315	15	N. Engel.....	R M	3343215	15
A. Anderson.....	W S	3343215	15	A. Anderson.....	Win	3343215	15
E. Browe.....	S S	3324315	15	E. N. Sanford.....	Shr.	3333315	15
N. Engel.....	R S	3343215	15	Gen. J. V. Meserole.....	May	3333315	15
J. L. Price.....	Shr	3332314	14	Sergt. Collins.....	Spg	3232314	14
H. Fulton.....	May	3232414	14	H. Fulton.....	May	3232414	14
Sergt. Collins.....	Spg	3223414	14	L. Packer.....	R M	3233314	14
L. Backer.....	R M	3323314	14	J. L. Price.....	Shr.	3332314	14
J. T. B. Collins.....	R S	3332314	14	J. T. B. Collins.....	R S	3332314	14
G. W. Wingate.....	R S	3340414	14	G. W. Wingate.....	R S	3340414	14
W. Robertson.....	R M	3222413	13	W. Robertson.....	R M	3222413	13
Sergt. Henderson.....	R	2332313	13	A. Alford.....	R S	2332313	13
C. F. Robbins.....	B	3322313	13	Sergt. Henderson.....	R M	2332313	13
A. Alford.....	R S	2332313	13	C. F. Robbins.....	Bal.	3322313	13
J. Bodine.....	R	3322313	13	J. Bodine.....	R S	3322313	13
R. Hickman.....	Spg	2223212	12	H. A. Gildersleeve.....	R S	2223212	12
T. Lloyd.....	S M	2223212	12	T. Lloyd.....	Shr.	2223212	12
A. R. Warner.....	R S	2232212	12	A. V. Canfield.....	R M	2232212	12
S. J. Kellogg, Jr.....	M	2232212	12	S. J. Kellogg.....	May	2232212	12
E. W. Price.....	R S	2232212	12	E. W. Price.....	R S	2232212	12
A. V. Canfield, Jr.....	R M	2232212	12	R. Hickman.....	Spg	2232212	12
W. G. Burton.....	W B	4202412	12	S. R. Warner.....	R S	2232212	12
Col. Gildersleeve.....	R S	2223212	12	W. G. Burton.....	W B	4202412	12
Robert Kelley.....	S	3222212	12	J. R. Hitchcock.....	R M	2232211	11
Captain Ross.....	R S	0324211	11	T. D. Mather.....	R M	2232211	11
Col. Hitchcock.....	R M	2222211	11	T. B. Fish.....	May	2222211	11
T. D. Mather.....	R M	2222211	11	C. S. Fincke.....	R S	2222211	11
T. B. Fish.....	M	2222211	11	Captain Ross.....	R S	0324211	11
Lieut. Heizman.....	R M	2222211	11	R. Kelly.....	Spg	2222211	11
C. L. Fincke.....	R M	2222211	11	Lieut. Heizman.....	R M	2222211	11
F. W. Linton.....	R M	2220210	10	F. W. Linton.....	R S	2220210	10
Sergt. Phelan.....	R M	2222210	10	Sergt. Turner.....	R M	2222210	10
Sergt. Yumer.....	Spg	2222210	10	Sergt. Phelan.....	R M	2222210	10
D. Cameron.....	R S	222209	9	D. Cameron.....	R S	222209	9
L. C. Bruce.....	M	222208	8	L. C. Bruce.....	May	222209	9
Capt. Cavanaugh.....	Spg	222006	6	Corpl Cavanaugh.....	Spg	222006	6
Lieut. Story.....	R M	300002	2	Lieut. J. G. Story.....	R M	300002	2

WINNERS.

August 2.... Captain John Bodine.....Remington Sporting.....Score, 18
August 29.... Captain G. W. Wingate.....Ballard.....Score, 18
Sept. 27.... J. T. B. Collins.....Remington Sporting.....Score, 16
Oct. 24.... L. M. Ballard.....Remington Sporting.....Score, 16

—The Sultan is about to send to the Emperor of Russia a present of several fine Arab horses of the present breed.

—"I am perfectly satisfied with the rod you sent me. It is much more elegant than I expected. I shall put it aside for the coming season. I am working for a shot gun now, and will have it before two weeks are over," writes a gentleman in New Jersey. See our Prize List.

Sporting News from Abroad.

QUESTIONS of human longevity are always most interesting, and public curiosity in regard to this subject is rarely stated. If those who make a study of vital statistics, carefully catalogue all professions in the interest of science and of life assurances, determining that needle sharpeners and white-lead manufacturers live the shortest periods, while agriculturalists have the longer leases on life, we should hardly think that they, the statistical people, would readily declare that a horse-breaker's life offered any very fair chances of a long existence. It is, then worth while to record the extreme duration of life vouchsafed to one Daniel Callaghan, familiarly known as "Old Dan," now residing at Clonmult, County Cork, Ireland, who first drew the breath of life, (if the chronicler is to be believed), in the year of our Lord 1763 at Ballyclough. The London *Field*, who mentions the fact, says he entered life as a kennel boy to Lord Lisle at fourteen, and then rode steeplechases for some time afterwards. One wonders how the boy could have even arrived at manhood's years, as rider of an Irish steeplechase, according to the break-neck practices of the Irish turf, eighty-five years ago. But Dan stood it all and was then huntsman for no less than seventy-two years, serving under various masters, being a daring and reckless rider, until tired of this somewhat tame profession, there being not risk enough about it, in his eighty-fifth year, he took up horse-breaking as a recreation in his older days, keeping at the work until he was ninety-nine. Think of a man alive to-day who can tell about the Irish Rebellion and the battle of Vinegar Hill, and who has ridden to hounds eighty years, and trained horses when he was one hundred, and who can to-day, when he is one hundred and eleven years old, walk erect, and give information on matters that passed a century ago. Broken bones, he must have had, and many of them, but he laughed at such slight mishaps. Such a brave old man, and tough withal, should not want, and a newer generation should care for him. Will any one on this side of the Atlantic lend a helping hand to this grand old huntsman, who rode to horse and hound in Ireland long years before, perhaps, any one of our readers in this new country was born?

—Gallant Rob Roy! How we have all followed you, Mr. Macgregor, and your brave little canoe, as she threaded placid rivers or thrashed in the surging seas. We have to thank you for having almost created a most delightful and health-giving recreation. It behooved a good Anglo-Saxon to take the canoe from the Indian, and to teach us all that it was not the Chippewa or the Ojibbeway plying the paddle on the Saskatchewan or the Winnipeg, or shooting the rapids of the Chute à Jacquot or Slave Falls, who could alone manage the daintiest of water crafts. And now you have been married, and the Royal Canoe Club, of which you are the worthy Captain, have in recognition of your services presented you with a silver claret jug and goblets, executed in Flemish style and parcel, gilt, with the following inscription engraved thereon: "Presented to John Macgregor, Esq., Captain of the Royal Canoe Club, on the occasion of his marriage, by his friends in the Club, as a mark of esteem, and in recognition of his efforts to improve canoes, promote canoeing and unite canoeists, Dec., 1873." Our own American Clubs send you kind greeting, Mr. Macgregor, and would like to have filled your famous silver jug with the rarest claret, and do wish you and yours all health and happiness; and may the time come when other Macgregors will paddle, too, their own canoes and write as pleasantly as did their sire.

—There is one peculiar style of athletic amusement unknown in the United States such as has just been largely attended in London. With us, hand to hand contests with sword and sabre, are almost unknown. We have, too, unfortunately but little knowledge of that queen of all weapons the foil; even perhaps in old England the *fluret* is rather an exotic. What we principally refer to are those peculiar English feats just accomplished before the London Athletic Club with swords, such as Professor Waites' feat, (we thought we had the monopoly of the Professor in the United States), of cutting a sheep in twain with a vigorous sword cut, and slicing an apple quite as nicely as would a Yankee apple pairing machine, only that the forbidden fruit in this instance is held gingerly in a friend's hands, the Professor ending by forging through bars of lead with his blade as if they were boiled carrots, repeating old Richard Cœur de Leons' performances. They had, too, at this same Assault of Arms, the quarter-staff, when a Mr. Rogers and a Mr. Bently cracked each other's sconces merrily, and both heroes smiled as showers of blows like Nasmyth's hammers—heavy enough to fell an ox—rattled on their devoted heads.

—The bicycle has a solid footing in England, though an almost forgotten toy with us. The latest match was one between John Keen, the champion bicycle rider, and Polly, a pony, for a race of twenty miles. The velocipede beat the quadruped, Polly being so badly distanced at the sixteenth mile as to give it up. 3 min. 25 sec. was about the time of the best mile.

—The last stag pursued by Her Majesty's stag hounds was caught in the midst of clothes-lines, where a family wash was going on. Sound trumpets, yelp dogs, shout huntsmen, and clap your hands, ladies and gentlemen, who were present at the *finale*, and may some poet sing of the noble stag who came to his death in a laundry, mayhap drowned in the dirty suds.

—If they are horse-eaters in Paris, through choice, not necessity, they probably have acquired a taste for strange game. We see in *La Chasse Illustrée* that they have a new

kind of bird for sale in the markets, namely, pelicans, which were killed at Crau d'Arles, and that two pelicans brought 110 francs. Let some of our Florida friends prepare instantly a consignment of pelicans to Chevet, the famous Parisian purveyor of good things. Pattè de Pelican may be good, but like the man who eat crow, we do not hanker after it.

The Horse and the Course.

—The Louisiana Jockey Club held the third day of the annual fall meeting on December 18th. The attendance was large and the track in excellent condition. First race—Handicap; two-mile dash. Six horses started, and the race was won by Fred. Bonnabel, beating Port Leonard, Meta H., Donnybrook, Mary L., and Vidal, in the same order. Time—3:43. Second race—three miles; all ages; club purse, \$800. Six horses started and the race was won by Cape Race, beating Fannie M., Tom Arken, Fred. Bonnabel, Wanderer, and Carrington, in the same order. Time—5:34. Third race—selling race; all ages; mile heats; purse \$500. Edwin Adams won in two straight heats with great ease. Time—1:47.

—The Louisiana Jockey Club held the last day of the fall meeting on December 20th. The weather was clear and cold, the track good, and the attendance fair. First race—Hopfin Stakes for two-year olds; one mile; \$25 entrance; \$700 added. Ten horses started, and the race was won by Ballankeel, who took the lead at the start, and kept it throughout. Bay Run was the favorite. Time—1:46. Second race—Consolation Purse; \$400; one mile; Falmouth took the lead and kept it, winning by two lengths. Western Star second, and I. O. U. third. Western Star was the favorite. Time—1:44. Third race—four-mile heats; Club Purse, \$1,200. Silent Friend won in two straight heats.

SHETLAND PONIES.—Mr. J. G. Casey, of Suisine City, California, has but recently imported a fine head of thirty-one Shetland ponies. He intends to stock a breeding establishment in California. These diminutive animals may possibly come into practical use. They are docile, cunning, and willing. In their native home they are employed in many useful ways. The experiment we trust will prove a success.

THE PERSIAN CHASE.—A correspondent of the London *Field* writes as follows:—Having lately come across an excellent engraving of a Persian greyhound bred in England, I venture to forward an interesting account which accompanied the engraving, which appeared in one of the old sporting magazines, of the manner in which this animal is employed and the esteem in which he is held by Persian sportsmen. Most of the Persians nobles are exceedingly fond of the chase, and keep a number of these animals at a considerable expense, and the best and most favored of these dogs have collars and housings covered with precious stones and embroidery. These greyhounds are employed in coursing hares in the plains, and chasing the antelope. As the speed of the latter is greater than that of the greyhound, the Persians train hawks for the assistance of the dogs in this kind of chase. The hawks, when young, are fed upon the head of a stuffed antelope, and thus taught to fly at that part of the animal. When the antelope is discovered the hawk is cast off, which, fastening its talons in the animal's head impedes its progress, and thus enables the greyhounds to overtake it. The chase, however, in which the Persians chiefly delight, and for which these greyhounds are most highly valued, is that of the "ghookhur," or wild ass. This animal, which generally frequents the mountainous districts, is extremely shy, and of great endurance, and is considered by the Persians as one of the swiftest of all quadrupeds. These qualities, and the nature of the ground over which it is usually chased, render the capture of the wild ass very uncertain, and its pursuit extremely hazardous to the sportsman. When the Persians go out to hunt the wild ass, relays of greyhounds are placed at various distances in the surrounding country, in such directions as are likely to be traversed by the object of pursuit, so that when one relay is tired there is another ready to continue the chase; such, however, is the speed and endurance of the ghookhur, that it is seldom run down by the greyhounds, its death being generally achieved by the rifle of some lucky horseman. The Persians evince great skill and courage in this arduous sport, riding up and down precipitous hills, over stony paths, and across ravines and mountain streams which might well daunt our boldest turf skimming Meltonians. The Persians and their neighbors, the Arabs, are pretty well known to be excellent horsemen, and we are certainly indebted to the breed of horses they ride for certain improvements in our own; but I do not think our own breed of greyhounds would derive any benefit by an introduction of the Persian blood, as, although somewhat symmetrical in form, they appear to be too loose in structure for English coursing. Several specimens have been imported into this country, and one was exhibited at the last Crystal Palace Show, but I do not think the breed will be thoroughly established here.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone, fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves of horn, about 500 in number, and nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about 4000; and all this is contrived, not only for the convenience of his own body but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.—*Colman's Rural World*.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

SOUTHERN WATERS.		
Pompano.	Trout, (Black Bass.)	Sheepshead.
Snapper.	Drum, (two species.)	Tailorfish.
Grouper.	Kingfish.	Sea Bass.
Rockfish.	Striped Bass, Rockfish.	

—Rather late in the season, but nevertheless welcome, comes to us a score made at weak-fishing in Princess Bay last August. The writer is one of those whose business will not admit of long vacations or excursions to Canada or the West, and he wishes our readers to know what can be done in the way of fishing within an hour and a half of New York. He says:—

"I left my business at 3 o'clock, went to Fulton Market and bought a half-dozen shadders, hurried up and caught the Staten Island 4 o'clock boat, bought tickets for Huguenot, and arriving there rushed down to the beach and pulled a half mile out to the fishing ground, and then tied up to a stake. When I looked at my watch, it was about 6 o'clock. In two hours thereafter I had caught with rod and reel sixty-one weak fish, weighing in the aggregate 111½ lbs. Now, how is this for two hours' fishing only one hour and a half from New York? I know you will say: "Hurrah for Princess Bay! next season." Rex.

—Herewith we introduce another gentleman who wishes to be heard on the Black Bass Fly Question:—

FOND DU LAC, Wisconsin, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

As the Black Bass Fly Question seems thus far to be a record of experience in different localities, with good evidence on both sides, I take the liberty of contributing from my observation further proof in the affirmative, so far as the finest fishing grounds in this vicinity have been examined.

I confess I was not a little surprised at the negative articles that first appeared in your journal, as my knowledge of Fly Fishing and the Black Bass, were so inseparably connected, that I should as soon thought of affirming that snipe could not be killed on the wing as to say that Black Bass could not be taken with the fly; and I have been on the look out for a reasonable solution of this problem from some of your many scientific correspondents, as it seems hardly possible that the genuine Black Bass in waters so nearly alike could be endowed with such decidedly adverse characteristics, and I trust the coming season may not pass without a closer investigation of this peculiar trait as it now stands recorded.

Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, furnishes some good ground, that in the vicinity of Garlic Island furnishing the largest and best fish, which are readily taken with the fly, even at times when the native bait (craw-fish or minnows), hardly provokes a nibble, and at no time except perhaps wild rainy days, does the fly seem to be neglected for other bait.

The rapids of the lower Fox River, the outlet of this Lake, also furnish some of the finest of sport. Kaukauna rapid in particular, nearly a mile in extent, is a wild eddying part of the stream, grand in its scenery and rich in ragged shelving rocks and dark deep pools, that are well filled with large, dark colored, rather slim, active fellows that are no burlesque on western civilization; and the Nimrod that can preserve his light tackle in order, and retain his fish in some of the headlong races he must make down the stream over boulders and brambles with one of these fellows on the lead for his favorite pool, must lose all thought of self and the consequence of a disordered appearance at the close of the race.

This rapid in particular is more successfully fished with the fly than all other kinds of bait, and it is not unusual to secure a goodly number of nice large fellows with the fly when not a single rise can be provoked with live bait; and my experience in this locality has been so decidedly unexceptional that I only think of providing myself with fly hooks and light rod.

One peculiarity is perhaps worth noticing, as I have thus far been unable to designate any particular fly that seemed the better, and have often changed decided colors to test their preference and have found no apparent difference.

In conclusion, I beg to assure you of the hearty approval and support I am certain must be extended your journal by all lovers of true manhood, as it has given me great satisfaction to notice the decidedly uncharacteristic style apparent as compared with other so called sporting papers; and unless the "true ring" is a myth with us, there will come up to you from the conscientious sportsmen of America a hearty, generous support, that will continue so long as the present high standard of truth, honor and excellence is maintained in the conduct of the FOREST AND STREAM.

MILLS.

Of course we can do nothing less than make our best bow to the foregoing hearty endorsement, and still labor to deserve it. If we were not too modest, we should fill our paper each week with these encomiums. But then, what *sport* would there be in that?

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have read your interesting article upon the "Michigan Grayling" in No. 17 of your interesting paper. I am confident that this fish or Richardson's *Thymallus Signifer*, is a habitant of one of the rivers emptying into the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, Canada, about midway between Montreal and Quebec. It is known there under the local misnomer of "Spearing," which fact has probably served to prevent identification. The fish known at that place under the above "alias" is most likely Richardson's, or another

species differing from either that or the Michigan variety, as it is reported as attaining 5 lbs. weight; or it may possibly be the fish abounding in the upper waters of the Saug-enay, "the Winnemish." "NOTES."

—Here is rather a novel fish story from a Canadian correspondent. By the way, do not the narratives of our Kan-nuck friends show that they are rather more advanced in the matter of "roughing it in the bush" than we of "the States" are?

"I was living at Fredericton in the summer of '59, and often strolling on the banks of the noble river on which that picturesque little town is situated, I observed large fish, that, on enquiry, turned out to be 'sturgeon,' leaping at intervals high out of the water. It was a common pas-time, I was told, on the part of the fish, to do this, and I became smitten with the insane idea, that, to capture one of these by harpooning him in some manner, I should be happy for the remainder of my natural life. After due reflection, I resolved to make the attempt, and I therefore consulted an Indian as to the pleasure of his society on the projected trip. Great preparations were made at least a week beforehand; an iron spear fitted to a pole, with a line attached, was got ready; torches of birch bark, some grub and a flask of *eau de vie*, were stowed away in the canoe, and one beautiful summer afternoon, or rather evening, we embarked in our 'birchen craft' and began our journey. I must rest awhile here to say I was not altogether ignorant of the management of one of these specimens of 'Milicete' naval architecture; in fact, I considered myself a most perfect 'Indian' in paddling, poling up stream, standing upright, and other accomplishments for which the Aboriginal is celebrated, and for which, it may be, I am not. I say it may be, because I have heard remarks the reverse of flattering concerning my performances in this specimen of acrobatic absurdity, and there is perhaps a possibility that the persons who made them knew what they were talking about.

Having stated this, I will proceed. We wended our way slowly and quietly along the shore until we reached 'the Islands' around which we hoped to meet our giant prey. On our arrival there, tea and tobacco, those staple articles of the grocer's stock, were discussed, and, Wellington-like, we prayed for darkness. When night had cast her sable mantle round, (I am afraid, though, that's not original; besides, I shall break down if I attempt being 'flowery,') we lighted our torches and proceeded to search the rapids. Hour after hour passed with no result; still, we persevered. Torch after torch we burnt, with no sturgeon in sight, and I had almost resolved to give up in despair, when beneath me, in a deep hole, I saw unmistakably a huge monster. 'Round with the canoe! give me another torch,' I excitedly yelled at my companion, and quickly lighting it and placing it in the bow, I poled back to the spot; and with a vigorous thrust of might and main, I drove deeply into my victim the barbed spear. Alas! must I confess it? my sturgeon was nothing but a huge log sodden with water. Thus secured to the bottom, and tapering from one end to the other, it was really fish-like in appearance. Oh! how disappointed I was at the deception; besides, my spear was so firmly imbedded in the wooden imitation, I could not extricate it. After pulling and tugging for some time, I got it away, but not before damaging the pole it was attached to—that I succeeded in 'springing' in the middle, rendering it most liable to break easily. We were drifting, five minutes after this, with a very dim torch, down the 'Grand Pass' where the current runs at the rate of somewhere about six or seven miles an hour; I remained standing in the bow of the canoe with the damaged pole in my hand; we were going full speed, and were just on a rock when I, putting this article into the water quickly to push her head off and thus escape shipwreck, leaned too heavily upon it, and it broke in two. Over I went, upsetting the canoe and the Indian with it. I reached the shore, but he had unfortunately boots on, a present from some patron, and not the conventional 'mocassin,' and these became in some way entangled, so that both himself and his 'bonny bark' were in a fair way of drifting back to Fredericton, or rather part of the way, had I not rushed down the bank, or shore I think it was, and, getting well ahead of this precious raft and cargo, hauled them ashore. Such drowned rats we must have looked! such pitiable objects! We emptied the water out of the canoe, and (he having saved a paddle unconsciously, by keeping a convulsive grasp on it while in the water) set off in search of our missing articles.

We had no light, and, finding our groping blindly in the dark was useless, we gave it up. The misery I experienced going home that night, few can imagine. I had lost my coat, I was wet to the skin, my spears were gone, my 'comforter,' in the flask that would have warmed my chilled blood, had, alas! vanished also. I had damaged the canoe, for which I would have to recompense the Indian, and for his clothes, and I had only the extreme consolation that I would be unmercifully 'chaffed.'

It's needless to say I have never since attempted to capture a 'sturgeon.' I have never been fired with such a laudable ambition from that hour; but I often laugh when I think of our ludicrous and unexpected bath in the 'Grand Pass' of the mighty St. John."

—Friday, December 14th, a sword-fish, four feet long, was caught in the St. John's River near Jacksonville Florida.

—Three codfish, weighing six pounds each, were caught in the St. John's River near Palatka, last week, the first of the kind ever caught in southern waters. The *Herald* says: "Capt. Vogel, of the steamer Dictator, pronounces them genuine codfish."

—From the Maine *Farmer* we take the following interesting item in regard to salmon breeding at Bucksport:

"The remarkable success in hatching salmon attained by Mr. C. G. Atkins, last year, is well known, but it promises to be excelled by this year's operations. Mr. Atkins has put in the pond connected with the hatching establishment about the same number (600) fish, and has taken out the same number (400) each year. He would have taken out more this year but for the premature cold and ice. Last year he obtained 1,500,000 eggs; this year he has taken 2,300,000, but the breeding will probably be delayed by the early cooling, and the extremely low temperature of the water. He has 3,000 young California salmon that are doing well. These are all he saved from the 50,000 sent, as by an oversight the eggs for Mr. A. were delayed so long in transit that most of them were 'spoiled.'"

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Moose, *Alces Malchis.* Caribou, *Tarandus Rangifer.*
Elk or Wapiti, *Cervus Canadensis.* Red Deer, *Caracus Virginianus.*
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey. Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.
Wild Turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo.* Quail, *Ortyx Virginianus.*
Ruffed Grouse, *Bonasa umbellus.* Pinnated Grouse, *Cupidaria Cupido.*
All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—A grand pigeon shooting sweepstakes, open to all comers, will take place at Fleetwood Park December 30th, for a purse of \$1,000; ten per cent. entry; eight to fill; entries to close at Jesse Smith's Astor House Billiard Room on December 29th, at four P. M. To shoot at fifty single birds, each one and three quarters ounce of shot; otherwise, the shooting to be governed by the Rhode Island Sportsmen's Club. Prizes—\$400 to the first, \$300 to the second, \$200 to the third, and the fourth to save his entrance. This, we hope will be a match where the best shooters will win. The shooters, and especially those coming from a distance, may rest assured that nothing will be left undone to make this the most successful affair of the kind ever held in New York. Trains leave the Grand Central depot for the Park in ample time for the shooting, which will commence at twelve o'clock precisely.

—A Currituck, Virginia, sporting friend thus writes to us:—"Geese ever so many; duck not so plenty. Brant—hard to get them to stool on account of the scarcity of young brant. A great many gentlemen gunners down here, principally from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The weather has been too soft and mild, and no end of fogs. Have the ducks all left you yet?" [No; a great many birds were seen on Monday, December 21st, on the feeding grounds of South Oyster Bay, Merrick Bay, and West Hampton. Ducks flying by the thousands to the southward of Montauk Point.]—Ed.

—A pigeon shoot of more than ordinary interest took place last week at Ditmar's, Flatlands, L. I. The birds were of the very best, strong on the wing, and nearly all driving birds. The shooting was excellent, and is the best average made by the several gentlemen during the year:—

PRACTICE MATCH, 21 YARDS RISE, 80 BOUNDARY.			
	Shot at.	Killed.	Gun used.
Sherman.....	17	15	10-bore Purdy B. L.
E. Madison.....	14	11	10-bore Greener B. L.
J. W. B.....	15	14	10-bore Greener B. L.
Dr. W.....	18	15	10-bore Dooley M. L.
A. Ditmars.....	18	12	12-bore Richards M. L.
S. Lott.....	15	11	12-bore Scott M. L.

—The Buffalo Pigeon Shooting Tournament commenced on December 17th, and was in every way a great success. This shoot was open to all amateurs in the United States and Dominion of Canada. The first prize was \$150; second prize, \$125; third prize, \$100; fourth prize, \$75; fifth prize, \$50; entrance fee, \$15. The match was shot from H and T ground traps at fifteen single rises, twenty-one yards rise, and eighty yards boundary. There were forty-nine entries. The following is the result of the day's shooting:—Newell, Schultz, and Weighell each killed fourteen; Wilmer, Bear, Marsh, and Lansing, thirteen; Green, Smith, Jones, Farrar, Miller, Clay, and Dorr, twelve; McElroy, eleven; Loff, Wheat, and George Smith, ten; Joll, Sheffield, Melvin, and Tyler, nine; Nash, eight; Richmond, seven. The pigeon shooting terminated on the 18th. The following are the names of the winners of prizes:—Robert Newell, of Buffalo, first prize, \$150; E. P. Fish, of Buffalo, second, \$125; H. M. Clay, of Buffalo, third, \$100; J. C. Haskell, of Boston, fourth, \$75; George Smith, of Buffalo, fifth, \$50.

—A correspondent (L. S.) from Brooklyn, Wisconsin, states that Mr. Powers, with two other gentlemen, and guide, four guns, two spaniels, and two retrieving setters, killed in a four days' hunt thirty-six quail, seventy-two wild ducks, various kinds, forty-six grouse, fifteen wild geese, and one black swan.

—At Mount Airy, Virginia, some one hundred and fifty miles from Lynchburg, three college students, accompanied by two "whiffets," with a Clumber retriever, killed last week thirteen rough grouse, three turkeys, seventeen quail, and one buck fawn.

—At Lincoln, Illinois, Captain Tevan and a party of five, with two guides, and three brace of dogs, in five days made the following enormous bag:—Fourteen woodcock, seven English snipe, 436 wild fowl of all kinds, twenty-seven geese, one brown cinnamon bear. We have to thank Captain Tevan for a noble portion of the young bear.

—Captain Bogardus, the American champion pigeon shooter, and Mr. F. Charleville, attracted at Oakland Park, New Orleans, on December 15th, a numerous assemblage of spectators, including nearly every notable patron of the sport of pigeon-popping. The day was too cold and the north wind too lively for a satisfactory display of the contestants' abilities, despite which, however, the shooting on one side, at least, was noteworthy. The terms of the match provided for the shooting at twenty-five single birds at thirty yards rise, which latter proviso, involving a greater than the customary distance, must be especially noted in estimating the merits of the performance. Mr. Bogardus shot out his opponent at the tenth bird. Annexed is the summary:—

Bogardus—1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0—7.
Charleville—1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0—4.

Touching Mr. Charleville's score, it may be mentioned that the majority of his birds were what is known as "tail birds," and pigeon shooters will at once understand that they are not to be hit every time. For the wind-up of the day's sport, Captain Bogardus attempted the feat of killing twenty-five birds in four minutes, using four traps, with two birds in each. After the initial effort it was found that the traps worked badly, when the experiment was continued by shooting the birds thrown up by hand; but this plan did not work satisfactorily, and the project was deferred until Sunday, 21st instant; but from the evidence offered the pigeon shooters in attendance were unanimous in their opinions that Captain Bogardus can perform the feat. The next exhibition will occur at the same place on Sunday, 21st, when, in addition to his second attempt to kill fifty birds in eight minutes, Captain Bogardus will also shoot with Messrs. LeBreton and Charbonnet a match at double birds, twenty-five yards rise. Herewith, it will be in order to recite that Mr. Charbonnet will on that occasion undertake to perform a similar feat of killing fifty birds in eight minutes, provided that the birds be furnished him, and pledging himself to pay for the same if he fails to perform the task. The debut of the champion here has convinced our pigeon poppers that he is a "stunner," and that no man in this section of the country can begin to equal him in point of skill.—*New Orleans Times.*

—Good for the ladies of Terra Haute, for there is a true Diana among them, and perfectly authenticated. Of course she eschews the golden bow and silver arrow, at least for game, and takes to a breech loader. Think, then, of this wonderful woman going out one day this month and killing forty-three pinnated grouse, and the next day, to keep her hand in, laying fifty-one more at her feet. It took two gentlemen to follow her, and pick up and carry her game. "Mr. Editor," writes our informant, "that young woman never missed a bird. She disdained killing her birds at close quarters, but would allow them to have a fair flight before shooting them. It is not only her being a quick shot, and a certain one, which is remarkable, but the fact that she can carry a gun weighing eight pounds all day and not tire under it; and as for tramping it across the prairies—well, please in the future never bring up as an example in your excellent paper any of those English ladies. They would have had to give up alongside of Miss —. Five mortal hours did I follow that fair sportswoman, crying 'enough, enough,' but she smiled, and was only anxious whether I could let her have a few more spare cartridges. Miss — reads the FOREST AND STREAM, and whether it may be a compliment to the paper or to yourself, Mr. Editor, in a gustatory sense, she hunted just one half hour for you exclusively, and killed eight birds. I have added five more, which makes the baker's dozen, which we both send with kind regards.

"Sincerely, "A. G."

[The birds are not yet at hand, but we expect them impatiently. When they do come we shall have them served up with all due pomp and ceremony. Perhaps, like Sancho Panza's uncles, who were famous wine tasters, we may be able to distinguish the birds killed by our Terra Haute Diana from the others, for they will be undoubtedly the sweeter.]—Ed.

—From our correspondent in Yates county, New York, we have received the following in regard to the game of that region:—"The birds are the ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, and wild ducks, and as to fur-bearing animals the mink, musk rat, red fox, grey squirrel, and grey rabbit are found. The forests are suffering from over-cutting. Hotel accommodation of an excellent character can be found at Penn Yan. The sporting club of the county is called the Forrester Club of Yates county, of which Mr. John C. Shutz is President, and Mr. C. Elmendorf the Secretary."

—A valued correspondent in Crow Wing county, Minnesota, speaks of deer as being most plentiful in that region. Mentioning a mighty hunter, Sleeper by name, he says he killed ten, and that Kirk brought down five just for the fun of the thing. "The professionals," continues our Crow Wing friend, "have piled up the deer all over the woods, and still there seems to be quite as many as ever. Venison in the carcass is a drug. Saddles are worth from six to seven cents a pound. I saw a man refuse to carry home a fine saddle the other day as a gift. It was 'too heavy,' he said, 'and he had kind of soured on venison.'"

—A correspondent of the Halifax Reporter, writing from Marble Mountain, Cape Breton, says a neighbor caught a moose calf the other day. He was taken in the water while attempting to cross the harbor, and is consequently without hurt and is doing well. The correspondent writes this, fancying some one there may want to buy the calf and raise him as a pet, or something of that kind.

—A thoughtful correspondent in Florida sends us the following interesting account of game in his particular neighborhood, which is well worthy of attention:—"Within eight miles of Mellenville we have deer, bear, panther, turkey, snipe, quail, duck, plume birds of various kinds, such as white heron, pink curlew, blue heron, &c., squirrels, foxes, mink, otter, sand-hill crane, and hosts of other fine game. Deer, bear, and panther are hunted with hounds, and a fine pack can be collected on short notice. Fox hunting is good sport, but our foxes climb trees, and last night, after a two hours' chase, and treeing twice, Reynard got away from us. Strangers will find plenty of gentlemen who have hounds, and know the stands, who are always willing to give them sport.

"William M. Humphries and Count Nersgaroo are the most noted deer stalkers, and have each killed over 2,000 since 1867. They reside near Mellenville. We have no game laws. The finest hunting ground is the southwestern part of Orange county, on the coast. The country is invariably too rough, being covered with saw palmetto, but in the interior a carriage can be driven one hundred miles through the pine woods, with scrubs or thickets on every hand, where the deer can be "jumped" at all times.

"Our only mode of travel is by steamer on the St. John's River, and hunters should take a team and wagon at Mellenville, with tent and supplies to last a few days, and about forty miles from Mellenville they will find the best hunting ground in America on Davenport Creek.

"We have hotels here, but none in the hunting grounds. We have no sportsmen's clubs yet. Fish abound in all our streams and lakes, but I am not an angler, and would not venture to give advice. "J. A. M."

SALEM, MASS., December 15th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Among the remarks in *Fin, Fur, and Feather* about the resorts of game, is the following upon the "upland plover." It says "it is the least maritime of their race," (true); and also says, "and never visits salt marshes or water meadows of any kind." I do not think this is correct, as I have seen them on snipe ground in the spring at Newburyport. They are common about the hills of Ipswich Neck from August until frost, and some of them breed, but I have never seen a nest. Though generally shy, they are taken comparatively often, and I have repeatedly seen them alight upon the marshes and slough holes which intercept these hills, and further, I have, when in a booth, decoyed and shot them; but, though often answering the whistle, they will seldom be decoyed, and about here are considered the most difficult of our bay birds to shoot. It may not be generally known to sportsmen that the bird is no plover at all, but a "tattler," (*Actitis bartramia*). I do not know why it is called a plover, as it has very few characteristics of the *Charadriada*. My experience, as above, with this bird may be an exception, but as it is the result of careful observation I present the same to your readers. Yours truly, R. S. NEWCOMB.

—A correspondent from New Orleans tells us teal and duck are coming in quite lively into the bayous, and speaks of Rigolet's and Miller's Bayous as swarming with birds. The New Orleans markets are full of wild fowl, and pirogues are at a premium.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLSTON.	
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
Dec. 25	3	46	0	32		
Dec. 26	4	38	1	25	1	38
Dec. 27	5	33	2	19	1	33
Dec. 28	6	31	3	16	2	31
Dec. 29	7	32	4	17	3	32
Dec. 30	8	30	5	15	4	30
Dec. 31	9	29	6	14	5	29

—The Columbia Yacht Club held their regular meeting at the club house, foot of west Fifty-seventh street, last week to elect officers for the coming year. The following were the choice of the members: Commodore, John S. Gave; Vice Commodore, R. McWhinney; Secretary, James A. Smith; Treasurer, Robert Wilson; Measurer, F. Pabst; Steward, J. P. Smith.

—The Brooklyn Yacht Club held a special meeting in the club house, at 26 Court street, Brooklyn, last week. There was a large number of members and their friends to witness the distribution of the prizes won by the competing yachts during the regatta of June last. W. P. Ostrander, Esq., presided. Vice Commodore Dickerson, in presenting the two prizes won by Commodore Voorhis, of the celebrated Schooner *Madeleine*, made a happy speech. The first of these, the club prize, was a magnificent mandoline; the second, the flag officers' prize, a beautiful silver fish knife. The Commodore responded, thanking the members for their uniform kindness and courtesy. Then followed the presentation of the Union prize to the *Fleur de Lis*, Vice Commodore Dickerson. First class sloops: *Vision*, Joseph J. Alexandre, silver ice-tongs, flag officers' prize, and two bronzes, American birds in full flight, the club prize; *Undine*, Brasher and Fowler, Union prize, dozen silver desert knives with pearl handles. Second class sloops: *Sophia*, Chauncey N. Felt, two oil paintings, (not yet finished); *J. T. Seagrave*, Nceanic Club, silver wine castor, Union prize. Third class sloops: *William T. Lee*, Chauncey N. Felt, two oil paintings, (not yet finished); *Brooklyn*, William Edgar Morris, large marine glass, Union prize.

—Now that our northern waters are closed by ice, and snow covers the ground, nothing seems left for us jolly yachtsmen but to haul down our burgees, make everything snug aloft and aloft, up kelleck, and get into winter quarters. Little is being done in yachting and boating circles, though preliminaries are being arranged for the season to come. When any news of progress made is obtained by us, it will appear in these columns under its proper head.

Yachting is not one of those diversions that belong to the Christmas season. At the frozen north it is the ringing skate and merry jingle of the sleigh-bells that make the holidays joyous and enjoyable. In the Middle States it is courting the hare or night hunts for opossums and coons. Even in North Carolina and middle Georgia the water-courses are sometimes skimmed with ice, and the hoar frost whitens the fields. Certainly, yachting has no interest or claim to attention when the Yule log burns. Flirtations under the pennant must give place to blushes under the mistletoe. The "wet sheet and flowing sea" have no affinity with the snap dragon and holly. It is true that in genial southern climes—in those flowery realms of low latitude, where no frost nips the orange buds, and the cape jessamine and oleander grow to stately trees, yachting is indulged in throughout the winter months, and jaunty steam yachts cruise up and down the Indian River and St. John, or thread the intricacies of the Kissimer and Ochlawaha. But as we must make up our portfolio from sources more accessible than Florida, we shall winter our yachts, house our shells and barges, and wait till the coming spring once again invites our practice crews to open waters and straight-away courses. Fain would we, if consistent with our avocation, board some jolly yacht that is even now lying at Jacksonville with steam up, waiting only the arrival of its last hamper to start to the upper waters of the St. John. We would gladly enjoy again our well-remembered sailing excursions on Lakes George and Monroe, or our boating expeditions into lagoons and bayous in quest of ducks, egrets, and alligators. Many a pleasant cruise have we taken at Cedar Keys and Fernandina, and down the bay at St. Augustine to the lighthouse, where great ray fish scull lazily over the shelly bottom at the bar, and great dorsal fins of sharks cut the water in the channel ways among the reefs. Even now, at the beautiful St. Lucie, our FOREST AND STREAM commissioner and special correspondent, Fred. Beverly, has his chosen camp, fitted out with boats and guides and all things needful, with full access on the one hand to Indian River and its beach-bound channel two hundred miles in length, and on the other to the water courses that thread the mysterious and intricate recesses of interior Florida. If it were possible, we would join him there, and aid in gathering an ample store of pen and pencil sketches for the entertainment promised at some future day; but circumstances forbid. And so, herewith, we dip our pennant thrice to the yachts and yachting memories that are fading away from sight and mind, and bear away for snug harbor and winter quarters.

THE ARGONAUTA ROWING ASSOCIATION OF BERGEN POINT, NEW JERSEY.

Although comparatively in its infancy, this club has a history its members may well be proud of. Their active list shows eighty members, and their beautiful boat house, situated on the banks of the Kill von Kull, is stocked with a number of boats unequalled by any club in this country, comprising one eight-oared barge, two four-oared barges, one English six oared shell, built by Jewett; one six-oared shell, built by Fearon; one six-oared gig, four four-oared shells, two pair oared boats, two double sculls, fifteen single sculls, and one Rob Roy canoe, making a total of 31 boats. The officers of the Association are Mr. A. R. Warner, President; L. L. Spring, 1st Vice President; Charles W. Fuller, 2d Vice President; E. W. Humphreys, Captain; E. R. Craft, Treasurer; W. F. Hobbie, Corresponding Secretary; B. Stephenson, Recording Secretary. The initiative of their rowing the past summer was their club regatta on the 4th of July, in which they rowed two sixes, two fours, two pair oared, and a single scull race, a number of boats and oarsmen that scarcely any other rowing association in this country could rival. Their next appearance was at the Saratoga Regatta, where they entered a four-oared shell against the Pape Club of Cincinnati, the Duquesne Club of Alleghany City, Pa., the Beaverwycks of Albany, the Ballston Club of Ballston Spa., and the Potomacs of Washington, D. C. This race was 1½ miles and return, and though they did not win, they came in a good second, 55 seconds ahead of the Beaverwycks of Albany, and it is but fair in this connection say that their bow oar, Mr. Smith, had been sick for two months previous, and had only rowed with the crew four times before the start. At the National Amateur Regatta, which was rowed on the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia, on the 7th and 8th October, they entered a four-oared crew, a pair oared crew and a single scull, the gentlemen composing the four-oared crew were F. C. Eldred, stroke; B. Stephenson, Walter Man, and Ed. Smith, bow. In the first day's heat they were drawn against the Nassau Club in a mile and one-half straight away race. Taking the lead from the start they came in winners in 8 minutes 16 seconds, beating their antagonists 29 seconds. The next day Mr. Smith rowed a single scull race against Dr. Russell Withers of the Atalantas, in which Smith was ahead from the start, winning in 10 minutes 43 seconds, while his opponent was 29 seconds behind. Mr. Smith declined to enter for the final single scull heat, having already participated in three races that day. The final heat of the fours was the next heat in which they were engaged. Their opponents were the Analoostans of Washington and the Quaker City of Philadel-

phia. In this race the Argonautas were again successful, winning in 8 min. 36 seconds, the Analoostans second in 8 min. 42 seconds, and the Quaker City third in 9 min. 10 seconds. This final heat of four-oared shells won for the Argonautas the Challenge Cup offered by the National Amateur Association at their first annual Regatta. Following the race above named was a pair oar and double scull race, in which they entered Eldred and Smith in a pair oar against Addicks and Taylor of the Vespers of Philadelphia, in a pair oar, and Steel and Witmer of the Crescent Club, also of Philadelphia, in double sculls. This race was won by the double scull boat of the Crescent Club, the Argonautas being second. On the 18th of October they rowed their annual four-oared race against the Neptune Club of West New Brighton, S. I., in which they entered the same crew they rowed at Philadelphia, against Messrs. C. H. DeKay, stroke; W. F. Barrett, J. McMurray, Frank Bacon, bow; and seldom, if ever, have we seen so much interest manifested in a race, not only by the friends of both clubs, but by the boating fraternity generally, as was shown by the display of steamers on the water, equipages on land, and crowds of people lining both shores from the start to the terminus. This race was three miles straight away from stake-boats anchored off New Brighton, to a line opposite Elm Park Dock, and is a surveyed course of three miles. The Neptunes were first to get away, but were soon overhauled by the Argonautas, who, on passing them, kept the lead to the finish, gaining at every stroke, and winning the race in 15 min. 49½ sec, the Neptune's time being 16½. This closes their rowing record for 1873; what the rowing season of 1874 shall score, either against or for them, remains to be seen.

In conclusion we feel impelled to congratulate their President, Mr. Warner, and Mr. E. W. Humphreys, their Captain, for the very efficient manner in which they have performed the onerous duties which have devolved upon them.

National Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

THE RULES OF CRICKET.

ARTICLE FIRST.

IT has been wisely said that "those exercises which in their nature and operation have a direct tendency to draw the bands of society closer together by friendly intercourse; which substitute the feats of man for the freaks of the fop, hardihood for effeminacy, dexterity for luxurious indolence; and which, being free from the taint of cruelty, oppression and selfishness, may be pursued without shame or reproach, are entitled to special encouragement in a matter so important as that of selecting a sportive exercise for the people." Now there is no field exercise in vogue which so fully answers to the above description of a sport for the people as the English national game of cricket, for not only is it eminently social in its operation and surroundings, and especially promotive of friendly intercourse, but the pluck, nerve and courage of true manhood, the activity and endurance of a healthy *physique*, and the absence of anything of a cruel or oppressive nature, are essential characteristics of the best exemplars of the game. Moreover, the faculties of a well trained, muscular system find ample employment in the game; it is equally important that the individual desiring to excel in cricket should be possessed of his full share of mental ability in order to become a thorough proficient in all the departments of the game.

Cricket besides occupying a large space in current literature has shown its vitality by creating a language of its own. In cricket "lingo" the ball is not the ball but the "leather" or "circle;" the bat figures as the "willow;" the stumps are the "timber." A ball hit into the air is a "spoon," unless it goes a long way, when it becomes a "skyer" or a "slog." A player who scores a blank gets a "duck egg," and if he fails to score in either innings he gets a "pair of spectacles." If however he should make a hundred runs, he is said to "complete a century," and if less he "puts on forty," or fifty, as the case may be. A sentence like the following is frequently seen in Bell's Life cricket reports? "The new trundler then put down a tice, almost a Yorker, which the Surrey colt snicked through the slips for a single." This is decidedly in language of its own, and one which none but a regular frequenter of "Lord" could correctly interpret.

The earliest mention of the game of cricket in English records occurs in the "Constitution Book of Guilford," wherein it is recorded that in some legal proceedings which took place in 1598 as to the ownership of a garden, a witness aged fifty-nine years gave evidence that "when he was a scholar in the free school at Guildeford he and several of his fellowes did runne and plaic there at crickets and other plaies." In the beginning of the eighteenth century we first hear of the game being played which may be strictly termed cricket. Previously the game of ball chiefly in vogue was the simple "rounders" of our school boy days, now changed to the American game of base ball. In 1780 three stumps appeared in the then "new game of ball," and in 1814 the regular game of cricket as now played was introduced.

Cricket has no "National Association" under whose authority a correct and intelligent code of playing rules can be enacted. By tacit consent the government of the game has been left since 1787 in hands of the Marylebone Club of

Art and Drama.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

BY T. B. THORPE.

London, and it is this club which at present gives laws to the entire cricketing world. Our American ball playing community could no more play their game under such a badly worded and incomplete code of rules as at present governs the game of cricket, than they could be governed as a people by an unwritten constitution. Every cricketer knows that in an ordinary match at cricket eleven players figure on each side, and the eleven who obtain the greater number of runs in two innings play, are the victors, and yet there is not a written law of the game that requires this stated number or innings. Again, when a run is made through the failure of the long stop to stop the ball, a "bye" is scored, and yet not a rule in the code legalizes the scoring of such a run. In several other respects, too, is the existing code remarkably deficient. During the winter season a study of the laws of the game, their true intent and meaning, will be advantageous to our cricketing readers, and we therefore shall give a series of articles on the laws of cricket during the ensuing three months which we trust will be found alike instructive and interesting.

—William Allison, of Attleboro', Mass., ran a foot race at Washington Park, Providence, R. I., against George Forbes, of Woodstock, Canada, and came in an easy winner. James Harris, of Woodstock, ran against John Allison, of Fall River. Distance, 65 yards, for a prize of \$500. Harris won easily by 7 feet.

—At New Haven, on December 20th, George Farren succeeded in accomplishing a most extraordinary feat in pedestrianism. He had to walk to win the wager, 100 miles in 22 hours, making the circuit of the large room on the Exchange Hall 3,100 times. Mr. Farren is slightly built, weighs about 125 pounds, is exceedingly muscular and wiry, and about 25 years of age. Farren has walked against Weston's fastest time, also against that of Smith, the English champion.

BILLIARDS.

—It is more than probable that a match will take place between Garnier and Ubassy, before the latter leaves for New Orleans. It is a mooted question who is the best player. Success tells the tale.

—At Chris O'Conner's billiard room, Union Square, the other night, a gentleman amateur made 163 consecutive carams at the four-ball game. At no one time were the balls within four inches of each other. This is billiards.

—H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway, and a friend is preparing an article for this journal on Billiard Tables; where the slate or marble comes from, where the cloth is made, and the great scarcity of ivory with such facts as we have on hand and the information from Mr. Collender, we trust to be able to prepare an interesting paper.

—Francois Ubassy and Maurice Daly commenced playing a series of six games for a purse of money at Chris O'Conner's billiard room on the 22d of Dec. The entire match will consist of two thousand points, French game. Ubassy appeared to be in good trim, and made several shots which elicited loud applause. At one time he was 120 points ahead of his opponent. After upward of 150 points had been played Daly made the remarkable run of 99. He was very successful after this, and his next large run of 29 gave him 315 points. Ubassy then ran 7 points and made a bad miss. Daly ran 27, and won the game of 350 by 47 points. The remaining five games of the series are to be played at the rooms of Maurice Daly and Chris O'Conner, alternately. The next occurs this evening at the saloon of the former.

—We are so crowded this week that we are obliged to leave out a report of the gymnastic entertainment at Burnham's, Brooklyn.

UNIVERSITY, Va., December 20th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

We have adopted the association rules as being the best rough of those mentioned in Chas. W. Aleock's book of foot ball rules. The fifteen played against thirty-five on yesterday evening—the game lasted for over an hour, both sides played well, neither gaining any decided advantage over the other—it was finally decided a drawn game, as it was too dark to continue it any longer. Our game with the Englishmen will come off on the 6th of January, 1874.

J. C. McK.

CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICANS.

With the above heading, the London *Field* takes notice of the challenge sent to the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Price, offering to run English pointers and setters against the same number of American dogs. "In consequence of some remarks that appeared in an article on English setters, recently published in an American paper, a challenge has been forwarded by Mr. Lloyd Price to New York, offering to run four English pointers and setters against the same number of American dogs. Sir Watkyn Wynn has consented to find the ground on his fine Welsh moors, and the challengers engage to pay the expenses incurred in sending the dogs to this country. We have never heard of any American dogs broken highly enough to compete with our English celebrities except in the article alluded to; but possibly there may be some such as are there described. In any case they will have their work cut out, as just now a very superior English team might be selected. Mr. Price had previously announced his intention never to allow Belle to run again; but, for the honor of his country, he would no doubt rescind his resolution. Mr. Macdonald had a very fine young pointer at Birmingham (not for competition, being the property of a judge), which is said to be almost as good as Ranger; and if so, these two, with Belle and Ginx's Baby from the Bala kennels, or possibly a still better representative, these two kennels might fairly be considered as equal to anything in the three kingdoms. We hope the match may be made, and that we may be there to see the best team win."

THE week just passed has been without any especial incident. "The Parricide" at the Fifth Avenue, which was not a parrieide, the murder having been committed by another man, was evidently put upon the stage as a make-shift until Mr. Daly could get something better. It is a curious play, and causes a great deal of speculation, among those who witness it, what it is all about. A series of interesting scenes and tableaux, all within easy reach of the manager, seems to have been adopted, and adopted without regard to their relations to each other; and then a dialogue is invented to make the scenes and tableaux hang together, something like onions on a string, but not without the onions' harmony of purpose or legitimate connection. It is a great waste of theatrical resources to put such a "crude conglomeration" on the stage. Are the playwrights to blame, or the controlling spirit of this handsome little theatre?

As we are disposed to be critical, we desire to say a word regarding that expensive "drop curtain." Red damask, however rich, is out of place on this particular occasion. The moment it descends it seems to cut the audience off from all sympathy with the stage; in fact, it acts on the mind as if a solid wall was intervened, cutting the theatre in two parts, and making the auditorium appear small and contracted; a most unpleasant sensation, and greatly interfering with the intellectual comfort of the spectators. The other evening, as the damask descended and finally rested heavily on the stage, a lady in our hearing restlessly remarked to her friend, "How smothering hot this theatre will be in summer." As for drop curtains, no improvement can be suggested over the old style of a charming landscape, made up of avenues of rich buildings, and deeply retreating valleys and mountains. If well done, the cool colors help to relieve the eye after the gas-lit scenes of the play. Then the long lines of perspective open up the stage and impress the observer with "roominess," which is a pleasant idea when one is crowded in narrow seats and compelled to look over high reaching and plume capped bonnets. People who remember the drop curtain at Burton's Chambers street theatre will recall the pleasure it afforded when for the moment it shut out the actors and scenery. It was a great piece of scenic painting, representing a Greek poet reciting his verses to a classic group of Athenians—soldiers and maids. Running back was the sweep of a harbor, the shores of which were indented with bays and enlivened with craft; high mountains reaching heavenward, their tops here and there charmingly lost in fleecy clouds. One could study and reflect, and find food for pleasant conversation while looking upon this most fascinating dream; but a damask curtain instead, suggests nothing but heat, glare, and expense without taste. In August next, if that fiery red cloud maintains itself, when it descends on a hot, summer roasted, gas-lit tormented audience, its members will be made to feel that the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, built for the roasting of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, was, by comparison, a kind of Arctic freezer.

—Wallack's Theatre has made itself memorable by the presentation of several of the old English comedies, which give way for a new play, "adopted from the French" by Mr. Boucicault, entitled "A Man of Honor." We dislike to part with really legitimate plays, which are given at this theatre better than they can be elsewhere presented, for imitations of any kind; but we suppose managers know their business, and they are right to present what the people apparently want.

—The Union Square is crowded nightly to witness "Led Astray." It is useless for the press to be moral beyond public demand. So far, all newspaper censure cast upon theatrical representations, the ultimate effect of which is to familiarize the popular mind with amorous intrigue, has had no other effect than to "fill the houses."

—The Olympic, after several weeks' preparation, has produced an entertainment especially for the holidays, founded upon one of Mr. Dicken's most popular Christmas stories, entitled "Gabriel Grub." We have every reason to believe that it will be popular, and receive a liberal patronage, especially from the young folks. In this piece the famous Majiltons perform their startling antics, supposed to be peculiar to *goblins*, and they certainly make a feature of unusual excellence.

—On Saturday night the Charity Amateur Dramatic Association, under the management of Mrs. Sheridan Shook, gave "The Hunchback" and an entertaining farce entitled "A Quiet Family," at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the Virginian sufferers. The idea of an amateur dramatic performance, or any other dramatic performance being a success at the great building known as the Academy of Music, is almost preposterous. The great genius of Salvini never was able to warm up the stage, entirely fill the house, nor command an enthusiastic audience. The actors are so far from the spectators that they cannot be heard with any pleasure, if heard at all. With all these disadvantages, the Amateurs had really full seats, and proved themselves competent to command attention. The principle parts were admirably sustained by Messrs. Bird Cordova, and Harry Leslie, and Mrs. Shook, Mrs. Good-year, and Mrs. King. These amateur performances this winter appear to be most frequent and well sustained.

CINCINNATI, December 20, 1873.

ROBINSON'S OPERA HOUSE.

—The second week of Miss Leclercq, notwithstanding the change of prices, has been unsuccessful. "Fate" does not take very well here. Aside from Miss Leclercq, no particular merit was noticed on the part of any of the company. She will be succeeded by Robert McWade next week as *Rip Van Winkle*.

WOOD'S THEATRE.

—Mr. John Collins, the comedian, has been at this place all the week, playing to paying houses. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, "Colleen Bawn." The rest of the week was taken up by "Rory O'More."

MOZART HALL.

—The Sheridan and Mack Combination, in connection with Sharpley's Minstrels, have made a success of the variety business.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

—The old San Francisco Minstrels, with Baekus at their head, have drawn the largest houses of the week. W.L.

MERCENARY TROOPS.

THE system of hiring foreigners to defend a country reached its climax in Italy. Every petty prince, every sovereign count, every marquis holding under the emperor, had his mercenaries. The free republics made a bargain with some well known captain of Condottieri to do their fighting for them for a certain annual sum. The professional soldiers thus enlisted had no desire to kill or be killed, and grew to look on bloodshed as an unfortunate accident which now and then attended an encounter of two bodies of heavy-armed cavalry. It was not until the French and their Swiss auxiliaries were confronted by the Spaniards and German spearmen, who disputed with them the spoils of Italy, that Cisalpine warfare became a gory reality. Even after the decay of feudalism, compulsory military service, in Teutonic countries, at any rate, remained the rule, but only for the defence of the realm. In England, for instance, that "king's press," which Sir John Falstaff so abused for his private profit, was a mere muster of militia against rebels or foreign raiders. The disorderly rabble that the queen's proclamation called into the field when the Spanish Armada coasted our shores was a sample of the militia of the period, and was divided, on paper at least, into two armies of great numerical strength. Lord Macaulay's speculations as to the probable result of a contest between this unwieldy mob, without discipline, provisions or officers, and the trained veterans under the skilful guidance of Parma, are moderate enough, and we can hardly wonder that no prince of the sixteenth and seventeenth century was fond of relying on a force which the necessities of the age had outgrown.

The palmy days of professional soldiering may be said, roughly speaking, to have been contemporaneous with the reigns of Tudor and Stuart. For then, abroad and at home, the fighting man was regarded as a skilled artisan, whose value in the labor market ruled high. Cromwell's splendid army was maintained on the same footing, as to pay, which James the First had fixed for the remuneration of his small force engaged in the reconquest of Ulster. At a time when the daily wages of a cloth weaver, or of a ploughman, seldom exceeded sixpence, it is evident that the soldier's eightpence, with the contingent advantages incidental to military arrangements, raised its recipient to a higher level of comfort than the average. Louvois, the thrifly disposed minister of sordid, splendid Louis the Fourteenth, first established the custom of relying on armies that were, indeed, of great numerical strength, but systematically ill paid and ill fed. Hogarth's grim caricature, in which the starveling French sentinel guards the gates of Calais, was not such a very great exaggeration of the truth.—*All the Year Round*.

GENUINE SCOTCH HOTCH-POTCH.—An English paper gives the recipe of an "unsurpassable hotch-potch," obtained from a cook in Oban, Scotland. It is as follows:—

Take the best part of a neck of mutton, cut it small, bones and all, and boil it until thoroughly well done, or until the meat separates from the bones. Then remove the bones and put in a quantity of green peas and broad beans at discretion, not to make the hotch-potch too thick; add a flavor of onions and parsley, together with a fair proportion of carrots, turnips, and kale or other cabbage, taking care to make the combination thick enough, but not so thick as to deprive it of the character of a soup and convert it into a pottage and boil the whole for eight or nine hours. If you boil it for twelve, or even twenty hours, it will be none the worse, but all the better. If there be any left, boil it up again on the next day and it will be better than of the first. The writer adds that there is a winter as well as a summer hotch-potch, the absence of peas and broad beans and the substitution of such other vegetables, potatoes alone excepted, as may be got, forming the difference between the two.

THE LOST DOG.—Did the reader ever see a lost dog in a great city? Not a dog recently lost, but of wild anxiety and restless pain and bewilderment, of one who had given up the search for a master in despair, and had become consciously a vagabond? If so, he has seen an animal that has lost his self-respect, travels in the gutters, slinking along by fences, making acquaintance with dirty boys, becoming a thorough coward, and losing every admirable characteristic of a dog. It belongs to somebody, as a hope; but a dog that does not belong to somebody is as hopeless a specimen of demoralization as can be found in the superior race among men at first sight, and he knows that we know him. It is a loss of loyalty, personal and official, have taken the sign out of his life and the spirit out of him. He has become a dog of leisure.

NOTICE OF THE BENEVOLENT.—A gold tooth-pick can be hardly regarded as a suitable Holiday present for a starving man.

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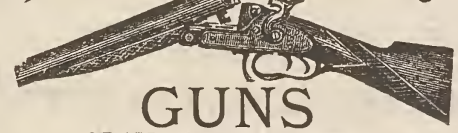
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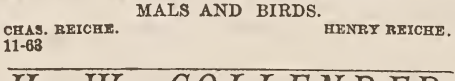
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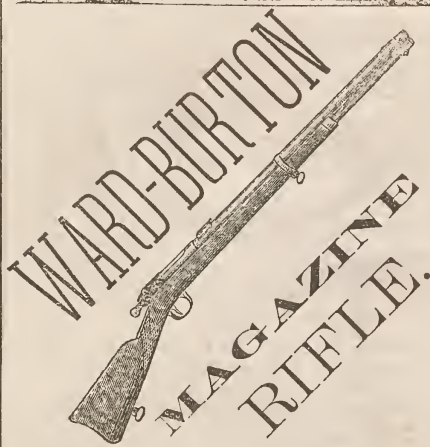
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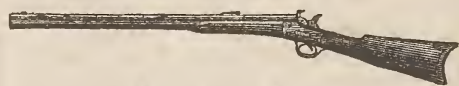
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1874.

{ Volume I, Number 21.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

FROST WORK.

THE beautiful foliage, the crown of the year,
Had been storm strewn and scattered withered and sere,
And the rains of the autumn were shed as a tear,
Where the withered garlands were lying.
Naked and bare to the wintry sky,
Moving their arms to the bleak winds' sigh,
Sad to the heart and drear to the eye
Were the trees, as the year was dying.

A cloud came drifting from out of the west,
Darksome and weird were billow and crest,
And the fitful gale spoke little of rest,
As the day went on to the gloaming.
No vesper of bird met the deepening shade,
No lowing of herds as they homeward strayed,
No carol of peasant or song of maid,
No sound but the breakers foaming.

A night came heavily, darksome and drear,
A morning broke beautiful, frosty and clear,
All sadness was gone, a wonderful cheer
Came like a caress to humanity.
The clouds that haunted the winter night,
Yielded their breath to the Ice king's might,
And woven in beauty by elf and sprite,
Made nature a scene of vanity.

Light as the beautiful veil of a bride,
Pure as the lilies that woodland hide,
Fairyland visions far and wide,
Enchanting the New Year morning.
No loom e'er wove such a silver sheen,
Light never gilded a daintier scene
In marble hall or in forest green,
Than the wonderful frost's adorning.

Crested and fringed on coppice and spray,
Catching the light of a cloudless day,
Casting the hues of a diamond's ray,
Lay the snow in virgin whiteness.
Clothing anew the beech long dead,
Clinging in beads on the spider's thread,
Frosting like age the pine tree's head,
In forms of fanciful lightness.

Giving a bloom to the swaying vine,
Roses of white where the briars twine,
Bending the larch in a snowy line,
Making grove oaks fantastic,
Flinging beauty on every form,
Wayward spirit of cold and storm,
Showing a fancy weird and warm,
And art so endlessly plastic.

Child of the night, of unseen birth,
One thing pure on the face of the earth,
Whiter than foam from the ocean surf,
Fair work of a mystical power,
Telling our hearts that the darkest sky
And the saddest hours may oft go by,
When stilled like the storm; our evening sigh,
May be joy in a brighter hour.

L. W. L.

The Back Lakes of Canada.

AS was their custom, several young men of the town of Cobourg (a Canadian frontier town) met one evening in Frank Stalwart's rooms at the "North American." This was in the latter days of August four years ago—yes, it must be four years ago, and yet how fresh in my memory, in spite of the many changes, some so gladly welcomed and others so ruthlessly bitter, which have since then transpired. On this particular evening the usual gossip was almost exhausted, when Ned Benton, a young, but not briefless, barrister, proposed we should settle upon the manner in which to take a couple of weeks' recreation. Placing his pipe carefully against a book on the table, which I remember was Longfellow's Poems, my friend, Frank Stalwart, suggested a trip up the Back Lakes. Said he, "we can have a little deer hunting, a good deal of duck shooting, no end of fishing, and altogether a splendid outing." "Some prefer to 'ball it' at a watering place; what say you, Bob Bertram?" addressing myself, "and put down that novel and order in some claret and ice." "Well," I said, "I know not whether the claret will change my mind, but now I am for the Lakes. I have heard so much about their romantic scenery that I greatly desire to see them."

So it was settled that we should start on the following Monday, after having taken another evening to arrange the route and the requirements of our outfit.

Ned Benton and I, according to a previous understanding, met our companion, Frank Stalwart, at Peterborough, about thirty-five miles north of our starting point. This was done so that our friend could go by way of Rice Lake and bring over Thad. Fremont, an accomplished man in the way of dogs, canoes, and camp life on the lakes and in the woods. I may mention here that, besides his many other admirable qualifications, in all things culinary Thad. was a perfect success.

During the afternoon of the day of our arrival at Peterborough we proceeded to get together such things as are necessary for the hunter's outfit. Besides the tent, the sportsman, for two weeks of camping, must have buffalo skins and blankets, kettle, tin plates, cups, and such things, together with bacon and bread to last a few days. After that he should trust to his skill in killing to supply the board. Also, he requires a moderate quantity of tea. I believe some carry with them a small keg of whiskey; in fact, it is considered by many a necessary article on these occasions, as it is impossible to drink the lake water on account of the profuse vegetable growth of rice, lilies, and other plants and flowers, which are almost invariably present in these small lakes, and certainly add to their picturesque beauty. Having towards evening collected our necessities, we began to look for Mr. Thad., who had, unnoticed, strayed from our path. We had in prospect that night a drive of seven miles in a wagon to Bridgenorth, a village consisting of one small tavern and a boat-building shop. We wished to set out as early as possible, so as to obtain a good night's rest and be prepared for a long paddle the next day. Thaddeus, however, was not to be found, and after a diligent search we went without him, taking with us his rifle and cartridge box, and leaving word to have him taken out early in the morning in a buggy. It turned out that the young man could not refrain from visiting an acquaintance of the fair persuasion, and once in the charmer's fascinating presence he found, no doubt, it was impossible to resist the spell of her enchantments, and midnight had stolen in upon the happy lovers ere Thad. awoke to the slightest degree of consciousness. Determined to start that evening, we loaded our wagon with two canoes, ammunition, and other supplies, and ourselves, three in number, besides the driver. The wagon that held all this was very moderate in size, with easy springs, but the canoes are carried in a peculiar way. Two poles are placed across the wagon above the box and nearly over the axles. The poles extend about three feet on each side of the wagon box. Across the poles the canoes are tied, one on each side parallel with the conveyance. Thus the seats are left free. Away we went, singing merry songs, and it would, I am sure, be hard to find "three blyther lads" than we.

After breakfast the next morning at Bridgenorth, on Chemong Lake, having waited a short time for the delinquent Thad., and upon the arrival of the repentant youth, about nine o'clock, we gaily proceeded to load and trim our canoes. Having arranged to follow this chain of lakes about forty or fifty miles before settling upon a permanent camping ground for our labors, we set out, Frank and I in a birch bark canoe well laden with our guns, ammunition, and camping utensils, besides the two hounds, Woodman and Harry, in the bow at my knees. The wind was pretty fresh, and blowing directly against us, making the paddling rather hard work, and also making the water so rough that a good deal of it was shipped over the bows. This disturbed the dogs considerably, and I was obliged when they would attempt to get up on the bow to keep them down by dint of a few sharp blows on the head with the paddle. The wise creatures, however, soon became accustomed to it, and, as if they knew for what purpose we had embarked, behaved like noble martyrs. The roughness was so great that Frank and I, as well as Benton and Thad., in a broad canoe, were compelled to pull ahead as strongly as we could from island to island, and from time to time un-

load, empty out the water received over the sides of our light crafts, load up and off again. Thus, about nightfall, we got to the foot of the lake, where we pitched our tent and tarried for the night.

Chemong Lake is within the pale of civilization, the land on either side being cultivated, and some comfortable looking farm houses being within the view. The islands are numerous, and are covered with shrubs and small trees. Some of these islands are almost perfectly circular, and seem to rise out of the water like mounds, with the trees so thick and even that they often present the appearance of a beautiful green cone of foliage floating on the surface of the water.

We rose in the morning a little before dawn, and the industrious and enthusiastic sportsman, Ned Benton, sallied out in a canoe to make war upon grey-backs and mallards, while the rest of us remained to pack up and arrange for the morning meal, and as, occasionally, we heard the report of our companion's gun, the light hearted Thad. would exclaim that should he get two or three brace of ducks he would give us a stew that would make us feel like princes. In a couple of hours Ned came in with five beauties. Thad. made good his boast, and as he danced around the fire preparing the savory meal he seemed to us (unaccomplished in the art—I was almost going to say the divine art—of cookery) clad in some mysterious power.

During the night the water had become quite smooth, and we glide off. We send the canoes along with ease. Everything is calm and quiet. The sun bathes the woods that line the shore in the mellow light of morning. Fresh and soft and pure looks the foliage, as if it had sprung up like magic. Nothing is heard save our chatting voices and the musical ripple of the water, as the canoes shoot through it. Truly we feel like princes; if not as rich at least as independent.

Soon we arrived at a mill-dam, at the outlet from Chemong to Buckhorn Lake, owing to which we have to make a portage. Unloading, we carry our packs and canoes nearly half a mile, and then embark in another water. We did not go far before we came to the Buckhorn Rapids, down which we ran in beautiful style, Thad. giving us a lead. Frank and I followed in the birch bark, and Benton brought up the rear. On the right is a large mass of rock, which rises perpendicularly from the water about forty or fifty feet, and extends along the shore as many yards, sloping down like the roof of a house, and meeting smaller rocks and a rich growth of woods; on the left the water is full of boulders, and the shore thickly lined with young trees and shrubbery close to the water's edge, and even appearing to extend into it. These rapids are comparatively swift and full, but with scarcely any turns. I laid my paddle across the bow and allowed my friend Frank to pilot us through; and it certainly required no small skill in steering and handling the paddle. The sensation was truly pleasurable, and is difficult of description. At first the canoe moves slowly and evenly along of its own accord, without any assistance from the occupants, increasing in speed through every foot of space; then entering the rough waters of the rapids it shoots off like the rush of some living creature let loose from its bonds; then, making a turn between two impending rocks, it darts past within a few inches of one of them, and then, in the deepest and strongest force of the current it bounds gracefully along on the waves, as if glad that it requires not the hand of man to give it motion; and, having acquired this magical independence, it seems to leap from wave to wave, dancing in rejoicing playfulness to the tune of the singing stream, till it loses its joy and force and strength in the calm waters of the rapid's foot.

Once more we ply the paddles with some degree of force, and gracefully glide through the waters of Buckhorn Lake. The advanced morning is splendid in the radiant beams of the warming sun. The small bays that indent the right shore, skirted sometimes on one side with large flat rocks, and on the other with heavy forest trees, are entered by rivulets from the wilds and hills beyond, visited only by Indians and adventurous sportsmen. Here all traces of

civilization are passed, and the whole prospect is one of primeval nature. Pulling the three canoes abreast we pursue our way in happy commune. We leave Deer Bay on our left. It is the largest on the lake, thickly covered with rice, and its shores closely grown with trees of various types, looking in the calmness of noon time like a close wall of leaves defending the peaceful water from all intruders. Now, for a mile or two in length, the right shore rises in a sloping hill, nearly two hundred feet in height, giving the effect of a vast, closely wooded slope from the beach up, appearing to extend grandly and proudly to the silver-bordered clouds that rest serenely upon its summit. Taking a turn to the left we hear the rumbling of another rapid, and after holding a consultation as to the proper channel to run, we go down singly, Thad. again proceeding in the van. We conclude to take the side channel, and gently floating through the softly moving sweep of water at the head we turn by the edge of the rocky side with the increasing movement of the current, apparently about to rush against the parapet of solid rock in front, when the stream, by a sudden swerve, as if in merry caprice, bears us around, and then, as if angry at having carried us in safety through twists and turns, sends us with the force of its full speed over the collected volume of its bounding waves, and we enter the strangely named Lovesick Lake. Here we met another party of hunters, like ourselves. It seemed so strange—as if they had sprung up from the water by some magician's wand, after moving the whole day through scenes of enchanting wilderness and peaceful, quiet beauty, which had never in all the roll of ages been disturbed by the innovations of man. They were going, they said, to the rice beds on Deer Bay for the evening duck shooting. They told us where their tents were pitched, and advised us to establish ourselves on an island opposite theirs, which we agreed to do, having concluded previously to make this lake our permanent camping ground. Frank Stalwart had known these gentlemen for years, and hence the greeting of him and his friends was cordial indeed, our canoe and theirs having been drawn up close together. Like us, they were four in number. They told us they had that morning (their first one out) killed a deer, and it was agreed that they should visit our camp in the evening to arrange for a deer hunt in one party the following morning. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in a few minutes after, we reached the island of our destination, where we at once proceeded to unload our canoes and pitch our tent. This island was one well adapted for our purpose, being elevated and dry. From where we landed the approach to the level above was steep, but the ascent made without difficulty. On the other side the rocks were perfectly perpendicular, and rose directly out of the water about thirty feet. The tent having been tightly fixed, Frank and I selected a trolling hook and line and started off in search of fish, proposing to return in about half an hour, while our two companions prepared the evening repast. Passing around the point of the island, we move under the high overhanging cliffs that skirt its side; then, as we near the border of a large rice bed, I let out the trolling line in hopes of securing the prey. In a few minutes, while Frank and I were cementing our friendship with mutual assurances of a constant attachment in the future, I felt a sudden jerk, then, as I took a firmer hold of the line, a stubborn pull. Knowing the cause was an active maskinonge, I began to haul in. Feeling the resistance, he darted forward, then to one side with a wonderfully strong plunge. As I brought him near he bounded to the surface in frantic efforts to get free, and gave us a very liberal sprinkling. A couple of quick pulls, however, and a good steady haul, laid him captive in the canoe, when, with a last desperate whisk of his tail he snapped my briar wood pipe in two like a piece of thin glass and sent the pieces flying in the air. Thus ended the history of my favorite pipe, which was carefully strengthened with a silver ferule, and thus a plump twelve pounder of the finny tribe was lost to his companions of the deep to satisfy the selfish sport of man. After catching one or two more I roll up the line, and we quietly take a sauntering sort of paddle about the edge of the lake to drink in all the native beauty of the view. I think neither poet's pen nor artist's pencil could fully and clearly describe the delight that fills the mind, or the peculiar thrill of serenity and pure sensation of awe that stirs the heart and moves the thought to involuntary devotion in such a scene. The water is as calm and smooth as a sheet of glass, supporting on its even surface large patches of rich full blooming lilies of spotless whiteness, surrounded with their broad, deep green leaves; and very carefully, without knowing it, do we dip our paddles so as not to mar their matchless purity nor disturb the sweet repose of floral beauty at rest upon the water's bosom. It seems a wanton sacrilege to displace the fair ornaments with which nature has adorned herself. The lake side is closely lined with rocks and ledges of uneven height, from out whose crevices grow tall pines and large firs without the slightest evidence of soil. The water is deep quite up to the rocky shore, and the intervening spaces between some of the moss-covered, sloping rocks are filled with a luxuriant growth of trees of numberless shapes and sizes. The autumnal variegated tints of orange, yellow, scarlet, green, and red, intermingled with the unaccountable harmony of Nature's marvellous work, contrast so pleasingly with the deep and constant color of the foliage of the heavy evergreens. These rocks and wooded growths are high and close, and nothing can be seen over or between them. There is almost an angular bend at this part of the irregular shore, forming, as it were, a temple for the appearance of the divinities of the place. The evening is

impressively still, the water is supremely calm, like the innocent sleep of a fair infant; the mild subdued light of the receding sun produces the shadows of the objects in view, inverted beneath the lake; our paddles are quietly, tenderly, with sacred care, placed across the canoe; our friendly talk is hushed; we are as motionless as the placid lilies that surround us; we are lost in the sublimity, the grandeur of Nature, fast bound in the awe of the majesty of her magic spell. At length the approach of falling night reminds us of our companions in the camp, and we return to our tent upon the island, exchanging, as we go, expressions of wonder and admiration. In the evening we gathered drift boards from the island and made seats around our camp fire, while arranging which the measured sound of paddles, and the steady hum of voices met the ear. We immediately proceeded to the shore, and there met our acquaintances of the afternoon. Their canoes pulled up, we all formed a pleasant social crescent before the fire, the canoes having been previously hung above the blaze in readiness for a brew with which to welcome our sporting guests. The night was cool and frosty, not very bright, yet myriads of twinkling stars sparkled in the deep blue sky. No lights or signs of any kind gave token of civilized life. Our small party of eight, gathered from various quarters of the globe (some of whom had travelled in many climes), had met on this tiny islet in a small lake, surrounded by miles upon miles of the untouched wilds of Nature, and no sound was heard save the constant rushing noise of the swiftly flowing rapids. There was Major Howard, an Englishman, now living in the neighborhood of Peterborough, and Mr. Loring, a civil engineer of the same place, with others of lively and social predilections, who all told interesting and romantic incidents of foreign travel, as well as sporting and hunting experiences in the wilds of Canada. In the clear bracing air of the autumn evening, as we smoked our pipes and sipped the warming beverage, our talk became richly savored with the hunter's phraseology.

"How clearly," said the Major, "we can hear the tumbling of the rapids; the night is so calm. That point, you know, just at the head, used to be a favorite camping ground, but of late it has been rather abandoned. There have been several drowned in running through. Two poor fellows were lost the past summer."

"And why didn't they learn to swim," put in our Irish friend, Carrll, "or not go poking themselves into traps they couldn't get quietly out of again."

"But my dear fellow," replied the Major, "the eddies are so strong, you know, that even good swimmers have rather a frail chance; and as for guns, why bless your heart the foot of these rapids is fairly paved with them."

"Are you an experienced canoe-man, Mr. Bertram," the Major continued, addressing me. "You're not? well, you'll soon like it. It's a fascinating life, I assure you. Upon my life, Mr. Bertram, it's a very fascinating life; so free, and wanting care. Why, we come up here every few weeks and take down a deer or so, and a score or two of ducks. It is really very jolly, and no end of sport."

"Do you remember, Frank," said Loring, "when you and I upset on Black Duck Lake?"

"Indeed I do, old boy, and I feel chilly every time I think of it."

And then was told, at some length, how they dived and recovered their guns and some of their other traps.

"I suppose you were rather moist at the time," said Carroll, "but it makes a very dry story."

Then the tin cups were soon replenished from the steaming can and passed around the circle.

"There's one thing true," said the incorrigible Carroll, "it would never do to drink this lake water until it was boiled down."

And so the talk went on—of yachting in the Mediterranean, racing in England, and social converse concerning mutual friends and acquaintances—till we separated, about eleven o'clock, having settled to meet at dawn ready to chase the deer.

Then we spread our buffalo skins on the ground in the tent and retire for the night, well covered with blankets, beneath which we slumber soundly till the break of day. The mouth or door of the tent being open, we behold, on awaking, the waning stars, not yet entirely chased away by the fast approaching sunlight. A hasty toilet made at the lake, a hasty breakfast, and we are ready for the start. Frank Stalwart and I were stationed with our canoe at one end of our own island to meet the deer, if one should cross from the main land, and as we sat quietly waiting beneath an overhanging growth of shrubbery, projecting from a ledge of rock, said he, "Rob, did you ever hunt the deer before?"

"Not in this way, Frank; I have generally hunted in run-ways."

"And," he replied, "a run-away business I expect it was, was it not?"

"Well, it was not so much their timidity as my ineffectual aim."

"It is time, then, you had an aim in life. But you may be more successful in this method, as you get them at shorter range."

"I understand," said I, "the general theory of this mode, but will you be kind enough to give me all the minutiae?"

"With all the pleasure in life, old chap. It is in this way:—Well, there should be about five or six canoes and four or five hounds, and it is very fortunate for us we met these other fellows, as they make the party about the right strength, and afford us, with our own, the proper number of dogs. There is always an injunction understood that no firing is to take place on the morning of a hunt, as these

denizens of the forest are very timid creatures, and avoid the direction whence any noise is heard. So remember, if a half score of ducks fly under your nose you must let them pass. The guns should be loaded with buckshot, although experienced men kill sometimes with small duck shot. The canoes are stationed at different points, where the deer are likely to cross. This morning one is placed at Scow Island, half a mile or more to the right, one down in the bay, about half a mile to the left, one out at Black Duck Lake, nearly two miles away, and others I know not where. Two or three of the party go on the main land to put out the dogs. Thad., Loring, and Riggits are doing that arduous duty at the present time. When the dogs strike upon the scent of deer they are let loose. When they get within hearing distance the deer break from cover, and almost invariably make for the water as a harbor of safety from their canine pursuers. As soon as the dogs give tongue the men at the different stations are to be on the alert, and when a deer enters the water at any particular point the man who discovers him must keep perfectly still until the animal is well out in the lake, as the deer's senses of smell and hearing are extremely acute. Then the canoe, quietly and with as little noise of the paddle as possible, meets the intended game, until observed by the unsuspecting creature. Then the pursuer flies after him with all the skill he has in his power till he gains within a short distance of his prey. Then an unmistakable aim, and the discharge of the fowling piece lays the forest monarch low."

After faithfully remaining at our post about two hours or more, we heard the yelping of the hounds, which made us more sharply attentive. It was soon evident, however, we were not to have the good fortune of a chase at our station that morning, for ere long there came from a distance the report of guns. Then we knew the hunt was over, and we repaired to the tent. In about three quarters of an hour the rest of the party came in, and one canoe was the honored bearer of a plump young doe. After a time the dogs made themselves heard on the main shore opposite, and the active Thad. quickly proceeded to bring them over. So ended the morning's work.

After the midday meal we sat and smoked, or lay on the blankets basking in the sun till four or five o'clock, when we set out for the evening's duck shooting, some of the party remaining near the camp and others going up to the large rice bed near Deer Bay. And the party reassembled in the evening well rewarded with game.

Thus we spent the time; and richly did we enjoy the days as they passed. Indescribable was the pleasure of hours upon hours every day in the clear open air and sun light, with the exhilarating exercise of paddling, the inspiration of the scenery, and the excitement of the sport all commingling their various charms. We were well able before we left to verify the words of the Major, for truly did we find it a fascinating life. Our freedom was perfectly unalloyed. We had no cares of business nor the exactions of the conventional pleasures of society. Liberty was there unbounded.

But now I will not make any further narration of our camping expedition, but in another paper may say something of the conclusion of our journey and the romantic interests of these spots of nature so beautifully wild.

—ROB. BERTRAM.

FALLING LEAVES.—Many persons think that when the leaves turn red and yellow in the fall, it is because they have been killed by the frost. But a little observation will show that such is not the case, and that the autumns when the leaves are most beautiful are those in which the frost is the latest. A severe frost kills the leaves at once, and they soon fall, brown and withered. To be brilliant, they must ripen naturally, and our hot September and October midday suns have probably much to do with it, as in England, where the falls are apt to be damp and cloudy, the leaves are not bright, and American artists, who strive to paint our maples and woods as they see them, are unjustly accused of over coloring. The leaves fall because they are ripe, and have performed the service that was allotted them. The leaf is the laboratory of the plant, and in it are performed most of the operations essential to its growth. It takes the crude materials gathered by the roots, refines them, rejecting all that is not essential to the plant, and out of the remainder constructs the highly complex bodies that are found in other parts of the plant. These rejected parts consist mainly of earthy matter that was in solution in the water taken up by the roots, and it is deposited in the cells of the leaf. This is shown by the fact that the leaf contains far more ash than any other part of the plant. In some plants the ash of the leaf amounts to over twenty per cent., while that of the wood rarely exceeds two or three. When the cells become completely clogged up with this matter, the leaf can no longer perform its functions, and so ripens and falls off.

PREMATURE PREPARATION FOR SPRING.—The Providence Journal says:—

All the lovers of house plants know how they stagnate during the dark December days. But hardly has January come before the leaf-buds and flower-buds start out in profusion. We think of January and February as the heart of winter, yet the leaf-buds of many trees and shrubs, even in our Arctic climate, begin to swell at new years, and continue to increase during the winter.

This year we notice a particular phenomenon, interesting but unpromising, like other precocity. The buds of trees and shrubs swelled rapidly after the leaves of the last summer had fallen, and early in November were as far advanced as usually in March, or sometimes April. The summer drouth and copious autumn rains will perhaps explain this. The cold November hardly checked the premature development, and the warm December has continued it. The red blossoms are now to be seen on some of the early maple trees, and the sprays of the elm are beaded with swollen flower buds. The buds of the grape vine under our window are bulging out. We are all interested in the question: Will the fruit buds suffer?

Fish Culture.

PRACTICAL FISH CULTURE.

NUMBER THREE.

The Dry Method.

THIS is comparatively a new process in this country, or rather, new to most fish breeders, as it is claimed that some of them used so small a quantity of water as to almost entitle them to call it dry impregnation, before the discovery was announced in America, but the first public announcement of this process was made in the *New York Citizen* of May 27th, 1871, by Mr. George Shepard Page, of New York, who caused an account of the experiments of M. Vrascki, at Nikolsk, Russia, to be translated. These experiments were made in 1856, and therefore the Russian was fifteen years in advance of us on this point; and although the writer does not accord it as high a place among piscicultural discoveries as others have done, who have predicted that it would be universally adopted and entirely revolutionize the manner of taking spawn, which, by the way, it has not done at present writing, for of those who take trout spawn by hand at present, I do not know of more than two who practice it in all its dryness, and they are a little enthusiastic on this subject. The writer was employed by Mr. Green last spring on the Hudson, and water was always placed in the pan before stripping the shad, and although Mr. Green uses water in the manipulation of salmon-trout, it is small in quantity, as it always has been with him; hence, his success, which was wondered at by those who drowned their milt in a panful, as did M. Vrascki in his first experiments.

In order to fully understand the principle of dry impregnation, it will be necessary to glance at the construction of the egg and the vitalizing principle of the milt.

The egg is provided with two coats or membranes, the inner one enclosing the yolk, and between this and the outer one is the space that fills with water, milt, or both, as the case may be, which causes the egg to "free," as mentioned in the last article. This outer covering is provided with a funnel-shaped opening, called the micropyle, through which fluids are absorbed.

The milt contains numberless pin-shaped filaments, which, as they are endowed with motion, I have called animalculæ, for the use of which term Mr. Charles Bell took me to task before the American Fish Culturists' Association. They are known to science as spermatozoa, or zoöspers, and Mr. Bell quotes Dalton so effectively that I am certain that I will never commit so grave an error again as to call zoöspers "animalculæ."

Claiming, as I do, nothing but practical knowledge, an error in scientific nomenclature, especially in physiological science, may readily be forgiven. Mr. Bell says:—

"I will submit the evidence on both sides to the Association, and they shall decide, not whether we shall call them 'zoöspers' or 'animalculæ,' but whether they are living animals or simply shreds of albumen."

The following extract is from Dr. Dalton's "Treatise on Physiology," published in Boston in 1859:—

"The most remarkable peculiarity of the spermatozoa is their very singular and active movements, to which we have already alluded. If a drop of fresh seminal fluid be placed under the microscope, the numberless minute filaments of which it is composed are seen to be in a state of incessant and agitated motion; this movement of the spermatozoa, in many species of animals, strongly resembles that of the tadpole. * * * The tail-like filament keeps up a lateral and vibratory motion, by which the spermatozoon is driven from place to place in the spermatid fluid, just as a fish or tadpole is propelled through the water. In other instances, as for example, in the water lizard, the spermatozoa have a writhing or spiral-like movement, which presents a very peculiar and elegant appearance when large numbers of them are viewed together; it is the existence of this movement that first suggested the name of spermatozoa to designate the animated filaments of the spermatid fluid, and which has led some writers to attribute to them an independent animal nature. This is, however, a very erroneous mode of regarding them, since they cannot properly be considered as animals, notwithstanding the active character of their movement, and the striking resemblance which it sometimes presents to a voluntary act. * * *"

It is the entrance of this zoöspers, while still active, into the micropyle that fecundates the egg, and its introduction to water stimulates it to greater activity for a moment or two, after which it dies.

The following extract from the article referred to in the *Citizen*, tells how it was discovered:—

"In his experiments, M. Vrascki had followed the counsels given in French and German works on pisciculture; but the results obtained were far from being brilliant. In reality he obtained at each hatching but an insignificant number. 'From many thousands of eggs,' said he in one of his letters, 'there were only some dozens of young fry. The rest of the eggs were spoiled and lost for want of having been impregnated. I have, however, observed with scrupulous exactness all the directions given by the manuals with a view to fecundation.'

In the autumn of 1856, M. Vrascki was occupied with the microscopic study of the eggs and milt, and kept a journal in which he registered the least circumstances and incidents relative to each fecundation that he effected. Two months of persistent efforts brought the desired results. The journal and the microscope proved to him that the cause of

his failure proceeded precisely from the exact observation of all the counsels of the foreign manuals. It is necessary for fecundation that the spermatozoa of the milt of the male should penetrate the eggs of the female. In order to do this, the manuals recommended receiving the eggs in a vessel of water; afterwards, to receive in another vessel of water the milt of the male; and lastly, to turn the diluted milt on to the eggs. By his journal, kept with scrupulous exactness, M. Vrascki convinced himself that the fecundation was so much the less complete according as the mixture of the milt and the eggs had been most delayed. If ten minutes elapsed between obtaining the milt and the mixing of it with the eggs, the fecundation failed almost entirely. His observations and the microscopic researches of the eggs and the milt showed that first, when received in water at the instant of issuing from the fish, the eggs absorb the water and preserve the power of being impregnated only as long as this absorption is not finished; that is to say, during a half hour at the utmost. Once saturated with water, the eggs do not absorb any spermatozoa; but if received into dry vessels on issuing from the fish, the eggs remain, on the contrary, for a sufficient time in a neutral state, and do not lose the power, when once put into water, of receiving the spermatozoa.

Second, the spermatozoa of the milt, in falling into the water, commence immediately, with much vigor and rapidity, to make movements, which only last, however, for a minute and a half, or two at the most; when this time is elapsed, only in some few spermatozoa can there be seen particular movements and agonised convulsions. When at the issuing from the male fish, the milt is received in a dry vessel, it does not change for many hours, and during this interval the spermatozoa do not lose the power of beginning to move when they find themselves in contact with water. Closed in a dry tube and well corked, the milt preserved its impregnating virtue during six days.

From these observations, as also from the fact that the eggs, as well as the milt, are obtained slowly, their entire mass not being able to issue at once, M. Vrascki arrived at the conclusion that when they were received in water the greater part of the eggs attempted to saturate themselves with water, and the spermatozoa almost ceased to move before it was possible for the fish breeder to mix the eggs with the diluted water. M. Vrascki adopted then the system of dry vessels, and turned the milt on the eggs immediately he put them in water.

The success was complete; all the eggs were impregnated without one exception."

It is very evident that if those French and German manuals that M. Vrascki consulted are the best authorities that the student of pisciculture can obtain in those countries, that it is time they were revised.

Taking spawn and milt in different vessels, diluting them with water and mixing! and even after standing in water separate for a space of ten minutes they failed to impregnate! ! he evidently would not be called an expert operator, and probably is not now if he still says "the eggs and milt are obtained slowly," but he certainly deserves much credit for his perseverance to final success under such bad teaching. From his experiments it is shown that the egg is capable of being impregnated for about half an hour after being taken from the fish, while the milt will lose its vitality in about two minutes; therefore, those who practice this method should be able to strip a hundred or more female fish, and getting a water pail full of eggs proceed to impregnate them by wholesale with a few males. They claim that it does not hurt the eggs to fall like peas into a dry pan, and perhaps it does not, but how about sudden changes of temperature, such as will generally occur under such circumstances?

In a hatching house where a fire can be had, if required, there is little danger; but there are often circumstances under which such a luxury cannot be obtained, as, for instance, when spawning wild fish from a stream.

I do not hesitate to say that if I were taking spawn by hand I would not use the dry or Russian method, as it is sometimes called, for I have never liked it; it seems like crowding nature too hard; and as for its boasted advantages of time saved, and eggs impregnated, I doubt if they can be demonstrated by actual experiment, to be superior to the use of a little water.

All that has been written, as far as my observation has extended, has extolled the wonderful new method of impregnation; but I know some of the very best operators who take large quantities of spawn by hand, use water still. I regard it as a natural reaction of those referred to as "drowning their milt," from one extreme to the other. Take water enough in the pan to cover the eggs; strip a female or two and then a good male; give the pan a tip to thoroughly mix the milt and water; and if your ingredients are good, that is fully ripe and properly handled, you will find the impregnation good.

There may emergencies arise, as, for instance, if milt is plentiful to-day and may possibly be scarce to-morrow, it could be kept alive with its vitality unimpaired until required; as to the exact length of time that it can be so kept, authorities differ—some claiming five and others ten days; temperature undoubtedly has more or less influence upon its keeping qualities, which point might possibly be found midway between the extremes of heat and cold that it can endure alive.

That milt can be sent in a vial by mail or express without injury to the zoöspers from concussions likely to be received, has been suggested; but I do not remember to have seen any account of its being done, and so brought to the test of actual experiment; and if any trout-breeder

wishes to try it, I will gladly exchange a vial with him, and we will count the eggs, place them by themselves and note the exact percentage of impregnation; then, if we succeed, we will have demonstrated what is at present but theory. The milt can be taken in a homeopathic vial, which can be securely packed in cotton in a small box, or block of wood and sent by mail, with the day and hour of its taking carefully noted, as well as the exact time of its introduction to the eggs.

In regard to the proper kind of pan for impregnating, I know of nothing better than tin; last summer, at the shad-hatching grounds on the Hudson, Seth Green sent for trial some of the new paper pans, which are yellow or coated with some yellow varnish. This was before I joined the party, as they were banished after a trial or two. Mr. Monroe A. Green, who was in command, declared that they killed the spawn, whereupon he got out his tin ones that he knew were reliable. The same authority condemns galvanised iron, both for spawn and young fish; yet there are some who make transporting tanks of it. I give this to show how opinions vary, but never having had any experience with anything but tin, which is good, I cannot speak authoritatively. FRED. MATHER.

The Kennel.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

IT is generally supposed that this calamity was first introduced into this country from France. It is the great scourge of the canine race, and very few dogs escape it altogether. The best preventive that we know of is to avoid anything that will produce debility, or low poor diet, exposure to cold, wet and damp sleeping kennels.

Mr. Vyner, a very clever and practical writer on this subject says: Be beforehand with the disease if you can, and upon the first symptom, which is a dry cough or husk attended with a loss of appetite and lassitude, give the following pills, to a small dog one pill, but to a large dog two pills. Always remember there is a vast difference between a terrier and a hound. Each pill should contain of calomel three grains, compound powder of antimony, four grains, camphor half a drachm. Give one at daylight and tie the dog's head up for three hours, if he is strong enough to stand so long, if he is weak he must be watched by a trusty person to see if he throws off his pill, and if he does he must have another. Work this off in four or five hours with a dose of castor oil. If the dog is much purged omit the pill and oil for one night, and then dose again as before.

Keep on with this remedy till a change takes place for the better, such as absence of fever and increased strength, but do not weaken him with too strong purges. The dog must be fed from the beginning, if he refuses his food, with a spoon on the best beef or mutton broth, with a little bread crumbled into it, or he will become so weak that he will die of exhaustion. This must be done every two or three hours or he will die. He must be kept cool (not cold) dry, sheltered and comfortable, with plenty of ventilation. If his eyes are much affected, put a seton in the back of his neck. If too much purged feed also on arrow-root or flour porridge, and if he is very ill with a violent diarrhoea, give him an ounce of balm or yeast, but if taken in time he will not want it.

If with the above treatment, with strict attention to feeding the dog well upon good light, but nourishing and wholesome food, and at the same time keeping cool and dry, if he does not recover I fear in vain must his owner seek otherwise for relief. Many young hounds die of absolute exhaustion, after the worst stages of the disease are passed from cruel neglect and idleness, when a little attention to merely giving them nutritious food and strengthening medicine might undoubtedly have saved their lives. The following pill given to puppies recovering from distemper, and also to older dogs which have been debilitated in their constitution I have frequently found to have the very best effect. Take of quinine twenty-four grains, gentian powder half ounce, bark powder half ounce, cinnamon powders one and a half drachm, sulphuric acid eight drops, one to be given every morning."

—Mr. R. C. F. of Baltimore, writes to us asking whether the progeny of an ordinary bred, but thoroughly broken dog is better than the progeny of a thorough bred entirely unbroken dog? Answer. The puppies of an ordinary bred but thoroughly broken dog, would inherit ordinary breed, and give extra trouble, care, pains and expense to break and train them. Then you would only have a breed of third-class dogs. While the progeny of a thorough bred entirely unbroken dog, would at least inherit a thorough bred, and therefore the whelps would require scarcely any breaking or training especially if they were taken out in the field along with their mother. Then you would have a first-class breed of dogs. The natural instinct of the dog, that is to say (we are assuming them to be pointers or setters) is to stand rigid in position on the scent of game birds, is handed down from generation to generation. The breaking, training, ranging, is more or less taught after the puppies have attained the age of maturity, and lies dormant to a great extent, until the instinct is exercised and educated by the dog trainer.

NOTICE.—Owing to the holidays there has been some little delay in preparing the Portrait of the English Champion Pointer "Belle." We will send it as soon as it is perfected.

For Forest and Stream.

TROUT FISHING.

BY MRS. EUNICE B. LAMBERTON.

GIVE me a rod of the split bamboo,
A rainy day and a fly or two,
A mountain stream where the eddies play,
And mists hang low o'er the winding way.

Give me a haunt by the purling brook,
A hidden spot in a mossy nook,
No sound save hum of the drowsy bee,
Or lone bird's tap on the hollow tree.

The world may roll with its busy throng
And phantom scenes, on its way along;
It's stocks may rise, or it's stocks may fall—
Ah! what care I for its baubles all?

I cast my fly o'er the troubled rill,
Luring the beauties by magic skill,
With mind at rest and a heart at ease,
And drink delight from the balmy breeze.

As lusty trout to my glad surprise,
Speckled and bright, on the crest arise,
Then splash and plunge in a dazzling whirl,
Hope springs anew as the wavelets curl.

Gracefully swinging from left to right,
Action so gentle, motion so slight,
Tempting, enticing, on craft intent,
Till yielding tip by the game is bent.

Drawing in slowly, then letting go
Under the ripples where mosses grow,
Doubting my fortune, lost in a dream,
Blessing the land of Forest and Stream.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1873.

From the Evening Post, 1872.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

AFTER MARCO BOZARIS.—A long time.

TWAS New Year's, near the hour of noon
As through Fifth avenue there passed
Two youths, with hearts in sweet atune,
Through snow-wreaths trudging fast;
And all along the street they glanced,
With eager eyes that fairly danced,
At every door-plate's gleam;
Then up the mansion's steep ascent,
A nervous knock, and in they went,
With hat in hand and body bent,
To maidens' dazzling beam.

An hour passed on—yet still intent,
These gallant youths on conquests rare!
From house to house they madly went,
To seek the treasures hidden there.
But now no more with blithesome tread,
No more, alas! with steady head,
As in the early morn;
For many cups they'd fully drained,
Not once from brandy punch refrained,
And now with stomachs overstrained,
Their wits were nearly gone.

With reckless gait and hats awry,
Another house they soon essayed,
Yet paused to ask a passer by
If here was where Miss (*lic*)—son staid.
Then up the steps they wildly reeled,
Jerked off the bell and in they wheeled—
Wheeled and gave the maid a hug,
Tripped their toes against the rug;
Sat on their hats, and with a smile,
Drank to their hostess' health the while,
In muddled undertone:
"Drink, ye beauties (*lic*) lasses all;
Drink, to our mer (*lic*) New Year's call;
Drink, until we stand or fall,
Or else we drink alone."

They drank like toppers, long and well,
They drained their goblets to the brim,
They drank, until at length they fell,
Trembling in every limb—
Yet once again upon their pins,
They shuffled on their toilsome way,
While brandy punches, wines and gins
Poured down their throats till close of day.
Long scrambled they from door to door,
By helping hand or friendly push,
And when their strength could do no more,
Sat down among the slush!
Their few surviving comrades saw
Their plight, when rang their last hurrah
At midnight's silent hour;
Then saw their heavy eyelids close,
Then helpless sink in calm repose,
Safe in policeman's power.

CHARLES HALLOK.

ASPIRATION.

I'VE seen a bird, while its way upward making,
Struck by the hunter in some vital part,
Gather and spread its wings, still higher dart
With last fond breath,
As if the slender thread of life in breaking,
But gave fresh impetus to strong desire,
Impelling it toward where it would aspire,
Mid throes of death.

Thusto a worthy goal may I be tending,
With single purpose and unerring aim,
Toiling and striving upward to the same
With all my might.
And when Death's, the great archer's, shaft ascending,
Pierces my vitals, and my task is o'er,
With powers increased, may I still higher soar,
As fades my sight.

New Orleans.

JAMES RUNNEGA.

—The collie dog, which in the control of flocks and herds displays an instinct more efficacious than human reason, is admirably described by Burns:

"—a gash an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke
His honest, sonie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in like place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
We'el clad wi' coat of glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hudies wi' a swurl!"

HADDOCK FISHERIES OF NORDERNEY.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

What the cod is to the inhabitants of North America and the dorsch to the Scandinavian populations, the haddock is to the nations bordering on the northern waters of Europe, and is, next to the herring, the most important and valuable sea fish. It is true the haddock has not yet reached an equal point of importance in national economy, owing to the fact that it never appears in as large schools as the cod or herring. The Scotch, however, some years since, have introduced the haddock as a permanent article of food by bringing into the market their "smoked haddock," and the day is not distant when in that form the haddock will become a permanent and welcome addition to the food of northern Europe.

The most prolific region for this sea-fish on the north German coast is off the Island of Norderney, one of those islands extending in a long chain on that coast. These islands form a land-locked channel with the main, safe for the smallest craft, and allow that local traffic along the borders which has given rise to the development of a great many industries, the principal one of which is the haddock fishery of Norderney. In this sketch we shall frequently make use of the important material found in Dr. Kohl's "Nordwest Deutsche Skizzen," published in Bremen in 1873.

The haddock is ever seeking the cold water; hence we find it on the coasts of Norway throughout the entire year. In the German sea, near Helgoland and Norderney, as well as on the Scottish coasts, the haddock generally appear as late as the end of September, and off the German coast, from that time to Christmas the fishermen go out; about this time it ceases, owing to the cold, ice and storms, and begins again at the end of February or the beginning of March. On the Scotch coast, where the ice cannot heap up, as on the north German sand banks and flats, the fisheries are prosecuted throughout the entire winter. In May and June the haddock leave the German coast for the colder regions to the north.

Norderney being, with the exception of Helgoland, the most populous of this series of islands, possesses the strongest fishing squadron; but its preëminence is mainly due to the presence of a peculiar worm, abundantly found in the sand banks; and which has proved the most enticing bait to the haddock. This worm is called the "pierer," and is as long and thick as the little finger. It lives and delves unceasingly in the sands, from one half to one foot below the surface. It swallows the sand grains, and its stomach is always filled with them; but after having by this means assimilated the digestible vegetable and animal substances, the sand grains are discharged. This worm is too perishable to be transported to other islands. In Helgoland, the fishermen use the intestines of the seal brought from Greenland by the whale fishers; also certain parts of the intestines of the whale itself. In default of either, *ox-liver* is used, but only of necessity. The "pierer," however, is unsurpassed as a bait, as has been proven by numerous trials.

It is a clear day in September, and the sun's disc is slowly rising from the eastern waters, gradually dissipating the mist which hangs along the horizon. The evening before the last touch has been put to the fishing tackle. The boats are bright and smart, ready for work; every one in the coast village is eager in the expectation. In the minds of all, men, women and children, a certain restlessness is mingled with the sense of there being nothing to do just then but to wait. A few fine fellows as an advance guard are pushing with their craft out to sea, ready for the work which is to provide the islanders with food and raiment for one whole year. They drift out to sea; cast their lines; bait for a couple of hours. Not a line stirs; the shoal of expected fish has not come yet. On shore everybody eagerly watches their return. A week may have gone by, when suddenly the cry will resound on shore throughout the fisher-huts, "the haddock have come!"

The scene now changes to immediate and stirring bustle. It is the province of the women to procure the now necessary bait, the "pierer;" while the men and older boys are getting the boats ready for sea. Armed with a fork not unlike the American forked spade, and very like Neptune's trident, and provided with shallow vessels, the women and girls scatter along the flats and begin digging for worms. This work must be done quickly; must be accomplished during the shortest period of the lowest ebb, when the flat is clear of water. And since, oftentimes, a flotilla of from forty to fifty sail is waiting to be thus supplied, and each boat will need about three thousand worms for one trip, one hundred and fifty thousand worms have to be procured in all.

The fishing tackle of the Norderneyers is, in their local idiom, termed "want." It consists of, first and principally, a strong and thick rope, to which are fastened at certain distances thin lines, on which are attached their fishing hooks, plated with tin. The principal rope is called the "lienne," the line; and the smaller lines the "schnor." These attached lines are each about six fathoms long, this being the depth at which the haddock will bite, namely, close to the bottom of the sea. The divisions on the principal line are marked by the fishermen with great exactness; they are one fathom apart from each other; the principal lines being eighty fathoms in length; hence, provided with eighty hooks each, four lines with three hundred and twenty hooks, make a "back," or a pack of lines. Every vessel will take ten "backs" on board. During their summer and winter rests, the fishermen carefully mend, renew

and make additional fishing tackle. The most delicate part of the operation is the fastening of the hooks. Each hook is tied with a tarred thread to the lines. To keep each piece from being entangled in the numerous hooks, the hooks are strung upon a piece of wood until the line is to be used. Finally, buoys are fastened to each principal line to indicate the spot where the lesser lines have entered the water.

The German ocean's bottom being everywhere level, sandy and without natural obstructions, the fishing tackle is less exposed to destruction than on the rocky coasts of Norderney or of Scotland. Still, they are exposed to various accidents, such as of sunken vessels, and the fishing tackle is not unfrequently seriously injured. Sometimes an enormous ray will have to be hauled up; and a few years ago, what rarely happens in these waters, a shark measuring seventeen feet in length was thus captured.

The same kind of fishing tackle is used on the north German coast, but the Dutch fishermen throw out nets to take the haddock. This fish is, however, taken in but very small numbers in Dutch waters. The Scotch declare that they would be unable to catch a single haddock with the German fishing tackle. Thus every nation concerned has its peculiar customs, and it is a curious question whether the haddock, having been taken in a manner peculiar to a coast from time immemorial, might not refuse to be taken in any other manner. It is evident that the German method is the better one. In the German way the fish dies rapidly; in the other the death is made slower and not conducive to the preservation of its flavor.

Great care is required even after the fish is killed to preserve this desirable quality. The fish must be handled as little as possible. The German fishermen maintain that the haddock must be brought to market with its natural slimy coat on. Hence they do not clean the fishes on board of the vessels, but leave this manipulation to the Bremen or Hamburg cooks.

In stormy weather the haddocks appear in greatest number on the Norderney and Helgoland coasts. The best time for work is, therefore, shortly after a storm, when the fish will bite most eagerly. Then a little sloop will bring in probably two thousand fish, valued in market at two hundred dollars. Sometimes, if wind and weather are extraordinarily favorable, the sloop will sail out twice in twenty-four hours, bringing in two harvest in a single day. The trip does not usually extend farther than eight or ten miles out to sea; sometimes the boats venture out to fifty or sixty miles distance. The fishermen when questioned will laugh at any supposed danger at first, but after closer inquiry admit that now and then a mishap befalls them, and some catastrophes are on record. Thus, some fifteen years ago, the flotilla went merrily out to sea from Norderney. It was a most delightful day; but a terrific storm overtook the frail smacks on the high seas, and out of sixty, seventeen of these small vessels were swallowed up by waves, making at one blow widows and orphans in thirty families. It is remarkable that although these islanders live on the sea, but few of them know how to swim, and have a very low opinion of the efficacy of that art, considering it perfectly useless. They believe that if God wills that a fisherman must die by drowning no amount of swimming could possibly avert this fate.

When the sloops are filled with haddock they hasten back to the village, in order to expedite the sloop's return for another trip. Women and girls await the arrival of the vessel to receive the tackle. Each sloop being the property of one family, and no family counting more than four grown women in the household at the utmost. Every woman will be presently seen loaded with three "backs," returning through the slippery flats to the village, carrying some one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds weight, which gives us no mean idea of their power and endurance.

Sometimes the fish are sold to the Scotch buyers coming to Norderney during the season, but generally the sloops run into the mouths of the Ems, Ebbe, Werer, Jade, and the Holstein rivers, to the market, the cities being at the head of steam navigation. The precise harbor to be selected is scarcely ever known beforehand, and is determined on the trip, as it must depend upon various circumstances. If many competitors turn into the Weser, one patrol will go to Hamburg or somewhere else. Since the completion of the Ems railway the harbor of Emden has become the great haddock distributing mart for northwestern Germany. The Ems river during adverse winds can be entered readily, and ere the fishing neighbor from Norderney has reached Hamburg or Bremen, he who has put his eye on Emden first has often the satisfaction to be already on his homeward trip with the bright dollars in his pocket, the finest of his cargo being on its way, well packed in ice, going to Berlin or to Vienna to grace some patrician's dinner table. Railways have brought about a very great revolution in the haddock fisheries of the north German Islands. Everything must be done promptly and quickly, owing to the greatly increased consumption and consequent competition. The great question at the opening of the season with the haddock fishermen is who shall first get his cargo into Emden, Hamburg, Bremen or Husum, as it is with us here who shall ship to the great markets of the North the first strawberries or peaches. The native shrewdness in trade of these fishermen of Norderney is thus put to the highest test, and the most remarkable examples of statecraft and duplicity will then occur.

The perishable nature of the fish requiring prompt action, as soon as the sloops heave to at Bremen or Emden, officials especially appointed will cry out through the streets again,

"the haddock fishers have come;" as upon the appearance on their coast the fish itself was hailed by the fishermen. There is always a demand for haddock, and if the demand should at any time be slack, the fish are sold for what they will fetch, and then the poorer classes of the population have their day. Generally the Norderney fishermen drive a pretty good trade. Soon the tidy female cooks of Bremen and of Hamburg, will, basket on arm, grotes and shillings in apron pocket, besiege the sloops. The captain, with immovable stolidity, will insist upon his own price and withstand all female blandishments for a reduction, until mutually tired out, the cooks pretend to go away to another sloop, "the captain of which will be more accommodating." The fisherman lowers his price one grote, and the cook grows more tractable, and is willing to give half a grote more. Then the bargain is struck to their mutual satisfaction, and the haddock is carried home in triumph to the kitchen. F. S.

RAIL SHOOTING ON THE DELAWARE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Rail shooting is a sport enjoyed almost exclusively by Philadelphians; certainly in no other city is it followed so regularly, and with so much zest. The season occurs between times, as it were, and after the two long summer months of July and August, when there has been little or no shooting, there is no wonder September 1st is hailed with delight by the sportsman.

The numerous flats and islands in the Delaware River at this season of the year are covered with a dense growth of wild oats, or reed, as it is commonly called, shooting up from the oozy bottom, alternately bare and flooded with water three or four feet at each succeeding rise and fall of the tide. As the reed begins to ripen about the middle or latter part of August, the rail arrives and soon becomes very fat, the wild oats imparting to them a delicious flavor when served for the table. Countless numbers of reed, or rice birds, flock to the same feeding ground, and, although not proper game, are much persecuted, more on account of the dainty dish they offer than the pleasure they afford in shooting.

Several varieties of the rail are killed on the Delaware; by far the most common is the *Rallus Carolinus*, or sora. The *Rallus Virginianus*, or red rail, a few years ago was more frequently met with than latterly, and I may say that where fifty soras are killed but one or two red rails are boated. The *Rallus Ellegans*, or king rail, is comparatively rare, but at times shot, and the *Rallus Crepitans*, clapper rail, or mud hen, so far leaves his home of the salt meadows as to sometimes fall a victim to his wanderings. The common coot, likewise of the same family of *Rallidae*, or rail, may be considered a rare bird with us also; the writer, however, killed three of them while shooting sora the past October.

In speaking of the *Fulica Nigra*, or common American coot, closely allied to the rail, I do not wish it to be confounded with the *Fuligula Americana*, or American scoter, a duck, vulgarly called a "coot" by some sportsmen and all baymen.

At most, rail shooting does not last longer than three hours during a day, and much depends upon the extent of the tide, and indeed a great deal on the wind and moon, for it is well known that a full moon, occurring during the prevalence of a northeasterly or southeasterly wind will bring in "a high water," which is most favorable for rail shooting. The more tide the most rail always.

I have seen the water in the Delaware River, at the "top of the flood," so low that one could scarcely be pushed more than a rod on the flats, this having been occasioned by the wind blowing from the northwest for the two previous days. An afternoon tide is always the highest, and the sportsman posting himself as regards its state can jump into the cars, and within an hour's time will reach either the Lazaretto, Chester, or Marcus Hook, the three best points on the river. At the Lazaretto (and this place I prefer to either of the others) good pushers can be had, and I will venture the Wood brothers, Dick Milt and Bill, Ben Badger and John Brown the best of all, especially as to marking and endurance. At Chester the greater portion of the men who follow pushing in September are of the "dark persuasion," and therefore not so companionable; nevertheless, there are many good ones among them, and one cannot go astray in engaging Sam or Dick Brown, Sam Preston, or Bill Rump, the son of old Bill, long noted for his prowess with the push pole. I should say that Pete Goff is about the only white pusher I would hire at Chester. At Marcus Hook the three Haycocks are fine men; these are about all I know at "the Hook." I seldom visit it, and do not fancy it much, as the ground is too limited. I have mentioned the names of pushers for the benefit of sportsmen of other cities wishing to enjoy the sport, that they may engage by letter to Goff's or Klutz's Hotel, at Chester, or to Graysberry or Wells at the Lazaretto. I will say that to reach the latter place, Moore's station, on the Philadelphia and Darby branch of the Baltimore and Wilmington Railroad, is the place to get off, where Wells or Graysberry will be on hand with a team if advised beforehand.

And now to the *modus operandi* of rail shooting. Fully equipped, with plenty of ammunition—one hundred and fifty rounds at least—it is best to have enough, and not run short, as I did on one occasion, contenting myself with "low boat" while my companions were knocking the birds right and left around me. Your pusher will row you I will say from the landing at the Lazaretto, two or three hours before high water, to the upper end of Tinnicum Island, in the centre of the river, where, if the tide is to

be a high one, the water will allow the boat to be pushed first on to a flat on the Jersey shore called "Clemmel," which, I think, is the lowest on the Delaware. Standing a little forward of amidships you brace yourself while your attendant on the decked end of his clinker built skiff begins his work; and it is work, this pushing without cessation of man and boat through masses of standing reed for two or three hours. As the skiff is propelled, the rail, forced to fly by the rising tide and the quick approach of the shooter, presents an easy and simple mark, the poleman attracting the sportsman's attention by a "mark right" or "mark left," as the direction may be, the recovering being the most difficult, owing to the great sameness of the surrounding reed. But such is the skill of these pushers that I have known five birds to have been killed before one was boated, and all were recovered. Seldom, if ever, is a dead rail lost by any of these men.

Shifting to grounds that allow the egress of the boat at a later state of the tide the sport is continued, and shot after shot is had in quick succession, each pusher striving to outdo his fellows, until the ebb drives the shooter from the flats to count his head of birds, and to learn who the lucky "high boat" is, for be it known a great honor is attached to the gun and to the pusher of the fortunate skiff.

Frequently one hundred rail are killed during a tide. Sometimes one hundred and twenty, and never less than fifty, if there is any water at all. It is common while being pushed through the weeds to have shots at teal and larger ducks as they jump from some ditch or pool on the flats, and it is best always to have a spare gun with No. 5 or 6 shot for them. As for rail, we use Nos. 9 and 10. A breech-loading gun is invaluable for rail shooting, and the "high boat" is generally found to be the possessor of one of these improved arms. Last season rail were unusually plenty, and shooting lasted well into the latter part of October, but we had very few very high tides, one hundred and seven rail being the greatest number of birds shot in a single day.

It has often appeared strange to me that our New York friends do not pay us a visit during the rail season and try one or two days of it. By taking the through Washington train in the afternoon from Gotham they can be landed at Chester before midnight, and by looking at any Philadelphia paper can learn at what time it will be high water on the days they wish to shoot, always rating the tide forty minutes earlier at Lazaretto than at the navy yard at Philadelphia, where the record is made. A letter to Klutz or Goff, Wells or Graysberry, will engage a pusher, and I will warrant a good time and plenty of it.

English snipe shooting at these points and at this season can be had, and one can alternate his sport by taking one day with the rail and the next with the snipe.

May our brother sportsmen of New York visit us next September is our wish, and may they be "high boat."

"Homo."

CARIBOO HUNTING.

QUEBEC, Dec. 15th.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Possibly a few lines on our great fall sport, Cariboo hunting round Quebec, may not be unacceptable to your readers. Fortunately the early introduction of the game act prevented the extinction of our noblest game, though the law came too late to save that lordly king of our forests, the Wapiti. He has disappeared, I fear for ever. But the barren districts in rear of St. Paul Bay, on the lower St. Lawrence are yet the resort of cariboo, (the Woodland Cariboo) in large droves is sometimes as many as five hundred together. Our hunting parties generally leave the city with the first good snow roads, about the 25th November, in order to be back and eat their Christmas dinner at home, when the traditional fat goose is supplimented with a haunch of juicy venison with apple sauce.

I can give the results of only one hunting party yet, the others being still on the war path: thus Messrs. J. S. Budden, J. Gibb, and M. Molson, are still in the wilderness, as well as Charles V. Temple Esq., of the Highlands, Sillery. The party just returned was composed of Col. D. C. Thomson, and Mr. McNaughton, both of Quebec, the Hon. Hugh Elliott, son of the Earl of Minto, of Roxburyshire, Scotland, and Mr. Pratt, a sporting gentlemen from Norfolk, England. They left on the 26th November, drove down to St. Urbain, in winter vehicles, over the rugged north shore mountains a distance of about seventy miles. The recent thaw and rain which set in cut short their operations, and the frost which followed by rendering the snow hard and brittle prevented the noiseless and stealthy approach of the game. They had but one really favorable day to hunt, and bagged six cariboo, wounding two others which got away. Col. Thomson used the Spencer cabine and the English gentlemen the Martin Henry.

The cariboo still resort in large droves to feed on the white moss which clothes most luxuriantly the extensive moors in rear of Bay St. Paul, called *Les Jardins*, and bears are frequently met, attracted by a small red berry, which grows on low shrubs much like the low-bush cranberry, and whole moors are studded with this fruit, called by the Indians *Des Grains*. From St. Urbain the trip is made on snow shoes. The guides are harnessed to the wagons laden with provisions, ammunition and camp utensils, and away you go for twenty or thirty miles on foot, over the most mountainous, but picturesque portion of the Laurentine chain, amidst some of the wildest and most lovely scenery on the continent. From the top of the *Montagne quarrée*, the eye in the bright morning sun, takes in snow lakes, its valleys and gorges and several other trout lakes,

sleeping in their northern solitude, with no other sound but the hoarse croak of the raven. Col. Thomson reports the Wolverine (Carcajou or Indian Devil) in extraordinary abundance and so destructive to the game, that the trappers meditate using strychnine to poison him. This animal, the *Gulo luscus* of naturalists, is indeed an odious pest.

There is no kind of mischief he has not a paw in, from robbing a beaver dam of its inmates, to stealing the mink and marten from the traps. His powerful claws and strength make him a match for any dog. Polenok, the colonel's guide, tells of an encounter he witnessed between a good sized dog and a *Carcajou*. The Wolverine having seized hold of the dog by the neck, stood up on his hind legs and set to wrestle with him, holding him tight. Canis howled with rage in the grasp of his tormentor, when on the master going up to the scene the wolverine scampered off evidently pleased with the joke.

Last season an old Nimrod wished to initiate a verdant Englishman in one of the peculiarities of the Canadian porcupine. It so happened that the very next day the guide brought in what he styled an unknown beast. Though it did not seem very heavy, its weight was made the subject of a bet, as to whether the Englishman could walk down to the camp with such a weight on his shoulders, on snow shoes. After half an hour's trudging along, John Bull complained of a prickly sensation, which he felt through to his chamois coat, and on arriving at the camp he found the flesh of his back was quite raw, the quills had pierced through the bag containing the animal, the leather and under-garments as well. John Bull had found out one of the peculiarities of a dead Canadian porcupine.

Cariboo hunting in winter is a great institution with our Quebec sportsmen, it is the sovereign remedy to dispepsia and disorder from the liver. But enough for to-day, Mr. Editor, I feel I have even encroached more than I thought on your valuable space.

Yours truly,

J. M. LEMOINE.

OCTOBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

IT was about six o'clock on a beautiful morning in October when we started from Martin's Hotel, Lower Saranac Lake, for a day's hunt. We had a row of eight miles to get to our hunting ground; hence our early start. The sun soon appeared from behind the mountains, and with their snowy caps they sparkled like diamonds. The country far and wide was covered with a veil of snow, and the view from our boat, as it wended its way through the islands of the Saranac, was one of surpassing loveliness.

After travelling for about four miles on the lake, we entered the Saranac river, and passed rapidly down on its smooth bosom for about two miles. Its sides are lined with lofty pines, and as we passed on we would now and then catch a glimpse of the Adirondack range, Mt. Marcy, Whiteface, Seward and all the lesser heights, and close to our right Ampersand, with its single pine on the top. After a while we reached a place where a broad footpath led from the shore, and having disembarked, we followed this through the woods until we came to a group of five tents; this was to be our home for a few days; so we left our equipments in one of the tents, and then returned to the boats. The starter, with six trusty hounds at his belt, now went off into the woods. We kept on in our boats for about a mile, where we separated for our stations. As I was nothing but a boy, my place came about number five in point of excellence, there being four older ones in the party. But luck happened that day on my side, as will be seen. My guide and I watched on a narrow strip of land extending into a large pond. He ascended a tall tree, which had the limbs trimmed, and from its top kept a sharp lookout. We had watched for about two hours, when I heard in the distance that sweet music to the hunter's ear the bay of a hound; nearer it came until it seemed as if the deer were coming directly to us; but no, they swerved to the side, and we heard them going through the woods about a quarter of a mile off. Then the hound ceased barking and we knew the deer must have taken to the water. It was not long before my guide jumped hurriedly down from the tree and told me there was a big buck over in the pond. We jumped into the boat, and in our hurry to get to open water nearly smashed several trees that were floating near the shore. We had rowed for about half a mile, when we saw the deer swimming with all his might for a marsh that bordered the shore; the water was about three feet deep over this, and it was covered with tall grass that would effectually conceal him; hence we were afraid we would lose him if we did not head him off; but he was too much for us, and just as we came up he entered the marsh, not, however, without my sending a compliment in the way of six buck shot. There was a little open water between the marsh and the shore, and we knew that if we got in there we would cut him off from the shore. Around we went, the perspiration streaming off of us, but no deer could we see. We concluded he was still in the marsh, so we shoved the boat in and through it, hoping to start him. We had gone over nearly all of it, when suddenly my guide exclaimed, "there he goes;" but we saw, too late, his head disappear behind the tall grass. Back into the open water, and around we go; but he spies us, and takes to the marsh again. My guide sent a bullet after him but to no effect. We pushed the boat in where he went in, and soon I saw his head disappear again behind the tall grass; but this time he rose again, and leaped high in air; my left barrel poured its contents into his head; a splash followed and I knew I had hit him. Sure enough, we found the

noble fellow perfectly dead, with seven buck shot in him. We lifted him in the boat and returned to our watch ground in high spirits. We took our station again, but we heard nothing for the remainder of the day, except some guns in the distance, telling of luck for others of the party, until about five o'clock. Just as we were about to unchain the boat for our return, we heard a crash in some bushes near the shore, and out rushed a fine doe; she leaped high in air, and while yet she was above the water my gun covered her neck; a report, and the deer lay motionless on its surface. All this had been done in so short a time that I had not been excited, but now that my second deer lay before me, I confess that I was excited. We now had two deer to carry instead of one, and it was after dark ere we reached the camp. To the limbs of a tree near the camp hung two other deer killed by the party. Considering the scarcity of deer there, ours was good luck. A huge fire blazed in the middle of the circle of tents, and, lighting up the surrounding woods with its ruddy glare, and with tall pines all around, it was quite a romantic scene. After our day's work, our supper of newly killed venison was relished just as much as any sumptuously prepared dinner we had ever eaten at home, although served in little tin platters on the rough board table. The evening was spent in hearing the adventures of the guides, and many a joke those lively fellows got off. The hounds lay alongside the fire, and ever and anon one of them would bay in his sleep, going over the hunting scenes of the day; others filled the air with their snoring. One by one the tired hunters retired for the night, and silence reigned throughout the camp. About ten o'clock a blustering snow storm set in, which raged with unabated fury throughout the night; but rolled snugly in our blankets, we rested after the labors of the day.

CHARLES H. CROW.

HARE HUNTING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Fox hunting, as enjoyed in the early days of the Republic, is fast dying out. It is a rare instance to find any gentleman of the country who has his full pack of hounds, although many will relate with eye sparkling again with the fervor of youth, of the meet, the thoroughbred, the jumping chase o'er fence and ditch, the welkin ringing with the deep mouthed yelp, and successful ride in at the death. The most he can boast of present possession is two or three worthy descendants of former kennels, and the old horn of his fathers, whose stirring sounds have often awoke the echoes of his native hills and valleys. It is true that occasionally the united stock of a neighborhood are brought together, and the chase indulged in with some resemblance to the good old times, but the sport is rare and unsatisfactory. Small farms, with their frequent fences and cultivated lands, have been its greatest enemy, and the few remaining beagles are devoted exclusively to the less exciting sport of hare hunting. It is not to be contended that hare hunting is comparable with the pursuit of the fox. The timid little animal has not the fleetness, the endurance, or sagacity of the latter, and yet it has just sufficient of each of these qualities to resemble the more exciting sport without its nobility in taxing the best powers of horse and rider.

The frost is still fringing every leaflet and twig with its beautiful crystals, mingling with the russet brown of autumn into the softest grays as the undulating hills fade in the distance. Not far from the hospitable country mansion is a belt of pines, where the game is plentiful. The dogs know by instinct their duty. How different their movement from their brothers, the hunters of the field. The party of four or five—the more the better and merrier—spread out some hundred yards from each other. The dogs have silently penetrated the woods, each closely scenting the ground. Before many steps have been taken some one of the party has started a hare. Instantly, at the top of his voice, he whoops for the hounds, who come tearing in with a bounding gallop. The spot where the hare ran is shown them, with the old cry of "Hark away," and then such yelping, taken up as each strikes the trail, and at full speed they dash away. Stand still. He will be sure to make a circuit of the neighboring hill, when you may give him your fire as he bounds past you, if he shall have been fortunate enough to have escaped your comrades. What music, as the constant cry comes softened from the deep forest! Now farther, now nearer, now ceased with the loss of the trail, now wilder than before, when some old stager has caught again the warm scent. How the poor frightened creature stops, intently listens, and then wildly jumps from the ever approaching noise, seeking in turn the wild broom sage, the deep ravine, the thickest covert, and even swimming the rapid streams, in the false hope of eluding his pursuers. Be patient! Stand still! They will bring him around, although their yelping is but faintly heard. Yes, it grows nearer, and for a moment, affected with the enthusiasm of the pack, your heart beats a little faster. Hush! He comes; you can hear his footsteps over the dry leaves. A moment more and you see him jumping down the hillside with his large eyes larger still with fear. For an instant an undefined sense of compassion touches the outer boundary of your conscience. Alas, it has died before it was born, and a well directed aim turns the poor thing over. His chase is done. In come the dogs with full speed and cry. You show it to them and start for another. It is not long before they are off again, and the party at nightfall may be loaded down with some twenty or thirty. Sometimes an old fox, in his

nocturnal prowlings, has strayed across your path, and off they all go with full cry. The old love of their fathers has been awakened in them. The hunt of the day is over, and they will not return until they have tasted of his hide. This sport is of course very tame to the hunter of the moose or grizzly, where endurance and courage are eminently requisite, but to those who are compelled to hunt within bow shot of municipal limits or not at all, it is a good way to give your setters a day's rest in a week of quail shooting. The defence, however, of hare hunting must rest on the ground that in the hands of your artist-cook it can be made by no means an unpalatable dish. S. L. P.

HUNTING AT BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK, PARK HOUSE, Dec. 20, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Our weather for the past week or more has been delightful, thermometer at 40° to 45°; the old snow passed away, but not the ice, under the genial warmth of the sun and showers, and a balminess of spring in the air. Yesterday a light snow fell, just enough for tracking, and here is a day "hard to be beat" for stalking, but alas! I am confined to the house with a bruised knee, unable to cope with rocks and tangled thicket, and the hills and valleys will not respond to-day with the crack of my Ballard of calibre 46. I can only sit in my sanctum, mourn over cruel disappointments, and murmur my complaints to the sympathising ear of the FOREST AND STREAM and its numerous readers, no less sympathetic. On Monday last I tried, for the first time this season, the fishing through the ice—and in company with F. W. Jones and Mr. J. E. McEwen of Brooklyn, took, in less than three hours' fishing from Beaver Lake—one of the numerous Lakes of the Blooming Grove Park—16 pickerel ranging from 3½, 3 and down to 1½ lbs. The ice we found to be about 10 inches in thickness, and just in prime condition. The early fishing is always the most satisfactory in its results. Lake Giles, the most crystal water and most beautiful in its surroundings, above which stands the "Club House," is always the last water to freeze of all the surrounding Lakes, being fed from springs in its bottom, and the ice is not yet in condition to bear the weight of a person, as I happen to be able to bear woeful testimony. The fish from this Lake are superior in size and quality, on account of its clear water and rocky bottom.

The Sheaffers', living near the Knob Mills, are the most indefatigable and successful hunters of this section, and two weeks ago, when I saw Jonas, had killed 14 deer and 3 bears, an old she bear and well-grown cub and a yearling. His description of his fight with the cub was quite graphic, and I will try and relate it. It seems that he, with his little dog, were doing the driving for deer, while the rest of the party stood upon runways. In skirting a dense laurel swamp, the little dog being in the swamp, commenced a furious barking, and, at one particular point. Supposing something unusual to be the cause he slowly and cautiously ventured in, and by degrees advanced to within ten feet of an aperture in some old roots and stones, at which his dog seemed to be stationed, and, emboldened by his approach, into which he would occasionally dive, only to recede with hair erect, and starting eyes and manifestations of greatest excitement. In these attacks he could plainly hear the gnashing of the old bear's teeth. At length having fully considered the matter and taken in the situation, he, as the dog withdrew from one of his rushes, and having his gun—a double rifle and shot—carefully aimed and the other barrel at full cock, fired into the opening, whence as the smoke cleared away rolled out a well-grown cub, which the dog at once clinched. He could not use his gun for fear of killing his dog, and in his excitement and the tumult of the fight between dog and cub, off went his remaining barrel, which deprived him of the use of that weapon in a legitimate way, but by dint of well-directed blows with the barrels and the assistance of his dog, he kept the cub at bay and from escaping into the laurels, while with lusty shouts he in time brought one of the others to his assistance, when they soon made an end of the little disturbance. On examining the hole, they found the old she bear lying dead within, the ball from his first shot having fortunately entered the brain and dropped her dead as she lay. Had he simply given her a wound in the random shot there might have been a different tale to relate. His remark, as he shook his head over the narrative regarding his canine, is worthy of record:—"That dog will catch his death some of these days for his venturesomeness."

Respectfully,

A. F. CLAPP, Eng. & Supt. Park.

LIFE PROBLEMS.—Every full-grown adult person throws out by respiration about four-and-a-half gallons of deleterious gas and watery vapor per hour; and the children of school age average each one about three gallons per hour. Suspended in this deleterious respired air and vapor, there is in every 1,000 gallons, 3 gallons of dead, decomposing animal matter! In hospitals and bedrooms, other evaporations add to the mass. And in ferryboat cabins and city railroad cars, as ordinarily conducted, saliva and tobacco smoke add fifty per cent. Now, if one person throws out four-and-a-half gallons of poisonous air every hour, how long will it take 1,000 persons to fill a church full? 50 children to fill a school-room full? 40 persons a car full, or 200 persons a ferryboat cabin full, plus the tobacco-smoke and saliva?—*The Sanitarian.*

—They have Tandem clubs in Canada. Lieut. General Haley is the Prest. of the Halifax club. The other day it took a drive "up the road" and the turn-out comprised thirteen tandem teams, two doubles and four singles.

—As the English plum-pudding is made in a bag, there can be no doubt of its Sacks-in origin.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

WINDOW OR PARLOR GARDENING.

NO. III.—BOX OR SIMPLE FORMS.

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivy creeps,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

The oxlips, pugles, with their numerous race,
A parti-colored tribe of various hue,
Red, yellow, purple, pale white, dusky blue,
The primrose, myrtle, and the crocus too.

WHATEVER leads us to assemble together the beauties of the floral kingdom as comforts and elegancies of life within the habitations of wealth, or of those of more moderate means, always increases local attachments and renders domestic life more delightful. It may seem a very little thing to place a flower in the window, but how much may come of it who can tell? A love of flowers has always a redeeming quality about it. You rarely hear of a very bad man who passionately loves the cultivation of flowers. God instituted the garden, and Lord Bacon truly says, "The Lord himself first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." As a penalty for his transgression, the first man was shut out from a habitation among the beautiful scenes of an earthly paradise. Yet all his descendants have for all time sought pleasure and delight from the first Eden, and a strong desire to return to it again seems to be deeply implanted in every heart. And when we remember how easily we can surround ourselves, even within the limits of the humblest home, with these bright and beautiful flowers of earth, we are truly surprised to behold any home without its blossoming rose tree or its box of sweet elysium.

In the progress of the art of growing choice flowers in the sitting room and the parlor we shall do well to keep in mind that however beautiful, however poetical are the many associations connected with them, there is a deep practical fact underlying this whole subject. And that is, how to successfully obtain, through our own efforts, all this beauty, this wealth of enjoyment.

In our second paper we gave to our readers some of the most simple forms for the foundation of a window garden. And we would again state that a simple flower stand near the window, a hanging basket suspended over the same, each growing their pendant, fragrant, and upright flowers, may be considered as the simplicity of our window garden. With all their elaborate adornments and additions of rare flowers, they all sprang from this simple first effort.

Said a lady to me:—"The successful cultivation of a cactus of this species, called the night-blooming cereus, gave to me a quickening impulse, a love for something more beautiful, and as I first started with the cactus I added one after another to my collection, and now I have made a sort of specialty of the cultivation of this very curious plant. Strange and grotesque are the forms which present themselves to the eye in my six feet by four window frame, yet all who behold it exclaim 'how beautiful! how wonderful! what a lesson for practice!'" The manner in which our lady friend had arranged her foreign cacti was truly very ingenious, and we shall again have occasion to speak of the cultivation of this plant as a window plant in these papers.

How much joy springs from the single sprig of ivy rising from some favorite niche in the window and gracefully throwing its branching tendrils over the whole window, and rambling carelessly in the wild vagaries of rampant growth. Is it not beautiful? You would think so could you behold a plant of the English ivy growing in my study at this writing. Rising from a recess of my window shelf, it climbs in graceful negligence to the very top of the window, and then passes in festoons of green across the same, at last finding a lodgment within the antlers of a fine specimen of the American red deer that ornaments my room.

Such a plant is often the very beginning of a series of experiments in window gardening, of which so much is said and written, and of which, in fact, so very little is practically understood. Window gardening is fashionable to-day, and very many use a window garden just as they use flowers at a funeral, simply because it is "fashionable" to have them.

Among the not expensive window gardens we may name a device we used in our own sitting room, which we called an "adoptive case," as we made it a receptacle to receive our flower pots, and our experiment not being patented, and not beyond the constructive genius of the village carpenter, of course any one who chooses can have one made to order. Our window shelf being six inches only in width, we had a box made that would just fit into our window of the following dimensions:—The length of the box was three feet, the depth fourteen inches, and the width fourteen inches. Into this box we had a zinc pan made that would just fit the inside of four inches in depth. This box was to receive a drainage of surplus water from the plants, had a hole to draw off dirty or surplus water from the end, and was stopped with a wooden stopper. A box of this kind, properly made and attended to, would not need drawing off perhaps during a winter, and I am speaking of the winter treatment of plants now. Having placed the zinc pan within the box, fill the same with tolerably small bits of broken crock until it is even with the top of the pan; then cover the top of this pan with a thin piece of board (pasteboard will do), in which holes are bored, and then place your composition or earth for your plants; set out your plants, choosing those of any of the species you may wish, and at once commence your study and treatment of the

same. With such a simple box as this you may grow not only our native American ferns, but add to them from time to time, as your progress in knowledge increases; the rare and beautiful productions of the far off Indies, New Zealand, Mexico, Japan, Australia, and many other countries can be made to contribute their varied treasures to the simple box in the window of our quiet rural home.

How great the improvements that can be made upon this quite simple window arrangement will naturally suggest themselves to almost any one who really and truly loves flowers for themselves alone; and to this class we speak—for this class we write. We do not expect those who buy and wear flowers simply because "it is the ton" do so, or because at the great party given at Mrs. St. John's last week there was a "lovely boquet" placed beside each lady's plate. This is all well as far as it goes, but we speak of those who love these beautiful things of earth for their own sweet refinements, and because in them we behold the teachings of our Father in Heaven.

We cannot feel too grateful for the plant stands in the windows of so many of our country homes, and we always feel the refining influences of such a home whenever we visit it. Nor are our pleasant memories of such sweet scenes enjoyed alone. Said an invalid to me one day, "I have been spending an hour in the sitting room of Mrs. W., and I do think if I could only live among the flowers I should live longer on the earth than I shall."

Having given one or two of our simplest of forms as a sort of basis for the future experimental work of our fair readers, we pass to other and still more elaborate and, perhaps, difficult subjects. Yet this need not be so, for the means of success, we think, lies within the power of almost every one who will perseveringly take hold of the work. Begin, therefore, as I have stated, with simple forms, and time, patience, and a close observation will soon introduce many new flowers to our simple box in the window. Then add at each end of the same three or four shelves, upon which you can place in a concealed rock work of your own originating, a bit of charcoal, with the most common orchid attached, whose "drooping life in the air" is like a new revelation of the wonderful in the kingdom of plants. Now you can, if you please, elaborate the idea. You can make your little rock receptacle sufficient to grow the tulip and the crocus, and you will soon find a place to grow a great many plants you did not possibly think you could have made live by any reasoning other than your thought they might live. You tried to grow them according to your best knowledge, and you succeeded.

This is only one of the rewards of the patient student, and his reward is ever sure. The grand and magnificent beauty of the outer world is only brought within. The cactus and the great palm fern, with their tropical beauty, the colladium and the calla lily, stand side by side in our humble window box, and had Santa Claus only brought it on the bright Christmas morning, with words of cheer and good wishes, we should have exclaimed at once, "All come and witness the floral beauties of my 'wonderful Christmas window box.'"

How our box became, under the wands of two great experimenting genii, a truly wonderful box, a source of many changes and transformations, we shall make plain to our many readers as we progress, with the explanation of our

—"kindred earth's sweet pastoral."
OLLIPOD QUILL.

Natural History.

SNAKES IN BHOPAL.

I CANNOT express myself as exactly pleased with the guests who claimed my quarters during the rainy season at the Mouti Bungalow. These guests were innumerable snakes, reptiles and insects, who, driven from the garden by the rain, sought refuge some on the low roofs of the out-buildings and others in the basement. Their presence was not by any means desirable, but the snake hunting which whiled away some of the monotony of our lives was not without a certain charm, and had I been an enthusiastic naturalist I might have considered it a perfect godsend. I am very much in doubt whether the collection of reptiles in the *Jardin des Plantes* equalled ours in extent or interest. Imprimis, our bed rooms swarmed with lizards and chameleons of all sizes, big and little, who promenaded over the ceiling and walls. If you lifted up a mat or a carpet, out came a legion of scorpions of various kinds and colors, and centipedes, too, with their thousand stinging points, besides black spiders of prodigious dimensions. As to the snakes, every day brought a new variety. There were black cobras, whip-snakes, goulabies, and other rare kinds. If we only had bottles enough, and a stock of spirits of wine, we might have made a famous collection. Among the reptiles there were two which always caused a certain amount of emotional effect. One was the *Bis cobra*, a hideous lizard of large size, whose forked tongue distils a poison of fearful power, from whence the native name, which means "twenty cobras in one." This dreadful creature encamped himself particularly in my bed, and refusing to retreat, I had to shoot him. The other visitor was a superb Indian boa, (*pytho tigris*), and his snakeship we found coiled up in a closet. He received us with a series of bounds and hissings of such a decided character that we took to our heels. In order to dislodge him we were forced to give him a bath of hot water. Then he made his way through a hole in the wall and went for the garden; however, a heavy stick did the business for him. He was a magnificent creature, with a greenish blue skin, and marked with regular stripes, from whence his name. In length he was about fourteen feet and as thick round as my arm. This boa is the largest of the India snakes, and is sometimes found twice the size of the one we killed. During December and January this boa remains in a torpid condition. He changes his skin in

May. He feeds on rats and other small animals. We had some narrow escapes from being bitten by our uninvited guests, but fortunately escaped.—*Translated for the FOREST AND STREAM from Roussellet's Travels, Tour du Monde.*

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

DEAR SIR.—In the FOREST AND STREAM, of December 11, is a communication entitled, "Do Snakes Hiss?" As I am something of a "snakist," so far as considerable experience in finding and capturing these reptiles is concerned, I feel prompted, since the communication referred to throws a doubt upon whether snakes hiss, to offer my observations to the readers of your valuable paper. It has long been a well-known fact that certain snakes produce a hissing noise when disturbed, but I am not aware that this faculty has ever been attributed by a reliable observer to any species except the "spreading adders," or hog-nose snakes, (*Arterodon*); and if Mr. Mather had been fortunate enough to come across many of these snakes in the course of his experiments, his doubts in regard to their hissing would very probably have been removed. Many a time have I been warned of the close proximity of a "spreading adder" merely by its loud hiss, which, as has often truly been asserted, reminds one strongly of the hiss of a goose. When producing this noise, the "adder" flattens the head and neck, which is accomplished by straightening to a perfectly horizontal position the moveable ribs of the anterior part of the body. The appearance of these snakes at such times is extremely threatening, and this, no doubt, has earned for them, in all localities where they are known, the erroneous notoriety of their being extremely poisonous. I know certain sections where the "spreading adders," "hissing adders," or "vipers," as they are commonly called, are popularly considered to be the most venomous of all snakes. It may therefore be incredible to not a few, the fact that our so-called adders or vipers are perfectly harmless, and entirely distinct from the poisonous viper of Europe, (*Viperus berus*.)

In this connection, some other peculiarities of "snaix" occur to me. One much discussed, and also much snubbed by some scientific men who are less conversant with nature itself than its mummified remains, is the power to charm birds and animals imputed to some species. I will not here either try to deny or confirm this, but shall only add my experience, which may be taken for what it is worth. The first instance that ever came to my knowledge, was the following:—When living at home it was the custom of my father to take me walking with him on Sundays to the woods; on such an occasion, several years ago, we entered an open glade in the woods, and were surprised to see a blue jay lying flat upon the ground, in a sunny spot, with its wings and tail spread. We both supposed it dead, and I ran to pick it up, when greatly to our surprise it suddenly "came to life" at my approach, and flew up into the trees; at the same time an enormous black snake, (*Bascemion constrictor*) which I immediately noticed, wheeled quickly round and "streaked" into the hazel undergrowth. Upon another occasion I was in an apple tree in an open lot, gathering apples, when my attention was attracted by the unusual excitement of a family of young blue birds, (*Sialia sialis*), upon the rail fence near by. They were twittering excitedly, and were exceedingly nervous in their actions, flitting from one fence-stake to another, now and then flying about a rod towards the tree, and hovering over some object in the grass. When I noticed this, I watched them attentively, and found that their excitement and nervousness increased, and that at each time the birds settled down nearer to the object which I then found to be a snake of very extraordinary appearance, perfectly motionless, about half its body raised from the ground, the neck appearing of a bright scarlet color, and very much swollen. I then descended from the tree as quickly as possible, and after hunting around some time for a suitable stick, advanced toward the snake, which immediately began a retreat and escaped by crawling swiftly under the fence, where it hid so that I could not find it. I got very close to it, however, and noticed that the enlargement of the neck was caused by it having partially swallowed a young blue bird, the legs of which were sticking out of its mouth; while the scarlet color was caused by the stretching of the skin, which, under the scales, was of a bright red tint. The snake was about four feet long, of a black color, with the under side of the body of a brick-red tint. The species I could not determine. The experience of many years' careful observation of the wonders and beauties of nature—and among them snakes as well as birds and plants, have received their due share—and which I have ever studied impartially, and without prejudiced notions, have convinced me that snakes do catch birds by the power of fascination. Numerous observations make me positive in this assertion. Far from imputing to this any mysterious or wonderful character, however, it is my conclusion after a careful analysis of the facts, that it is nothing in the world which influences the victim but curiosity and fear combined, the former predominating, however, until the latter feeling is entirely absorbed in it. The bird comes nearer and nearer to the snake, whose mysterious nature is made more the subject of curiosity by its absolutely immovable position, until the intense feeling of curiosity or excitement of the bird brings it so near that it is quickly seized by the snake when the proper moment arrives. ROBERT RIDGWAY.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, December 24, 1873.

[NOTE TO THE ABOVE.]

I have carefully read over what Mr. Ridgway has said about the hissing of snakes, and agree fully with him on the subject, having very frequently heard the "Hog-nose Vipers" or "Spreading Adders," (*Heterodon platyrhinos*), go

through that performance as thoroughly and audibly as a goose, appreciable at a distance of several yards.

In this connection I may be pardoned for referring to a characteristic of this same serpent. When coiled up and in the act of hissing, by describing circles rapidly around it with the finger, it is apparently thrown into convulsions and squirms and writhes as if in the agonies of death, finally turning belly upwards, the jaws separated, and the tongue protruding, as if dead. In this, however, it is only "playing possum," as on removing to a short distance, the animal will be seen to return to a natural position and glide off, unless intercepted and made to renew the same performance.

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

ANTLERED DOES.—Mr. Thomas H. Estey, of Marion county, California, writes us that he recently shot an antlered black-tail deer in San Luis, Obispo county, same State, which he supposed was a doe. Its horns were about a foot long and pronged. The animal weighed fifty pounds dressed. This gentleman writes to know if antlered does are ever found among the deer family, east. In reply we state that with both varieties of the caribou (barren and woodland), the females have horns, but as far as our personal knowledge and inquiry extend, instances in all other varieties of the Cervus family are very unusual.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS,
OFFICE OF MENAGERIE,
NEW YORK, December 27th, 1873.

Animals received at Central Park Menagerie for the week ending December 26, 1873:

One pair imported Kerry cattle, *Bos taurus*, Hub. Ireland. Presented by Mr. Thomas P. Ramsdell, Newburgh.

One Irish hare, *Lepus hibernicus*. Presented by Mr. Thomas Hamilton.

Two wild turkeys (cocks), *Meleagris gallopavo*. These birds were captured at Chancellorsville, Va., by means of snares. As it is quite difficult to entrap these birds, great skill must be employed to entice them into the snare. The usual plan is to scatter grain at a considerable distance from the trap, diminishing this distance each day, until finally the bird finds, on raising his head after eating, that he is firmly secured.

W. C. CONKLIN.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous Communications not Noticed.]

BENNETT & Co., Fort Edward.—Price of Glean \$1 50.

R. C. F., Baltimore.—Your question is answered under the head of Kennel.

W. H. S., Germantown, Pa.—What size gun is best for ordinary game shooting, 10 or 12 bore? Ans. 12 bore.

MRS. H. OERDING, New York.—Fort Randall, in Bonhomme county, about 120 miles from Omaha.

DR. B. S., Baltimore.—The "Trapper's Guide" can be purchased of Messrs. Mason, Baker & Pratt, 142 Grand street, New York.

PLANKER.—Do you think the Gyro a good invention for persons to learn to shoot on the wing, and how can you tell when you hit them? Ans. 1. Yes, very fair. 2. Made of iron painted black, paint over the shot marks after each hit.

J. B. S., Philadelphia.—What are the general charges per day at the islands in Virginia, your correspondent writes about? Ans. The charges at Cobb's Island are \$5 a day and half the birds. Every appliance requisite for wild fowl shooting is found. The board is \$3 a day.

H. C. S., Mobile.—A 30 foot, cat-rigged sail boat, 8 foot beam, with spare sails, rigging, and painted two coats of paint, completed, will cost \$525 delivered to any railroad or vessel in this city. The cheapest way to have the boats sent would be by sailing vessel.

H. S. O., Wilmington, Del.—I have a valuable Gordon setter, his eyes are always running and suppurating. I think a thorn or rusty nail has injured them. What can I do to relieve him? Ans. Give a mild dose of physic and foment the eye very frequently with warm water; afterwards bathe it with an eye water composed of rose water and white vitriol mixed as for a human being, but rather stronger. If the eye still continues to discharge put a seton in his neck. Weak eyes are very frequently the effect of heat of constitution and want of condition.

J. L. HERSEY.—Cracking of ice is caused by its settling or its raising as the case may be. When the air escapes from beneath through air holes, the ice gradually settles, splits, and often throws up ridges. In shallow water the ice is sometimes raised by the concentrated air from different air holes. This also causes it to crack; and when thus broken, and the air is permitted to escape from underneath, it settles to the water's level, below its former position, and this causes it to crack again. *Voyez vous?*

GRAFTON, Vt.—What is Greenheart, where does it grow, and where can it be procured? Where is Lawcewood grown and who are the importers in New York? Ans. 1. Greenheart is a West India wood, imported chiefly from Demerara, but little used for rod making in the United States, though in favor with Canadians. Cargoes come to Hall fax occasionally, and by writing to Halls & Creed, ship brokers, you can ascertain who are the importers. A letter to Dingee Scribner, of St. John, N. Brunswick, might possibly secure a small lot, but none in bulk. 2. Lawcewood is also indigenous to the West Indies. John Bornhoeft & Son, 90 Walker street, imported a cargo recently. Small lots might be procured by addressing Andrew Clerk & Co., 43 Maiden Lane, or J. H. Terhune, corner Elm and Canal streets, New York.

MOHAWK, New York.—1st. Is mercurial ointment, commonly known as "blue ointment," good to rub on the inside of the barrels of a breech-loader to keep them from rusting, and if not what is? Ans. For sea water rust mix the very finest emory with the above. 2d. What difference is there in the strength of English powder, No. 3 and Orange Light wing No. 7? Ans. It is about the same, only the orange powder explodes the soonest. 3d. Do you consider 8 lbs. sufficiently heavy for a No. 10 bore gun? Also in a No. 10 that you can use only 4 drachms of powder in with advantage, sufficiently heavy for duck shooting? Ans. 8 lb. gun, 10 bore is heavy enough for game bird shooting. For wild fowl the gun should weigh 9½ lbs. 4th. What do you think of the Dougal Lockport gun? Do you consider it one of the best guns made? How does it compare with Scott's? Ans. We have an opinion but decline to state it for obvious reasons. 5th. For what can you import me a red Irish setter bitch of the very best stock? Ans. For \$150. 6th. For about what could you import me a pair of Cocker spaniels of good blood, young, and thoroughly broken? Which would you prefer, black and tan, or liver and white? Ans. Black and tan. \$100.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us one subscription and Five Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

Advertising Rates.

In regular advertising columns, nonpareil type, 12 lines to the inch, 25 cents per line. Advertisements on outside page, 40 cents per line. Reading notices, 50 cents per line. Advertisements in double column 25 per cent. extra. Where advertisements are inserted over 1 month, a discount of 10 per cent. will be made; over three months, 20 per cent; over six months, 30 per cent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1874.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

NOW let the joy-bells that usher in the NEW YEAR ring out a merry peal! Let all the rubbish of the OLD—its sorrows, panics, perils, and distresses, go out with the departed dead. Dig deeply the grave, if need be, and bury all in oblivion. Set the old veteran's face toward the East, Indian fashion, pitch him his hour-glass and scythe, pull his cowl over his head, and bid him good speed on wings of time to join the hosts of years that have gone before to make up the cycles. Hopes and promises are ever wound like wreaths of flowers around the chain of the future, and past distresses bring no discouragement to repeated efforts. And yet, after all, not much of serious disaster or peril has marked the year just past. Clouds that threatened have either lapsed away, or actual calamities have been tempered by the purification that resulted.

As for us of the FOREST AND STREAM, whom financial troubles overtook with others, we can hang green garlands upon the milestone that marks the year departed. Our journal is already a success, both pecuniarily and in the estimation in which it is held by its patrons at home and abroad. We presume no newspaper has ever started in this country which so soon established its position; and old journalists pronounce its success a marvel. We have received the recognition in Europe and here of leading scientific men and institutions, and their actual support, in large measure. We promise much for the future, but not more than we can perform. Improvements in quantity and quality of our material will keep pace with the patronage vouchsafed to us. Our friends are both earnest and steadfast, and we feel with kindly sympathy the warmth of the grip which the true brotherhood of sportsmen give us.

Gentlemen: The protection given to our streams and forests, is a guaranty of abundant bags in future. What can we say with more earnest purpose or courteous expression, than to wish you all A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and to express the hope that with the recurring seasons your bags may be always full, and your hearts overflow with kindness to all men, and especially to the beautiful dumb creatures who claim your protection and are entitled to it. Brethren, we salute you!

CHAMPION POINTER DOG "BELLE."—The portrait of this remarkable dog, the champion of England for 1873, the winner of the great Bala Field trials, for all aged pointers and setters, beating Mr. Macdonald's Ranger, Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Flax, Mr. Slatter's Rob Roy, &c., &c., with pedigree, and points made in the trial appended, sent by mail. Price, \$1. Discount to the trade. FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Co., 103 Fulton street, N. Y.

THE FOREST AND STREAM GREETING.

ON the advent of the New Year the FOREST AND STREAM offers its congratulations to its numerous readers and thinks the occasion a most fitting one for its editor to return his sincere thanks to the public who have so generously given the paper their patronage and support.

Perhaps there is no feeling in the human heart so pleasant, or which impels one to more vigorous action than a retrospective survey taken of obstacles successfully surmounted, and of work accomplished amidst checks and hindrances. If impediments have been placed in our way, they have arisen solely from accidental causes, such as of the monetary crises, which affected all business, and not from any inherent fault within the paper itself.

The projector of the FOREST AND STREAM, had carefully surveyed the ground many years in advance, and was thoroughly imbued with the idea that the gentlemen of the United States, those who hunted and fished, who rowed and sailed, who played cricket or base ball, who loved horses and dogs, who were fond of rational sports, who discountenanced what was coarse and low, would take most kindly to just such a paper as he proposed to edit, and his aspirations of success have been more than verified in the paper of his creation, the FOREST AND STREAM.

From the very first number, issued August the 14th, 1873, the appreciation we have met with has been even a matter of surprise to us. To-day, with our twenty-first number, though in a newspaper sense we may be but a bantling as to years; we have been warmly taken in hand not only by the public, but by our older *confrères* of the press, and have been treated with a respect beyond our years (or months) or merits.

Of course there must be always certain amount of individuality about a paper which gives it its peculiar stamp, but the FOREST AND STREAM owes its success and credit perhaps more to the efforts of its contributors than to anything else. With us the task has been often a most difficult and delicate one, to select from the varied richness which has been showered upon us. From North, South, East and West there has come to us matter of rare excellence, written with freshness and elegance, describing localities, giving notes on birds and fishes, which have not only been of use to sportsmen, but have called the attention of naturalists both at home and abroad.

One, two or three men, no matter how thorough may be their journalistic training, from the peculiar character of their task, cannot, even at their best, always furnish that vigorous and natural matter which often emanates from fresher and younger pens, outside of the profession. We repeat, then, that our sincere thanks are due to our contributors, believing that the success of the FOREST AND STREAM belongs more to them than to ourselves.

But it is for us rather to think of the time to come, and the advance the FOREST AND STREAM must make in this year, than to expatiate on past performances. Now that the first course has been eaten, the appetite whetted, not satiated, what is coming by and by?

It takes time, a long time, to arrange thoroughly all those various lines, which, like telegraph wires diverge from one common newspaper centre. The FOREST AND STREAM has arranged to have correspondence of interest furnished it from England, the Continent, and from the East.

There is a homely adage "that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it." When at this season the old year is lost sight of, and the new year, strong and lusty at his birth, is greeted with shouts and toasts and merry makings, as the plum pudding is placed on the board, think of us, kind reader. As we are with all of you this year in your rejoicings, (if not in person at least in spirit,) let us hope that we may be even better acquainted, and that a permanent friendship may be made between you and the FOREST AND STREAM, not only for this year of 1874, but for many a long year to come.

WHAT THEY THINK OF OUR RIFLE MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

UNDER date of December 19th, the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, the official organ of the English Volunteer Force, copies in full from the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM our extended reports of Creedmoor, and thus editorially comments upon the rifle movement in the United States:—

"We have great pleasure in publishing, from a New York contemporary, a full report of the meeting of the United States Rifle Association in October last. We see that our American cousins are already contemplating the probability of International Rifle matches. May we once more repeat that a team from the United States would be, we are sure, most heartily welcomed at Wimbledon, and that the objections we have so often urged against European International competitions do not apply at all to the interchange of visits of 'eights' or 'twenties' between Wimbledon and Creedmoor."

We perfectly agree with our contemporary in regard to the stupidity of bringing together on the rifle range in an International match, whole companies of men unaccustomed to the more delicate use of the rifle, who fire away monotonously for hours, making ricochets and scoring nothing. Of course practice is necessary for all hands, and while we may watch with interest the exercises of even an awkward squad at the rifle range, when it comes to a match one feels tired and disappointed at having to witness the efforts of tyros."

The reference the *Volunteer Service Gazette* makes to "the objections urged against European International matches," is

directed towards the visits paid by foreign Volunteer troops to England, when contests took place at Wimbledon. Socially, these visits were of the greatest benefit, and with their well-known hospitality, the English Volunteers gave to their foreign guests a most cordial greeting. But when it came to shooting for rifle contests, whole foreign brigades not knowing anything about their weapons, save their drill manual, the exhibition of their shooting must have been as wearisome as it was without practical results.

A rifle range is the place of course for both the muffs and experts. But when at some future time our International match takes place and we send our men abroad, of course it will be only a most carefully selected team, which must represent the *elite* of our rifle shots, and should the Irish team, whose challenge was recorded by us some time ago, pay us a visit, we may feel pretty sure that the best rifle men in Ireland will be selected.

We sincerely trust that the challenge thrown out by Mr. Leech in behalf of the Irish Rifle Association, will be taken up by the members of our own National Rifle Association, and that the Amateur Rifle Club, will make all due arrangements for their reception, and will have the authority to select such American marksmen as they may think the most fitting to enter in the contest. Whether it would be wise to accept the challenge for the coming season of 1874 or to postpone it until our own men have had more practice at long ranges, we suppose the Amateur Rifle Club will best be able to determine.

We feel, though, very certain that when we are honored by a visit from the English or Irish Rifle Teams, the same courtesy on the range, which welcomed our Provincial rifle friends, and which they have most pleasantly acknowledged, will be extended to all the members of the English Volunteer Service.

The *Volunteer Service Gazette* concludes the review of Creedmoor as follows in regard to the Irish challenge victory:—

"The conditions of the challenge are liberal, and do not impose any seriously objectionable restrictions.

The want of experience and need of a reliable long-range rifle of American manufacture may cause some mistrust, but should the American National Rifle Association accept and invite the English and Scotch teams to participate, Wimbledon could scarcely create more interest or a greater furore than Creedmoor." Just as we were writing this, we have the intelligence of the

ACCEPTANCE OF THE CHALLENGE.

In pursuance of the resolution of the Amateur Rifle Club, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of November 27th, a letter has been addressed to their President, Captain Geo. W. Wingate, to A. Blenerhasset Leech, the Captain of the Irish Team, stating the willingness of that Club to accept the challenge on behalf of themselves and the riflemen of America, and asking Mr. Leech to specify the nature of the deposit referred to in his letter. No objection is made to the terms of the challenge, except, that as the range at Creedmoor is limited to one thousand yards, the firing must not exceed that distance.

The letter closes with the remark, that while the Amateur Club, from their recent organization, are not very sanguine of surpassing marksmen of such renown as Mr. Leech's Irish Team, yet, they have no hesitation of assuring them of a cordial welcome to this country.

PRIZE AND FIELD DOGS.

MOST of the pointers and setters imported from abroad of late years, have gained a high reputation at prize dogs, animals that have taken medals and cups as some well advertised prize dog-show. For weeks previous to the show, these dogs have been carefully fed, combed, brushed and medicinally treated, in order that they may appear on the day of competition, with all their points standing out in symmetrical array before the sensitive eye of the judges. Not satisfied with all this overwrought preparation, the exhibitors even go further; the cages and kennels are all nicely painted, so that the color of the dog may harmonize with the exact shade of the kennel, and so show the dog to the ever critical eye to the best advantage. Again these animals are clothed in an elaborately worked coat, covering the shoulders, ribs and hind-quarters, leaving only the head, legs and part of the neck of the dog to be distinctly seen by the *oi polloi*; so that the general public have no opportunity of judging of some of the most important parts of the animal—that is the chest, ribs and hind-quarters. We, of course, admit that the head of any animal, like the head of man, is or ought to be the prominent characteristic feature of the entire body; but we do consider as ranking next in importance, the hind-quarters or propelling part of the dog. Many sportsmen have remarked to the writer about prize dogs in language like the following: "What a splendid dog he is to look at! How beautifully his head is shaped! Quite the correct color for shooting over! Observe his fine feathered tail and silky coat!" Just take him out in the field, however, and he will be found for shooting over game not worth the powder to kill him.

Now take the case of field dogs. They must perform well or they are worthless for any and every purpose. As a general thing those field dogs are not the beau-ideal of perfection of beauty, nor are they the marvels of symmetry that most persons outside the shooting fraternity imagine them to be, but take them into the scrub oak and brush, which is the only test of a dog for the purchaser and sportsman, it is there these animals show their wonderful breeding, training and extraordinary bringing out of the dormant

instinct. When such animals get accustomed to the sound of the voice, it is indeed a great pleasure and instructive recreation to shoot over them. The case of the English Champion Pointer "Belle," is an exception to the above rules of excellence and beauty combined, as she is acknowledged even by her opponents, who differ with Mr. Price as to strain, breeding and training, to be the handsomest and best working dog they ever saw, having a chest and neck like a Flanders mare. We know of one pointer more especially, who is extremely ungainly looking; his color is like dirty brick dust and yellow; his head is poorly put on, with a fairly well-shaped and strong-scenting nose; but his hind quarters show form of action, and working powers in the field, especially when drawing on game, which is unsurpassed by any animal that has come under our notice. We are firmly impressed that this dog would give "Belle" a very severe trial if the points for "Drawing" in the late field trials in England were raised to 10 points and "Breaking" reduced to 15 points. We feel assured that this homely looking dog would beat with ease on these particular points the justly celebrated English pointer. The great desideratum in the purchasing of these animals, which is devoutly to be wished by all true sportsmen, is the grand combination of form, beauty and symmetry; and above all, a staunch, steady, energetic animal. Give us the imported Red Irish setter, crossed with many American bred dogs we could mention, the puppies of which, when well trained on the silent system, we believe would excel in fair open field trial any dogs that the world could produce.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND RIFLE PRACTICE.

It is most especially to be hoped that the rifle movement so successfully inaugurated by the National Rifle Association will have the widest development. Now that the winter prevents rifle practice, it behooves the numerous National Guard organizations throughout the country to talk over and discuss their plans for having ranges of their own, or to affiliate with the National Rifle Association. There is no reason why, with the excellent material they have in the west, at Chicago or St. Louis, that one or both of these cities should not have ranges constructed after the model of Creedmoor for the use of their soldiers and sportsmen. We can assure them that the managers of the National Rifle Association would give them all the help and advice in their power. We even entertain the hope that the inauguration of a range in the west will not be far distant.

This question has been on our minds for some time. Why are not some steps taken to make the National Rifle Association a national institution? The rank and file of the United States army want instruction in rifle practice quite as much as the National Guard, if not even more. Why cannot Congress authorize the offering of prizes, on behalf of the United States, to be given to each regiment in the regular army, with a certain amount of prizes to be distributed annually to the best regiments or their teams in the militia of the different States, together with a valuable prize to be shot for at Creedmoor once every year, the contestants being the best shots, taken from among the regulars and the militia of the United States?

This would be simply following an example which has been found abroad to be of the utmost value. The Queen's prize at Wimbledon places the regulars and the volunteers together on the rifle range, and brings together two thousand of the best marksmen that can be found in England or the colonies. What good reason can there be why a similar prize cannot be offered by the War Department of the United States? Although we may be in a period when people are clamorous that all Government expenses must be retrenched, the expenses for such an undertaking would amount to little or nothing.

Of the use of such practice it is hardly necessary for us to state the great advantages to be derived from it. Let us take our late trouble with Cuba as an example. Had there been war with Spain, an immediate call would have been on the militia for the defense of our coast. How much more secure we would have felt had we been assured that all our volunteers were skilful with their weapons. As to regulars, the Modoc campaign might never have occurred, or would certainly have had a more rapid and less sanguine termination, had our regular troops been better acquainted with their rifles. It was a contest between savages who knew how to use their guns and regulars who had no practice with their rifles.

We believe that most of the officers of the United States army think with us as to the necessity of their men applying themselves more thoroughly with the use of their weapons, and at least for the present we can hardly imagine a better method, or one better calculated to engender brisk rivalry than to pit the National Guard against the regulars on the rifle range.

General Ord, who seems to most fully appreciate the value of the rifle practice, and who has always given every encouragement to Creedmoor, in one of his orders to his troops instructed them "to use the Government timber in making targets," and added this most pithy sentence, "that it was cheaper by far to use up the wood in this way than in making coffins."

If the use of a rifle range has already worked wonders among our own National Guard, developing an *esprit de corps* and stimulating the men to excel—rifle practice relieving them somewhat from the monotony of the drill—what might not intelligent rifle practice, fostered by Government aid, do for the privates in the regular service? It

would while away the tedium of many a soldier's irksome hour, and inculcate a love for their profession, and thus do away with that indifference and consequent desertion which seems now to be the bane of the regular service. Nay, more, the self-reliance acquired by the soldier in the regular service on the rifle range might often save his own life and allow him to triumph over his foe.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

AS 1873 passes away, and '74 commences its career, but two years and a half intervene between to-day and the great American Industrial Exhibition to be held on July the 4th, 1876, at Philadelphia. The time then for the preparation of this enterprise of untold grandeur and magnitude will be but short. If the ways and means to be found, some \$10,000,000, require a certain period of time, the huge extent of buildings to be erected, to cover some thirty-five to forty acres of ground, even if they were to be commenced to-day must take fully two years to complete. The permanent building is to cost alone somewhere between two and three millions of dollars, and the machinery, horticultural and agricultural halls, \$500,000 each. The Centennial Board of Finance who have heretofore confined their operations to Pennsylvania, have had already \$3,500,000 subscribed.

"The event to be commemorated," as was stated by Mr. McKean, one of the Philadelphia Board of Finance, "is the grandest in the political history of the world." The exposition will show the progress made in art, agriculture and manufacture during the first one hundred years of our national life. If Pennsylvania is supposed to be the manufacturing State, New York has more manufactories than the Keystone State. It is then not impossible to suppose, that from her proximity to Philadelphia, New York alone will require more space than was occupied by all France and England at the late Viennese exhibition.

We sincerely trust that the expression of sympathy, not given by words but by action on the part of the City and State of New York, and from all other sections of the country will be the best disavowal of all ideas of local rivalry, and that there will be a recognition of this most noble endeavor to perpetuate the memory of our Independence in its fullest and broadest sense. From abroad, the prospects are of the most encouraging character. The great German, Prince Bismarck, has recommended the acceptance of the invitation and has advised the appointment of a commissioner for each state of the German Empire, and that a resident Plenipotentiary be sent to Philadelphia to reside there until the close of the exhibition. France and Belgium have shown, too, a friendly alacrity in deciding to participate in the exhibition. Even far off China and Japan will send their wonderful goods, and a grand Turkish Bazaar rivaling that of Constantinople is promised.

Amid this forthcoming avalanche of goods and chattels, the work of all the brains and genius of a civilized world, though we may be driven to madness amid this chaos of wonderful things, we too of the FOREST AND STREAM, must take a large interest. Where will we find but in this coming Centennial a collection of all the sporting attributes, the guns and fishing implements of the world? A large and spacious quarter of the exhibition devoted to this purpose alone would excite untold curiosity, and afford a wonderful amount of instruction.

The whole scheme is a colossal one, and the Centennial no doubt will be made worthy of the great event it celebrates.

The United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries has lately received through the agency of Messrs. Middleton, Carman & Co., the well known fish dealers of Fulton market, very fine specimens, in perfect condition, of the English turbot, brill, and sole, which have been carefully cast in plaster and added to the collection of casts of food fishes and deposited by the commissioners in the National Museum at Washington.

This collection, which we had the pleasure of examining a short time ago, while visiting Washington, is one of extreme interest and importance, and is altogether unique in its character, embracing already some three hundred specimens, of various sizes, from the smallest up to fish that weighed originally 750 pounds.

The fish are cast on slabs and framed. They are painted in oil by an accomplished artist, so as to seem an almost exact reproduction of the original fish as just taken from the water. Among the specimens shown to us are the California and Maine salmon of both sexes and of various stages of growth and condition, numerous sharks, skates, rays, flat fish, herring, shad, mackerel, etc.

We would advise any of our readers who may happen to be in Washington not to omit calling at the Smithsonian Institution to inspect this beautiful collection, or such portion of it as is on exhibition.

—The veteran angler and author, Thaddeus Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia, well known to every lover of the "gentle art" through his "American Angler's Book," has been spending a few days in Washington as the guest of Mr. Wilkinson, of K street, who gave him on the 23d inst. a little complimentary dinner, at which were present the following friends of the rod and the fish, viz.: Prof. Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Miller, Deputy U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries; Dr. Frank Reilly, of the Bureau of Marine Hospitals; Dr. Yarrow, Surgeon Naturalist of the Wheeler expedition, and Judge Thacher, Assistant Commissioner of Patents. Charles Hallock, of New York, editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, who was an invited guest, was hurried off to Philadelphia by business a day or two previous.

Sporting News from Abroad.

WHAT! Has a regular challenge, in all its accepted forms, been absolutely thrown out by the English House of Commons to the august House of Lords, the former to contest with the latter in a steeple chase? *Land and Water* distinctly states that the challenge (so they understand) has been given or will be given by an Honorable member of the House of Commons, who represents one of the midland counties of England. If the English Parliament makes the Derby a *dies non*, why should they not be willing to devote another day to a regular stiff cross-country race. Certainly such an event would attract more attention than even one of their most stirring debates. Lords and Commons as contestants in pigeon matches and rifle shooting, though not distinctly stated as sporting rivalities between the two branches of her Majesty's government, have been quite common. If such a steeple chase should take place among the younger members of the House, we are inclined to think the Lords would carry off the honors. If the English nobleman who sits by prerogative of birth in the House of Lords, is passably haw-haw, and makes but poor and indifferent speeches, all the talent of England, being in the lower House, very probably in field sports the Lords are the superior of the Commons. A hunting and coursing *prestige* belongs to the Lords, and did we wager on sporting events, we would give odds in favor of the House of Nobs. Fancy such a proposition as the above emanating from an American source! Think of it, ye grave members of the Senate, or ye more boisterous ones of the House of Representatives! A challenge, *en regle*, between Messrs. Blaine, Dawes and Bingham and Conklin on one side, and Messrs. Butler, Sumner, Schurz and Thurman on the other, to mount horses and to ride five miles out at full speed, over ditches, plowed fields, artificial and natural obstacles. How elegantly Mr. S. S. Cox and Mr. Fernando Wood would act as starters, and then for judges we might have Messrs. Edmunds and Morton. Alas, we are afraid that no matter how carefully every preliminary of the Washington steeple chase would be arranged, it would after all take a decided political bias, and that the steeple chasers; the flyers, and the representative jocks, instead of each one sporting his respective colors, and trying to win for the fun of the thing, would all be marshalled under two sets, the Republicans and the Democrats, and that the best rider on the best horse would make the winning post the stepping stone to some Presidency in the future. There is however a good strong and healthy tendency towards field sports in both our Houses which we trust in time will be better developed, and it is exactly to this element that the FOREST AND STREAM looks for aid and support in those measures for the preservation of our forests and the founding of public parks which we so strenuously urge.

—The question of deer vs. sheep in Scotland seems to have been most carefully investigated by the recent Game Laws Committee, and the conclusion arrived at was that deer can live and furnish food where sheep cannot even exist. It was shown to the committee that on a certain grazing farm, 2,000 head of deer could be kept, which might carry 6,000 sheep, but that the former would yield 38,640 pounds of venison every year, while the quantity of mutton furnished would be less, while the expense of keeping the deer was nothing, whereas the sheep had to be fed during the winter. Of course all arguments in favor of having deer on Scotch ground would not hold for a moment if the land could be tilled and planted, but it seems to be quite conclusively demonstrated that in most of the cases where land has been given up to the deer that it was soil of the most worthless character and unfit for cultivation.

—The great coming event in England in coursing is the Waterloo cup, and so far no less than sixty-four entries have been made. It may be a long time before such a grey hound as Lord Lurgan's Master McGrath will be found, and all English coursing devotees regret the retirement of Lord Lurgan from the field in consequence of his ill health. To have bred and owned in a lifetime one such wonderful dog as Master McGrath is honor enough.

—The London *Field* has a most clever correspondent who writes of chamois stalking in the Tyrol. The huntsman was among the Tyrolean Alps, and pluckily follows a chamois down a precipice. The *Field* correspondent being belated, passes a night in the piercing cold winds, some 9,000 feet above the sea, and barely escapes freezing to death. Of course this is one of the chances of this arduous chase. It is the conclusion which quite interests us. The chamois hunter says: "Eight hours afterwards I was safely sheltered in my country inn at Schwaz. Leaving by the night express, I sat, sixty hours later, before a comfortable fire in my lodgings in London, and nobody could have imagined that three nights previous I passed twelve hours, which at that time seemed to me an eternity, high up in the Tyrolean Alps." Most pleasantly written is this, and one can imagine the writer to the *Field* seated cosily, in slippers and dressing gown, in his own snug quarters, may be meercaum in mouth, scarcely able to realize himself, in this rapid locomotive era of ours, how, in so short a time, the transition was made between the dreary Alps and his own comfortable quarters. Of course one may tire of pointing out the wonderful means we have now at our command of running from place to place over the world. Here seated in our editorial rooms we can leave in a train in just twenty minutes and in seven hours' travel from 103 Fulton street,

we can have a shot at a bear who is ranging the woods just 120 miles from our desk, (so at least a correspondent informs us whose kind note of invitation we are just in receipt of.) As for that, in sixty-nine to seventy-two hours easy going from New York we can kill a buffalo, and if we wish to have this pleasant diversion with all its accompaniments, could have, by journeying some seven hours more, a neat scrimmage with our brother Lo, and either raise hair or have our own grizzly locks taken as an ornament for some peripetetic lodge pole. Who knows but that some day, after breakfast, our great-grand-children may not go off to the Papuan islands, shoot a brace of birds of paradise for their sisters, and return in time for dinner, which plumes their fair sisters may want to deck their persons with at a soiree to be held the same evening in Kamtschatka.

—French sportsmen are in great commotion in regard to a change in the game laws. There is a rumor that hunting permits, or the right to carry a gun, are to be raised from 25 to 50 francs; that a considerable tax is to be imposed on powder and shot, and even that all shooting (game bird shooting?) shall cease for a year, in order that the game may increase. We notice too in the *Chasse Illustrée* a curious instance of the French red tape system. M. M. Lamarche and Lavigne, game and provision merchants, of Paris, expected to have shipped to them from New York on the 29th of last month, a consignment of prairie chickens and buffalo meat for the delectation of the Parisian gourmands. Now, according to some very arbitrary rulings of the commissioner who has the subject of the Parisian markets under his charge, these enterprising provision merchants are not to be allowed, according to the august judgment of the commissioner, to sell buffalo meat, as this bureaucrat cannot understand that buffalo is game, but classes its meat with the beef derived from the tamer bovine races. The hitch is that in the certain markets where Messrs. Lamarche and Lavigne want to sell their buffalo meat, game only is allowed to be sold. M. Chevalier, the excellent editor of the *Chasse Illustrée*, of course takes up the cudgels for the bison, which he very properly declares to be a game animal. Should the French bureaucrat be on the prairie with an old buffalo bull, head down, eyes flashing fire, and charging at him, he would very possibly not only learn a lesson in natural history, but acquire the fact that the buffalo is decidedly game.

—The question is being agitated by the liberal party in Holland of removing entirely all the game laws.

FOOD FISHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are much gratified at the opportunity herewith afforded to aid in the very important and arduous work in which Professor Baird is engaged, and trust that his appeal will be warmly responded to. It is the duty of every one and directly to his own interest, to contribute what he knows of the food fishes in any given section of the country.

UNITED STATES COMMISSION, FISH AND FISHERIES,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

DEAR SIR:—One of the duties with which I have charged myself as U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries is to prepare and furnish to Congress a report upon the food fishes of the United States, to consist of descriptions of the genera and species, together with as copious biographies as may be procurable, the whole to be illustrated by reliable figures of the species.

Although I devote much time every summer to personal research in this direction, it is impossible for me to cover the ground completely, and I am desirous of securing the assistance of all who have any facts at their disposal towards accomplishing my object in a satisfactory manner.

I enclose to you a series of questions in reference to a number of the subjects of special inquiry, and shall be greatly indebted to any of your correspondents for answers to any, in regard to any particular species. In giving these answers it is not necessary to repeat the question itself but merely to refer to its number.

I am already indebted to many gentlemen for service in this connection and I hope through the instrumentality of your widely circulated paper to secure many additional data. Full credit will of course be given in my report to all to whom I am under obligations.

I can supply pamphlet copies of the questions to those who may desire them. Very truly, yours,

SPENCER F. BAIRD,
Commissioner.

CHARLES HALLOCK, ESQ.,
Editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

MEMORANDA OF INQUIRY RELATIVE TO THE FOOD FISHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

A. Name of fish in different localities.
B. Geographical distribution at present time; change of location with season of year in former times; supposed cause of any permanent change.
C. Abundance; at present time, in different seasons and localities; in former times, in different seasons and localities; supposed cause of variation in abundance; probable change in the future.
D. Size; maximum length and weight; average length and weight; rate of growth; length and weight at one, two, three, etc., years; difference in sexes in this respect.
E. Migration and movements; arrival and departure; period of stay; certainty of arrival; route of movement, coming and going; number and times of runs or schools in one season, and differences, if any, in the runs; differences in arrival of the sexes and ages; feeding of fish after arrival; summer abode; winter abode; if anadromous, when entering the fresh water and when leaving; if anadromous, what the movements up and down fresh waters, of adults or of young; rate of progression of schools in fresh or salt water;

relation of movements to tides; depth of water preferred by schools or single fish; temperature and general condition of water preferred; favorite localities in any region, whether bottom be sandy, rocky, muddy, grassy, etc.

F. Relationships; to its own species, whether gregarious, solitary, grouped by age or sex at any season, predaceous, etc.; to other animals, whether preyed upon by them, feeding upon them, etc.; special enemies, friends or companions.

G. Food; nature; mode of taking it; time of taking it; quantity consumed.

H. Reproduction; interference with spawning, by lines, nets, etc.; age of male and female, respectively, when capable of reproduction; change in physical condition, (color, shape, fatness, etc.); date of spawning, and its duration as relating to the individual as well as to the species; preferred localities for spawning, as to place, temperature, etc.; special habits during spawning season; special habits before or after spawning; ratio of mortality in old fish from spawning; number of successive years of capacity for spawning; nesting places; are nesting places prepared? if so, whether of grass, stones, sand, etc., or cleared areas, and whether made by one sex only, or both; if ridges or furrows are formed, how made; the eggs; mode of fecundation; where laid; where and how attached, if at all; covered up, and how, or exposed in water; number laid by one fish at one time, and the number during lifetime; size and color; special enemies; guarding of eggs by either sex; the embryo and young fish; ratio of fish hatched to number of eggs laid; proportion of young fish attaining maturity; movement after birth, whether remaining on spawning ground and how long; or whether changing from fresh to salt, or salt to fresh water, etc., and when; general appearances, and successive changes; rate of growth; special food; enemies and diseases of eggs and young; relation of parent fish, of either sex, to young; whether protective, predatory, etc.

I. Diseases.

K. Parasites.

L. Artificial fish-culture.

M. Protection by law.

N. Capture; methods; by lines; by nets, floating or movable, (seines, gill-nets, etc.); fixed, (traps, pounds, weirs, dams, etc.); other methods of capture; bait; influence of modes of capture on abundance; season of capture; by lines; by nets; otherwise; time of tide when taken; statistics of capture; by lines; by nets; otherwise; value of fish taken; disposition of fish taken; economical value and uses; for food, (fresh, salted, smoked, dried, etc.); for oil; for manure; for other purposes; price, in its variations with place, season and year; export and trade, in their variations with place, season and year.

P. Remarks relative to foreign or domestic allies.

QUESTIONS RELATIVE TO THE FOOD FISHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

A. NAME.

1. What is the name by which this fish is known in your neighborhood? If possible, make an outline sketch for better identification.

B. DISTRIBUTION.

2. Is it found throughout the year, or only during a certain time; and for what time?

3. If resident, is it more abundant at certain times of the year; and at what times?

C. ABUNDANCE.

4. How abundant is it, compared with other fish?

5. Has the abundance of the fish diminished or increased within the last ten years, or is it about the same?

6. If diminished or increased, what is the supposed cause?

7. What is the amount, or extent, of the change in the abundance?

D. SIZE.

8. What is the greatest size to which it attains, (both length and weight,) and what the average?

9. State the rate of growth, per annum, if known; and the size at one, two, three, or more years.

10. Do the sexes differ in respect to shape, size, rate of growth, etc.?

E. MIGRATION AND MOVEMENTS.

11. By what route do these fish come in to the shore; and what the subsequent movements?

12. By what route do they leave the coast?

13. Where do they spend the winter season?

14. When are the fish first known or seen to come near the shore, and when does the main body arrive; are the first the largest; are there more schools or runs than one coming in, and at what intervals?

15. When do the fish leave shore, and is this done by degrees or in a body?

16. Is the appearance of the fish on the coast regular and certain, or do they ever fail for one or more seasons at a time, and then return in greater or less abundance? If so, to what cause is this assigned?

17. How do the runs differ from each in number and size?

18. Which sex comes in first; and how far advanced is the spawn in the female on first arriving?

19. Will either sex, or both, take the hook on first arriving; and if so, is there any period of the stay of the fish when they refuse it?

20. If they refuse the hook at first, how soon do they begin to take it after arriving?

21. Do the schools of fish swim high or low; and is their arrival known otherwise than by their capture; that is, do they make a ripple on the water, do they attract birds, etc.?

22. What is the relation of their movements to the ebb and flow of the tide?

23. Does spawn ever run out of these fish taken with a hook?

24. Answer same question in regard to fish taken in nets or pounds; is the spawn ever seen in any quantity floating about inside of nets?

25. Are these fish anadromous; that is, do they run up from the sea into fresh water for any, and for what purpose?

26. If anadromous, when are they first seen off the coast; when do they enter the mouths of the rivers, and what is the rate of progression up stream?

27. If anadromous, what the length of their stay in fresh water, and when do they return to the sea?

28. Do the different sexes or ages vary in this respect?

29. Do these fish come on to the breeding grounds before

they are mature; or do you find the one and two year old fish with the oldest?

30. What are the favorite localities of these fish; say whether in still water or currents; shallow or deep water; on the sand; in grass; about rocks, etc.?

31. What depth of water is preferred by these fish?

32. What the favorite temperature and general character of water?

F. RELATIONSHIP.

33. Do these fish go in schools after they have done spawning; or throughout the year; or are they scattered and solitary?

34. Have they any special friends or enemies?

35. To what extent do they prey on other fish; and on what species?

36. To what extent do they suffer from the attacks of other fish, or other animals?

G. FOOD.

37. What is the nature of their food?

38. Are there any special peculiarities in the manner of feeding of these fish?

39. What amount of food do they consume?

H. REPRODUCTION.

40. Is there any marked change in the shape or color of either sex during the breeding season; or any peculiar development of or on any portion of the body, as the mouth, fins, scales, etc.?

41. Are there any special or unusual habits during the spawning season?

42. Is spawning interfered with by lines or nets, or otherwise?

43. At what age does the male begin to breed; and at what age the female?

44. For how many years can these fish spawn?

45. Does the act of spawning exert an injurious effect?

46. Where do these fish spawn, and when?

47. Can you give any account of the process; whether males and females go in pairs, or one female and two males; whether the sexes are mixed indiscriminately, etc.?

48. Is the water ever whitened or colored by the milt of the male?

49. What temperature of water is most favorable for hatching.

50. At what depth of water are the eggs laid, if on or near the bottom?

51. What is the size and color of the spawn?

52. What is the estimated number for each fish; and how ascertained?

53. Answer the question for one season, and for the lifetime.

54. Do the eggs, when spawned, sink to the bottom and become attached to stones, grass, etc., or do they float in the water until hatched?

55. Do the fish heap up or construct any kind of nest, whether of sand, gravel, grass, or otherwise; and if so, is the mouth, the snout, or the tail used for the purpose, or what; and if so, how is the material transported; or do they make any excavation in the sand or gravel?

56. Do they watch over their nest, if made, either singly or in pairs?

57. When are the eggs hatched, and in what period of time after being laid?

58. What percentage of eggs laid is usually hatched?

59. What percentage of young attains to maturity?

60. What is the rate of growth?

61. Do the parents, either or both, watch over the young after they are hatched?

62. Do they carry them in the mouth, or otherwise?

63. What enemies interfere with or destroy the spawn or the young fish? Do the parent fish devour them?

64. Are the young of this fish found in abundance, and in what localities?

65. On what do they appear to feed?

I. ARTIFICIAL CULTURE.

66. Have any steps been taken to increase the abundance of this fish by artificial breeding?

K. PROTECTION.

67. Are these fish protected by law or otherwise?

L. DISEASES.

68. Has any epidemic or other disease ever been noticed among them, such as to cause their sickness or death in greater or less number?

69. When have these epidemics taken place, and to what causes have they been assigned?

M. PARASITES.

70. Are crabs, worms, lampreys, or other living animals found attached to the outside or on the gills of these fish?

N. CAPTURE.

71. How is this fish caught; if with a hook, what are the different kinds of bait used, and which are preferred?

72. If in nets, in what kind?

73. At what season and for what period is it taken in nets, and when with the line?

74. What would be the average daily catch of one person with the hook, and what the total for the season?

75. Answer the same question for one seine or pound of specified length.

76. Is the time of catching with nets or pounds different from that with lines?

77. Is it caught more on one time of the tide than on another?

O. ECONOMICAL VALUE AND APPLICATION.

78. What disposition is made of the fish caught, whether used on the spot or sent elsewhere, and if so, where?

79. What is its excellence as food, fresh or salted?

80. How long does it retain its excellence as a fresh fish?

81. To what extent is it eaten?

82. Is it salted, and to what extent?

83. Is it used, and to what extent, as manure, for oil, or for other purposes, and what?

84. What were the highest and lowest prices of the fish per lb. during the past season, wholesale and retail, and what the average, and how do these compare with former prices?

85. Are these fish exported, and if so, to what extent?

86. Where is the principal market of these fish?

87. Name and address of observer.

88. Date of statement.

—Two fine horses, bitten by a mad dog in Baltimore county, Maryland, have been seized with hydrophobia, and killed.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Pompano.
Snapper.
Grouper.
Rockfish.

SOUTHERN WATERS.
Trout, (Black Bass.)
Drum, (two species.)
Kingfish.
Striped Bass, Rockfish.

Sheepshead.
Tailorfish.
Sea Bass.

—We have received the fourth annual report of the Fishery Commissioners of New Jersey, but too late for review in this issue of our paper.

—Perch fishing at Quogue has been remarkably prosperous this season. The profits may be judged by the fact that one fisherman cleared \$400 in one week.

—A meeting of the Anglers' Association of Boston, for the protection of fish, was held at Pythian Hall last Saturday evening, Dr. John P. Ordway, presiding. After the reading of the records a partial report on the subject of the preservation and better protection of lobsters was made by Capt. Charles Stanwood from a committee appointed at the last meeting to consult with dealers relative to the best method of restriction in catching and exposing for sale lobsters during the spawning season. The committee desired an extension of time to continue their investigations, which was granted them. A number of members were elected, and the meeting adjourned.

—Some question having arisen in regard to the edible qualities of the Sacramento salmon (which we are now introducing so largely into the waters of the Middle States), as compared with those found in Maine and New Brunswick, we herewith print a note just received from Livingston Stone, which bears upon the subject:

"In the quality of its flesh, I think the Sacramento salmon compares very favorably with the salmon of the Atlantic rivers. The reputation of the Sacramento fish has undoubtedly suffered from the fact that it is or has been till quite recently, offered for sale in the markets at all seasons of the year, including several months when it is out of condition. Had this fish been caught and marketed only when it is in its best condition, as is the case with our eastern salmon, it is more than probable that its excellence would have remained unimpeached, and that it would have ranked universally or very near on an equality with the Maine and Canadian fish. Many persons eating Sacramento salmon in San Francisco in August, when it is a coarse, inferior fish, have pronounced the salmon of this river nearly worthless, while if they had eaten the same fish in the winter months, they would have thought no name too good for it. My own experience has been that the Sacramento salmon, when in season, is a very rich, firm, and delicious fish, and I am wholly unable to say that I can detect in it, when in its best condition, any inferiority to the salmon of the Atlantic rivers. I feel quite safe to say, however, that if it is not equal to the Eastern salmon in quality, it approaches them so nearly that no reasonable objection can be made to its general introduction on this score.

—Our correspondent whose letter follows herewith makes some very serious complaints, which we know to be well founded, of the insufficiency afforded by the existing laws for the protection of game in New Brunswick. As to fish, the legal restrictions are ample and operative in general, though some localities evidently suffer from the inefficiency or delinquency of the fishery officers. All dams should be provided with fish-passes, as the law directs.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Dec. 22d, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have long been tempted to send you a few facts concerning fishing and shooting in the vicinity of St. John. Having spent a great part of my time about its lakes, streams, and forests I fancy that I have a pretty good idea of what might be done if things were properly handled. We would have an abundance of game, if they were allowed to breed and grow to maturity, which I am sorry to say they are not. Our woodcock are shot out of season—principally in August—when the middle of September is quite soon enough to begin shooting. Then we have plenty of time and lots of good birds. Our partridges are shot in thousands before they are half fledged. Our trout are murdered the whole year round and at all seasons, sometimes by gentlemen who call themselves fishermen and sportsmen. Moose, caribou and deer are slaughtered late in winter, and left in the woods to rot, merely for the sake of their skins. We have a law in the Dominion, but I am sorry to say it is badly looked after. I spent a fortnight with a friend of mine, Mr. Climo, photographer, of St. John, taking views in the vicinity of St. Martins, also of Salmon river and its tributaries, a few miles further up the Bay of Fundy. It is a fine river and would be well stocked with salmon, were they allowed to get in it, but they are stopped by a saw-mill and dam at its entrance; they are there in thousands every year trying to get up but cannot for the want of proper fish way. W. H. BOYER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I am pleased to see by your paper, of December 18th, that a beginning is to be made in stocking our streams with salmon; but, as an angler, I must enter a protest against the streams selected. Professor Baird says:—"Mr. Green is to place 50,000 young fish near Fort Edward, and a quantity in the Conchocton River, an upper tributary of the Chemung, which empties into a northern branch of the Susquehanna. He will place some also in Oswego and Salmon Rivers, and possibly in the Genesee." The Conchocton, though not by any means the most suitable tributary of the Susquehanna, will do very well if salmon ladders are con-

structed on the hundred dams of the Chemung and Susquehanna, which I doubt. Salmon River, though small, is a fine, clear, rapid stream, admirably suited to the fish. But why select the Oswego and Genesee? The one is a dull, muddy stream, as little like a salmon river as a Jersey Salt Creek; and the other is obstructed by no less than four falls from twenty to ninety feet high, besides which it flows for a long distance through a flat country, unbroken by a ripple or even a sand bar, and both of these streams run through busy manufacturing cities. It seems to me that it would be best to stock our rivers that are most adapted to salmon first, and then, if desirable, we could attend to these. Has Mr. Baird calculated the cost of building salmon ladders over the falls of the Genesee? or does he suppose the fish would not need to ascend from Rochester? If it is desired to stock some streams flowing into Lake Ontario, why not select the Black River, which rises amid the Adirondacks and receives the waters of the Moose, Beam, Independence, and a dozen other streams, all admirably suited to salmon? Or would not the Oswegatchie or the Raquette make noble salmon rivers? I hope Mr. Green will hesitate before wasting valuable fish upon such streams as the Oswego and the Genesee.

FERN FLY.

[The exceptions of our correspondent are well taken, and will receive proper consideration, we doubt not.—Ed.]

—We have received from Dr. D. C. Estey, of Minnesota, several articles upon the game and fish of that State, which we shall publish in due time; also some unique patterns of black bass flies, which are unlike anything we have before seen, and which show by what ingenious contrivances of feather and tinsel the credulity of some fish may be imposed upon. Experts here, who have examined them, express the opinion that they ought to prove a very killing fly.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR JANUARY.

Moose, *Alces Malchis.* Caribou, *Tarandus Ranifer.*
Elk or Wapiti, *Cervus Canadensis.* Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey. All kinds of Wild Fowl.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

With the advent of January the close season for nearly all kinds of upland game commences in the higher latitudes, though wild (water) fowl are in season until their spring migration. In Florida the shooting season for deer, woodcock, quail, turkeys, snipe, etc., continues until March. The moose and caribou in those Canadian Provinces where any law exists, are in season until February, though only the flesh of the females are fit to eat. To us of the Eastern and Middle States all the game that is left for shooting between this and the advent of the August woodcock, are the squirrels and hares, which latter are generally called rabbits.

—C. T. L., of Brooklyn, writes that a few weeks since there was a hunt got up by the sportsmen of Oxford, New York, which was quite successful. At evening the men came in, when the count was found to be as follows:—Captain Bradley's side, 23,690; Captain Miller's side, 17,185. The animals killed and brought in were as follows:—One fox, two racoons, two woodchucks, eight rabbits, seventeen skunks, 338 black and grey squirrels, 206 red squirrels, 3,420 chipmucks, four hawks, ten owls, thirty-five crows, 244 partridges, seventeen pigeons, eight woodcock, two wild ducks, and one crane. The best of good feeling reigned, and it was resolved to have another hunt next year and challenge an equal number from any part of the State.

—J. L. Hersey, a frequent correspondent, writes from New Hampshire of some shooting which he deems worthy of mention. He says: "Jas. A. Doe went out recently and bagged fifteen partridges at sixteen shots, shooting seven of them in fifteen minutes; who will say that there are no sharpshooters in New Hampshire, and no game? Foxes are very abundant, and hunters are having rare sport now, although Reynard don't seem to see it in that light. He don't enjoy the fun of racing through the light snow, with a pack of hounds at his heels, and a chance of being peppered if he comes anywhere near the hunters."

—We have to thank Mr. B. L. Sammis, of the Sportsman House, at Smithville, Long Island, for his basket of fine grown quail; the birds arrived fresh and in good condition.

—The following letter refers to a region whose quality as a superb hunting ground we can vouch for from personal knowledge. There are few districts which surpass those of Elk and Potter Counties, Pa., either for game or fish. Coudersport can be most readily reached from New York city by way of the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad:—

BUFFALO, Dec. 23d.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The forest districts of Pennsylvania are seldom mentioned as good hunting grounds, but in reality, they possess quite as great attractions for the tourist and sportsman as others more frequently spoken and written of. There are to this day woods in Pennsylvania wherein the axe of the destroyer has never sounded, and which stand as they ever stood in all their majestic beauty.

Some short time ago the writer, with two friends, Thos. Cavanaugh and Wm. Powers, (the latter being a well-known hunter in this locality), started out for a few days' hunting

in the forests. We took the 7:20 train from the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway Depot for Port Alleghany, Pa., situated on the road of that name. Arriving at Port Alleghany we immediately took the stage for Coudersport, Pa., and remained there for the night, as we were now in a country alive with deer and game of every description, and were anxious to be at work. Rising early next morning and partaking of a hearty breakfast, we started off and had a long day's travel, meeting with abundance of game such as quail, ruffed grouse, etc., and getting sight of a few deer. We were hungry and tired when we came upon a good camping ground, and here we decided to remain for the night. After seeing our horses well fed and providing ourselves with a good fire, and a nice bed of leaves and pine boughs, we prepared our supper of boiled rabbits and squirrels, with good bread and coffee. A very comfortable night was spent, considering our situation. At day-break, breakfast over, we were once more on our way. Twelve o'clock arrived and no deer as yet. We now decided upon each taking different routes to meet at a certain point. My route was the middle one, but I determined to keep as close to Powers as possible, (he having the most experience), and after proceeding a short distance we were actually together. Presently he motioned me to his side. The sight that met my eyes was indeed more than I had bargained for; there, directly in front us, within 350 yards, was a large bear rooting in the leaves and grass, entirely unaware of the approach of an enemy. At this moment, however, a distant report of a rifle warned our bear of danger, and he immediately began to move off.

My companion wishing that I should have the first shot, directed me to fire. Steadying my nerves, I raised my rifle, and after a careful aim, fired; when the smoke cleared Mr. Bear was to be seen running briskly off, having been nowise injured by my shot. Powers lost no time in sending a leaden messenger after him, which brought him to the ground, another shot from me, winding up his career. Our friend Cavanaugh now appeared upon the scene, he having also met with very good luck, having brought down two deer, besides quite a number of the feathered tribe. This being more good fortune than we had anticipated, having now secured a bear, two deers and quite a number of partridges, we concluded to camp for the night and retrace our steps in the morning, arriving home on the afternoon of the fourth day. The entire trip cost us about twelve dollars.

By the way, the streams and brooks of this region swarm with fish, especially trout; as for game, woodcock and duck abound. The trip to this region can be made in less time, and with much less expense, than to any other hunting districts.

The nearest and shortest route to this region is via the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway. The fare from Buffalo to Port Alleghany being only \$2.98.

SHEEHAN.

—Our readers will perceive by the following article taken from the Rochester Union, that quite a treat is in store for them. The Cologne district is one concerning which frequent inquiry is made, and of which little is known. It is one of the grandest hunting districts in America, and will be resorted to next year by a score of our readers, we do not doubt. It is just as accessible as the Adirondacks are:—

Our townsman A. B. Lamberton has just returned from a week spent in the wilds of Canada, deer hunting. He brought back with him eleven deer, five of which fell before his "Adirondack," one of the finest repeating rifles we ever saw. Mr. Lamberton went to Cologne, back of the Ottawa river, and 150 miles north of the St. Lawrence. His camping ground was near where the Cologne river empties into the Ottawa, in the province of Quebec. He was joined by several Canadian gentlemen, and the method pursued was still hunting. The deer were very plenty, and the party could have shot fifty deer if their object had been to shoot more than they wanted.

One of their party on his return to camp on the edge of one evening, heard the howling of wolves, and knew they were after him. He seated himself on the limb of a tree out of their reach, and had the satisfaction of shooting two of the largest which the next morning he took into camp.

Another one of the party—a physician by profession—on his return to camp lost his way, and he wandered about all night. In the morning the party went in search of him. They found him about three miles from camp, almost perished. He wandered in a circle, the same as all persons do who lose their way either in forest or field.

Mr. Lamberton is a great admirer of the Adirondacks, but now prefers the region above mentioned for sporting purposes. The conformation of the country does not afford as fine scenes as the Adirondacks, but in other respects is quite similar. Round and Golden Lakes he speaks of in terms of especial admiration.

By the way, we notice in FOREST AND STREAM for December 4, a very lengthy article by Mr. Lamberton entitled "The Hunter Naturalist in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." He describes the country he visited last summer and the game to be found there in glowing terms.

Mr. Lamberton intends to write for FOREST AND STREAM a sketch in full of his late visit to the Cologne district of Canada.

BISMARCK, D. T., Dec. 14th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

"Rare sport we had, Ed. You should have come along." Such was the greeting I received from a party of three sportsmen (*sic*), with two hundred and forty-six pinnated grouse in a wagon, the result of three hours' shooting.

I had been invited the night before to join the party in a trip to the timber which borders the banks of the "Big Muddy," on a hunt for "chickens," but had declined, as I had been on a similar one the week before and I think that one trip will suffice me as long as I remain in the territory.

I will endeavor to explain to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the manner in which such a number of birds are found and killed in so short a space of time.

The country for hundreds of miles on both sides of the Missouri river is entirely devoid of timber of any kind. When the cold weather approaches, birds of every description, elk, deer, antelope, and in fact almost every living creature seeks the shelter of the timber which grows in the river bottom. Consequently all you have to do to fill your wagon is to be on the ground early, before the birds leave their roosting places, and you can pick them off like a farmer would his choice fruit.

"Got twenty-one off one tree," said one of the party, and I did not doubt it, for if there is one tree all you have to do is to shoot the lowest ones first, and you can get them all (if your ammunition holds out.) It seems a pity that these noble birds should be destroyed so ruthlessly by pot hunters, but under the Territorial game laws there is no help for it at present. Elk and deer are very plenty hereabouts, and some antelope, but the latter are suffering from a disease similar to the "rot" in sheep. Large numbers have been found dead on the prairies the past fall, and neither the white hunter or Indians can account for it or tell what the disease is.

The "wolfing" season has now commenced, and as it may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers to know how the immense number of the prairie wolf and coyote pelts are secured, I will "rise to explain." The stock in trade of a party engaged in "wolfing" consists in flour, bacon and strychnine, the first two articles named for their own consumption, the last for the wolves. The first thing to be done is to procure a bait. Generally a buffalo is used, but if it happens to be out of a buffalo range, then an elk, deer, coon, or other animal is made to answer the purpose. The carcass is then impregnated with the poison and placed where it will do the most good. Sometimes as high as fifty wolves will be found of a morning scattered about at intervals of a few yards from the carcass, that they ate so ravenously of the night before.

The "wolfers" proceed to gather up the animals slain, carry them to camp, fix up another bait if necessary, and then commence the labor of skinning and stretching. It is no uncommon thing for a party of three men to come down in the spring with four thousand pelts, and as they will average one dollar and a half a pelt, it is a very profitable business, if you are only successful in your "catch."

The men engaged in this business are different from the professional buffalo hunters; the trappers are in fact different from anyone but "wolfers." When they receive their money in the spring they always make great calculations on having a "big time" in town, and they generally have it. When their money is gone (and that is in a very few days), they betake themselves back to their haunts in the woods and on the prairies, and are seen no more within the confines of civilization until another spring.

—A new plan of pigeon shooting was inaugurated on December 27th, at Babylon, L. I.; Messrs. Livingston and Post shot for \$100 a side, 20 birds each, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary. The conditions were that the shooters should sit on the ground, as if shooting from a "blind," thus: If the pigeons were driving birds and flew close to the ground, it would be extremely difficult to get the gun on them. The birds, however, were scarcely up to the average, and the shooting, considering the above difficulty and novelty, was excellent. Both gentlemen having killed 16 birds out of 20, they shot off the tie at five pigeons each, and this time Mr. Post was successful by killing four birds to his opponent's three.

The second match was between Messrs. Deforest and Snediker at 10 double birds each, for \$100 a side, 100 yards boundary, 1 1/2 oz. shot, Mr. Deforest to shoot at 21 yards rise, Mr. Snediker at 10 yards. After some fine shooting at very slow birds Mr. Deforest won the match by one bird, having killed 15 out of 20, Mr. Snediker killing 14 and losing six.

Then followed a match between Messrs. Griswold and Jones at 5 pigeons each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1 1/2 oz. shot. This match was won by Mr. Griswold, who killed all his birds, Mr. Jones missing the fifth.

SUMMARY.

BABYLON, L. I., Dec. 27.

Match \$200, 20 birds each, both barrels allowed, battery style, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1 1/2 oz. shot, between Messrs Post and Livingston.

SCORE.

Mr. Post—1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1—Total, 20; killed 16; missed 4. Gun used, Westley Richards 10 bore breech-loader.

Mr. Livingston—1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1—Total, 20; killed 16; missed 4. Gun used, Dougall 10 bore breech-loader.

THE TIE.

Mr. Post—1, 1, 1, 1, 0—Total, 5; killed 4; missed 1.

Mr. Livingston—1, 1, 0, 1, 0—Total, 5; killed 3; missed 2.

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY.—Match \$200, between Messrs. Deforest and Snediker, at 10 double birds each, 100 yards boundary, 1 1/2 oz. shot, Mr. Deforest at 21 yards rise, Mr. Snediker at 10.

SCORE.

Mr. Deforest—10, 11, 10, 11, 11, 10, 11, 01, 10, 11—Total, 20; killed 15; missed 5.

Mr. Snediker—10, 11, 10, 11, 11, 11, 01, 00, 01, 11—Total, 20; killed 14; missed 6.

SUMMARY.

SAME DAY—\$, 5 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards

boundary, 1 1/2 oz. shot, between Messrs. Griswold and Jones.

SCORE.

Mr. Griswold—1, 1, 1, 1, 1—Total, 5; killed 5.

Mr. Jones—1, 1, 1, 1, 0—Total, 5; killed 4; missed 1.

—The Staten Island Game and Shooting Association of Port Richmond passed the afternoon of Christmas day at turkey, chicken and pigeon shooting. Below we give the score of the pigeon shooting; sweepstakes at 6 birds each, 21 yards rise, and 80 boundary.

Name.	Score.
Louis Palmer.....	0 1 0 1 1 1
J. Reibecker.....	1 1 0 1 1 1
George Trauter.....	1 1 1 1 1 1
C. M. Johnson.....	1 1 0 1 1 1
George Beyer.....	0 0 0 0 1 1
J. F. Raythen.....	0 1 1 1 0 0
H. Shilling.....	1 0 1 1 0 0
John H. Decker.....	1 1 1 1 0 1
W. M. Crane.....	0 1 0 1 1 1

SWEEPSTAKES—FIVE BIRDS.

Louis Palmer.....	1 1 1 1 1
C. M. Johnson.....	0 1 1 1 1
George Trauter.....	1 1 1 1 1
John A. Decker.....	1 0 1 1 1

—A pigeon pop took place at Vanderveer's stores, Flatbush, on Christmas day; 12 chances, \$5 each for a \$50 fine muzzle loader, 10 gauge, usual rules, 21 yards rise, etc. 5 birds each.

Name	Score	Total	Name	Score	Total
E. H. M.....	1 1 1 1 0	4	S. A.....	1 1 1 0 1	4
W. B.....	1 1 1 1 1	5	S. L.....	1 1 1 0 0	3
H. Ks.....	1 1 1 0 1	4	B. C.....	1 1 0 0 2	3
S. R.....	1 1 1 0 1	4	A. C.....	1 0 1 0 2	3
S. L.....	1 1 1 0 1	4	C. L.....	1 1 1 0 0	3
A. D.....	1 0 1 0 0	2	S. L.....	1 1 0 1 0	3

W. B. winning the gun.

There was also a match at Dexter's on Christmas day between W. B. and Mr. Bay, for \$25 a side, 25 birds each, 21 yards rise, etc. W. B. killed 23; Mr. Bay 20.

Immediately afterwards Mr. W. B. and Mr. C. Svea shot for \$25 each, W. B. giving five dead birds in 25. W. B. killed 21; C. Svea 13, leaving W. B. the winner; birds very good and a very gentlemanly affair throughout.

—The Sweepstakes of the Woodside Shooting Club on Wednesday Dec. 24th passed off in a very pleasant and satisfactory manner. The Sweepstakes was for a purse of \$50 at ten birds each, Long Island rules, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1 1/2 oz. shot, from H and T traps; 7 members were present to participate in the contest, accompanied by numerous friends of the club. The day was perfect and no accident occurred to mar the sport.

Name.	Score.	Killed.
L. Sursdud.....	1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1.....	6
J. Sprague.....	0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0.....	4
C. Kelley.....	1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0.....	4
J. Riker.....	1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0.....	5
H. N. Terrett.....	1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1.....	7
William Cameron.....	1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1.....	6
E. Bisbee.....	1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1.....	8

Judges—Wm. Sursdud and J. A. F. Kelly.

Referee—C. T. Howell, Jr.

MALAGA, N. J., Dec. 26th, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Will some of your numerous correspondents explain the relative merits of "Central," and "pin fire" breech-loaders? The writer, who has used a "Scott pin fire" for the past four years, finds, upon inquiry, at quite a number of "gun stores," both in New York and Philadelphia, that but comparatively few "pin fires" are now made. From what little we have seen of "Central fire" guns, it strikes us that the "pin" is a safer and preferable gun for general use. First, one can more readily see whether the shell is exploded—the projection of the pin being at once a guide, without unhooking the gun. Second, the construction of the "pin gun" is more simple. No spiral springs or plungers connected with it, as on the "Central fire," and consequently, less liable to get out of order. Third, when out of order, more readily repaired at any shop.

Will some advocate of the "Central fire" explain through your columns why it is that the use of the "Central" has become so fashionable as to render the purchase of (at times) a large quantity of pin shells very difficult.

Yours,

"PIN FIRE."

—An error occurred in the repetition of certain scores in our last number, which was so evidently a mistake of the types as to be manifest to all readers. We shall correct the same in a future issue.

Rational Pastimes.

Secretaries of University and College Athletic Clubs will please mail their reports not later than Monday in each week.

The remarkable weather of the early part of this winter is shown in the fact that the Boston base ball club played a game of ball on their grounds on Christmas day in the presence of about five hundred spectators. The contest was rendered unusually interesting, from its being played under the new rule of ten men and ten innings. The score is as follows:—Spalding's side, 16; H. Wright's side, 18. Time of game, one hour and fifty minutes.

—Skating was inaugurated for the season of 1873 and 1874 on December 29th, when the ball was run up at the Union and Capitoline skating lakes, Brooklyn. There will be good skating there all this week. All the public ponds are now giving an opportunity for recreation for these holiday times which young and old of both sexes eagerly avail themselves of. In Brooklyn a few sleighs have ventured out, but sleighing is indifferent in these parts, even in the suburbs. Only six inches fell last Saturday night, and the warm sun of the succeeding day greatly reduced its quantity and rendered it little available for runners.

—Our correspondents from the several Universities and Colleges have written us that owing to the deep snow they were obliged to postpone the foot ball matches and other athletic pastimes.

—The grand billiard tournament between Maurice Daly and Francois Ubassy was finished on December 27th, Daly being the victor. The fifth of the series of matches was played in the afternoon of December 27th, in Chris. O'Connor's billiard saloon, in Union square, being a game of 500 points up. It was won by Daly in fifty-seven innings, Ubassy only scoring 360 points. The sixth and last of the series of games came off in the evening of the same day, at the Spingler House billiard room, and resulted in another victory for Daly, who ran the game out on the thirty-seventh inning, Ubassy making only 236 points.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARL'ST'N	
	h. m.		h. m.		h. m.	
Jan. 1.....	10 24		7 1		6 24	
Jan. 2.....	11 15		7 56		7 15	
Jan. 3.....	eve. 3		8 48		8 3	
Jan. 4.....	0 49		9 34		8 49	
Jan. 5.....	1 32		10 17		9 32	
Jan. 6.....	2 14		10 56		10 14	
Jan. 7.....	2 52		11 36		10 52	

—The Bayonne Yacht Club, held its regular monthly meeting at 72 Beaver street, on the 25th of December. There was a large attendance of members, and several representatives of other clubs present. The occasion was for the distribution of prizes won by the members during the late autumn regatta. The following are the names of the yachts and owners who received prizes:—

1st. class sloops.—Qui Vive, Thomas Chapman, Bayonne Yacht Club—Club prize, large and elegant music box.

1st. class sloop.—Elizabeth, Commodore Tynon, Stapleton Yacht Club—Union prize, handsome large French bronze clock.

2d. class sloop.—Jeannette, Commodore Pearson, Bayonne Yacht Club—Club prize elegant music box.

2d. class sloop.—Eclipse, Captain McKinstry, PAVONIA Yacht Club—Union prize, silver tea set, consisting of five pieces and salver, all handsomely engraved.

3d. class sloop.—Idle Hour, Thomas Taylor, Bayonne Yacht Club—Club prize, silver set, consisting of water pitcher, goblets, slop bowl and salver, all handsomely engraved.

3d. class sloop.—Joe Saunders, Frank Bates, Long Island Yacht Club—Union prize, large silver urn for ice water, elegantly engraved.

Bayonne, Mr. P. McGiehan, Bayonne Yacht Club—Prize won at regatta of the club, August, 1869.

After the presentation of the prizes the members sat down to an elegant collation. William T. Lee, John M. Sawyer, George Dunning and others responded to appropriate toasts. During the evening Captain G. A. Beling presented Joseph Elsworth with a handsome oil painting representing the last race of the Meta with the Vision, off Sandy Hook. Mr. C. C. Hough, President of the club, gave the painting to "Captain Joe," and the latter feelingly responded. The meeting was a grand success.

—General W. W. Sanford, of St. Louis, is building a new schooner yacht at Baltimore under the supervision of his sailing master, who formerly sailed his yacht the "Eddie." He is a practical sailor and boat builder, the schooner when finished will measure about 80 tons. A full description of this new schooner will appear in these columns in a future number.

—Com. W. H. Langley, of the "Addie," will build a schooner yacht this winter, providing he can make terms for the sale of his victorious sloop. The "Addie" is 52 tons new measurement, in complete order and could be made ready for sea in three days. She was built by Kirby, of Rye, N. Y., for John Voorhees and was formerly the "Addie V," and afterwards purchased by Mr. Langley, who won in one season some \$2,500 worth of silver plate.

COLLEGE BOATING MANAGEMENT.—The Freshman class is the largest that has ever entered Harvard; it by no means lacks good material for a crew, yet it seems in great danger of doing worse even than the last Freshman Class. The Class of '76 were at least enthusiastic, subscribing liberally to meet the expenses of their crew and having all winter long in the Gymnasium from ten to twelve men working for it; but our new associates seem entirely forgetful of the fact that the rest of the college expect them to send a crew to the next regatta. Yet perhaps I am wrong in this; perhaps the Freshmen are mindful of the fact, but think that all that is essential to success at the next race is to elect a captain, a man almost wholly ignorant of rowing, and to enter a crew in the fall races so good as to show that if proper measures are taken, the class can send out a crew which will retrieve the disgrace of last year.

That which is of the first importance, in entering upon the selection of a crew, is the choice of a proper man for captain. It seems incredible that the Freshman Class should, year after year, keep up the childish jealousy between the men fitted in Boston and those fitted elsewhere. It is a fact, I believe, that the election held last fall, so far from being a choice of the man best fitted for the captaincy, was merely a struggle between the supporters of two gentlemen who rested their claims upon the fact that one was fitted at a certain school and his competitor at another! The spirit that seems to actuate the men, as one of the members of the class is reported to have said, was this: "We don't care a straw for the office, but we want to defeat that man from ———." If this were not their first year in Cambridge, they would know that just such a spirit among the fellows has already greatly injured one or two Freshman crews; and members of the other classes fear that it will succeed in gaining another victim in the '77 crew.

To those who know anything about this class, and who have watched their crew, it is quite evident that there is no one among them fitted by knowledge and experience to

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

SOUNDS FROM SECRET CHAMBERS. Poems. By Laura C. Redden. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a nice little present for the holidays, in green and gold, and is in the form known as the semi-dramatic. It develops the plot of one of those love affairs that "never runs smoothly;" it is startling and tumultuous in all its parts. There is considerable merit in this little unpretentious offering, and some fine thoughts are here given. Our fair authoress says:

"I turn the key, I lift the lid,
I lay the casket on the sill,
And wistful linger at the door,
To know the tenor of your will."

We think a generous public will lift the casket and bid the bearer a cordial welcome to all the doubts and fears of a successful or unsuccessful future, which time alone will determine. "Sweet Bells Jingled" have some pleasant verses, as:

"How tenderly you meet the mute appealing
Of eyes that ever seek to read your own;
This clinging trust, this wild excess of feeling,
But, dearest, I have been so long alone,
Henceforth there is no good beyond my grasping,
No splendor that my earth-life may not take;
The passionate heart which to your own you're clasping,
Is henceforth sacred for your princely sake,
Lone one, beloved."

We find a goodly share of this little work devoted to the subject of kissing. We admit there is a poetry in kissing; we have boyish memories within which are garnered some sweet recollections of those days, yet we think some sixteen pages devoted to "kissing" a little too much. However, the poems give us the promise, with careful reproduction and some judicious pruning, to do good in the end.

SAXE HOLMES' STORIES. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Our readers will many of them recognize in this book some of the pleasant stories that pleased them at the time of their first publication in the *Scribner Magazine*. Like twice told tales they still have a zest and a refreshing for the memory of pleasant hours. The story of "Draxy Miller's Dowry," was an exceedingly quaint story, and if we mistake not, was extensively read and admired. We are happy to know that these stories are placed in a form more worthy still of the regards of the many friends of the "Scribner." These tales are remarkable for clearness and purity of thought, always anticipating our thought, never vitiated, we are happy to say, by either low taste or vulgarity.

WOMEN IN SACRED HISTORY. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The contents of this elegant and rare book are made up of sketches of women mentioned in Sacred History; both historical and legendary sources contribute quite largely to the same. Like all that Mrs. Stowe undertakes to do this work is done well, and adds a new lustre to her already acquired reputation as an authoress of the very first class. We know of no one more fitting to write an interesting and elaborate history of women under almost any era, than Mrs. Stowe, particularly of the Jews. She has given us a glimpse of women under what is called the patriarchal ages. Every Bible reader will be delighted to read her vivid sketches of Sarah, Hagar, Rebekah, Leah, and Rachael. We almost see them again in all their native costume and character moving before us. Many will turn to the Sacred Word with a deeper interest than they have ever felt before, as they peruse the history of another class of women under the cognomen of the "National Period." How grandly is the thrilling Eastern story of Queen Esther rehearsed; Miriam's beautiful history; Deborah, Ruth, and many others, whose lives are as types of the most interesting characteristics of women of the past ages. The history of that woman, Delilah, with her many blandishments, her arts of captivating the great, strong nature of Sampson, with all its highly wrought detail, *velut in speculum*, pass before us. Then the sweet, loving characters of the women of the Christian era. Mary, the Mother of Christ, the daughter of Herodius, the women of Samaria, Martha and her sister Mary, and last the repentant Magdalen, are all of them most graphically depicted. This work will stand as one of the gems of Mrs. Stowe's numerous improving educative works of the times. The high and elevated train of thought pervading this work makes it invaluable as an aid to Christian family training. This work is illustrated with sixteen chromo-lithographs, after paintings by Raphael, Koehler, Horace, Vemet, and others. A rare present, not only for the holidays, but for all times, is this great book of "Women of Sacred History."

RECENT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, as described in the diaries and correspondence of Ignatz Moscheles. Edited by his wife, as adapted from the original German. By A. D. Coleridge. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

On the 30th of May, 1794, at Prague, was born Moscheles, even in his early childhood considered a great musical prodigy. His father, a merchant in easy circumstances, was a devoted lover of music and played admirably upon the guitar. His mother was a woman of great kindness of heart, affectionate and refined; one of those even tempered women who do so much to bless their own homes and make the world better around them. At the death of his father he was sent to Vienna to continue his musical studies. Here he made great progress and gave his whole heart to the most ardent pursuits of music in all its variety. The first entry in his diary—April, 1814—speaks with enthusiasm of Beethoven. An acquaintance with this great master results in his being chosen to arrange "Fidelio" for the piano. Of this little incident he thus speaks: "On going to see Beethoven early one morning, the great composer was still lying in bed; he happened to be in remarkably good spirits, jumped up immediately and placed himself, just as he was, at the window looking out upon the Schottenbastei with a view of examining the "Fidelio" numbers I had arranged. Naturally, a crowd of street boys had collected under the window, when he roared out, 'Now what do those confounded boys want?' I laughed and pointed to his own figure. 'Yes, yes; you are quite right,' he said, and hastily put on a dressing-gown." Moscheles was eminently social and very genial in his life and intercourse with society. He speaks with rapture of Horace Vemet, and of an evening spent with the great ventriloquist, 1824 we find him nestled as a favorite guest with the Mendelssohn family, and ever after these two families entertained for each other the most profound friendship. About this time he became acquainted and greatly pleased with Maria Garcia, afterwards Malibrán. He says in his journal: "This charming girl, almost a child, acted enchantingly in the 'Chauvin de Reims,' 'Le Coin de Rue,' and 'L'Orme de la Pacha.'" In course of his work he speaks of Sontag as "young, beautiful, fascinating." As a most entertaining and valuable biography, a diary of a great man, we recommend this work to all our musical friends as one of great intrinsic value.

HANS BRINKER; or The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated by Darley, Nast, and others. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The mere announcement of such an elegantly illustrated work by such artists; the fact that it is Scribner's tasty style, would seem to be all that is necessary to say about this gem of the Christmas morning or New Year's day. We will only add our appreciation of this elegant book, always new, and just what Santa Claus will delight in presenting to hundreds of the young ladies and gentlemen of all our cities. It is overflowing with rich and quaint stories of early life, told with a sweet simplicity and earnestness that makes them really charming.

THE CROSS OF BERNY; or Irene's Lovers. A Novel. By Madame Emile de Girardin, M. M. Theophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, and Mery. Phila.: Porter & Coates.

Literary partnerships have often been tried, but not always with the success attending the execution of such a work as the "Cross of Berny." This the reader will find a perfectly simple story, told without elaborate ness, yet is in all its parts a perfect whole, a finished work. The original preface to the French edition says: "The 'Cross of Berny' was, it will be remembered, a brilliant tourney, where Madame de Girardin *nee* Delphine Gay, Theophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, and Mery broke lance like valiant Knights of old." They were then considered as the four most brilliant of our celebrated cotemporary authors. Such a book from such a source may well command the attention of American readers. It is admirably translated, preserving all its peculiarity of structure. We are surprised to take up a work the joint effort of four writers, and find so complete a unity in the whole. The correspondence is well sustained from the first page to the last. By this plan of arrangement the individual or *personnel* of each writer is separate as a part, and the union complete and interesting as a whole.

THE MARVELLOUS COUNTRY; or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico, the Apaches' Home. By Samuel W. Cozzens. 8vo. Boston: Shepard & Gill.

A fruitful and interesting theme for the traveller in the marvellous country spoken of in this work. It is by no means a dull book; it were impossible for such a man to roam through such a country as that known under the title of the Great Arizona, especially since its acquisition by this country, and not give us a work of merit. We think, however, that our author could have made a still better work with the materials he had had he dwelt less on incidental topics. The work could well spare "all about Jimmy," and not suffer in our estimation. But the excellent character of the hook will at once be recognized by every lover of the travels in Arizona. It was undoubtedly the Cibola, or land of the Montezumas, and is like an enchanted land. This mysterious region long years ago, before it was conquered by the adventurous Spaniard, was known for its exceedingly rich silver mines, many of which, it is still believed, have never yet been found and are at this day rich in untold wealth. Mr. Cozzens' "Arizona" is the best work we have seen upon this wonderful country, and we think it deserving a place in the library of every student. There is life in the work, and camping out and its incidents, breaking camp, and stories by the way, make the book a valuable guide to travellers in that romantic region.

PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, ARCHIECTS, ENGRAVERS, AND THEIR WORKS. A Handbook. By Clara Erskine Clement. With illustrations and monograms. In one volume, crown, 8vo, cloth, \$3.25. Cambridge: Hurd & Houghton.

Every person who buys the Grammar of Painting and Engraving should possess its companion volume. It is a well and copiously interwoven series of facts which every artist will find very useful and very necessary as an aid to his profession. It is like a complete *index revum* of the art student, and, like the large dictionary for literary men, should lie upon every art student's table. It gives one the history of the artists who wrought these beautiful pictures; it places their peculiar style; it speaks of the several schools to which they severally belong in a manner altogether new to many of our well informed admirers of the works of our old masters. Its numerous illustrations make very easy to understand much of what without them, would be like the unknown tracings of an unknown hand.

THE BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA. By Theodore Jasper, A. M., M. D. Drawn from life, one-quarter size of life. Robert Clarke & Co.: Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have received from the publishers the four first parts of this large and finely illustrated work upon the birds of North America. Each part will be made more valuable by the addition of three accurately colored plates and one tinted scientific plate, 12x15 inches, together with eight pages of magnificent, clear, open type letter-press, on finely tinted paper. In this work, of which the great value may be judged, there will appear illustrations of over six hundred species of birds, comprising all that are known to exist on this continent. To this is added popular descriptions of the well known habits of life on the plain, on the crag, in river, beside the lakes, and neath the deepening shadows of the dark wood. Everything relating to the bird spoken of is truly told and with all the fidelity of a life study by the author, whose fame as a naturalist and ornithologist is not surpassed by any living man of the day. This work is the crowning effort of the life of the author, whose entire life has been spent in the study and preparation of this great work. So careful was the author, Dr. Jasper, to give a true picture of the specimen under his hand, that he was not content with the delineations of an hired artist, but learned the art of engraving in this peculiar style and coloring, so that he might give to his readers and subscribers the handiwork literally of his own pencil, every specimen here presented being drawn by himself. Differing entirely from most works upon this subject this great work comes to us perfect in all its parts, elaborate and highly finished, as an art, true to life as a great advance in the science of Ornithology; in several respects we regard it superior to Audobon's great work on "Birds of America," published some years ago. This may seem quite a strong expression on our part, yet we believe, upon looking critically at this work of Dr. Jasper's we shall by no means stand alone in our judgment of the great merits of the book. Of one thing we are convinced; so many desirable points of beauty and fidelity can rarely be found in this country at such a reasonable price. Who will not pay one dollar per part for such a work as the above?

THE LAWRENCES. A Twenty Years' History. By Charlotte Turnbull. Boston: American News Co.

This is one of those books that one is repaid the reading. Its characters all are drawn from stirring events that transpired during the eventful period of the Mexican war and the War of the Rebellion. Leaving these far off fields of Mexico and the Southern battle fields, with all their stirring memories and strifes, our authoress transports her readers to the quiet of one of New England's villages—Brookfield. We open this book amid the din and smoke of the battle-field, the clash of arms and exciting events all of which are graphically and many of them historically correct. This work is morally a good teacher, and may be read with profit by any one. We prefer to place the book, with these remarks only, in the hands of our readers without further analysis.

FRENCH HOME LIFE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. have just published a series of racy papers, part of which has appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They should have been published in this form before. We recommend these stories earnestly to the readers of Appleton's best books as every way valuable. They are the jottings of a close observer, the result of the careful observations of an English tourist in France, whose opportunity for seeing all the sights were very favorable for his observations. Any one who reads the book will feel that he has made good use of his eyes as with his pen. Being written in a reliable manner, the pictures of French life are real and not fictitious. The book will be like a new revelation to many, of facts they knew not of before the reading of this work. The work is one that can be read with profit and pleasure, as many topics are fully treated that may be of much use to a future sojourner in France.

—Hon. Alex. Keith, President of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia and Grand Master of Masons of that province, died on Sunday, aged 78.

—The winter trots under the auspices of the Trenton Club, Ontario, Canada, come off at that place on the 8th and 9th of January, when an attractive little programme will be hung up.

train a crew during the winter and coach them in Gymnasium; and I think I may venture to say that to most of those men the following seem the best plan that can be followed: There are several fellows, who have been here a year or more and who have pulled during that time, who it is thought would be willing, if asked by the class, to choose a number of men, train them during the winter, and teach them all that can be learned on the rowing weights. When the spring comes, the trainer might take them on the river, going himself as coxswain, and assign to them their positions in the boat as should seem to him best. As soon as the crew are fairly at work, let the members elect one of their number captain, and while he would have full command over the men, the trainer might still go out for the purpose of giving them style. It seems to me to be proved conclusively by the blunders of '75 and of '76 that a class as a body knows nothing about the qualities requisite in a captain of a crew; and it is well known to any one who has ever pulled that it is soon evident to the crew which of their number is best fitted for captain.—*Cambridge Magenta*.

—The *Detroit Free Press*, of recent date, says:—"Sunday morning, two farmers and their families, who were driving to Malden to attend church, noticed, when about eight miles below, or east of the town, a ship's yawl on the lake, heading toward the beach, and about half a mile away. They could plainly make out a man in the stern sheets steering the boat with an oar, and, although there were no vessels in sight, the morning was so pleasant and the sea so smooth, that it was supposed that the man had put out from shore to pick up something, and but little attention was paid to the yawl. Passing the same spot on their return the men found the yawl hard on the beach, and the man was lifeless and frozen as hard as a rock. He sat bolt upright on the seat, the oar out behind, and both hands clasping the handle, and it required hard work to wrench it from his death-grip. There was about a foot of water in the boat, but the craft did not show rough usage. The man's legs were almost covered with ice as far up as his knees, and the spray had dashed over his back and shoulders and frozen there. There was no name on the boat, nor anything on the man by which he could be identified."

Art and Drama.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

BY T. B. THORPE.

THE holiday week has been signalized by some very stormy weather. Friday and Saturday last was at a premium in this respect. Lectures and "small amusements" suffered intolerably, and afforded little else than empty seats to be addressed by the parties interested in their success. The leading theatres, however, were maintained with generous patronage, their interiors looking more than ever cozy and attractive from contrast with the sleet and slush outside.

—"A Man of Honor," which is the new feature at Wallack's, is capitally acted, and draws full houses. In this play the unrivalled company attached to this theatre find apparently the very best places for the development of their especial talents. The scenery is most perfect, and continually calls forth demonstrative admiration from the audience; in some scenes the imitations of the "real thing" amount to an absolute delusion. The rapid advance in this city within a few years in regard to scenic effect has been very marked and wonderfully successful. In the matter of landscape and architecture there are presented by the artists in their work combinations of colors, scientific drawing, knowledge of striking and harmonious contrasts that display an amount of natural ability and severe study we do not meet with in the best efforts from the easel. This is especially true of landscape painting—the forte, as it is understood, of the occupiers of the studios.

—"Led Astray" continues to be a great favorite at the Union Square. If it falls off in interest at all it will be owing largely to the fact that the universal press has quit scolding and condemning the questionable insinuations of the plot.

—On Saturday, one of the most disagreeable days we ever knew that was not devoted to the rehearsal of a terrible storm, the matinee of "Aida," at the Academy of Music, was attended by one of the largest and best dressed audiences that has appeared before the footlights this season. The opera grows more and more popular on each presentation.

—Thomas' Symphony Concerts are liberally patronized. The programme, as usual, is addressed almost entirely to highly cultivated musicians, and certainly very little that the general public care to hear. We congratulate the spirited leader upon his pertinacity in sticking to his "classics," but for the sake of the million we wish we had musical concerts that would not only give us sweet sounds, but cheer and enliven and interest us without taxing our brain and over-wrought mind. We would mention in this connection that Gilmore's promenade concerts have been announced to continue "through the season." They are liberally patronized, and by the best people. Surely, there is a strong feeling in our community to hear concords of sweet sounds from brass and stringed instruments. How soon we to have a proper building down town for these entertainments?

—Are blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

—Chicago wants to have the "next world's fair" held there. But who knows whether the next world will have a fair?

—A true Danbury American is too proud to beg and too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognised medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an inimitable fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognised throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the *Agriculturist* newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous *Cervus* family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even clamor for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a *live* paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Managing Editor.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into public view a multitude of new men, whose names are in everyone's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events.

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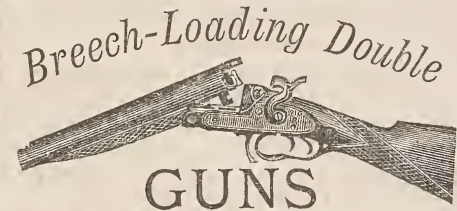
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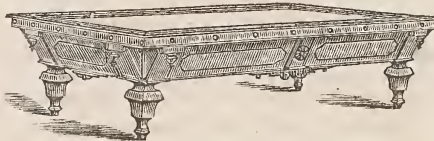
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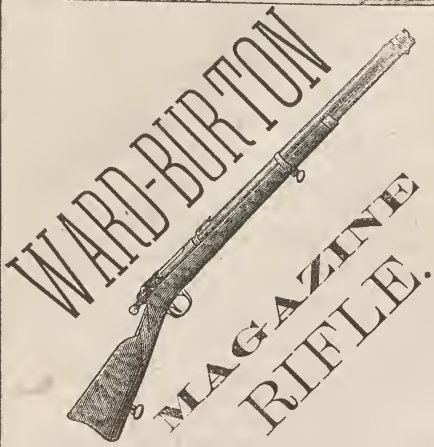
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1874.

Volume I, Number 23.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

THE FLOWER'S REVENGE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]
BY E. C. G.

On a couch of downy pillows
Lies a maiden, sleep beguiled,
On her cheeks the color flushing,
Veiling dreams beneath her eyelid.
Poised upon its costly salver,
Sways a chalice heaped with flowers,
Wafting incense, dreams and perfume
On the slowly passing hours.

Laden with the fragrant message,
Heavy hangs the air above her;
Hardly stir her cloudy tresses
In the summer winds that love her.
Through the silence, dim and dreary,
Suddenly a quaint voice calleth:
Quick from flow'ret and from leaflet,
Soft and low an answer falleth.

From the white and gay corollas
See the flower spirits springing,
Wrapt in rolls of sheeny splendor
Crowns and spears in order bringing.
From the roses' crimson bosom
Shyly smiles a queenly maiden,
Lightly float her airy tresses,
That with dewy pearls are laden.

From the rare old helmet-blossom,
With its leaves of sombre blue-green,
Leaps a warrior, clad in armor,
Face and name doth visor screen.
Waves a long plume from his helmet,
Rivalling the snow in whiteness;
And the lily wafts his fair bride,
With a veil of cobweb lightness

From the tulip's rainbow chalice
Starts an Arab, garments flowing,
And upon his swarthy features
Fierce the desert strength is glowing.
From the tiger-lily's petals
Steps a hunter of the wild chase;
And the deep blue Iris blossom
Yields up satyrs of the wood race.

From the bed of the narcissus
Wakes a youth with raven tresses,
Swinging upward to the sleeper,
Kisses her and wildly presses.
Quickly haste, then, fauns and fairies,
Each to kiss or clasp the sleeper.
Yet their singing and their sighing
Only makes her rest the deeper.

"Maiden," sing they, "earthly maiden,
Rudely have you nipped our blooming;
In this silver fretted prison
All our beauty we're entombing!
Oh how happy in the brown earth
Did we live thro' early spring time!
Then the golden sunlight—starlight,
Made the soul of leaf to leaf chime!

"All the loving winds and zephyrs
Swayed our blushing petals gladly;
And at night in fairy circles
Did we dance and warble madly;
Dews and rains withheld no blessing;
Now we droop and pine in sorrow;
Yet before we fade and perish,
Strength for vengeance we will borrow!"

Silence reigns among the fairies,
As they light upon the sleeper;
All the air is heavy perfume,
Yet the maiden's dreams grow deeper.
What a rustling! what a sighing!
How the maiden's cheeks are burning!
How the spirits keep on breathing,
Heedless of her restless turning!

When the sun uprose in splendor
Spirit and fairy faded slowly,
On the couch they left the maiden
Deeply sleeping, sleeping wholly!
Like a withered blossom lying,
With the color paling faintly—
Did their vengeance curse or bless her?
For her rest is deep and saintly!

Hunting Deer in Minnesota.

ONE DAY'S SPORT.

BRAINARD, Min., Dec. 24, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

A few days ago, feeling that the monotony of the office was wearing heavily upon me, I threw my trusty "Wesson" on my shoulder and started for a brushy marsh some three miles south-west of town. The snow lay full ten inches deep, with no crust. The barometer indicated a change in the weather, wind blowing from the south-west, the atmosphere moderately temperate for a winter day, and clouds obscuring the sun. This being the second day after quite a storm of snow, with the thermometer above the freezing point, Old Probabilities suggested to me that this was a very favorable day to be in the woods. I moved along against the wind leisurely, stopping every now and then, scanning objects critically, and watching for "signs." After about an hour's walk, just on the edge of a little area of brushy land, I discovered two fresh tracks. A careful examination satisfied me, first, that these tracks were made by fawns; secondly, that they had been feeding on this brush, and thirdly, that the tracks being fresh, the deer could not be far away. I took a careful survey of the whole visible surroundings, but saw nothing. I made motions very slow after this. When I lifted a foot forward, backward, right or left, my body was erect, and swayed almost imperceptibly; in fact, getting along at a snail's pace, ten rods in as many minutes, and leaving no possible depression or elevation of ground unexamined at each yard of advance, eager and still careful, active but slow, I moved along through the brush, and looking across a small marsh, on slightly rising ground, fifty paces away, I saw my game, head down, and as unconscious of danger as the wind itself. I was in no hurry. And what a splendid mark! In a twinkling my rifle pointed at the attractive shoulder of the fawn. I knew it, because I saw that shoulder through the sights; and, as I saw, my finger, responsive to the sense, bore three pounds on the trigger, a report, and, as the smoke lifted, the fawn raised her flag, leaped twenty feet in a direct line forward, and was off like the wind, wild, free and unhurt. I spent no time, however, in mourning over this result. I ran up to the place where the fawn had stood, throwing in a cartridge as I ran, and looking across another marsh, 150 yards away, saw the one I had missed so handsomely and its mate, with heads erect, ears working back and forth, snuffing the air for any stray tell-tale scent, looking as only deer can look when realizing impending danger, yet unconscious from whence it may come. With one glance I took in the situation, and at the same instant a thrill of immense satisfaction appealed to my consciousness. Fun ahead! thought I, as the sight played along the barrel, on a direct line with one of them, and the unerring ball sped on its urgent mission. Down went the flag and down dropped the fawn on the feathery snow. "Ah, ha! my fine fellow. You dodge another ball at fifty paces, eh?" Then I threw in another cartridge, drawing a straight line, and resting the farthest projection on the shoulder aforesaid, I clattered away and down went fawn No. 2, and I knew by the way he fell, stone dead. At this report, fawn No. 1 jumped to her feet, cast one look at her fallen brother, came over towards me twenty paces; but her wound was a terrific one, and wearied with her efforts, she, too, dropped to mother earth, quite dead. Ah, a proud moment is such an occasion to the genuine hunter! No statesman, hero or warrior, ever felt a greater degree of the ennobling, exalted "influence" than I did at that particular time. If it could but abide with me!

I continued my hunt for about 200 yards and struck another fresh track. The other deers were hung up safely in trees. Within five minutes I discovered a deer walking leisurely along—some 300 yards in advance. I did not like to risk a shot this distance, while the chances were favorable to my getting nearer. She was moving with the wind, and to avoid permitting her to get the wind of me, I made

a short hasty circuit, and stole up to the place where I last saw her. She had entered a small patch of brush; and, after examining the ground beyond, I was satisfied my game was lying down in this brush, and not fifty paces distant. My only hope rested now on a shot at her "on the fly." Bringing my rifle to my shoulder, and whistling softly, the fawn, instead of raising up quickly to see what was up, had winded me, and with a mighty leap over brush, flag up, and really frightened, promised to distance all pursuers. As she was in the air on her third leap, I spoke to her through my powder trumpet plainly, "stop." She only partially obeyed. I had caught her on the point of a ball just under the right flank, the ball ranging forward, crashing through the left shoulder, entirely disabling it; and yet in this terrible predicament, she led me a race of a mile, dodging behind trees, lying down behind logs and peering over the top, always on her guard, and anticipating my approach before I could sight her. But bleeding badly, she finally became weak, and at last turned on her course, came back to meet me, and within three paces, lay down nearly at my feet, tame and docile as a cosset lamb that has been wont to take its food from the hand. The destructive element yielded to one of pity. I walked up, put my hand on its head, patted its neck, and without an expression of fear, it put its nose into the hand that had been raised against its life! Pitying its suffering condition, and as an act of charity, I passed a ball through its head, and she yielded up the life she had struggled so guardedly to protect. I drew her back, deposited her with her dead mates, and casting a satisfied look over my shoulder as I passed beyond the sight of my treasures, found my way back to town, after an absence of three hours and thirty minutes, a wiser and abler man. I offered to give odds over all competitors as against Old Probabilities. Be kind enough to thank him for me, and assure him that his counsel on the deer question is of paramount consideration always. BEDFORD.

DUCK SHOOTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

MY London friend had been for some days coaxing me to go shooting with him. He wanted to see if our style of bagging game was like that of the old country. I told him I was a poor companion for a person of his gunning qualities to go with, but he insisted, and we went. A delightful day in early September found us drawing near the landing, close by which was located the pretty little village of Jemseg. We were soon on shore with our traps and dogs, yearning to catch sight of a duck or a blackbird, or anything that had feathers and two legs and which no body owned. We were both fully armed and equipped, provided with an ample store of eatables, etc. The house we intended to make our headquarters was situated about three miles from the landing. It was one of those bright and clear days peculiar to the early fall, and my friend Snobby acknowledged that our scenery was nearly as fine as in some parts of England. The shining waters of the Grand Lake lay before us, its mirror-like surface reflecting the shadows of spruce trees and the snowy sails of wood-boats. Farmers mowed their grass, whetted their scythes, laughed at us sportsmen, and chewed their soggy tobacco. Snobby and I jogged smartly along, carrying as many of our goods with us as convenient. After some warm walking we were directed to the house we wanted. A tap at the front door brought forth a maiden of say fifty summers, winters thrown in, of course. Her face indicated that she was one whom Nature had endowed with pleasant smiles, so essential to females of her tender years. I at once bowed low, and produced my letter of credit. She read it, and handed it back in a regular business-like way, saying, "We've got the scarlet fever here," and shut the door. Snobby was very indignant, and swore. We were tired, and felt like dining; besides, our traps were heavy. We sat for a while on the roadside and rested our limbs. Snobby London declared I was not posted in sporting, or else I would have had things differently arranged. A

all bounced by us, and sparkled like ginger ale. The pure gurgling stream looked inviting, I felt fatigued, and Snobby and I each took to himself a nip of whiskey and water. Then my English friend went in search of a native to obtain a conveyance of some kind. When he was gone I mused on the monotony of a country life, and after a whiff or so of a fair cigar gently passed into a sleep, with my head resting on some new mown hay. I had a vision, thought I saw away down into the cerulean ocean, dreamed I was up in a balloon, shooting down at ducks, and scanning the little world beneath me; thought I was killing trout by moonlight with three miller flies and a fire on the bank; imagined I was winging ring-necked snipe at Courtney Bay mud flats. In this blissful mood I awoke, and away before me over a western forest was setting old Sol, casting his scarlet reflections through the thousand clouds that rested in a world of glory above him. I sprang to my feet, grasped my revolver belt and cast it from my limbs, unwhipped my cap, and thrust my head into the icy brook and came out refreshed. I then beheld Snobby on an ox cart, coming at a snail's pace. Our stuff was put on board, and we were hauled to an inn, or rather to a red house built over some tan vats. Here we learned that the host's good wife was crazy with the toothache. She asked my companion if he was aware of anything that would give her relief. He told the sufferer to make a huge plate of buckwheat pancakes, and rub her cheek with plenty of Radway's Ready Relief, but not to put any on the pancakes. The poor woman made us comfortable, and I ran up to a store and purchased for her the article recommended, and it cured her almost immediately. Her husband thanked us with tears in his eyes, and declared he would get some sleep that night. We retired early, having made previous preparations for the next morning's shooting. Snobby snored loudly, after a while, and kept the lamp chimney on the dance continually. I elbowed him in the ribs, and brought him to a sense of quietude. Grey daylight broke, and the stars were still glittering in the heavens. We were soon up and dressed and away. Our dogs were particularly delighted, and showed their villainous training by running after every bird or grasshopper that happened along. They also barked handsomely, so that if any ducks were about they would have known that we wanted them. Snobby considered his dog very valuable, had refused one hundred dollars for her, and he always allowed her to sleep on the foot of his bed. One night I awoke and felt a great pressure on my legs, and I found that it was this valuable pup. Notwithstanding this, I gave the beautiful canine creature a rise that caused her to tumble awkwardly into a harrel of wool that formed part of the furniture of our room.

We found a canoe, and away we flew past marshes and dykelands. The morning was charming, and the luxuriant grass bowed submissively before a refreshing breeze. We landed a mile or so from the starting point, and crept cautiously up to a long sheet of water, on the surface of which we discovered a large flock of black ducks, with their heads nicely tucked under their wings. Our dogs acted quietly enough, for I had made mine fast to my boot, and Snobby's was under the influence of so sound a kicking that she was calm and motionless. We both rose at a signal and fired. At this Snobby's dog rushed pell mell into the water, kiying grandly. My pure breed followed with a fierce spring, pulling off my boot, and away went ducks, dogs, boot, and all. I was filled with rage, and if I had been within a fair range of my brother sportsman's dog I would have been much tempted to shoot it; but the reader will say the dog would not have risked much, seeing that I killed no ducks. Neither of us stopped a bird. How admirably our dogs hunted the marshes that morning. They must have beat over miles away. They hunted all the ducks off. I put some shot in my dog, which hit him near the tail, but he was not the style of dog to stop at trifles. Snobby anathematized everything. A farmer in the next township found my boot the next day. By very hard work one morning we bagged some fine snipe and a marsh hen or two. From this out the *hundred dollar dog* acted well enough, because its owner had to keep it tied up at the inn. Mine would beat the hunting grounds thoughtfully, and would good naturedly scratch shot out of his back and wag his tail knowingly.

One afternoon we concluded to make a grand circuit, and do the whole marsh. We went. Our intention was to take the ducks as they flew over us, bound for their feeding grounds. Evening finally arrived, and threw her sombre shadows over hay cocks, barns, and us. Many flocks whizzed over our heads, and numerous were the times we pulled trigger on them. We got one. Snobby declared he killed it, and I thought I did. It lay before us a case for equity. I resigned it to Snobby London—he had earned it. After this slim sport among the dykelands, we concluded to take the steamer and go down the river and have a day or two at the Nerepis with our friend B—. We landed from the Rothesay quite near his cozy home, which nestled in a green valley, enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, from the summits of which a cheering view of our noble river was afforded. It was among these hills the blue-jay flew. The familiar voice of the crow sounded from many a tree, and the partridge's loud whirr caused the anxious gunner to grasp firm his piece. It was the partridge we wanted. We were up before the sun next morning. We must make the best of it, for we were on our last day; and so we climbed the rugged hills with a will, feeling confident that we would bring honorably to bag fully a dozen brace of partridges before noon. We had become disgusted with duck-shooting. We preferred

partridges. Many a weary mile we travelled. Our friend and guide, B—, had often told us, in town, of his genuine partridge dog; so, of course, we must have a fine day's sport with such an animal. We now most firmly selected the partridge in preference to any other bird. "If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh it would be the finest bird that ever did fly," says the poet. We concluded it was the finest anyhow. We imagined this fowl roasted on a spit and served up with sauce, *a la Russe*. Alas! our hopes were in vain. B—'s dog had been caught in a bear trap, and consequently had a lame paw. He would strike the scent of a rabbit or porcupine, and off he would dart, with tail erect and nose low, and finally give tongue encouragingly. Forward we would press with our guns at half cock and we breathless. "He's got a covey," B— would say, and when we found him, instead of barking at game he would be sitting on his haunches, growling at his dilapidated paw and gnawing it.

A partridge was treed at last—one of the Audubon type, said Snobby, who scrambled towards it and fired at about ten yards distant. The bird looked at him for a few seconds, and just as he was about to give it the other barrel, after taking aim for that length of time, with a loud whirr off went the beautiful gallinaceous biped through birch trees and mossy glens. Close in pursuit sprang my dog, gallantly serenading the woods for a league or more. Noon was now upon us, and "the merry, merry sunshine" made joyous the day, which had so far been dull and misty. We turned homeward, for a keen hankering for "prog" came over us.

At our friend B—'s a savory dinner awaited us. An immense dish of lamb chops formed a centre on the ample table, the corners of which were graced with green peas, new potatoes, tomatoes, and numerous other dainties that tend to make life pleasant. Before partaking of this sumptuous board, Snobby invited us to come outside to "take something." Fatal moment! While praising the mellowness of the whiskey I perceived my dog making his way out of the back door. He was licking his ponderous jaws, and appeared languid. After him flew the cook with a mop handle, which she laid on his broad back with a giant stroke. "Oh, heavens," she screamed, "your horrible cur has devoured all the dinner!" It was too true; he had gathered it all to himself, leaving only the dishes, knives, forks, and other indigestible articles. I felt anything but pleasant, and broke forth to the hostess as follows:—"Madam, this act of my dog I most sincerely condemn, and I most solemnly assure you he has received well-merited punishment, for his back is rendered so much out of shape that his only use hereafter will be to run around corners." The fact is, the animal was rendered useless, and his body was sadly bent; but at all events his stomach was all right for that day. Our dinner passed off without the aid of meat. I however thanked my stars it was no worse, and did ample justice to hot potatoes and new butter.

But little more is to be told. That afternoon we landed at Indian town, and the loud strains of the fog horn on Partridge Island reminded us that we were home again. We hired a whole coach to avoid questioning. On the road home my dog got lost, and I was glad of it. Snobby gave his away and sold his gun, and forever retired from the field. Your humble servant, however, purchased a water spaniel pup and a breech-loading gun, and as some years have passed since this narrative he is now a fair shot, and often makes a bag that many a good sportsman would be proud of.

X HARES AND RABBITS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Why can not sporting men in writing for a sporting paper call things by their right names? Call grouse *grouse*, not partridge or pheasant. We have no pheasant in this country, and I think no partridge proper either, the quail coming the nearest to it, though it differs in size and in other respects from its European cousin. Neither have we a rabbit of any kind running wild in all our woods.

To be sure I can see the advantage of sometimes using the above terms in conversation with a country boy when in a strange part of the country in pursuit of a bag. Should you on meeting him ask if there were any ruffed grouse to be found in those parts, it would be a box of caps to a billiard ball that he would not know what you meant. But if he should say "I never heard of sechl, but I knows where up in the old man's back brier lot there be lots and slathers of partridges," you might get the information you wanted, and it in the end prove very gratifying. But again in enquiring for woodcock should your rustic assume to be thoroughly posted, "knows where there be a heap of them ere," and you go with him with visions of a big bag of these choicest of birds in your mind's eye, and he takes you to "dad's sugar bush," and points you out a red-headed "wood-pecker tapping on the hollow beech tree," your information would not be as satisfactory and you would want to say—a bad word—and retire in disgust. Had you asked him about "blind-snipe," he might have taken you down to the lower "pastur" among those willows on that brook, or to that damp place on the road in the woods the way he "druv the keows hum o' nights," and you might have found a brood, perhaps more, plump and well grown, and never having been shot at, easy to bag.

All this may be pardonable and even necessary on the principle I suppose of "when you are among the Romans, do as the Romans do," or talk their language at least if you want to find out anything, but in writing for our papers—that is in our social talks—intelligent sportsmen one

with another (for a sporting paper is that or should be and nothing else) let us call things by their right names.

I was glad to see that S. L. P. in one of your recent numbers in his very graphic article on "Hare Hunting," uses the right word for the right animal, but many sportsmen use these wrong terms in their sketches, when they know better. If I can aid you any in settling this matter or convey any acceptable information I shall be abundantly satisfied. I shall at least feel better after relieving my mind on the subject.

"I arise to explain" that we have no rabbits in this country. The little grey fellows so plentiful around our hedges and thickets, more especially in the south and west, are hares.

It is most preposterous nonsense to talk of coursing or running a rabbit with dogs for any sport in the thing. You might with equal propriety speak of coursing a cat. While the latter with a spit and a phizz, with an arched back and an enormously enlarged narrative would be in a jiffy on the top of the barn or in a tree, the former would disappear in the first hole he could pop into.

The rabbit, *Lepus cuniculus*, is a congregationalist, (I speak not orthodoxically, and yet I think I do too, which to say the least appears rather paradoxical) is very friendly and sociable in its habits, living in villages or warrens. It is polygamously inclined at least in its domesticated state, though I believe not when wild (proving so much for civilization). It breeds six or seven times during the year, taking great care in arranging its nest in the darkest and safest part of its burrow, lining it with the softest of fur plucked from its own body. It brings forth from five to eight at a litter, sometimes more. The little fellows are ushered into the world without hair and are stone blind, their eyes not opening until the tenth or twelfth day. They are very tender and weakly, requiring especial care from the mother for several weeks.

The flesh when cooked is whitish in color, somewhat juicy, with not much if any game flavor.

It is not a nocturnal animal, for the most part lying snugly coiled up in the recesses of its burrow during the dark hours.

The hare *Lepus sylvaticus*, is monogamous and a timid hermit-like creature, sits by himself nearly all the day in his form, a mere indenture in the leaves often in the open ground or under a bush, and when aroused by the dogs is off like a shot, trusting to the speed of his foot and his cunning art in doubling to save his skin. His ears are very acute, always open, and so constructed as to catch the slightest sound in any direction. His eyes too are never closed even when he is asleep, and are so prominently situated as to enable him to take in almost an entire circle at a glance. The hare takes but little pains with its home domicile, being satisfied with a mere depression in the ground or under a bush of grass. Sometimes, though, it takes possession of a hole in a wall or decayed tree where it brings forth from three to five youngsters two or three times only during the year. The young leverets come forth with their eyes open, and with their clothes on, and ready almost at their birth for regular hare business.

The flesh is dark and dry, with a decided game flavor, but after the first frosts have toned down its somewhat stringy nature is very good, and were it more difficult to obtain would be highly prized.

The hare is emphatically a night animal, feeding mostly then, and on a moonlight night it is an interesting sight when you are well concealed to watch their fantastic gambols. They are very destructive to young nurseries, girdling the small trees, doing much damage in a single night.

The undersigned with one other once in two hours of a moonlight night in Wisconsin shot nineteen in the road as they crossed from an oak thicket to a young nursery. It was fun for us but "frogs for them."

We have several different varieties of the species *lepus*, but the two best known is the one above mentioned and the northern or great hare, *L. Americanus*. This one has an advantage over his smaller brother in possessing two suits of clothes, or at least a change, a brown turning to grey for summer, with almost a perfect white for winter use, whereby he is better enabled to escape the lynx-like eyes of his hunters. I can not better close this article than by an extract from Chambers' Encyclopedia. It says the species of *lepus* are abundant in Africa and western Asia, but North America possesses more species than either.

Baird divides the American species into five sections dependent on the degree of separation of the post orbital processes from the side of the temporal region. In one extreme they diverge widely from the cranium, in the other they are in close contact with the distinguishing suture obliteration.

To the last belong *L. aquaticus* and *L. palustris*, large headed species from the swamps of low countries of the southern States. To the first, the Arctic hare (*L. glacialis*) the changing hare (*L. Americanus*) and the Oregon hare (*L. Washingtonii*) of the higher northern regions.

Several species (*L. campestris*) *L. callotis* (*L. artemesia*) inhabit the places west of the Mississippi river. The *L. callotis* is well known to pioneers in Texas and New Mexico as the jackass rabbit. JACOBSTAFF.

—The following is said to be an extract from the diary of one of the first ministers in the Green Mountain State: "Went this evening to see Miss Susy Smith. On my way saw a peculiar animal. When it went into its hole it disappeared; when it came out of his hole, it appeared. Spoke to Miss Susy about it, and she said it was a skunk, and suppose it was a skunk."

WHERE TO HIT A GRIZZLY.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Several hunters are annually killed by grizzly bears in the United States. The precise location of the most vulnerable spot of *Ursus Horribilis*, is therefore a matter of great importance. The small powder charges used in American sporting rifles render a front shot extremely critical. One of these tough customers has been known to swim half a mile with two bullets in his heart.

If a side shot can be obtained, most hunters aim at the spinal cord, just behind the ear.

Mr. J. H. Batty, Taxidermist to the Hayden Exploring Expedition, informs me that the skull of the grizzly, referred to in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 11, page 283, was not fractured, but that the first "cervical vertebra" was shattered by the first shot.

Lieutenant Carpenter sends the following interesting account of the affair, showing that even an explosive bullet must be judiciously placed to be effective:—

S. H. MEAD, JR.

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1873.

MR. MEAD, *Dear Sir*.—I cheerfully answer the enquiries contained in your letter of the 22d instant. I claim that I killed the bear with the first shot fired, an explosive one. This shot completely paralyzed the animal, and it was not really necessary to fire another one. I fired four shots, the two first explosive, the two last, solid. The first shot was fired at forty yards, the second shot at eight yards, the third shot at thirty yards, the fourth shot at about fifteen yards. The first shot, explosive, struck the animal behind the ear, badly shattering, but not disconnecting the first "cervical vertebra;" at the crack of the rifle, the bear instantly dropped and remained perfectly quiet for two minutes. He then raised himself in a sitting posture, but could not stand up, the blood was streaming down his head and neck, and the ground where he fell was covered with it. While in this position I fired the second shot at the head. This shot, explosive, struck the bony arch over the eye and flattened out just under the skin, without doing the slightest damage. It tore the skin and flesh some, and knocked him clear over, but I regard it as of no effect. (If this had been my first shot, I would have been in a bad fix.) The skull was not penetrated or fractured. The animal was on a very steep mountain side, and when the second shot knocked him down, he rolled over and over for sixty yards, until he brought up against a large log. I then went close to him and saw that he was perfectly helpless, but as he was still breathing, and by no means presented a tame appearance, I finished him with two solid balls in the neck. I think that the resistance offered by two inches of solid bone, backed by about five inches of hard muscle and followed by the skull, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick on the side, proved too great for the penetrative power of the explosive bullet, and while I regard their effect when fired into the body, shoulder, "vertebrae," and in fact any part of an animal, except its head, as terribly destructive, yet, I beg to be excused from trying them again on grizzlies, unless I can get another chance at the neck. * * * * * I am going to try your bullets on deer, elk and antelope. I think the charge of powder for the calibre 50 bullet rather light.

Yours truly,

LIEUTENANT W. L. CARPENTER,
U. S. Geological Survey."**Rational Pastimes.**

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB.—The annual meeting of the St. George's Cricket Club was held on the 5th instant, when the following officers and committee were elected for the ensuing season:—President, John G. Dale; Vice President, George T. Green; Treasurer, Charles Vinton; Secretary, W. R. Bowman. Committee—Messrs. Mostyn, Mumford, Talbot, Moceran, and Satterthwaite. Reports from the Secretary and Treasurer were read, showing the club to be in a highly prosperous condition, with a large increase in the number of its members, and a considerable balance in the hands of the Treasurer.

THE RULES OF CRICKET.

No unprejudiced person can read the existing rules governing the game of cricket without being impressed with the fact that they are not only incomplete in not covering all the important points of the game, but also that they are generally so crudely worded as to admit of several interpretations; and, moreover, they are not arranged either in proper order or under appropriate heads. In our series of articles on the rules of the game, while giving explanations of each rule, we shall point out such errors as exist, and give the definition of each rule as it is understood by the Secretary of the Marylebone Club of London, with whom, while he was in this country, we conversed on the topic of the rules and their authorized interpretation.

THE BALL.

1. The ball must weigh not less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters. It must measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine inches and one-quarter in circumference. At the beginning of each innings, either party may call for a new ball. It is not customary now to use more than two balls in a match, in fact one suffices in one-day matches except the ground be wet and the ball becomes soggy. The rule, however, if strictly enforced would require the use of four balls to a full match of four innings. In buying balls for club use it is always the cheapest to get the best, as the low priced balls give way in the seams very quickly. The best balls made are those which have their seams sewn with cat-gut.

THE BAT.

2. The bat must not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part; it must not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

This rule is too indefinite in its wording to have full effect, inasmuch as it does not state what the material shall be of which the bat is to be made, and neither does it define the length of the bat itself, but simply states that the bat—including the bat proper as well as the handle—shall not exceed three feet in length. A short man does not require so long a handle to his bat as a tall man, but both require the same amount of width to guard their wickets. The rule, therefore, should designate the exact length of the "pod" or bat proper, leaving the handle to be short or long, but not exceeding a certain length. The rule does not state how thick a bat may be or what limit of weight there should be. All this is left to custom to govern, when the rule should expressly define it. All good bats are now made of straight-grained and well-seasoned willow, with the handles strengthened by strips of cane. Of course it is the umpires' duty to see that the laws governing the materials of the game, such as size and weight of ball, size of bat, length of stumps, &c., are all enforced; but there is nothing in the above rules calculated to have them properly enforced.

THE STUMPS.

3. The stumps must be three in number; twenty seven inches out of the ground; the bails eight inches in length; the stumps of equal, and of sufficient thickness to prevent the ball from passing through.

This rule is very badly worded. What is meant, is, that the stumps shall not exceed 27 inches in height when fixed in the ground, and that the width of the "wicket"—the three stumps and the bails—shall not exceed eight inches in any part of it, while the stumps are to be of such a thickness as not to allow the ball to pass between them without touching the stumps. By the rule, as it now reads, the stumps may be made of iron, and the bails can be eight inches in length, instead of four, as each bail should be. The best material for stumps is hickory, which is tougher than oak or ash. They should also be brass, tipped with iron at their points. The rule ought to state that the stumps shall be of equal thickness and not exceeding an inch or an inch and a half in thickness.

THE BOWLER'S POSITION.

4. The bowling crease must be in a line with the stumps; six feet eight inches in length; the stumps in the center; with a return crease at each end towards the bowler at right angles.

The term "bowling crease" is very indefinite. The proper way is to word the rule so as to define the bowler's position as being limited by lines of three feet, extending from the outer stump on each side of the wicket. The word "crease" is a technical term and scarcely suited for the phrasing of a law. There should be a three-foot line located where the "return crease" is now laid, and also a limit to the ground the bowler occupies in the preliminary run he makes in delivering the ball.

THE BATSMAN'S POSITION.

5. The popping crease must be four feet from the wicket, and parallel to it; unlimited in length, but not shorter than the bowling crease.

The batsman's position is behind a line unlimited in length, but located four feet distant from the bowler's line or line of the stumps. Both lines require to be plainly marked with chalk or some white substance so as to be seen by the umpires, the line of the batsman's position—called the "popping crease"—not being less than six feet in length. Every cricket club should have a frame made six feet eight inches in length by four feet in width, and by laying this down in front of the wicket with stumps in the center of one side of it, the two lines or creases could be correctly laid down.

PITCHING THE WICKETS.

6. The wickets must be pitched opposite to each other by the umpires at the distance of twenty-two yards.

Lillywhite's Guide for 1873, in its code of rules, has the word "caps" in place of wickets. What the rule means by the words "wickets must be pitched," is that the distance from the centre stump of one wicket to that of the opposite wicket must be exactly 22 yards. The umpires are by the above rule alone empowered to place the stumps in position, or in other words, "pitch the wickets."

THE CONDITION OF THE GAME.

7. It shall not be lawful for either party during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground by rolling, watering, covering, mowing, or beating, except at the commencement of each innings, when the ground may be swept and rolled at the request of either party; such request to be made to one of the umpires within one minute after the conclusion of the former innings. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with his bat near to the spot where he stands during the innings, nor to prevent the bowler from filling up holes with saw-dust, etc., when the ground is wet.

In commencing each innings, if the side at the bat desire it, the ground between the wickets can be rolled and swept; but the other side can only do so until the batting side object to it. Of course, by mutual consent, this can be done at any time during the game. Before the delivery of the ball the batsmen can step out of their ground for the purpose of beating down any inequalities of the ground with their bats, as also after the ball has been held by the wicket keeper and thereby rendered temporarily dead, as also, after an over has been called. The rule in this latter respect is, however, too indefinite in its wording for so important a point.

CHANGING THE WICKETS.

8. After rain the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.

There is no rule providing that the wickets shall not be changed. The above are the rules referring to the ball, bat, and the wickets. Next come those governing the delivery of the ball to the bat, to which we shall refer in full in our next article on the subject.

AMERICA vs. ENGLAND.—Arrangements have been made by the Boston and Philadelphia Base Ball Clubs to send a joint team to England next August, the same to consist not only of two tens to play base ball together in championship matches in England, but also a twenty-two to play at cricket against the strongest professional and amateur cricket elevens of England. Mr. H. Spalding, of the Boston Club, leaves New York, next Saturday, for England, to make the preliminary arrangements. The American twenty-two will practice cricket together on exhibition games before they leave, playing the St. George Club, in this city, in July.

UNIVERSITY, VA., Jan. 12, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Since my last letter to you, we have had such bad weather, that we could not play foot ball, and of course did not expect the Englishmen to come here, when the ground was soaked by a week's rain; they disappointed us, for they came, and although it was pouring down rain, they insisted on playing, saying they would claim the game if we did not play, as rain never stopped a game in England. Each side won a goal, and when time was called we were playing the third game with the ball within a few feet of the Englishmen's goal; it was decided a drawn game. We have, so far, had only one freeze in Virginia this winter; very few persons have filled their ice-houses.

J. C. McK.

—Mr. H. W. Collender has published a pamphlet containing a full account of the first International Billiard Tournament held at Irving Hall in June last. It is illustrated with diagrams of the most difficult shots made by the celebrities who participated in this great contest, and is a very useful and interesting publication. Sent, postage free on receipt of twenty-five cents.

CREEDMOOR.—We regret to state that the last heavy rains have done no small amount of harm to the range at Creedmoor. Five hundred and forty feet nearly of the embankment on the south side, the side fronting the shooter is down, carried away by a regular land slide. The earth was evidently saturated by the rains, and tumbling down has filled up the drain and the road, which had been carefully laid between the targets and the embankment. The fall of earth has covered the target platform, and the roofs of the butts, and in several places the debris extends past the terrace and into the plain to a distance of sixty feet from the edge of the embankment. The force of the dirt-fall was such as to have moved three of the iron slabs, weighing fully 1,250 pounds and to have torn up the extra heavy weight iron sheeting used to cover the butts. The doors of the butts have been in some cases broken in, but fortunately the butts have held firm. It will cost fully \$2,000 to repair damages. We are pleased to state that the Range Committee, Generals Shaler and Woodward and Captain Wingate, have already made arrangements to repair the damage. The misfortune about the tumbling down of the embankment is, that with the open winter, the managers of the N. R. A. were in hopes that rifle practice might have been commenced quite early for 1874; as it is, with the well known energy of the Range Committee, we feel sure the delay in the opening of the range at Creedmoor, should it occur, will be but short.

THE WOODS OF THE SIERRA.—Nothing can be more charming than the woods of the Sierra summit in June, July, and August, especially in the level glades margining the open summit valleys, at an elevation of 6,000 to 7,000 feet. The pines and firs, prevailing over spruces and cedars, attain a height ranging from 100 to 200 feet, and even more. Their trunks are perfectly straight, limbless for fifty to a hundred feet, painted above the snow-mark with yellow mosses, and ranged in open, park-like groups, affording far vistas. The soil may be thin, but it is soft and springy to the tread, covered with needles of the pine, greened with tender grasses and vines, and thickly sprinkled with blossoms. Huge boulders of granite relieve the vernal coloring with their picturesque masses of gray, starred with lichens. These rocks are often nearly hid in vines, or in dwarf oaks and manzanitas, which, under the pressure of deep snow, assume a vine-like growth, winding all about a boulder with their clinging and sinuous small branches. Thickets of wild-rose and other flowering shrubs occur at intervals, giving an almost artistic variety to the woodland scene. The crimson snow-plant lifts its slender shaft of curious beauty. Large patches of helianthus, some species with very broad leaves, spread their sun-flowers to the air. Sparkling springs, fresh from snowy fountains silver-streak these forest meadows, where birds come to bathe and drink, and tracks of the returning deer are printed. Once more the quail is heard piping to its mates, the heavy whirring flight of the grouse startles the meditative rambler, and the pines give forth again their surf-like roar to the passing breeze, waving their plumed tops in slow and graceful curves across a sky wonderfully clear and blue.—*Overland Monthly*.

—What seems to be a perfectly authenticated case of horrible death from the bite of a cat, hydrophobia having been developed, has occurred in Brooklyn, L. I. Mr. Jas. P. Raymond, a young man of twenty-two years of age, was bitten by a cat some six months ago, and expired on the 29th of December last, with every symptom of this terrible disease. The testimony of the physicians leaves no doubt as to the origin and character of the fearful malady.

For Forest and Stream

INGLE-NOOK.

NOW all the woodland paths are strewn
With autumn's tawny leaves;
The Frost elf hangs his glittering gems
Upon the cottage eaves.
The dancing brook has lost its glee,
And clinks in fetters down,
Each mountain monarch of the north
Puts on its crystal crown.

But circling round our gladsome hearth,
With merry chat and song,
Still may we tread the forest glade,
And errant days prolong.
Once more the dainty line we cast,
Or track the startled deer,
As summer scenes go flitting past,
And wildwood sounds we hear.

What reck we of the pinching cold,
The fetters round us flung?
Let hermits in their caves grow old,
Good cheer shall keep us young.
As memory doth her treasures bring
Hope pictures coming days,
When lured by balmy breath of spring
We seek the woodland ways.

Thus will we count our trophies o'er,
And plan the new campaign,
Till from the snow-drifts at the door,
The crocus peeps again.
Then pile the faggots high, my boys,
And mid the ruddy light,
We'll link our past and future joys
In golden bonds to night.

T. W. A.

TO PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

BY SAMUEL D. ROBBINS.

Great prophet of eternal nature, thou
To whose pure heart her inmost secrets bow,
'Tis thine to read, with innocence sublime
In archives deep the autograph of time.
The rock of ages to thy vision clear,
Reveals the annals of the growing sphere,
Scriptures in cipher, by the icebergs old,
On mount and plain and boulders manifold.
Glad to the reverent research, Ocean gave
Its choicest treasures from its lowest cave;
On shell and fossil thou hast learned to find
The earliest signets of creative mind.
A grateful world lifts up one prayer for thee!
Long as time lasts, dear shall thy memory be.
Who lowly bows before the humblest clod,
Becomes himself a Temple filled with God.

Boston Transcript.

Natural History.

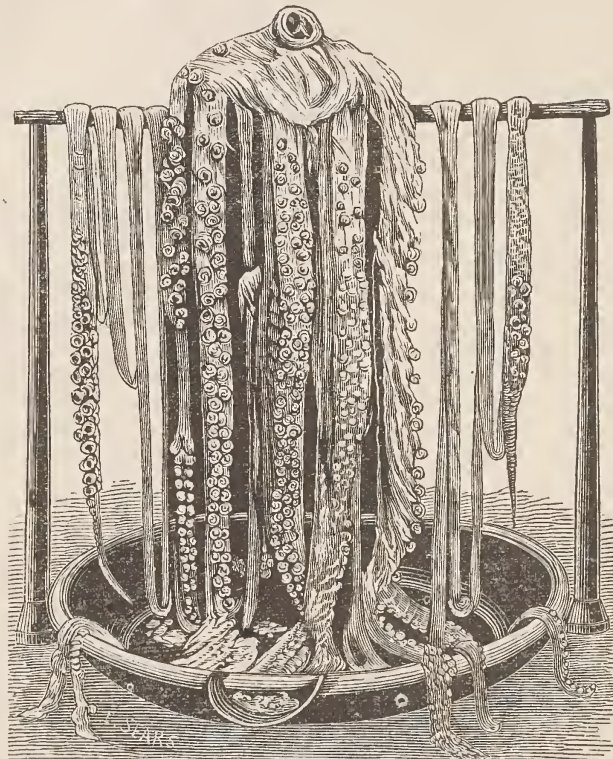
THE GREAT OCTOPUS.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, December 24, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Two fishermen were out in a punt on October 26th, 1873, off Portugal Cove, Conception Bay. Observing some object floating on the water at some distance, they rowed towards it, supposing it to be a large sail, or the debris of a wreck. On reaching it one of the men struck it with his "gaff," when immediately it showed signs of life, and reared a parrot-like beak, which they declare was "as large as a six gallon keg," with which it struck the bottom of the boat violently. It then shot out from about its head two huge, livid arms, and began to twine them around the boat. One of the men seized a small axe and severed both arms as they lay over the gunwale of the boat, whereupon the fish moved off, and ejected an immense quantity of inky fluid, which darkened the water for two or three hundred yards. The men saw it for some short time afterwards, and observed its tail in the air, which they declare was ten feet across. They estimate the body of the fish to be sixty feet in length, five feet in diameter, of the same shape and color as the common squid, and they observed that it moved in the same way as the squid, backwards and forwards. They had ample opportunity of observing its shape and dimensions before they were alarmed by its movements, so that their statements are quite reliable, especially when corroborated by the arms, which they brought ashore. One of these arms was, unfortunately, destroyed, but the clergyman of the village assured me that it was ten inches in diameter and six feet in length. The other arm was brought to St. John's, but not before six feet of it were destroyed. Fortunately, I heard of its arrival, and had it preserved. Mr. Murray, our Geological Surveyor, and I examined it carefully, had it photographed and immersed in alcohol, and it is now in our museum. It measured nineteen feet, is of a pale pink color, and entirely cartilaginous, tough and pliant as leather, and very strong. It is but three inches and a half in circumference, except towards the extremity, where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference, and then tapers to a pretty fine point. The under surface of the extremity is covered with suckers to the very point. First there is a cluster of small suckers, with fine sharp teeth round their edges, and with a membrane stretched across each. Of these there are about seventy. Then come two rows of very large suckers, the movable disk of each an inch and a quarter in diameter, the cartilaginous ring not being denticulated. These are twenty-four in number. After these there is another group of suckers with denticulated edges, similar to the first, about fifty in number. Along the under surface about fifty more small suckers are distinguished at intervals, making in all about 180 suckers. The men estimate that they left at least ten feet of the arm attached to the body of the fish, so that its original length must have been thirty-five feet.

I am assured by a clergyman here that during the winter of 1870 two cuttles were cast ashore at Lamaline, the bodies of which measured respectively forty and forty-seven feet. More than once we have had accounts of gigantic cuttles being seen in some of our bays, but not till now was any portion of them secured.



THE OCTOPUS.

Since the foregoing occurrence took place a perfect specimen has been captured by some fishermen in Logie Bay, a few miles north of St. Johns, and I have been fortunate enough to obtain possession of it. After carefully measuring it, I had it photographed and then immersed in the strongest brine. Its dimensions are small compared with those of the giant seen in Conception Bay, but still it possesses great interest for naturalists. The body of this cuttle is eight feet in length and five feet in circumference. The tail is two feet in breadth at the widest part, and has a fin like expansion. The fish, on examination, proved to be a decapod, having ten arms, radiating from the central part, or head, in the centre of which is a strong, horny beak, shaped like that of a parrot, and about the size of a man's fist. The eyes are behind the central nucleus, and are each four inches in diameter, very prominent and dark, with a white circle around. Two of the arms are much longer than the others, being each twenty-four feet in length, not more than two inches and a half in circumference, and arranged at the extremities with sucking disks, arranged in the same way as in the amputated arm I have already described. All of these suckers have sharp denticulated edges, and twenty-four of them are large, and arranged in two rows, each being an inch in diameter. The others vary and decrease in size towards the extremity, where they are not larger than a split pea. In all there are about 150 suckers on each of the long arms. The eight shorter arms are each ten inches in circumference at the point of junction with the head, and taper to a fine point. Their under surface is completely covered with large suckers, arranged in a double row, and each arm carries about one hundred. The total number of suckers is thus about 1,100. The eight shorter arms are each six feet in length. Connected with the body is a funnel, through which the water is ejected after the extraction of its oxygen by the breathing organs. This funnel runs the entire length of the body. It serves another purpose—when the water is forcibly ejected by the reaction of the surrounding medium the fish moves backwards with great swiftness, while the forward motion is accomplished by the movements of its tail. There is a second funnel, through which the inky fluid which it secretes is ejected when the creature wishes to escape from its pursuers.

It is believed here, by those familiar with these cuttlefish, that my specimen is a young one—perhaps two or three years old—and which, if not captured, would probably have grown to the length of forty or fifty feet in the body, as their growth is wonderfully rapid. At all events, the existence of cuttlefish in the waters around this island is beyond all question. I am informed by an intelligent person here, whose veracity I could not question, that he measured the body of a cuttle fish cast ashore in a storm in Green Bay, about two years ago, and found it eighty feet. The Rev. A. E. Gabriel, of Portugal Cove, assured me that in the winter of 1870, when he lived at Lamaline, on the southern coast, two cuttles were cast ashore whose bodies measured forty and forty-seven feet respectively. Many persons have informed me of having seen them from twelve to twenty feet in length of body, and arms between thirty and forty feet. Our fishermen universally believe in them, and call them "big squids." They have a saying that "the squid is the biggest fish in the sea." A fisherman here—a simple-minded, honest fellow—told me that his small coaster was once anchored in one of the northern harbors, when suddenly, though making no water, she began to sink. Those on board took to their boats in alarm, but after going down till the water was nearly on a level with the deck she suddenly rose again, and took no harm. Soon after

they observed a "big squid" disporting in the water, and concluded that it had grappled their craft with its arms and dragged it down as far as it was able, and then suddenly relaxed its hold from some cause.

Our fishermen say that these cuttles anchor themselves to a rock or to the bottom by their long arms, and thus obtain a "purchase" when grasping anything with the shorter arms. A few years ago a gigantic cuttle was taken on the Labrador side of Belle Isle Straits, whose body measured fifteen feet, and the longest arms thirty-seven feet each. This is thoroughly authenticated by Dr. Honeyman, of Halifax.

Among the last things Professor Agassiz did was to write to Mr. Murray, of our Geological Survey, in regard to the great cuttle whose arm was amputated in Conception Bay. He wished to see the arm in order to determine to what species its owner belonged. I was just about to send him my specimen when news arrived by telegraph of his death.

I may mention that the eminent naturalist, Professor Steenstrup, records the appearance of similar gigantic cuttles on the coast of Denmark, and describes two species under the name of *Architeuthis* and *A. dux*.

The photographs which I enclose were taken by Messrs. McKenny & Parsons, of this place. One is a photograph of the head resting on a stand, the arms hanging down, their extremities in a large round bath, the beak in the centre. The two longer arms are coiled on each side of the shorter ones, at the extremity of the supporting rail, and all the arms show the sucking disks. The body is photographed separately, as the head was cut off by the fishermen when killing it.

M. HARVEY.

[The photograph of the body we have not reproduced, as it presented no striking feature.]—Ed.

SNAKES SHEDDING THEIR SKINS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I once had the chance to see a snake shed his skin. I think it was in the month of June. I was standing in the field when I observed a striped snake going through some strange contortions, turning first on his back and then on his side, and all this time his head was kept in between two small sprouts about half an inch apart. I thought at first he was insane, or performing for the circus, but in a few moments all was made plain; he was getting the old skin started from around his mouth. At last it gave way, and began to roll over his back, and he soon pulled himself out of it, and left the skin turned completely wrong side out. He then went on his way, acting as though he felt very happy.

Question: Do all snakes shed their skins? and if so, do they shed them more than once in a year? and will snakes freeze and then thaw out and live, as worms, ants, bugs, etc., do? I have found that striped snakes will drown under water in a short time. Now, how is the water adder constituted that he can remain under water? Will some of your correspondents please explain? I found on examination that the snakes shed a covering to their eyes, and I am inclined to the belief that they can see but little, if any, for some days prior to shedding their skins, and lie around inactive.

J. L. HERSEY.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Mr. Hersey's letter is quite interesting, and I hope it will induce others to send to FOREST AND STREAM their observations on the subject. His queries, too, are very suggestive, though they forcibly remind the reader that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them.

Do all snakes shed their skins, and if so do they shed them more than once in a year?

All snakes do shed their skins, the first moult occurring soon after the young snake is born. The moults are repeated at intervals of a month or two during the warm season, but in winter none occur. In captivity the shedding of the skin is not so frequent, and is very laborious and painful, sometimes resulting in death.

The shed skin is usually turned completely inside out, as in the case mentioned by Mr. Hersey. Whether this is always so is a question on which we need more light. Mr. James Simson, an enthusiastic correspondent of *Land and Water*, insists that they are frequently left "as the snake wore them." Frank Buckland is equally positive that this never occurs. I have in my possession the skin of a mountain black snake (*Coluber Alleghaniensis*) nearly seven feet long, which is inverted as neatly as a glove finger could be, and without a tear in it; also, an inverted skin of the common black snake, (*Bascanion constrictor*). I have a skin shed in November by a rattlesnake (*Candisona horrida*), afterwards a pet of mine, which remains in its natural position. I did not see the operation of moulting, and it is barely possible that the skin may have been turned while fresh and soft, but I do not believe that it was ever completely inverted. I should state that the snake was not in captivity when he shed this skin, but was taken just after the act of moulting.

"Will snakes freeze and then thaw out?"

Spallanzani kept snakes, frogs, and salamanders in a state of torpor in an ice house for three years and a half, and then easily restored them to activity. In our climate snakes retire at the approach of cold weather into their winter retreats in old burrows, hollow trees, or stone heaps, and there they remain, hibernating, until they are revived by the warm rays of the spring sun. It would seem as if they would often be exposed to a freezing temperature. I have found the common toad, in the early spring thaws, hibernating in the soil a foot or two below the surface, where it must have been surrounded throughout the

winter by solid walls of frozen earth. A pet black snake, confined in a well ventilated, unwarmed room, endured weather when the mercury stood at zero in the open air, but succumbed at twenty degrees below. I attribute his death by freezing to the fact that he was not in a state of complete hibernation, as he had frequently been handled during the early winter, and thus partially aroused from his stupor. A very interesting series of experiments could be made upon the hibernation of reptiles.

"How is the water adder constituted that he can remain under water?"

Cold blooded animals, such as serpents, consume little food, and, even when in activity, little oxygen, in this respect forming a marked contrast with highly vitalized, warm blooded animals. Birds, for instance, in their nervous, restless activity, require incredibly large supplies of food and a miniature blast furnace of oxygen to supply the incessant waste of their tissues. Serpents, on the contrary, pass the greater part of their lives in a state of sluggish repose, much like that of the higher animals in hibernation. Hibernating mammals can be kept under water for an hour at a time without harm, though three or four minutes would be sufficient to kill them if they were in their natural state of activity. The nearly complete suspension of all the functions of life reduces the demand for air, as for food, almost to zero. The water snake, coiled up under a stone at the bottom of a pond is not in a condition to demand large supplies of oxygen. Still he requires some, and a brief glance at his breathing apparatus will show us where he gets it. Like most other serpents, he has only one lung, the other being present merely as a rudiment. This lung extends a good deal more than half the length of his body, and the lower part is expanded into a membranous sac, or bag, capable of containing a considerable quantity of air. This bag stands Mr. Tropicodonatus sipedon in good stead in more ways than one. When he dives he swallows his meal in a single mouthful, which is so ungenitely large that it presses against his windpipe and stops his breathing, so that for the time being he must get his oxygen from his internal reservoir. Then when he makes a voyage under water he can carry with him a cargo of good fresh air.

I have not compared the lungs of the water and land snakes, but I imagine that very little difference would be detected. Professor Agassiz made a very interesting series of experiments with a view to determining the relative lung capacities of land and water turtles. He proceeded by pumping all the air from the living turtle, then pumping them full of water, then pumping out and measuring the water. He found that the capacity of the lungs of the land turtle averages twice as much in proportion to the weight of the body as that of the water inhabiting species, although the sea turtles carry a sufficient supply of air in their lungs to enable them to remain under water a half hour or more.

It will be found that water animals, as a rule, have their breathing organs much smaller than land animals. This apparent paradox is explained by the fact that a large amount of oxygen may be absorbed by the skin from the air diffused through the water. G. BROWN GOODE

Smithsonian Institution, January 3, 1874.

DO SNAKES HISS?

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Let any one tease a bull snake, and he will be satisfied that they do. Last October I killed a snake on the prairie in Adair county, Iowa, five feet long, about an inch thick, tail extremely sharp, back dusky, and belly very brilliant lemon color. No one there had ever seen or heard of such a snake. I did not examine it to see if it was venomous. Can some one tell me its name? O. H. HAMPTON.

MONKEY BRIDGE BUILDERS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

To throw light upon doubtful questions or statements in regard to anything in natural history, even if not concerning game, is, I suppose, within the province of FOREST AND STREAM. In *Scribner's* for January, under the head of "Nature and Science," is the following:—

"In an article on this subject [bridge building] Mr. John W. Murphy says:—The first bridge builders that were of kin to humanity were of the monkey race. Travellers who have been through the wilds of Africa, South America, and portions of India, tell us how the monkey is a bridge builder. The traveller has frequently described how he has seen a convoy of monkeys making the attempt to cross the stream, and proceeding by a process which is described in this wise:—The leading monkey climbs a tree, as close to the shore as can be selected, holding by his forearms to the limb of the tree. He gives opportunity to each succeeding monkey to entwine himself with his prehensile tail, until, one after the other, they have become so attached, head and tail (the height of the tree being equal to the width of the stream), that the lower monkey, starting forward from the ground, by a pendulum movement swings himself to the opposite side of the stream. He then climbs the nearest tree, and when he has gained the height of the first monkey it will be easy to understand that there will be formed a catenary curve of monkeys from tree to tree across the stream. On this curve the youthful monkeys, the comparatively infantile monkeys, and the aged monkeys cross in perfect safety, and no monkey, either youthful, infantile, or aged, wets his feet in the water in crossing.

"Now let us see how our catenary bridge is removed when its work is done. The first monkey by a signal from the other side of the stream, lets go his hold of the limb and swings gracefully to the opposite side. Now, if Darwin be correct, and we are descendants of a race of mon-

keys, then it must be truthfully said that our ancestors have given us the best thoughts and principles of bridge construction."

Humboldt, in his "Travels," (Bohn's ed., vol. 2, p. 69) says:—"The uniformity with which the araguatos (*simia ursina*) perform their movements is extremely striking. Whenever the branches of neighboring trees do not touch each other the male who leads the party *suspends himself by the callous and prehensile part of his tail*; and, letting fall the rest of his body swings himself till, in one of his oscillations, he reaches the neighboring branch. The whole file perform the same movements on the same spot. It is almost superfluous to add how dubious is the assertion of Ulloa, and so many otherwise well-informed travellers, according to whom the marimondos (*simia belzebuth*), the araguatos, and other monkeys with a prehensile tail, form a sort of chain in order to reach the opposite side of a river. We had opportunities, during five years, of observing thousands of animals, and for this very reason we place no confidence in statements possibly invented by the Europeans themselves, though repeated by the Indians of the missions as if they had been transmitted to them by their fathers. Man, the most remote from civilization, enjoys the astonishment he excites in recanting the marvels of his country. He says he has seen what he imagines may have been seen by others. Every savage is a hunter, and the stories of hunters borrow from the imagination in proportion as the animals of which they boast the artifices are endowed with a high degree of intelligence. Hence, arises the fictions of which foxes, monkeys, crows, and the condor of the Andes, have been the subjects in both hemispheres."

Certainly if such an eminent scientific and critical observer as Humboldt fails to see such an exhibition during an observation of five years, seeing thousands of these animals, and characterized the story as dubious, the probabilities are against its being witnessed by the ordinary traveller. It is not the first time that a love for the marvellous has led to invention or exaggeration. Probably in this case the fact of the single monkey swinging from branch to branch has been the foundation for the fiction of the chain.

While such stories may sometimes serve very prettily to "point a moral or adorn a tale," it would seem to be in the interest of science, and a desire for exact knowledge in all departments of natural history, that anything doubtful or bordering on the marvellous should be given currency with caution, and especially should not be used as an introduction to an article on such a subject supposed to require accuracy of statement as "Bridge Building."

It would also seem to me, aside from the authority of Humboldt, that a little thought would demonstrate the improbability of the bridge story. In the first place the pendulum movement would require swinging room back of the bank of the river, which the dense and luxuriant vegetation of the tropics would allow but in few places. Again, when we realize that the pendulum must acquire sufficient motion to attain a horizontal position to reach across the stream, as wide as the tree is high, it is difficult to conceive where the motive power is to come from; surely not from the swinging or swaying of the lower monkey of the living chain, say twenty-five or thirty feet long. But given a tree as high as the stream is wide, and granting the swinging sufficient, the pendulum not being rigid, but a chain, would sag, and diminish its reaching powers, if I may so speak, so that when the end monkey of the chain had gained the height of the first, the chord of the "catenary curve" would not reach across the stream. And again, how could the end monkey land on the opposite bank, as the description quoted would seem to imply? for when in a direct line between the swinging point and the opposite bank he would be a considerable distance from it, and his landing and climbing the nearest tree would indicate a wonderful elastic power in the chain. The strength and ability of the first monkey to sustain the weight and tension of the swinging chain described, and other points of doubt, might also be suggested. What says FOREST AND STREAM? S. L. S.

—J. T. Wilson, of Brighton, Massachusetts, writes to us that he has a mounted specimen of a milk white woodcock, which was killed about fifteen years since by Elijah Bronson in Milton, Massachusetts, and bagged at the time with other cocks of the ordinary color and species. He adds that this is the "only one I ever saw, but I think I have heard of one in Troy, New York." [We will thank our readers to continue their reports on albinism, to furnish data for a comprehensive article on this interesting subject. The cumulative evidence of facts is invaluable.]—ED.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS,
OFFICE OF MENAGERIE,
NEW YORK, January 10th, 1874.

Animals received at Central Park Menagerie for the week ending January 9th, 1874:—

Two giraffes, *Camelopardalis giraffa*. Hab. Africa. Placed on exhibition.

Two sea lions, *Eumetopias stelleri*. Hab. Northern Pacific Ocean. Placed on exhibition.

W. A. CONKLIN.

—One of your young legal gentlemen substituted a cuspidor for the old fashioned receptacle. Within an hour after the purchase, two freshly lighted twenty cent cigars rolled off the desk and disappeared in its yawning mouth. Shortly after, a letter from his affianced, enclosing a photograph, got joggled off and shot into the same chasm. Then he took the cuspidor into the yard, and attacked it with an axe.—*Danbury News*.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

THE BOX, AN INCREASE OF PLANTS.

NUMBER IV.

"Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the hurried showers,
And purple all the ground with venal flowers:
Bring the rath primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-tree and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freckled with jet,
The glowing violet:
The musk-rose, and the well attired woodbine,
With housleek green that raise the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery weaves."

IN our last paper—No. III.—we gave our readers some advanced ideas with regard to improving and elaborating the plants in the box of earth within the common window. This you will at once admit can be very much improved upon, and greater progress made in number of plants and soils, and many ornamental additions introduced as the simple results of suggestive embellishment. You first commenced, perhaps, with a single rose tree, a violet, or a hyacinth bulb. You learned in our practical paper that a knowledge of the soil necessary to the growth of these plants must, if not already known, be acquired. You are now somewhat acquainted with the chemistry of the making of soils, and preparing the same for your plants. You have from a few simple instructions produced a perfect blossom of the rose, the violet, and the hyacinth. You have learned that the soils thus prepared will grow many of the species cultivated, and you have not to learn this again; only to remember it. You now propose to make a garden within your window, which we will suppose to be a goodly-sized bay window, fronting on a southerly aspect. Plants of one species love full sunshine, of another quiet shade, and of another sunlight and shade, and some will rejoice in a tropical clime, warm and humid. These different climaterics you will have more or less to imitate or produce, if you would rejoice your eyes with fairy grottoes or tropical dells in a miniature window garden. All these you can have in a greater or less degree of perfection, according as you are skilled or unskilled in the works of your hands. Your box may be made to fit into the window seat only, or made larger and deeper, as hereinafter described; if for the seat only the width may be such as to bring it nearly out to the sides of the room, say a shelf of three feet in width by fifteen inches in height. This may be made of half inch pine, with a good bottom. In this box you can place a zinc pan, with a hole in the bottom, to hold the earth, and with a good drainage; fill it with broken crock even with the top of the zinc pan, which is to be four inches in depth. Having now filled in your earth to the right depth, you can plant out quite a variety of plants, being careful not to put in too many plants or too close together. Nursing plants is one thing, and massing them another.

With such a base as you have before you you can create a beautiful exhibition of winter blossoming flowers, consisting of many varieties. On each end of your box next the window you can place some upright round pine rods, one inch in diameter, at proper distances from each other, and upon these narrow shelves small pots may be placed. These shelves may be many or few in number, according as you may desire. You can create at one end a sort of rock work, and leave small niches for prepared earth, to germinate the crocus, the cacti, oxalis, small ferns, and many interesting climbing and trailing plants. The effect of this may be enhanced by covering the rough framework of shelves with a paper, sanded and painted, to resemble rock. Small, clear pieces of granite rock, etc., can be used very effectively in this connection, but all this requires taste and study, as well as a knowledge of soils and plants. Have your shelves so constructed that they do not occupy more than six or seven inches of your box, and then you can commence the planting of your box at once. Your rock work may be, if you desire, two or three feet in height, if well constructed. Now, we suppose you will like to plant some flowers that love the sun. Suppose you try with one or two fine hardy rose bushes—say four geraniums, fine plants, different varieties, but of nearly the same size, two heliotropes, two verbenas, one daphne, and one azalia. These you well know are to be placed near the glass, and may without detriment have the full direct rays of the sun, and they will flourish if well attended to otherwise. You can also set in this box hyacinths, crocuses, etc., near the base of the shelf of rock work, and at the part having the least sun two or three good strong English violet roots, sinking the pots even with the level of the earth in your window box. If, as is the case sometimes, you have in your box case a cool recess at one side or end, then this is just the place for a well potted camelia to stand. Camelias always delight in cool, moist atmospheres, and this should be ever kept in mud.

You can grow in such a box as the one here described the calla lily, canna, marsanta, and bavardias, and among the rock work several kinds of rare and curious plants and bulbs. The striped grasses, if not too profusely used, give a pleasing effect to the corners of the rock work, while a spray or two of the variegated periwinkle will be very effective. Upon these bits of rock work, as you progress with your study, you can place several species of mosses, which will be perfectly at home in such a situation as this.

Some time since I gave a plan for the construction of quite a large window box, designed to stand within a large sized bay window, into which I introduced a sort of sub-tropical clime, with good success. Among its attractive

atures was a small fernery and aquarium united together, the peculiar features of which, with the whole manner for arranging the same, will make the subject matter of another paper on the fine effects that can be produced by window plant cultivation.

We introduce the subject of aquaria and fernery united in this place to show the exceedingly valuable and indispensable requisites of water and air for all plants grown in a room, where the air is always more or less dry from the use of gas and coal fires. If you desire to place a small aquarium, of the oblong or globular form, in your box now under discussion, you can do so provided you do not make it too large of itself. Your box being three feet wide, you can so arrange your plants as to give ample space for a little rock arch of say one foot in height from the top soil of your box. Upon these supports (bits of rock cemented together with hydraulic cement, I made mine) you then place an aquarium fourteen inches long by eight wide, and ten inches in height, covering the bottom with white and colored pebbles and small shells to the depth of one inch, and you have a very nice little affair; and the best of all is, it does not cost much, and will be found a well-spring of pleasure and a source of much instruction for the younger branches of the family. Little boys and girls soon learn to love plants and flowers, and often little boys will, at sight of a little natural history toy, carry his recollections back a whole year, and name the species before him and where he last saw one of the same kind. A little boy of only two years and eight months of age, upon my presenting him with a toy turtle, arranged upon a magnetic needle, which gave it the appearance and motions of life, exclaimed, "Grandpa, I saw one in the fernery last summer."

Having your aquarium ready for the water, you will plant in the same one or two small roots or sprigs of the *vallisneria spiralis*, which easily roots itself among the pebbles at the bottom. The other water growing plants you can sparingly introduce if you choose as *confervee*, to run over the rocks in the aquarium. You can with much benefit to yourself consult the manufacturers and dealers in aquariums as to the kind of plants and fish you need, and often half an hour's talk with an intelligent man is suggestive and valuable. This digression, however, is incidentally introduced for the benefit of those who would try their hand at embellishments at this stage of the window box rather than being a part of the box arrangement we proposed at the outset for our window box, which is only a simple box with advanced improvement, our object being to lead all who are disposed to be our pupils to think and originate for themselves under our suggestions.

Some box cases I have seen made a specialty for the bulb alone, and from the centre of just such a box of earth a small granite rock arose, of the size of a peck measure, and six or eight inches in height. The hyacinths were arranged in a semi-circle around the box, the highest plants nearest the glass, and the next highest next the outer row, and so on, much care being had in the nice adjustment and harmony of color in the blooming. At the base of the little boulder in the middle were placed on each side a root of the English violet and the various kinds of crocus in all their splendid variety, from the magnificent 'cloth of gold,' the "royal purple," the "Persian," and "ou tre mer" to the humble "smelling ray." They were intermixed with some ten or more of the tulip tribe, the low blossoming paroquets, and at the corners some few stalks of the single blooming varieties lent a charm to the whole, of which a written description fails to convey a very definite idea of the rare and beautiful treasures of a very simple and easily arranged window box. In the progress of our papers on the subject of window gardening in all its many forms and numerous adaptations to the parlor, the drawing room, and the small conservatory we shall show that it is always the safest and best path to knowledge to take the *simplest*.

Having your box all ready you can proceed to fill it with such plants as you may desire to see grow and blossom about you, but do not expect to create anything wonderful in a month or a year; but you may create a most wonderful and pleasing effect in your cozy sitting room, and though the wind and storm rage without, and a misty veil of rain or snow holds in icy thralldom the out-of-door world, all is brightness and beauty, an almost tropical clime, and the odor of sweet blossoms within.

Among the plants much loved by our lady friends will be found the well known, much used smilax, (*Medeola asparagoides*). This plant is too well known to need a particular description. Every child knows its rich, wavy, glossy foliage. It is a bulb, and originates at the Cape of Good Hope, where it grows in great abundance, requiring a rich, rather sandy, clean soil, and is not at all reluctant to drink considerable water. Its flowers are of a whitish green. The smilax easily adapts itself to almost any situation, and will grow in a not very sunny position. It is also a good plant for trailing among rock work.

OILYPOD QUILL.

THE STATE PARK.—In the message of Governor Dix, appears the following, in regard to the State Parks:—

"Near the close of the last session of the Legislature, the Commissioners of State Parks made their first annual report, in conformity to a direction 'to inquire into the expediency of providing for vesting in the State the title to the timbered regions lying within the counties of Lewis, Essex, Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Herkimer and Hamilton, and converting the same into a public Park.'

Their report contains important views and suggestions in regard to the preservation of the forests in this mountainous district for the supply of water and timber.

They came to no conclusion in regard to the main object of their inquiry, but recommend, until the question can be further considered and decided, that the wild lands now owned and held by the State be retained."

Referring our readers to a thorough examination of this most important subject, which appeared in a former number of FOREST AND STREAM, we trust that His Excellency will further the recommendation made by the Commissioners of the State Parks, and aid it by his personal and official influence.

The Kennel.

CLEANLINESS OF KENNELS.

WE shall shortly publish a description of the fox hounds of the north and south, their number, management, mode of training, feeding and breeding, compiled by the most eminent gentlemen of America. In order to lay before our readers a short description of the management of the kennel we quote from a clever writer, named R. T. Vyners. "In some kennels where strict economy or, as it should be more appropriately termed, parsimony is the order of the day, the hounds have no beds allowed them on their benches during the summer months; but it is a bad system. In the first place the kennels do not smell half so sweet as when they are allowed beds, which can be removed as often as occasion may require, nor can the vermin be kept from getting into their coats nor so easily, as when there is a little straw to shake the sulphur upon, moreover, hounds by continual lying upon hard boards, not unfrequently become quite bare upon their backs and elbows which has an unsportsman-like and unsightly appearance, (where straw is too dear and precious an article to be wasted, cuttings of spruce, and scrub oak make an excellent substitute, especially the spruce, as it has a tendency to brighten the coat and keep the hounds in strong health). Ticks as well as fleas are a sad nuisance in some kennels. They are always the effect of idleness, filth and neglect, and nothing can be easier than to eradicate such pests from all sorts of kennels if the feeder will set to work in a proper manner when he first perceives the evil to break out. Pointing up all cracks and crevices to the fullest extent upon the sides and ceilings and two or three whitewashings with hot lime and water, will perfectly eradicate the intruders, provided that when the hounds again return to their sleeping kennels, their coats are free from vermin. Prevention is always better than cure; a little sulphur sprinkled upon the beds will prevent the vermin from ever breaking out again, unless the hounds are allowed to pick up ticks and fleas when shut up in strange places, or the kennels to become saturated with filth and dirt under the benches or in the remote and dark corners of the kennel. The establishing a good and free system of ventilation is a thing not half sufficiently attended to in kennels and stables." (Most of the diseases of dogs that occur we are inclined to believe may be traced to a neglect of the cleanliness of the kennel, either that or insufficient drainage. Ed.)

FOX HOUNDS OF FLORIDA.—The first fox hounds ever brought to Florida, were from a celebrated "pack" owned on the estate of the "Marquis of Berresford," in England, Sir Reginald, (subsequently Marquis of Berresford) came to America and opened extensive indigo plantations, on the bank of the St Johns river in East Florida, at a place still known as Lake Berresford, in the beginning of the last century, and like all Englishmen yearned for the most noble sport of his far off home. "Deer Stalking," as it existed in Florida, was new to him; and not being fraught with danger, lacked that tone which foxhunting alone can claim. Anglo Saxons love "fair play," as the hunter must give as much attention to saving his own neck, as he can to securing the "Brush," and the chances are sometimes decidedly against "Nimrod."

Unfortunately for the fox hound of England, the Marquis soon discovered that the fox of Florida wouldn't run half a mile before he climbed a tree, and foxhunting was abandoned reluctantly, the dog remained, however, and through neglect they rapidly mixed with the cur of the country, and the blood has become extinct. Lord Halifax then conceived the idea of importing foxes, and actually tried the experiment.

But to-day there is no dog kept in Florida for the fox-chase exclusively. We have a lively and exciting substitute, however. When we want a foxhunt we can get up very pretty sport by calling out a pack of deer hounds; we run our fox sometimes half an hour, he climbs a sapling, we overtake him and shake him out, the dogs take after him again.

We might introduce Missouri foxes, but hunting our "climbing fox" is not foxhunting at all. J. A. M.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Having read an article in last week's FOREST AND STREAM on "Can Dogs Reason?" I will relate an incident that came under my own notice; although whether it was reason or instinct on the part of the dog, I leave you to determine.

In the fall of 1871 the Captain and I were tramping around the prairie about two miles from Fremont, Neb., and with the assistance of the Captain's pointer, "Dick," picking up a stray "chicken" every little while. A peculiar "point" of "ducks" some distance off, called our attention to him; he would make as beautiful a "point" as I ever saw, when suddenly he would throw up his head, turn it in different directions, and appear to be drawing the scent

from all around; then he would give two or three bold steps forward, but the Captain's "steady Dick," "steady" would again bring him down to a point. The best description I can give of his actions, is, that he said as plain as dog could say: "there is game here, but you need not waste your ammunition, I can attend to it if you'll let me go in," which we finally did, by going in all together on a double quick, when up went a prairie chicken, but in less time than it takes to tell it "Dick" had it fast.

On examination we found the chicken had one wing broken and one thigh badly shattered by shot, and from the condition of the wounds we judged it had been done within two days, but certainly not on the day we were out.

I've had great respect for "Dick" ever since, but I can't understand yet how he knew that bird was wounded.

LUKE TRIPP.

A BRAVE DOG.—From the Columbus *Sun* of Georgia, we take the following:—

"There are few observant ones who have been long in Columbus who have not noticed the large, intelligent, and splendid dogs belonging to Messrs. Chas. Heyman, Henry Averett, and W. R. Brown. Their progenitor has a history. At the battle of Spottsylvania Court House Mahone's division of Confederates, in which was Gen. A. R. Wright's brigade of Georgians, was charged by tremendous lines of Federals. The attacking party was repulsed with terrible loss. In front of the advancing columns was a large dog, who advanced ferociously and barking to our lines. Not a gun was pointed at him. Of all the terrible odds advancing, eleven to one, only this dog got over the Confederate breast-works, and he was captured by some members of the City Light Guard, of the Second Georgia Battalion. He was brought to Columbus, loved his Southern master better than life. His progeny embrace the smartest dogs in the country. The Yankee-southern dog died here some months ago at a good old age."

A DOG TRACING STOLEN GOODS.—At Leeds on Monday a piece of woollen cloth was stolen from a cart, and on Tuesday it was recovered, and the thief captured in a singular manner. A dog was observed pawing the ground on a piece of land attached to a bobbin manufactory, in Whitehall road, shortly after two men had left it, and the watchman employed on the premises, suspecting something was hidden, made a search, and found the cloth. The place was watched, and the thief caught in the act of searching for the cloth, and committed for trial.—*Land and Water*.

—The old-fashioned stag-hound is extremely rare; however, they possess in Florida a magnificent specimen of this nearly extinct breed of hounds, as the following from the *Tallahassee Floridian* will satisfy the most incredulous:—

"During the recent camp hunt on St. James Island by some of our citizens, an incident occurred which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of hunting, and deserves to be recorded. A large buck, closely pursued by that famous stag-hound, Old Ring, belonging to Mr. Hopkins, took water, and headed right out to sea; the dog without hesitation boldly followed him in his voyage over the 'dark and treacherous waves.' They were watched with intense interest by the hunters until each was a mere speck upon the surface of the sea, and until they were finally and totally lost to view. After some time, when it was supposed that both dog and deer had found a watery and perhaps a bloody grave, in mortal combat, or been devoured by sharks, a small object was discovered, which proved to be old Ring returning from his long swim, much exhausted, but reaching the shore in safety. But to the greater surprise of the spectators, after a time the deer also appeared in sight, making right for shore, on reaching which he was shot down by one of the hunters."

The Horse and the Course.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION "A WILD GOOSE CHASE."—The author of the old book entitled the "Gentleman's Recreation," published some two hundred years ago, in speaking of the manner in which horses were matched in racing in former times says that "first, then, the old way of trial was, by running so many train scents after hounds, this being found not so uncertain and more durable than hare hunting, and the advantage consisted in having the train scents laid on the earth most suitable to the nature of the horses. Now others choose to hunt the hare till such an hour was prefixed and then "to run the wild-goose chase," which because it is not known to all sportsmen, I shall explain the use and manner of it. The "wild goose chase" received its name from the manner of the flight which is made by wild geese, which is generally one after another; so that the two horses, after the running of 240 yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the lead, to ride what ground he pleased, the hindermost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipped up by the tryers or judges, which rode by, and which ever horse could distance the other won the match. But this practice was found by experience so inhuman, and so destructive to horses, especially when two good horses were matched, for neither being able to distance the other, till both were ready to sink under their riders through weakness, oftentimes the match was fain to be drawn and left undecided, though both horses were quite ruined. This brought them to run train scents which was afterwards changed to three heats and a straight course."

—Mr. Anguste Belmont has entered two colts for the grand prize of Paris of 1875.

—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Monmouth Park Association Mr. John Hoey was elected president and Mr. D. M. Hildreth vice president; these gentlemen to appoint the stewards.

—The race meeting at Monmouth Park will commence on the 4th of July next and continue one week. The programme will be published in a few days.

THE HORSE BIT.—The question of the bit, and of the hand that rules the bit, underlies the consideration of the whole subject of man's dominion over the horse. The intelligence of man kind has hitherto invented but two principal forms of the bit; the snaffle, the simple piece of iron which lies across the mouth, subject to endless modifications, such as being twisted, jointed, and so forth; and the curb-bit, a more powerful implement, which has likewise, undergone innumerable variations.

The curb-bit is an adaptation of the principle of the lever, and the lengthening of the cheekpiece allows a very powerful pressure to be exercised upon the jaw of the horse. The snaffle is, so to say, a natural bit, and the curb an artificial one. The snaffle was used by our ancestors and by the ancient Greeks; the curb is an Asiatic invention, and was probably brought into Europe by the Moors. In the famous mosaic found at Pompeii, representing, as is supposed, a battle between the Greeks and Persians, and which, at any rate, is the picture of a battle between Europeans and Asiatics, the Eastern horsemen ride with curbs, and the Europeans with snaffles. The difference in the bit modifies the whole style of riding; and as there are two sorts of bits, so are there two quite different styles or schools of horsemanship, which may be called the eastern and the western styles.

The type of the eastern is best seen in the modern Bedouin Arab, with his short stirrups, peaked saddle, and severe bit; and the western type in its simplest form is beautifully exemplified in the Elgin marbles, where naked men bestride bare-backed horses. To ride after this fashion is an athletic exercise; the strength of the man is set against the strength of the horse with little adventitious aid. The rider restrains the horse's impetuosity by the sheer force of his arm, and he maintains a seat on his back by exercising the muscles of his legs. It is the equitation of athletes and of heroes; but it is clear that the balanced seat of the Arab, and the more complete command over his horse which follows from the greater security of his seat, would make him infinitely more formidable in war than the European, in spite of the superior strength and size of the latter.

History teaches us how the cavalry of the Saracens—small men on small horses—rode down the Christian horsemen till they learnt to ride with the bits, saddles, and lances of the Moslem cavalry. The invention of the curb-bit necessitated the stirrup, for a man sitting upon a bare-backed horse is forced to bear, at times, more or less heavily upon the bridle; and if, so riding, he were using a curb-bit, and he were to lean any part of his weight upon it, his horse would stop, or would rear, or would flinch. The ancient Greeks and Romans are believed not to have known the use of stirrups. They are, indeed said not to have been discovered till the fifth century of our era. This, if it is true, would apply only to Europe. In the east they were used many centuries before. The earliest representation of one I know is in the above mentioned mosaic, where the horse of a dismounted trooper in Oriental costume is drawn with clearly-indicated stirrups; the Greek horsemen in the mosaic are without them.—*New Quarterly Magazine.*

A HORSE TOILETTE IN ENGLAND.—To show the amount of money sometimes expended in keeping a horse stable in condition, we publish the following list, by an English saddler, of articles needed by a gentleman keeping a carriage and one horse:—

Set of single harness complete, one driving whip, carriage mats, whip socket, one loin leather, one suit horse clothing, one night rug, one roller, one pair knee caps, one set flannel bandages, one set linen bandages, one exercising bridle, one head collar, one pair head collar reins, two logs, one pair pillar reins, one singeing apparatus, lamp, one horse brush, one curry comb, one water brush, one dandy brush, two composition brushes, one oil brush, one bass broom, one inside carriage brush, one set shoe brushes, one crest brush, one brass brush, two rack chains, six rubbers, four leathers, two sponges, one mane comb, one trimming comb, one pair scissors, one dung fork, one dung shovel, one dung basket, one corn measure, one corn sieve, one picker, one stopping box, one lantern, one pail, one burnisher, one setter, one oil can, one oil bottle, one scraper, one clipping machine, one hemp head and reins, and cleaning materials, viz.:—soap, oil, dye, some composition, carriage candles, blacking.

—The celebrated trotting horse Ripon Boy, died lately of hydrophobia, at Horicon, Wisconsin.

THE GOODENOUGH HORSE SHOES.—Of course there are rational and irrational methods of horse shoeing: men, as a rule, keep forever in ruts, and why should farriers be supposed to differ from the general rules governing mankind? Expert as horse shoers may be in the art of securely fastening the iron shoe to the soft and elastic pad called a horse's hoof, the grand error, the oversight, the ignorance displayed, is in the construction of the shoe itself. We may build a house of a peculiar stone, and employ the cleverest masons to place and point the stone, but if the stone be poor in quality, all the skill of the masons goes for nothing, for the house will, in time, crumble and go to pieces.

Now-a-days, fortunately, the construction of the shoe, itself, has been taken out of the hands of the blacksmith, and no end of careful study has been directed towards the construction of an iron shoe, which shall not only be lasting, but at the same time, preserve the nature and quality of the horse's foot, and we have no hesitation from actual experience in recommending the Goodenough horse shoe. In the first place, it is a light shoe, being scarcely half the weight of the old-fashioned shoe. The foot surface has the marked advantage of having a true bevel, making that portion of the web which receives the bearing of the hoof, the width of the thickness of the wall or crust. Especially now, in winter, the calking on the shoe is excellent to prevent slipping. In the ordinary method of calking, the shoe rests on three points, straining the foot so that the frog, which is unsupported, takes an unnatural proportion of the pressure. In the Goodenough shoe the calks are wisely supplied in such a way as to give a natural bearing all around. There is no possible doubt but that the Goodenough shoe not only keeps a horse more squarely on his legs, saving the rider or driver from danger, but necessarily adds to the comfort of the horse, and one immense advantage in the Goodenough shoe is, that when well put on, it is by far the most economical shoe in use.

The Magazines.

THE BEARS OF THE PYRENEES.

THE bear is a serious beast, a thorough mountaineer, curious to behold in his great coat of felted hair, yellowish or grayish in color. It seems formed for its domicile and its domicile for it. Its heavy fur is an excellent mantle against the snow. The mountaineers think it so good that they borrow it from him as often as they can, and he thinks it so good that he defends it against them to the best of his ability. He likes to live alone, and the gorges of the heights are as solitary as he wishes. The hollow trees afford him a ready-made house; as these are for the most part beeches and oaks, he finds in them at once food and shelter. For the rest, brave, prudent, and robust, he is an estimable animal; his only faults are that he eats his little ones, when he runs across them, and that he is a poor dancer.

In hunting him, they go into ambush and fire on him as he passes. Lately, in a battuc, a superb female was tracked. When the foremost hunters, who were novices, saw the glitter of the little fierce eyes, and perceived the black mass descending with great strides, beating the underbrush, they forgot all of a sudden that they had guns, and kept whist behind their oak. A hundred paces further on, a brave fellow fired. The bear, which was not hit, came up on a gallop. The man, dropping his gun, slipped into a pit. Reaching the bottom, he felt of his limbs, and by some miracle found himself whole, when he saw the animal hesitating above his head, busy in examining the slope, and pressing her foot upon the stones to see if they were firm. She sniffed here and there, and looked at the man with the evident intention of paying him a visit. The pit was a well; if she reached the bottom, he must resign himself to a tête-à-tête. While the man reflected on this, and thought of the animal's teeth, the bear began to descend with infinite precaution and address, managing her precious person with great care, hanging on to the roots, slowly, but without over stumbling. She was drawing near, when the hunters came up and shot her dead.—*A Tour through the Pyrenees' Taine.*

SNAIL PRESERVES.

SNAIL dealers are not content with collecting the cork-screw individuals wherever they may happen to see them; they proceed more systematically, and keep up snail gardens or snail preserves; it is really snail culture, analogous in some degree to the oyster culture of England and France. In the Voralberg, a bit of the Tyrol that juts in like a wedge between Bavaria and Switzerland, there are regular snail gardens, intended to subscribe the twofold purpose of ridding the farmers of a nuisance, and providing an article of food for such human beings as can relish it. In various parts of the canton or district, during two or three summer months, the gardens, hedges, coppices, woods, and damp places are thoroughly examined by boys and girls, who collect the snails, and deposit them in small plots of ground set apart for the purpose. Each of these plots forms a dry garden an acre or two in extent, free from trees and shrubs, and having a moat or running water all round it. The plot is covered with little heaps of twigs of the mountain pine, mixed lightly with moss; these heaps are placed at regular distances apart. The snails creep into them for shelter alike against the cold of night and the heat of mid-day sun. When this shelter is lessened by the decay of the small leaves on the twigs, the heaps are furnished up with a new supply. Every day the snails are fed with cabbage leaves and grass, receiving an extra allowance in damp weather. When harvest is over, and winter shows signs of approaching, they regularly burrow themselves in the heaps, and (figuratively speaking) tuck in snugly for the winter. The water, after flowing all round the margin of the plot, escapes by one outlet only; and at this outlet the moat is guarded by a grating. The snails often tumble into the water while crawling about their domain, or get into it somehow or other, and are carried by the stream towards the grating; this is examined every morning, and all the wanderers taken back to their garden. When the snails have sealed themselves up, they are collected for the market, packed in perforated boxes lined with straw. According to the plentifulness of the grass and cabbage crop, each plot or garden may contain from fifteen to forty thousand snails, some of which come to grief before the summer is over; but the majority are destined to the honor of appearing on the dinner-table or supper-table of the South Tyrolean inhabitants, who greatly relish them. The system is certainly a commendable one, seeing that it brings to an available market what would otherwise be a nuisance and source of loss to the husbandman.—*All the Year Round.*

TEXAS CATTLE.

IN 1872 there were four hundred and fifty thousand cattle driven overland from Western Texas to Kansas, through the Indian Territory, by Bluff Creek and Caldwell, up the famous "Chisholm trail." In 1871 as many as seven hundred thousand were driven across. The general value of "Kansas beeves" is \$12 to \$13 gold; but after deducting all expenses the average profit on the "drive" is not much more than a fair rate of interest on the money invested. But few cattle are transported by sea; the outlet for the trade by way of Indianola has never been very successful. The Morgan steamships carry perhaps 40,000 beeves yearly that way. The two great shipping points in 1872-3 were Wichita, on a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, at the junction of the Arkansas and Little Arkansas Rivers; and Ellsworth, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The whole country, at the time of transit, is covered with vast herds which begin to arrive in Kansas early in May and await buyers there. A stampede is something which baffles description; you must witness it. It is a tempest of horns and tails, a thunder of hoofs, a lightning of wild eyes; I can describe it no better. Merely to see a man on foot is sometimes sufficient to set the average Texan cattle into a frenzy of fear, and a speedy stampede; for the great majority of them have never been approached save by men on horseback. The gathering up of stock is no small task, as a herd of seventy-five thousand cattle will range over an area fifty miles wide by a hundred miles long. Large stock-raisers are always increasing their stock by buying herds adjacent to their ranges. Many persons make fortunes by simply gathering up and branding the cattle which the rightful owners have neglected to brand.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

ARTISTS AND ARABS. By Henry Blackburn. Author of "Picturesque Normandy." Illustrated. 18mo. Red edges. \$1 50. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

This is a finely illustrated little work, and comprises the jottings of the author as he passed through the several places of which he so pleasantly speaks. His style reminds us somewhat of Bayard Taylor's manner of conversation. The lull chapter opens with the author "on the wing." The art season being on the wane in London, he commences his journey from the Tweed to the Shetland Isles, over the hills and amid all the beauties of nature, as unfolded to his artistic eye in a mild July day. Being one of a sketching party of two, our friend Blackburn has fully illustrated his travels with graphic sketches of his picturesque tour among what he tritely calls "Artists and Arabs," and well has he acquitted himself in the work before us. We can only recommend this work to our friends; we would much like to tell them more about it, to speak in detail of Algiers, The Moorish Quarters, Our Studio, Models, Our Life School, The Bouzareah, A Storm, and the many other highly interesting illustrated papers, but we forbear.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH. By Amelia B. Edwards. Author of the "Vagabond Heroine," &c. Phila.: Porter & Coates.

BOOK OF STANDARD FAIRY TALES. Illustrated with ten full pages of engravings after designs by Dore and Crnikstanks. 12 mo. \$1 50. Phila.: Porter & Coates.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF DOMESTIC POULTRY. With twenty chromo illustrations, etc. By Martin Doyle. Brown, 8vo. \$4 50. Phila.: Porter & Coates.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM. By T. S. Arthur. Illustrated edition. Cloth, extra, \$1 25. Phila.: Porter & Coates.

HISTORY OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H. In two series, each a complete work in itself. By Chas. W. Brewster, a pleasant, reliable, correct historian. Portsmouth, N. H.: Louis W. Brewster.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MANUAL. By Catharine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. N. Y.: Pub. By J. B. Ford & Co.

LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG. Being selections from the best poets. Illustrated. With an introduction. By W. C. Bryant. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE MONEY MAKER; OR THE MYSTERIES OF THE BASALISK. Illustrated. Price \$1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Also Prof. J. De Mille's new book, "The Winged Lion." \$1 50. Lee & Shepard.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co. we have three books differing very materially in character, yet each may be called a pronounced book. Each is a good book in its own peculiar department. First, we have from the prolific pen of Jules Verne, a favorite "Trip from the Earth to the Moon;" then we have "Diamonds and Precious Stones" a translation from the French of Louis Dientlafait, telling us all about gems and their wonderful interesting history; worth twice the price named for it. Thirdly, the remarkable history of Stanley's, called "My Kalluber." This is the famous traveller, who says he "found Livingstone," and Kallube was to him as the man Friday was to Robinson Crusoe. At first we thought it a book for mature reading, but we think it better designed for a younger class of our readers. We shall notice in their appropriate places all the above books. These notes will be continued, giving short outlines of new publications from time to time as books are received from the publishers for notice.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, traits, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous Communications not Noticed.]

F. B., Broad street.—Have sent to Nebraska for information.

O. H. HAMPTON.—You must shoot off ties at 23 yards.

Dr. G. F. H., Hartford.—You can have the guarantee of Mr. Price, the owner of the champion pointer of England. Do you require an imported dog or bitch?

AQUARIUM. Two fish are enough for one gallon of water, particularly in warm weather. During the winter one or two more may be added to the number; a few aquatic plants should be kept in an aquarium at all times, and receive plenty of light. When plants are first put in, it should remain a few days before the fish are put in so the water will have time to purify and clear itself.

ALLEGHANY, Pittsburgh.—Order one of the best grade 28 inch, 10 bore. Try it every way, especially for penetration and pattern and report. If you are satisfied with the one they send you, then order the proper crook in the stock for your friends and suggest any alterations you may see fit.

EXCHANGE.—One of our most valuable correspondents wishes to exchange a complete set of the Medical and Surgical History of the War, got up by the Government at great expense. These volumes are scarce and very valuable. Any physician having a setter dog to dispose of can make an exchange on terms.

MASTIFF, Baltimore.—I have a valuable mastiff; he is looking quite thin and sick; see the cause in my letter. Ans. Mix the following and give two tablespoonfuls every time: Prepared chalk, 2 to 3 drachms; aromatic confection, 1 drachm; laudanum, 3 to 8 drachms; powder of gum arabic, 2 drachms; water, 7 ounces.

UNDER LEVER, New York.—1st. What barrels are best for breech-loaders, Damascus or laminated steel? Ans. Damascus iron of the very best quality; but there is some made by unprincipled persons which on the surface presents the Damascus pattern without extending any deeper. 2d. Do you consider Hazard's No. 2 duck shooting powder coarse enough for a fine 7 lb., 12 bore, 28 in. laminated steel barrel breech-loader? Ans. We don't understand the question; coarse enough to do what? 3d. Why does not a pin fire gun shoot as good and as strong as a central fire? Ans. Each system has its advocates, but the almost universal use of the central fire by sportsmen has never given a practical solution to the question of preference. By reason of the central ignition better shooting is done.

J. N. W., St. John, N. B.—I have often shot birds in the Bahamas, called by the negroes, Gaudings. Can you please inform me of what species they are? Their habits are something as follows: It flies about lagoons and mangrove bushes towards evening; I never found them about in day time; of grayish color and about the size of a partridge; head like a hen's; I found them always alone; will send a sketch about them sometime; they give fair sport, and I have often knocked them over on the wing; I often used to shoot wading from one little island to another, with water from six inches to three feet deep and a broiling sun overhead; have gone shooting in Jamaica with the thermometer at 100. Ans. Probably the Mangrove Hen, *Rallus longirostris*, resembling a pullet, which is mentioned by Gosse, Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, 1851, p. 247.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us two subscriptions and Ten Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "FISHING TOURIST," postage free.

Advertising Rates.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1874.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

OUR FLORIDA EXPEDITION.

JUST as we had begun to bewail the probable loss of our FOREST AND STREAM Commissioner at the bottom of the deep blue sea, we were gladdened by the announcement of his safe arrival at Mosquito Inlet, Indian River, and two days subsequently at New Smyrna, Florida, after a tedious passage of twenty-five days from Barnstable, Mass., in a coasting vessel. We give a brief extract from his hurriedly written note:—

"Will not trouble you with details of my cruise, of the beating about in the gulf stream for nearly two weeks, while my soul was sickening at the thought of the precious days going, gone forever! I am filled with wrath and disgust unutterable, but shall try and make up for lost time. Shall commence to gather and hoard away all information upon the various species of birds, quadrupeds, fishes, &c., for your use in special columns another season. The Florida papers are making very favorable mention of our expedition, and the "Floridian" speaks of it as a great undertaking. Expect to reach St. Lucie in ten days."

St. Lucie will be the headquarters of our correspondent. Thence he will penetrate to and explore regions almost inaccessible, including Lake Ochechobee, of which latter he has already written extensively and minutely in these columns. These investigations will continue until April, and be aided by all necessary attendants and apparatus. He has two boats, tents, two men, the complete ordinary outfit of a sportsman, photographic apparatus, with 100 negatives, and a stock of artist's materials—all of which were taken with him from New England—and also an Indian and native Florida guide, with swamp ponies, etc. His labors include commissions to collect specimens of Natural History and Indian relics for the Smithsonian and other scientific institutions. Altogether, the expedition is fitted out at considerable expense, and for the object sought to be accomplished, will prove itself eventually of considerable importance, and attach some credit to the enterprise of FOREST AND STREAM, under whose auspices alone it has been instituted. Both government and private enterprise have essayed explorations from time to time into the interior of Florida, but the information gained has been so far of little practical value or benefit, even when most needed, as it was during the seven years' Seminole War. How frequently we shall be able to hear from our correspondent, we cannot say, as there will be intervals of time when access to mail facilities will be impossible. However, the material furnished will be voluminous in the aggregate. He will write over the signature of "Fred. Beverly."

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHALLENGE— THE COMING POINTER AND SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

THE interest taken by our gentlemen sportsmen, owners of pointers and setters, in regard to the challenge published *exclusively* in the FOREST AND STREAM and addressed to *ourselves and to no one else*, by Mr. R. L. Price and the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald, is unabated. We are assured that the challenge will be accepted by some of our most distinguished sportsmen who are pleased with the liberal and fair manner in which the challenge is worded. These gentlemen having been convinced by us that it would be better for all parties concerned to withhold their names from publication until the precise rules and regulations governing such field trials are published, sportsmen will kindly wait patiently until we shall receive the information, by which they may be governed as to the nature of the contest. It would be perfectly within our capabilities to print sundry laws on English field trials, but as we have every reason to know that they are not those which will be enforced for 1874, by producing them in our columns we might only confuse our readers. We trust in our next issue to be able to publish the revised code, as some slight changes have been made since the last field trials.

It may be well for us to state at once that we can enter into no discussion in regard to the character of the field trial matches on the other side of the water, not having been present on the ground. One thing is certain, however, that once engaged in the contest, according to the English rules, we must abide by their laws. We feel very certain, from the high character of the gentlemen who will engage in this interesting contest, that everything will be arranged in the most pleasant manner, no matter which country wins.

One point especially worth mentioning in regard to Mr. Price's challenge and which may have escaped the notice of those not familiar with English cover shooting is, that Mr. Price purposes the use of ground in one of the wildest parts of Wales. This shows not only great courtesy, but liberality on the part of the challengers, because the Englishman with his dogs, especially trained and broken for open shooting in the "stubble" and turnep fields, would undoubtedly beat any American bred dogs, not accustomed to this kind of shooting. Bala is in the county of Merioneth, North Wales, where is situated the beautiful lake named Bala; it is some four miles long by one in breadth, the property of Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Bart, and it is this gentleman who has kindly consented to lend his grounds and game for the Anglo-American field trial matches. The face of the country closely resembles the northern portions of the State of Pennsylvania, as parts of Wynnstay are sterile, barren and rocky with a low undergrowth, not unlike that found in the counties of Elk and McKean.

When these interesting trials which have been placed *exclusively* in our hands by Mr. R. L. Price and the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald are fully arranged, and everything known in regard to them by the gentlemen who on our side are now desirous of taking up the challenge, we shall publish the same in the fullest details. As acting for our American friends and English sportsmen, we intend to be most careful and circumspect in regard to it, and will take no step that will militate for or against either party, we think this proper caution will be applauded in the end. We might, if we pleased, say a great deal of the preliminary business of this challenge, the same having been already arranged *by us* in our office, but we refrain from doing so, for the reasons before distinctly stated.

THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.

TENNYSON'S In Memoriam, the most mournful poem of the century, devoted as it is to recording the loss of a cherished friend, is hardly more elegiac in character, nor causes greater sadness than the reading of the plain prose which, in The Fishermen's Memorial or Record Book, tells of those brave men who in the pursuit of their dangerous calling, have been engulfed in the seas which surge along our northern coast.

The little bark leaves the port, glides on the quiet seas, just ruffled by the breeze, and no one scarce heeds the departure. She is absent for a week or month, then away across the headland she appears again. The watchful eye of the wife, the mother, the daughter knows the vessel, though to you she seems but as a mere speck on the ocean. The vessel nears the shore. "Thank God," cry the poor women folk; "they, our husbands, our fathers, our brothers, have escaped the perils of the Georges or the Banks." Now the craft is better discerned, but her flag, that poor little bit of ragged bunting, where is it? It droops at half mast! Some one who trod that deck, who sprang once as lithe as lithe could be up the rattlines, who threw the hook, or worked the dorey, or the trawl, is no more, and has been lost at sea.

"Who shall the mourners be,
That soon must weep sad tears for him
They never more must see?"

Mr. George H. Proctor's book, the Fishermen's Memorial and Record Book, written in Gloucester, the headquarters of the Massachusetts fishermen, gives to us matter of the most interesting character. People read habitually of the dangers of the fisherman's life, and hardly appreciate it until the sad facts are brought before their eyes. From 1830 to 1873 sailing from this single port of Gloucester, 1,437 men have lost their lives in their vocation of fishing, and 286 vessels have foundered. Every winter month has its vicissitudes, but of all of them the February gale of

1862 was the most terrible. On Monday evening, February 24th, says Mr. Proctor, "a terrible gale from the north-west suddenly burst upon the fishing fleet on Georges, when there were about seventy sail at anchor very near each other. In this gale one hundred and sixty-two men and nineteen vessels were lost." The storm of 1871 was almost equally disastrous, 140 souls having perished with nineteen vessels. This past year has not been without its vicissitudes; from January to July 1, forty-one lives and twelve vessels have been lost from Gloucester alone.

The great danger arises from causes which may be explained as follows: The vessels following closely one another, all flock to one place, and if the fishing is good they anchor there. The wind howls, the snow comes down like a pall, and the sea rises. The vessels try to ride out the storm at anchor, a craft loses her anchor or her cable parts, and away she goes with fearful speed. If she then strike another fishing vessel, the doom of both is sealed, there is not the slightest hope; there is a crash heard for an instant amid the mutterings of the storm, and the two vessels with their crews find a watery grave. One who was in the fearful storm of 1862, tells the story of the danger: "The darkness was impenetrable, and a more dismal night I never passed. Once in a while the storm would lull; then we could see the lights of the fleet, but this was not often. The hours passed heavily along; they are indelibly impressed on my memory, and will not be effaced until death claims me. During the night, a large vessel passed quite near us. We could see her lights, her spars and sails, as she sped swiftly along on the wings of the storm. Glad enough were we to have her pass us, and I trembled at the thought of our fate had she struck our little craft. The morning at last breaks, when the skipper cried out, 'There is a vessel adrift right ahead of us!' On she came. The drifting vessel was coming directly for us; a moment more and the signal to cut our own hawser must be given. With the swiftness of a gull she passed us, so near that I could have leaped aboard, just clearing us, and we were saved from danger. We watched the doomed craft as she sped on her cruise. She struck one of the fleet a short distance astern, and we saw the waters close over both vessels. Almost as we gazed, they both disappeared. Then we knew that two vessels of the fleet would never return to port."

Another great danger is that which the dorymen undergo. In visiting their trawls, launching their frail boats, the fishermen are often lost during the fogs which enshroud them. "The chances of a man thus adrift on the seas are small," Mr. Proctor states, "and that the majority of those who get estrayed from their vessel pay the penalty with their lives." Our authority advises, in order to lessen dangers of this character, that each dory should be provided with sufficient food and water to sustain life for several days.

Leaving these sadder incidents of the fishermen's life, from the Memorial Book one can gather a great deal of information in regard to the various fish sought for, and their methods of capture. Mackerel were first caught about 1812 with a bare hook, when in 1816 one Abraham Lurrey discovered a method of running lead around the hook, and invented the jig. Small lines and fly lines only came into use in 1823. Bait mills were not used until 1820; before that time the fishermen's heels ground up the bait. From the dozen jiggers of 1812, small and poor craft, sprang the fleet of two hundred clipper schooners used by Gloucester in the mackerel fisheries of to-day.

Cod fishing was first practically tested in 1821 in the Bay of St. Lawrence by our Gloucester folk. At first to anchor on the Banks to fish was thought to be fraught with danger. Brave old salts thought the current would drag their vessels under water, and it was only in '21 that they found out how to fish when at anchor on the Georges. But this important branch of fishery only became a permanent business in 1835 or '36, when halibut was added to cod. In 1846 more halibut were caught than codfish; now it is the reverse. It is not only on our own coasts that our hardy fishermen gain their bread. Sometime ago the FOREST AND STREAM recorded the fishing adventures of some of our enterprising Gloucester fishermen on the coasts of Greenland and Iceland. In 1872 six vessels were engaged in the business, and made successful trips to Iceland. But last year arriving at a bad season of the year, our fishermen had poor luck.

The profits derived from these fishing enterprises are quite remarkable. A Grand Banker averages nine trips in a year, and the trips vary from \$8,000 to \$17,000, \$12,000 being about the average. All depends upon hitting the right market, (see our article in last number on the German sea fishing.) Some of the exceptional trips and money results are worthy of mention. In 1866 with a season's fishing on the Banks a schooner made \$22,000. In 1871 a schooner on a single trip sold her catch of cod and halibut for \$5,361, each of her crew making \$213. Time occupied in making the trip, five weeks. In mackerel fishing the money made is sometimes even larger. In 1865 a schooner absent about five months made a net stock amounting to \$13,728. The cook's share was \$582. The gross receipts from fish sold are called the stock. The men who sail the vessels, who reap the harvests of the sea to day, are quite different from those of only twenty-five years ago. Then the fishermen were mostly native born. To-day there is a large admixture of hands coming from the Provincial waters. Between the two styles of vessel, those from the United States and from the Provinces, there was a marked difference. The former sailed a clipper-built and well appointed craft, the later had only clumsy vessels, and were far be-

hind the American vessels in improvements and fittings. The provisioning of the men was also much better on the Yankee crafts. All this led the Nova Scotia men to seek employment on board of our vessels, and a great proportion of these men number to-day among the most thriving and energetic of our Gloucester citizens. The Portuguese too form no small percentage of our northern fishermen. They are natives of the Western Islands, are quite clannish, devout Catholics, and are prudent and industrious. Then, too, comes a sprinkling of those rovers of the sea, the Swedes and Norwegians, and the Danes and Finns, who soon merge their nationality into that of the universal Yankee fishermen, and when sailing into our harbors, forget their firds and estuaries.

The enterprise of a single fishing town of Massachusetts, Gloucester, which represented in 1872 no less than \$3,414.325 as the result of its fishing industry, is worth recording, and evidence of material success is shown, when last year the increase of tonnage was 16,982 tons over that of the previous year. For these and many other interesting facts recorded by us, we are indebted to Mr. Proctor's Book of Gloucester fishermen.

THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THERE is every reason to suppose that under later energetic management, this most commendable enterprise, the Zoölogical Society, of Philadelphia, will shortly be put in thorough working order, and that before six months are over, the elegant grounds, especially planned for the exhibition and study of wild animals and rare birds will be thrown open to the public.

Zoölogical collections are from the nature of things, among the most difficult to manage, and any idea of arriving at even a moderate degree of perfection, before a long series of years have elapsed, is almost impossible. Such institutions are necessarily of very slow growth, and require at the outset a large capital and constant care.

It may be positively asserted that prior to the organization of this Zoölogical Society in our sister city, there never has been conceived in the United States a plan for the collection or exhibition of animals in any respect equal to those originated abroad. Our own Zoölogical department at the Park, though quite good of its kind, and reflecting great credit on its most intelligent director Mr. Conklin, occupies but a second or third position in the Park itself. Instead of being the prominent feature, an institution by itself, it is simply subsidiary, an adjunct to the Park; and in one of the late reports of the Park Commissioners, the Commissioners themselves stated, substantially, the impossibility of giving the Menagerie greater prominence without interfering with some of the main features of the Park itself. In fact, as was fully appreciated by Messrs. Vaux and Olmstead, to construct and carry out a Park, such as our Central Park, is one thing, and to manage and develop a Zoölogical collection quite another, and that, to build up and manage one alone well, was sufficient occupation for any single board of officers.

Zoölogical collections and the results to be derived from them, are very much more complex than they were thirty years ago. If public curiosity alone was to be gratified, a circus show might suffice. Opportunities for study in all the branches of comparative Natural History must be afforded, and in addition, certain utilitarian claims must be attended to. Acclimatization, how to take animals coming from other countries, and to adapt them to our own purposes and uses, must be thought of. We are only too pleased to state that it is exactly with such ideas, to advance science and to utilize nature's resources, that the Philadelphia Society has been founded.

From the Commissioners of the Fairmount Park, the Philadelphia Society have obtained thirty-five acres of ground at the Thirty-Fifth Street entrance of the Philadelphia Park, and they are now improving ten acres of this space by laying it out and constructing walks, buildings, cages, houses, and preparing for the proposed collection of the Society.

Of course the expense of an undertaking of this character is great; but it is believed that the necessary means to accomplish the object proposed, can readily be obtained. With one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the Society will be enabled to place the Garden upon a solid and permanent basis, and permit it to be opened to the public in the spring of this year. We think that little anxiety should be felt by the management as to its success, as there has never been a Zoölogical Society of any merit founded in a large city, where the receipts did not exceed the expenditures. Such has been the example furnished in London, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Vienna, and Amsterdam. In London, alone, 600,000 persons visited the "Zoo" last year.

When the Centennial Exhibition draws to Philadelphia the whole people of the United States, few will fail to visit the Zoölogical collection.

To show that a commencement has been made, the Superintendent of the Garden is now in the Cape of Good Hope, and will return by the way of Calcutta with a ship load of curiosities for the Society, and to-day the donations of animals of our own country destined for the Philadelphia Zoölogical Society are largely in excess of the present accommodations. One excellent feature of the Society, and which we trust will be carried out, will be to inaugurate a course of lectures, with publications by the Society, which will make the Garden not only a source of amusement but of education.

To start such an enterprise, and keep the collecting

grounds in a thoroughly perfect order, the Society, though not soliciting pecuniary donations, would be happy to receive them. What they ask is that persons interested in such subjects should subscribe to the stock, which with every prospect of success, would seem to be able to earn readily a dividend of six per cent, in cash, per annum, besides giving to the holder of such stock a certain number of free admissions. For each fifty dollars of stock a subscriber is to receive five single admission tickets worth twenty-five cents each, in addition to six per cent., or in place of these tickets an annual ticket for every two hundred dollars subscribed, admitting at all times during the year, any person the stockholder may name.

The plan of the Garden submitted to our notice, seems to be clearly conceived in every way, and with ample room and accommodation for all the birds and beasts, and with aquaria for the fish.

We trust that some of our citizens will aid our Philadelphia friends in their efforts, in a work which must reflect credit on the whole country.

That a commencement has been made, is very certain; for, but yesterday, we saw the following from an exchange:—

"A car load of wild animals from the Rocky Mountains, for the Zoölogical Gardens of Philadelphia, arrived at Omaha Saturday."

The management is composed of Dr. W. Camac, President; James C. Hand, Esq., and J. G. Fell, Esq., Vice-Presidents; F. H. Clark, Esq., Treasurer; John J. Ridgway, Esq., and Dr. J. L. Leconte, are the Secretaries; and among the managers we see the names of such well-known Philadelphians, of Messrs. Graff, Vaux, Wistar, Childs, and Drexel.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT DEBTS.

THAT our American Indian is endowed with a peculiar originality, even his most bitter enemies must allow. Civilized man when he sheds blood, does it in an approved manner, undoubtedly owing to that superior culture acquired by years of patient practice. If the Spanish Volunteer, naturally excited by the contest, after wounding the Cuban rebel, jabs his bayonet through and through his fallen foe, there are precedents for such things; but for the Comanche to plunge an ugly butcher knife into one's vitals, and then to end the performance by a thorough yet eurious tonsorial process, shows in the Indian a fine perception of the *bizarre*, which is unique in character.

It is by no means the aboriginal male alone who has these idiosyncracies. The squaw has quite as much originality as the brave. A number of bonnets having been sent out to the female portion of a tribe, and the Ottoo ladies, not knowing how to wear them, is not to be judged as showing any peculiarities of the kind we would describe, nor the fact of their having had the bonnets put on their heads properly by their more intelligent white sister, and when the bonnet got displaced, the perfect inability on the part of the Ottoo squaws to determine which was the front or which was the back of it.

There comes to us from California a most curious and original method of collecting debts, practiced by the red-skin there, which is wonderfully suggestive. To dun is brutal. Everybody knows that, and has felt the humiliation of dunning or being dunned. The Indian, desirous of collecting his small bill, has too much dignity, is too high-toned a gentleman, with his native nobility, to bother the debtor for his small balance of account. Oh tailors and bootmakers! what an example there is for you to be taken from the much despised savage!

Pey-yoh-gash or the "Lone Hand," is indebted to Hey-ya-mush or "Nimble Fingers," to the amount of seven beaver skins and a deer hide. The Lone Hand is slow of payment. What does Hey-ya-mush do? He simply prepares a stick—not to wail his debtor with—but a little stick. He decorates this stick in a peculiar way, paints a ring or so of gaudy color round it at each end, then he carries it, and tosses it without uttering a syllable into his debtor's wigwam, simply as a gentle reminder. The delinquent Indian sees it, is struck with remorse, takes the hint, and getting together the peltries, liquidates his debt on the spot. Strange people! It is a terrible stigma on any Indian to have these sticks cast up before him, and it is rarely ever resorted to.

Faney such a method employed for the collection of debts with us. Why it seems to us that it would be almost an incentive to get over head and ears in debt. The weather, say, is cold, and a man owes money pretty generally all around. His creditors might commence by pitching into his house logs of wood, as reminders, until he had acquired a measured cord of sound hickory logs for his drawing-room fire, with no end of kindling material for the kitchen; enough fuel in fact to keep himself warm with for the rigors of the whole winter season, and still leave his debts unpaid.

Certainly we have not the nobility of the Indian. Nor would we advise at least in New York, that parties about the first of the year, who are owed money, should imitate the savage. Very certainly, if they did, the debt to the wood yards would be very heavy and the price of coal would rapidly decline.

—A pack of wolves in Sherbourne County, Minnesota, chased a couple of lawyers five miles, and the New Orleans *Republican* thinks it showed a lack of professional courtesy.

OUR LADY SPORTSMEN.

IT is gratifying to note the growing interest taken in outdoor recreation by our ladies. FOREST AND STREAM has no less than six upon its list of contributors, and two of these write as intelligibly of the art of fly-fishing as do the gentlemen experts themselves. We count among our female acquaintances many who handle a pair of sculls most deftly, and there is the wife of a certain clergyman, himself famous as a student of Nature, who is equally handy with rod, gun, and oar, besides being a masterly whip. Another lady who is now dead, the wife of an accomplished author and journalist, spent several years upon the Nile in company with her husband, and became noted among the boatmen all along the river as an extraordinary pistol shot. She used to hit birds on the wing with her ivory-handled revolver. One summer's day, a year ago, a gentleman of our acquaintance bantered a married lady to shoot a pistol, and put up his felt hat at twenty paces, expecting a little shriek when the report followed. The next day he was looking over a hatter's collection, and mournfully exhibiting his own tile with seven bullet holes in it. Equestrianism is a more common accomplishment, while archery is indulged in by ladies in many localities. Of accomplished lady skaters there is no end. Nothing is more charming than a lady suitably attired for the proper and untrammelled enjoyment of these out-door pastimes, her cheeks rosy with the exercise, and her movements as lithe and agile as a fawn's. Many ladies of the Blooming Grove Park Association two years ago adopted the practice of wearing what they call "mountain suits," which are made of bloomer trousers, a blouse belted at the waist, high boots, and felt hat or jaunty velvet cap with plume. We have seen certain ladies among the Adirondaeks that wore very becoming plaids, with leathern waist belt. In dresses of this description the limbs have full play. Briars and brambles get little hold; flowing skirts do not impede locomotion. Some weeks since some of our lady friends wrote for this paper some designs for out-door costumes, and when summer comes again we shall urge their adoption by our fair readers.

Herewith we publish a very fresh and breezy letter from a lady in Indiana, which ought to make our languid city belles sick with envy, or at least prompt their aspirations and emulation. We wish our lady readers would oblige us with their fishing, boating, and shooting experiences, whatever they may be. The records of some, we feel, would put those of what are termed "lords of creation" to blush:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

You extend a kind invitation to ladies to write for FOREST AND STREAM. But what can we say that will do for the pages of a paper that seems almost entirely devoted to sports pertaining to stream, field, and woodland? Generally speaking, we are not "much" as huntresses, and no great adepts in the art piscatorial.

I had not thought I could care at all for a publication so essentially belonging to the "lords of creation," yet I find myself strangely interested in almost every article. There is so much fresh, out-door *breeziness* about them as to make even us domestic goddesses long to desert our pedestals in the kitchen and roam over the hills and down the dales, free as the wild winds around us.

How delightful the "Autumn in Nova Scotia!" and I trudged around after Fred Beverly through the swamps and glades of Florida with a deal of enjoyment. Then the boating, shooting, and fishing—especially the black bass fishing in the Maumee—for haven't I waded the "rifles" of that dear old stream many a time in the days of my childhood, when the water rippled low over its rocky bed! And when it got higher have coasted along the shore on "slabs" (got more than one ducking, too,) and rowed a light skiff from shore to shore times without number. I remember how jubilant I was, and how I crowed over winning a race, fairly and squarely, against a "chunk" of a boy who bantered me for a row across the river. We each had a skiff, light as a feather almost. The "Bald Eagle" was the name of mine, and really it was worthy of the name, for it skimmed over the sparkling waters like a bird, and I experienced a thrill of delight as the prow touched the grassy bank and I sprang lightly out, while my rival was still a full boat's length behind. It is needless to say "he wer' mad," and hurried off home to hide his head in his mother's apron, I guess.

"Pretty business" (do I hear you say), "Miss Prim, for a twelve-year-old girl to be engaged in! Better be in the house learning to knit and sew than being such a romp!" Yes'm, I have no doubt, and I feel awful sorry I was such a Tom-boy. I suppose it was only because we were born to be hung that whole swarms of us little Miltonvillains were not drowned outright. But I often wonder if I do not, in a great measure, owe the grand good health I have enjoyed all my life to the boating exercise of those long days ago.

Wayne county, Indiana, January, 1874.

—PORTRAIT OF "BELLE."—The pair of portraits of "Belle," champion pointer of England, will positively be ready for mailing on January 20th. We have to apologize to our subscribers and friends for the delay. There has been considerable difficulty in obtaining an artist who is accustomed to draw highly bred pointers, and the rainy weather has been much against us.

—Can the Grangers be politically honest if they have oats to sell?

CREEDMOOR.

MATCH OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION - OCTOBER 1873.

COMPETITION III AND IV.

COMPETITION III—FIRST DIVISION MATCH.

Open to "teams" of twelve from each regiment and battalion in the First Division of the National Guard, S. N. Y. All competitors to appear in uniform (full dress or fatigue), and to be certified by their Regimental Commander to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the regiment they represent, and to have been such on August 1, 1873, as required for the State Prize. Weapon, Remington Rifle, State model; distance, 200 and 500 yards; five shots each distance; position, standing at 200 yards; any position at 500 yards.

FIRST DIVISION MATCH.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Pvt. Cocks, Sgt. Maj. Roux, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Sgt. Wood, Lt. Col. Gildersleeve, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Lt. Col. Hitchcock, Corp. Engle, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Pvt. Robertson, A. Pyle, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like P. Coyle, P. M'Grugan, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like F. W. Hofel, Corp. Buckbee, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Sgt. McNight, Capt. Fullerton, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Sgt. Waing, Pvt. Motley, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like E. Labitsky, J. Winter, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Pvt. Renter, Corp. Schroeder, etc.

WINNERS.

Table listing winners for various prizes: State Div'n Prize, Silver Medal, Silver Cup, etc., with names and scores.

COMPETITION IV—SECOND DIVISION MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from each regiment or battalion of the Second Division of the National Guard, N. Y. S., upon the same condition as prescribed for the preceding match. Weapon, Remington Rifle, State model; distance, 200 and 500 yards; five shots each distance; position, 200 yards, standing; 500 yards, any position.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Sgt. Bunce, Sgt. Frothingham, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Capt. Lutz, Sgt. Battenhansen, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Pvt. Snyder, Pvt. Bayer, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like F. E. Holton, Pvt. Denslow, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Regt., Score at 200 yards, Total, Score at 500 yards, Total, Grand Tot. Lists names like Pvt. Corrie, A. Blixt, etc.

WINNERS.

Table listing winners for various prizes: State Div'n Prize, Woodward Prize, Silver Cup, etc., with names and scores.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

WE cannot but congratulate the National Rifle Association on the occasion of their second annual report, through their effective Secretary, Captain George W. Wingate, and with the thorough and comprehensive document before us we only regret that we have not space in our columns to reproduce the report in full, and are obliged to give but a brief resumé of it.

The Secretary gives in full detail the whole history of the organization, and speaks of the rapid advance made by American riflemen, especially the National Guards, at Creedmoor. In order to show the benefits that the Association seeks to develop, it makes the comparison between the shooting of the various regiments at the fall and spring competitions. [See FOREST AND STREAM of October 16th and of to-day.] In the 79th regiment, from an average of 7.9 at the first opening match, the shooting was increased to 21, an increase of 13.3 There has been no retrograde movement, all the regiments, in the short space of a few months, having improved. Of eight regiments who made an average of 9.6 at the opening match, the average at the October contest was 15.4, showing an increase or improvement of 5.8.

The following brief table, compiled from the Secretary's report, is interesting, showing the improvement in rifle practice of the various regiments at Creedmoor:—

Table with columns: Regiment, No of Men, Average per Man, Average per Man, Average Improvement, points. Lists regiments like 79th N. G., 19th N. G., etc.

The financial condition of the National Rifle Association

is quite good, though their expenses at the outset have been heavy. The Secretary hopes that the Association will receive during the coming year such financial aid from the State and local authorities as will enable them to carry forward to completion the erection of a suitable building and the other improvements mentioned in his report. They also hope to obtain the sanction of Congress in such a manner as to make the Association a national institution.

Captain Wingate states that one of the greatest needs upon the range is a building which can be used as a headquarters not only for the Association, but by the different organizations using the range. Several regiments, including the Seventh, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third, have applied for leave to erect a building for the accommodation of their members upon the range, and the Association has under consideration a general plan upon which permission will be granted to such regiments as are desirous of availing themselves of this privilege during the coming year.

The whole business of the Association seems to us to have been well and carefully managed, and to the efficient officers of the National Rifle Association, who have devoted an enormous amount of time and labor to furthering the interests of Creedmoor, are due the thanks of all citizen soldiers and sportsmen in the United States.

—LET US LOOK TO OUR MUTTON.—There is an excellent article and a suggestive one in the January number of the American Agriculturist in regard to our native races of sheep in which it is stated "that as a general rule the sheep we have imported hither from England have not been found to thrive." The same authority asserts, "that it would pay farmers to devote their attention to producing a class of sheep which would give a carcass of one hundred pounds without being overloaded with fat, instead of the wretched mutton which now mostly comes to market weighing about ten to twelve pounds or less per quarter." We fancy one of the great reasons why our mutton is poor and flavorless is that we are not mutton feeders, and that if the taste for the best and most wholesome food in the world does exist at all it is as yet but in a nascent condition. We can remember the time, and probably the same thing exists to-day, when though the farmer raised sheep which he butchered for market, he would not taste mutton himself. If asked the reason why, the agriculturist would reply, "Oh, because a sheep has wool on it." Oh, taste, prejudiced, depraved, ignorant of what is the rarest, and the juiciest, the best flavored meat! What visions we have of lordly saddles of mutton wheeled in in a dish which stood on a platform which went on rollers; and of the wonderful slices all ready and crisp which were cut for us at the "London" on the Strand; or of the delicate Pres Sallee, a sheep that crops, in northern Gaul, the delicate salt marsh grass, and makes minute mutton outlets, which are delectations and joys to eat! As agriculturists, we are as nothing and bow to the the judgment of authority we have cited, but as mutton gastronomists we wield a discriminating knife and fork. In regard to such matters, we always recall the expression of that intelligent Frenchman who restored the drooping spirits of an accomplished American gourmand by saying, "Ne desespérez pas, mon ami, do not despair, there is a glorious future in store yet for your country."

THE TORONTO SPORTING TIMES.—We thank our friend and brother editor of this "Canadian Gentleman's Journal" for his repeated kindly notices of the FOREST AND STREAM, and his efforts to circulate our paper among Canadians. We are glad that our sportsmen across the border have so able a representative as the Sporting Times, and appreciate the value of such a paper to us of the United States. We attach much importance to a free and unrestricted interchange of opinions, experience, and records, between the sportsmen of both sections, for thereby we can profit much. Though our interests are mutual, and should be reciprocal, we are by no means homogeneous in our qualities, characteristics, methods, and practices. The Canadians are of a hardier race than we, and wrought in a sterner and heavier mould. The greater severity of their climate and the size of the game they follow, compels the endurance of greater hardships by them than by us. The axe and the heavy setting pole, both wielded with a skill made perfect by continual necessity and practice, are as much a sine qua non in their outfit as are the rifle and hunting knife. Ours is a field for finesse, nice points, quick manœuvre, and dexterous play; theirs for hard knocks and deliberate daring. When we can learn to assimilate, or rather, to combine these qualities, we shall all be able to graduate with honor as sportsmen, and not before. To encourage a study of these correlative traits, we urge the fraternity on both sides of the line to avail themselves of the medium of interchange which our respective journals that are devoted to their interests afford. Gentlemen of the United States will do well to place the Sporting Times upon their files; and of course all Canadians will take the FOREST AND STREAM.

—There is a valley in Montana 5,000 feet above sea level, and north of the forty-sixth parallel of latitude, where snow never falls. Indians, trappers, and old settlers say snow was never yet seen on the ground in "Valley Eden." While snow falls to the depth of seven inches on the surrounding mountains and valleys, never an inch falls in this favored spot.

TRUE MERCHANT PRINCES.—The FOREST AND STREAM has had occasion to notice from time to time the individual efforts of the mercantile house of Cesar Godeffroy & Co., of

Hamburg, in regard to their naturalistic studies and researches. Emulating the Medici, who were not only the greatest of merchant princes, but learned in all things, and judicious collectors, the Messrs. Godeffroy, an extensive mercantile and shipping house, divide their attention between business and natural history. These merchants have for some years employed scientific men in various parts of the Pacific who have collected and prepared for them many unique specimens for their well known scientific institution, the "Museum Godeffroy." In this museum may be found that wonderful collection of birds which furnished the material for Doctors Finsch's and Hartlaub's "Birds of Central Polynesia," published some years ago. A work on the Polynesian fishes has just been issued, due to the same Godeffroy collection. The work is described to be one of the most perfect ichthyological monographs ever issued.

OBITUARY.—Died at Long Lake, Hamilton county, New York, on Wednesday, 17th ult., John D. Sabattis, for many years one of the most favorably known of the Adirondaek guides. A correspondent, who knew Sabattis better than we, although we knew him well, writes:—

"Sabattis had many friends among your subscribers and men who may have expected to secure his services as a guide in the future. He was a young man for whom I had great esteem, and with whom I have loitered many happy days among the mountains and on the lakes of the North Woods. Among the guides of my acquaintance he was the chief, and I cannot express too highly my appreciation of his qualities as a sportsman and guide, or the loss to his friends. He was a true sportsman, a conservator of the fish and game, and I fear that his influence and example will be greatly needed among the men who are killing off the game and fish along the Racquette for the markets."

—Future Australian travel will undoubtedly be undertaken with camels. The native Australian seems to have an instinctive dread of the camel, and supposes him to be a kangaroo of gigantic size, who is only too ready to make a leap of a hundred yards and to devour him. Indifferent as the Bushmen are to horses and cattle, they take to their heels on seeing a camel. Major Warburton, who has just started on an extended exploration into the interior of the Australian continent, has abandoned horses and taken with him sixteen of the vessels of Sahara. The camel would seem peculiarly adapted for travel in Australia, where water is scarce, and in many places the only things edible for stock are thorns and prickly shrubs.

Fish Culture.

—The extraordinary mild weather of the winter, we fear, will have caused the ova of trout and salmon to hatch prematurely, and the freshets to sweep off the eggs or cover them with silt to an extent that will destroy them. Even the minnows and "wrigglers," and all small fry generally, that cannot find refuge in lateral harbors and places of refuge, will be carried down stream and leave the larders of the grown fish empty. So that pisciculturists who, perchance, may not find their anticipations realized this season must not predicate their want of success upon the supposition of misapplied theories. In view of the efforts now being made by the United States Fish Commission to plant and acclimate Pacific salmon and other varieties of food and game fish in our Eastern waters, we regard the present meteorological conditions of earth, air, and water as extremely unfortunate.

By the way, and not exactly in this connection, observant anglers will notice how ravenously great trout rise to feed, just upon the subsidence of a freshet. It is of no use to waste time while the flood is rising, but try their voracity just upon the turn.

ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Anglers' Association held a meeting in Boston Thursday evening, January 8th, in Codman Hall, at which the President, Dr. John P. Ordway, occupied the chair.

The committee on the preservation of lobsters asked, and were granted, further time for their investigations.

The committee on spawning beds reported that smelts were in the market, and that they were of an inferior and sickly quality, and, as supposed, were received from Newburyport. The report of the committee also stated that it was suspected that the spawning beds had been seriously damaged by persons from Weymouth, and that fish had been sent here from Canada which were of an impure and unhealthy quality.

Messrs. Charles Stanwood, S. W. Hathaway, S. W. Hoovey, and J. H. C. Campbell were appointed a committee to look after the interests of the trout fisheries, it having been reported that some of our fish markets were offering for sale speckled trout which were unfit to eat, and should not have been taken.

After the election of several new members, the meeting went into executive session, which would probably result to the sorrow of the violators of the provisions of the smelt law, which reads:—"Whoever takes any smelts with a net of any kind, or in any other manner than by naturally or artificially baited hooks and hand lines, shall forfeit for each smelt so taken the sum of twenty-five cents," exception being provided for in the act in case these fish happen to be caught in instances when seining for herring, alewives, &c., is lawfully allowed.

THE AMERICAN FISH CULTURISTS ASSOCIATION.—The Third Annual Meeting of this Association will be held in New York, on Tuesday, February 10th, 1874, at the office of Mr. George Shepard Page, No. 10 Warren street.

Hon. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, has been invited to read a paper on his recent examination into the condition of the Coast Fisheries of New England; Charles G. Atkins, Esq., of Bucksport, Maine, special commissioner for the associated States, to read a paper on the collection of salmon ova and salmon hatching at Bucksport; Rev. Livingston Stone, of Charlestown, N. H., a paper on his recent experiments in the collection of salmon ova in California and the food fishes of the Pacific coast; Seth Green, of Rochester, N. Y., Fish Commissioner for the State of New York, on his recent experiments in the collection of the ova and hatching of the useful fishes; E. A. Braekett, Fish Commissioner for the State of Massachusetts, on fishways and to give an account of the fishway recently erected on the Connecticut river, at Holyoke, Mass.; Chan Laisun, of Springfield, Mass, commissioner on education from the Chinese government to the United States, to read a paper on fish culture in China; Rev. William Olcott, president of the Association, a paper on the "transmission of qualities in species," as related to fish. Hon. Horatio Seymour, Fish Commissioner for the State of New York; R. J. Pike, Fish Commissioner for the State of Connecticut; J. H. Slack, Fish Commissioner for the State of New Jersey, and James Worrall, Fish Commissioner for the State of Pennsylvania, have been invited to read papers on subjects of their own choosing. The reading of papers will be followed by a discussion of topics relating to Fish Culture. A full attendance of members is desired, and all others interested in the object of the meeting are cordially invited to attend. We shall print special reports and abstracts of the papers read.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 6, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I beg permission to enclose the accompanying letter to you for publication in your journal.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 6th, 1874.

HON. SPENCER F. BAIRD.

DEAR SIR.—The California salmon in my possession to the number of 35,000 were shipped from here by the 7 P. M. train on Friday, December 26th, 1873, in charge of Mr. Myron Green. I am now in receipt of a letter from Mr. Green saying that he arrived at Swanton, Vermont, the next morning at eight o'clock with the salmon in first-rate order. He then took the fish up the river in a wagon and placed them as follows:—The first lot was placed in the Missisquoi River, two miles above Swanton, where there was a coarse, gravelly bottom, with plenty of large boulders, the current running about two miles an hour. The second lot was placed in the Kelly Brook, which empties into the Missisquoi, two and a half miles from Highgate. The third lot was deposited in the main river near Highgate. The fourth lot was put into Hunkeford Brook, about a mile and a half from its mouth, above a cascade, which cuts off the ascent of pike and pickerel. This brook enters the Missisquoi River near Highgate.

The young salmon received were very lively and quite at home when placed in the water. The temperature of the river was about 38° F. Mr. Green writes that a good deal of interest was manifested in this movement of the salmon by people on the route, and I judge from his report that the expenditure was an entire success.

Yours, very truly,

LIVINGSTON STONE.

OSWEGO, January 5th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

In your paper of January 1st, "Fern Fly" takes exception to the proposed stocking of the Oswego River with salmon by Seth Green, and adds, "It is a dull, muddy stream, as little like a salmon river as a Jersey creek." Of course, "Fern Fly" writes at random, either knowing or caring not for the truthfulness of his statement.

If you will look upon the map of our State you will see that the Oswego is the outlet of the waters of Canandaigua, Crooked, Cayuga, Seneca, Owaseo, Skanneateles, and Oneida lakes, nearly all of the purest water, and were, until the Oswego was dammed for canal purposes, over forty years since, with their tributaries, the resort of shoals of the lordly salmon. With the clearing up of the forests about these lakes, in the mean time, these waters have become clearer, and are now more fit than then for the habitation of that fastidious fish, that loves not "dull, muddy streams." It is not for the fish that I take up the cudgel, as angling with fly or bait for salmon so far run from salt water would be out of the question, but I would not have the clear, rapid waters of our river doubly dammed to no purpose by a random shot.

The Oswego River falls one hundred and twenty feet in its course within twenty-four miles of its mouth, and is finely stocked with black bass, and its rapids furnish fine fly fishing for that gamesome fish all through the summer months. The black bass of which I write are the black bass of the great north lakes—the *Grystes nigricans*, as classified by Agassiz—and are a very different fish from the so-called black bass of the St. Johns River, which your Florida correspondents write of.

The bass of the St. Johns River are the *Grystes megastoma*, as described in his book on fish culture and fishing by Dr. Theodatus Garlick, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the truest and worthiest disciples of Isaac Walton. I, too, have cast my lines in the St. Johns and taken these fish, and

heard them called trout by the natives. They exceed double the size of the black bass, the head is much larger in proportion, and the mouth is enormous. This fish is found in many of the small lakes and ponds of the northern States, and it is no impediment to his thrift that the waters are warm and muddy, and his favor, of course, is marred by his bad habits.

To return for a moment to the river stocking question. "Fern Fly" asks, "Would not the Oswegatchie make a noble salmon river?" If "Fern Fly" would visit that river he would find it, from Gouverneur to the St. Lawrence, a black, dirty stream, its banks studded with tanneries and saw mills, and its waters fully stocked with pickerel and yellow pike.

J. E. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Pompano.	SOUTHERN WATERS.	Sheepshead.
Snapper.	Trout, (Black Bass.)	Tailorfish.
Groupers.	Drum, (two species.)	Sea Bass.
Rockfish.	Kingfish.	
	Striped Bass, Rockfish.	

ST. LAWRENCE SALMON FISHING.

JERSEY CITY, January 9th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find the score of the fishing at river Godbout during the years 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1871.

You will notice that the largest "catch" was made by Mr. Allan Gilmour in 1865, July 5th and July 10th, and I believe that this is the largest score ever made in the same number of hours. His heaviest day was July 10th, when he took 46 salmon weighing 426 pounds. He was at the pool a little after 6 o'clock in the morning and left a little after 7 o'clock in the evening. He told me he rested about an hour at noon for his luncheon. This would make about twelve hours of fishing and give an average of a salmon every fifteen minutes. Mr. G. is a splendid fisherman, and is one of the few salmon fishermen that I have met that I thought could perform the work and endure the physical strain of killing such a great number of fish. The Godbout is one of the finest rivers on the "north shore," and for scenery is just all you could imagine on a magnificent salmon river.

Wishing that every reader of your paper may enjoy it as much as I do, I am yours respectfully,

T. B. MORGAN.

We print a recapitulation of these scores; sorry we haven't space to print them in detail. We cannot question the accuracy of this statement, this catching of a salmon every fifteen minutes for twelve consecutive hours. Indeed, we have seen time averages just as extraordinary vouched for. But accepting the fact, we must deferentially acknowledge our own experience at fault and ourself willing to take odds against all comers.

Statement of Fishing on the River Godbout, Lower St. Lawrence, for Seven years.

1865—June and July, 24 days, four rods.

Rod 1.	Capt. Noble.	49 fish.	weight 488 lbs.
Rod 2.	Mr. Cross.	109 "	" 1059 lbs.
Rod 3.	A. Gilmour.	165 "	" 1567 lbs.
Rod 4.	James Law.	155 "	" 1551 lbs.
		478	4665

Average weight of fish over 9½ lbs.

1867—June and July, 33 days, four rods.

Rod 1.	A. Gilmour, Jr.	50 fish.	weight 517 lbs.
Rod 2.	A. Gilmour.	165 "	" 1778 lbs.
Rod 3.	James Law.	123 "	" 1125 lbs.
Rod 4.	Rev. Dr. Adamson.	89 "	" 1069 lbs.
		427	4669

Average weight of fish 11 lbs.

In addition to the above were caught a number of kelt, and about 500 grilse.

1868—June and July, 18 days, three rods.

Rod 1.	A. Gilmour.	113 fish.	weight 1297 lbs.
Rod 2.	A. Cross.	93 "	" 1084 lbs.
Rod 3.	W. M. Ramsay.	67 "	" 735 lbs.
		273	3116

Average weight of fish 11½ lbs.

1869—June and July, 31 days, four rods.

Rod 1.	A. Gilmour.	139 fish.	weight 1467 lbs.
Rod 2.	John Gilmour.	164 "	" 1806 lbs.
Rod 3.	John Gilmour, Jr.	125 "	" 1338 lbs.
Rod 4.	D. L.	87 "	" 882 lbs.
		515	5493

In addition to the above, about 35 Kelts (an unusual number) were caught during the first few days fishing—most of which (and when circumstances permitted) were returned to the water. Also, about 250 Sea Trout were taken while fishing for Salmon, of an average weight of 2½ to 3 lbs; and 7 Grilse.

In consequence of frequent and unusual heavy rains, the river, during the whole time, continued too high for good fishing, and in consequence a number of the best pools were so flooded as to prevent the fish from lying therein, or at least taking the fly as freely as in former seasons.

1870—June and July, 29 days, four rods.

Rod 1.	Dr. Campbell.	111 fish.	weight 1214 lbs.
Rod 2.	Alex Urquhart.	81 "	" 894 lbs.
Rod 3.	A. Gilmour.	106 "	" 1140 lbs.
Rod 4.	D. Law.	101 "	" 1100 lbs.
		399	4343

Average about 11 lbs.

On arriving at the river it was found to be unusually low and in consequence there was no fishing in the lower pools, which in ordinary seasons give the best sport at the beginning. During the whole time of fishing only a few light showers fell, so that the water continued to fall steadily, and by the middle of July it had become lower than ever before known to those now acquainted with the river. No kelt were caught this season.

1871—June and July, 30 days, five rods.

Rod 1.	A. Gilmour.	102 fish.	weight 1165 lbs.
Rod 2.	D. Law.	140 "	" 1602 lbs.
Rod 3.	A. Cross.	54 "	" 620 lbs.
Rod 4.	D. Gilmour.	120 "	" 1338 lbs.
Rod 5.	A. T. Paterson.	93 "	" 996 lbs.
		509	5721

Average weight of fish 11½ lbs.

Water very high all the time of fishing.

Now, if we investigate carefully, we find that these fish were taken in two principal pools; that the pools afforded ample sweep of rod and play of line; that the fish on the year in question, when the largest average was made, (1865,) were small and easily handled; and that very few strikes got into quick water. This will justify the statement and make the feat practicable. We are very nice on these points; we don't theorize, or conjecture, but always give

reasons for our opinions, and facts for assertions. The Godbout is a large river flowing with full volume, broken by rapids, and affording two magnificent pools a considerable distance above its mouth, and other minor pools which are but little thrashed.

Singular about those Kelts in June. Kelts, every angler ought to know, though few do, are spent fish—fish that have spawned, and ought, by good rights, to make a straight wake at once down stream to salt water, to find food, and recuperate after the fulfilment of nature's demands. What business had these salmon to spawn in June when the usual season is in August and September? We must observe, too, in this connection, that no Kelts have been taken since the thorough enforcement of the fishery laws of 1868. Now, did these salmon learn to anticipate the raids of netters and dippers by a month or two and so make their precious deposits before the fishing season commenced? We are perfectly aware, and do not need to be reminded, that runs of salmon of the same outcome and generation do not occur always at the same day or month, and that these Kelts may have been in advance of their sisters. But this argument holds no water against the fact of the non-appearance of early Kelt during the past four years. There are perhaps twenty experienced salmon-anglers in the United States and Canada, thoroughly informed but seldom heard from in print, who will condescend to throw some light on this problem.

We wish all our readers, especially those in Great Britain, of whom we have some sees, to bear in mind that the St. Lawrence (Province of Quebec) fishing is at least three months later than the fishing in western Nova Scotia. In the locality last named, the salmon begin to run in February, or as soon as the ice breaks up, and fly fishing in March with the line frozen so stiff that it will scarcely render, is not unusual, or the result by any means insignificant. July Kelts in these rivers are not a wonderful phenomenon.

—*La Chasse Illustrée* states that in a pond near the Castle of Arras a gardener caught a carp having just behind the fins two rings of gold, joined together, and on them was inscribed "Isaure de Berville, 1704." This case of age of of the carp seems well authenticated.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		CHARLSTON	
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Jan. 15	9 25	6 11	5 25	5 25		
Jan. 16	10 24	7 9	6 24	6 24		
Jan. 17	11 18	8 2	7 18	7 18		
Jan. 18	morn.	8 55	8 10	8 10		
Jan. 19	0 10	9 46	9 1	9 1		
Jan. 20	1 1	10 32	9 48	9 48		
Jan. 21	1 48	11 16	10 34	10 34		

—The New York Yacht Club will hold its annual meeting at the Club House, corner of Madison avenue and 27th Street, on February 5th, for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The report of the Committee on the Classification of Yachts will be read at this meeting.

—The Brooklyn Yacht Club will hold its annual meeting on Wednesday the 28th, at their Club Rooms, Court street, Brooklyn. The Secretary, Mr. William F. Lee, has received from the owners of the following yachts, now building at Rye, N. Y., the dimensions of the yachts that will be added to the fleet of the Club:—Sloop, owned by Mr. Daniel Edgar, Jr., of New Rochelle—length over all, 67 feet; length on water line, 61 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 6 feet 6 inches; tonnage, 82 tons. Sloop, owned by Mr. William Edgar Morris, of New Rochelle—length on deck, 47 feet; length on water line, 43 feet; breadth of beam, 15 feet; tonnage, 31 tons.

—The Seawanhaka Yacht Club at a recent meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—Commodore, William L. Swan; Vice Commodore, James W. Beckman, Jr.; Secretary, Frederic D. P. Foster; Treasurer, B. L. Swan; Measurer, F. G. Foster; Chaplain, Rev. William Irvin; Surgeon, James R. Wood. The annexed yachts were added to the fleet of the Club:—Schooners Ariel, Commodore William L. Swan; Idler, J. S. Colgate; Peerless, J. R. Maxwell; Triton, G. A. Thayer. Cabin sloops—Alert, Henry Vail; Christine, S. P. Blagden; Au Revoir, J. E. Roosevelt. Open sloops—Cruiser, C. Lee; Ripple, C. M. Schefflein; Electra, W. B. Simmonds.

—The annual Convention of the "Rowing Association of American Colleges" will hold its annual session at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, January 21st. The great interest taken by all parties in College Aquatics, is shown by the addition of three more entries, Princeton, Rutgers and the Chicago University, making in all sixteen representative college boating men to decide the all-important question, "On what water shall we hold the next College Regatta?" Taking every matter into consideration, and the strong and influential inducements held out by the Saratoga Rowing Association, (which were conscientiously carried out last year), such as transporting boats and crews from the railroad depot to the Lake, a standard price for carriage hire and board, building a grand stand, with free admission for the friends of the students, also boat houses for the crews; in fact the willingness on the part of the Saratoga Association to carry out any suggestions for the safety, comfort and success of the next Great College Regatta, we therefore hope that the Rowing Association of American Colleges will decide on Wednesday next, that the ensuing College Regatta will take place on that beautiful and admirably well adapted water for rowing contests, the Lake of Saratoga.

PHILADELPHIA BOAT CLUBS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The representative of the FOREST AND STREAM was very courteously received by W. R. Tucker, Vice Commodore of the Schuylkill navy, and escorted through the different boat houses, and kindly invited to take a row in one of their many beautiful pleasure barges. This unexpected kindness was immediately acted upon. The water was smooth as a mill pond, the day (January 8) being unusually mild, and the row was a most pleasant one.

The Schuylkill Navy held their annual meeting January 5th, on which occasion the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the present year:

Commodore, James M. Ferguson, Quaker City Club.
Vice Commodore, John Hockly, Jr., Undine Club.
Secretary and Treasurer, Jonathan Gillingham, No. 10 Walnut st., Undine Club.

Official Log Keeper, W. R. Tucker, Undine Club.
The Schuylkill Navy is composed to-day of the following clubs:

Undine, 80 members, 14 boats.
University, 128 members, 8 boats.
Crescent, 66 members, 13 boats.
Philadelphia, 53 members, 8 boats.
West Philadelphia, 88 members, 12 boats.
Pennsylvania, 38 members, 9 boats.
Malta, 55 members, 6 boats.
Quaker City, 42 members, 9 boats.

Making in all, on the 1st of July, 1873, the handsome aggregate of 550 members, with a fleet of 79 boats. Of this navy 44 are shells, 27 gigs, and 8 barges. Outside of the navy are the following clubs:

The Bachelor Club, the oldest club in Philadelphia, organized in 1853, with 53 members and 8 boats.

Vesper, 57 members, 10 boats.
Pacific, 21 members, 3 boats.
College, 27 members, 3 boats.

Making in all 150 members and 24 boats, or a grand total in Philadelphia of 709 members and 103 boats.

All these clubs have their boat houses, with the exception of the West Philadelphia, situated at the foot of Lemon Hill in Fairmount Park, and their elegance and tasteful style of construction add no little to the beauty of the spot. These boat houses cost about \$10,000 each on an average, are built of stone in a most substantial manner, and are generally occupied by two clubs; the exceptions are the Undine and Bachelor Clubs, who each own their own houses. The interior construction of these boat houses is on a par with their outside elegance, every arrangement being found in them for the accommodation of the members. They have bathing houses attached to them, reception and withdrawing rooms, the boats being housed in the lower part of the building, with floats in front for launching and taking in the boats.

The course from the boat houses to the Falls of the Schuylkill river is three and a half miles. From the peculiarity of the river, the water is seldom lumpy and rarely is ever unfit for boating exercise. Most of the course, or a great deal of it, being within the Park property, exercise in shells or in the boats can be taken without fear of interruption. There is a very slight current always running down caused by the falls, but its influence on the river and on the time of the boats is quite insignificant.

The racing season of 1873 opened with the regatta of the Quaker City Club on May 10th. The next race was between the eight-oared shells of the Crescent Club and the six-oared shells of the Bachelors, won by the Crescents; distance, 2½ miles; time, 16:30. The spring regatta of the navy was held June 14th. The single shell race being a foul, was ordered to be rowed over again. The four-oared shell race was won by the Vesper Club, who pulled by invitation in the regatta. Distance, 3 miles; time 19:24 minutes. The six oared barge race was won by the Pennsylvania Club. 3 miles, time, 21:15 minutes. Four-oared gig race was won by Pennsylvania; 3 miles; time 20:44. All these races were timing races; average time for winning boats during the regatta: four-oared shell, 6:28; four-oared gigs, 6:41½; six-oared barges, 7:05; single shells, 7:36. The single shell race which had been ordered to be pulled over was won by John Lavens, of the Pennsylvania Club; time 22:25. Distance, 3 miles.

On August 9th a single shell race between four competitors was won by Jas. B. Mings of the Vesper; time, 17:30; distance, 2 miles and 1,400 feet. Six oared race took place August 30, between three six-oared barges; won by the Pennsylvania Club; time, 18:25; distance, 2 miles and 2,800 feet. On September 13 the Navy held their full review. Fifteen boats appeared on the course. Oct. 25th between double scull gig of College Club, and a pair oar shell of the University; won by the former; distance, 1½ miles, straight away; time, 9:20. On Monday, 27, the Club boats of the Malta; also the Crescent Club regatta on the same day.

The following interesting statistics of the Undine Club for the year 1873 will astonish some of our readers: They rowed 695 times; 3,665 miles; greatest number of miles were rowed by J. Gillingham, being 1,083 miles. The club rowed on 212 days in the year. On account of want of a crew or bad weather, the club did not row on 39 days; the rowing was closed by ice 62 days; and on Sundays when the club do not row, making it 52 days, comprises the extent of the year's work.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—A regular meeting of this Club was held at their Club House at City Point, South Boston, Wednesday evening, the 7th instant, at which the

following named officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Commodore, J. N. Roberts; Vice Commodore, H. J. McKee; Fleet Captain, J. A. Woodward; Measurer, J. Winniatt; Recording Secretary, E. Hatch, Jr.; Financial Secretary, John Monks; Treasurer, Thomas Christian; Trustees, G. G. Morris, W. H. Lafield, J. Stewart. The meeting, which was very large and enthusiastic, adopted a series of resolutions, to be sent to the family of the late A. P. Holbrook, a deceased member, and a vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring Commodore, F. S. Wright, and his associate officers. Before vacating his chair, Commodore Wright made a few appropriate remarks, concluding by inviting the members to partake of one of his superior ehowders. Songs and stories wound up the pleasures of the evening. The Club is in a very thriving and healthy condition. Over twenty new yachts have been added to the list. They propose to celebrate their sixth anniversary at the next meeting, which takes place February 6th. Capt. Roberts, the new Commodore, is well known among yachtsmen, and it is believed, will make an efficient and popular officer.

—GEORGE BROWN'S CHALLENGE.—This challenge was received too late for our last issue:

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 5, 1874.

The challenge of John Biglin, of New York, telegraphed here to-day, I accept, and row at Springfield, Mass., in June; or I will row any oarsmen in America a five mile race, with turn, in best-and-best boats, for any sum not less than \$2,000, on either the Charles river, Springfield, or the Kennebecasis. This challenge to remain open for one month from this date, and the race to take place sometime during the month of June, 1874. Any party accepting this challenge will please deposit the sum of \$500 with either W. L. Lowell & Co., Exchange Broker, Halifax, N. S., or Judge Jackson, American Consul at this place, which will be immediately covered. Each party to pay his own expenses. Yours, respectfully,
GEORGE BROWN.

—An ice-floe would not be ordinarily chosen for lake navigation in preference to a sail-boat, but a recent occurrence near East Saginaw shows that it may be very much safer. Two young men who went out fishing the last day of the year were carried away on an ice-eake, and after several days' absence, were given up as lost. A party of six men started out last Monday in search of them. On Tuesday, the two lost fishermen came to shore, worn out with six days' fasting and suffering, but alive. On Wednesday the boat in which their would-be rescuers had departed was found bottom-up near the shore, and there is no doubt that the six men have been drowned.—*Chicago Tribune*, 8th.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR JANUARY.

Moose, *Alces Malchis.* Caribou, *Tarandus Rangifer.*
Elk or Wapiti, *Cervus Canadensis.* Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey. All kinds of Wild Fowl.

FOR FLORIDA.

Red Deer, *Caracus Virginianus.* Wild Turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo.*
Woodcock, *Philohela minor.* Quail, *Ortyx Virginianus.*
Snipe, Plover, Curlew, etc., in great variety.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—On Tuesday evening last, the 13th of January, the annual meeting of the New York Association for the Preservation of Game was held at the residence of B. L. Swan, Jr., Esq, Royal Phelps presiding. The meeting was a full one, and of the most satisfactory character, and the society may with just pride point to the great advance made, through their instrumentality, in regard to the preservation of game, not only in New York, but throughout the whole country. The Committee on the revision of the game laws, reported in favor of petitioning the Legislature to restore that portion of the law of 1871, prohibiting the killing of deer on Long Island for the next five years, which important measure has been frequently advocated in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Recorder Hackett urged strongly the importance of this measure, and the report of the Committee was unanimously approved. The account of the Treasurer showed the funds of the Association, notwithstanding it has been plaintiff in many cases, to be in good condition, there being some \$2,800 on hand. Mr. A. C. Post was elected a member of the Association. Mr. Haggerty spoke very much to the point when calling the attention of the Association to the choking up of the streams in the Adirondaek region by felling timber, and the ruthless waste going on there. The counsel of the club, C. E. Whitehead, Esq., reported the progress made in different suits brought by the Association. The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Royal Phelps; Vice President, R. B. Roosevelt; Secretary and Treasurer, W. J. Hays; Counsel, Charles E. Whitehead, Executive Committee, Dr. J. H. Gautier, Clinton Gilbert and D. H. Haight.

—There are a great many right and left snap shots and capital statuettes on a runway who don't know much more of the haunts and habits of their game than they do of crochet work or knitting. They have an intelligent bush-beater who knows the lay of the coveys, a dog with a good nose and well broken, a splendid pair of barrels, and a keen eye and quick trigger. The guide leads up to the hunting ground, then the dog takes the van and attends to business, and when his tail gets stiff a bird rises, the gun drops him neatly, the attendant marks him down, the dog retrieves, and the gunner puts him exultingly to bag. Precisely the

PORTLAND, ME., Jan. 9, 1874.

same on a runway. The guide who has previously tracked the deer or knows his habitat, puts out the hound, which runs the deer to water, or to cover by secluded or well known by-paths, and the sure aim of the practiced marksman brings the game to grass. Now, so far as the requirements of this sportsman go, all is well; but his education is anything but complete. He has actually begun at the finishing school instead of the rudiments. Perhaps these sharp shooters will consent to a few words of instruction from a gentleman who knew Bob White when he was a boy—we mean when the gentleman was a boy. "Bob White" is the vernacular for quail, you know:

In fair weather, his favorite feeding ground is on the wheat stubble, especially if it be grown up with "rag weeds," and generally not far from a brook or slough, if there be one in the field. During the middle of the day quail will be found along the fences of the stubble fields, if there be blackberry or other bushes for cover; also on newly cleared land that has never been cultivated. In rainy weather they take to the bushes and remain there all day, and if possible elude pursuit by running. Frequently the sportsman has to follow a covey for a quarter of a mile before he can get near enough to flush them. Also, in snowy weather they go to the timber, but in a day or two after the storm come back to the fields again. After there has been sunshine sufficient to melt the snow from the northern banks of the brooks, if the weather turn cold and clear, every covey that rises in that vicinity will be found sunning themselves on the banks which are bare of snow. We recently found four large coveys within as many hundred yards along a small brook, when on ordinary occasions that would be considered a good half day's find. When a covey has been flushed and gone down, if there be thick weeds or grass they will hide at once and are easily found by the dog. If they come down near piles of brush they are almost sure to run into them, but a kick or two will generally get them out. If they fly to thick bushes they will probably run together, and get away as fast as they can run, and it is a singular fact that a dog which had no difficulty in trailing them before they were put up will be totally unable to do it now, and so it is useless to follow them unless there is snow, and even then it is doubtful if you get a shot, for they will travel faster through the brush than you can follow. Possibly it is generally known to sportsmen that quails will double under such circumstances like a hare, but this trait has been noted repeatedly. We have also noticed that a dog can smell but very little when the weather is cold and the ground covered with fine dry snow. In fact a dog is at a disadvantage, if not thoroughly broke. If a covey be flushed, and on coming down one of them gives a call or two, you may look for them to fly again almost immediately. They occasionally do this when they happen to come down where the cover does not suit them. In the early part of the season one can frequently learn where the scattered ones are by imitating their call, which every one can do with a little practice. Later in the season this will not succeed till near sundown. In Florida the quail are more frequently found in gardens or clearings along the borders of palmetto scrub. If the garden or field be fenced, let the dog and one gunner take the field, and another gunner work the outside taking the birds as they fly over into the scrub. Once in this cover they are safe, for neither dog, man, nor double-plated packydermata can follow them.

—The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was held on Tuesday evening last, the 13th January, at the First Division Rendezvous, West Thirteenth street. An abstract of the report of the Secretary will be found in our columns. As we are going to press, it is too late to give details of election, which we will publish in our next number.

—Our attentive Philadelphia correspondent, "Homo," mentions among the "signs of the times," and as an illustration of our remarkably open and mild winter, that Leonard Wren killed an English snipe on the Repoplar meadows on Christmas day—a large, strong bird. Dick Wood and George Morris, two of our Delaware River pushers, put up two rail while hunting for snappers last week on Tinnicum Island. Suckers are running up the Schuylkill, and the net fishermen are "scooping them" at Fairmount Dam. Jessamines are in blossom in West Philadelphia, and there is no end of wonders. I heard from one of the Philadelphia Sportsman's Club that a friend of his had gone to our "neck" meadows to pick up a few snipe, and really expected to find them.

—An Iowa correspondent tells of a remarkable feat in quail shooting one Sunday morning, when a Mr. H. Armfield, of Redfield, Iowa, observed four pinnated grouse come down in a grass plot in front of his house. Taking his gun he put them up, killing two with his first and one with the second barrel; the fourth flew directly over his head and was killed by a blow from his gun. The affair was witnessed by more than twenty people who were on their way to church.

—The prospect for game in Iowa next year is remarkably good, there being an abundance of grouse and quail at the close of the season, and a very mild winter so far. "Chicken" shooting does not commence in that State till the first of September hereafter.

CONLIN'S RIFLE AND PISTOL TOURNAMENT.—The entries for the different prizes at Conlin's rifle gallery exceeded by far the expectation of the proprietor. The novelty is the attraction in the shooting. It consists in firing at a bullet three-quarters of an inch in diameter, suspended from the ceiling by a string. A member of Mr. Conlin's gallery hit

the bullet seven times in succession, and then was politely asked to drop the bullet by cutting the string with his rifle ball. He stood rifle in hand, and at the word "one" cut the string, the bullet falling on the ground. This is no trick, but simply good nerve, accurate aim, and steady eye. We shall publish a list of winners, with the marks of accuracy.

—The New Jersey Sportsmen's Club held a grand pigeon shoot on their grounds, Sea View Track, at New Dorp, S. I., on January 12th. The wind was very unfavorable for making great scores. The birds were the best of the kind ever sprung from a trap. The members and friends of the Association turned out in goodly numbers, and the sports passed off pleasantly, notwithstanding that a gale of wind prevailed nearly all the afternoon. All matches to be governed by the New Jersey Shooting Club rules. The first match was for the Diamond Badge at 25 single birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1½ oz. of shot, between the present holders G. Watson and W. A. Dunlap.

DIAMOND BADGE MATCH.

	In succession.	Killed.
W. A. Dunlap.....	5	14
G. Watson.....	6	14

TIES AT 26 YARDS, 5 BIRDS EACH.

	In succession.	Killed.
W. A. Dunlap.....	2	4
G. Watson.....	2	2

The second match was for a Handicap silver cup, 5 birds each, 1½ oz. shot, same conditions.

	In succession.	Killed.
J. Tyson.....23 yards.....	3	4
E. H. Shorb.....23 yards.....	3	3
W. Hughes.....23 yards.....	2	3
C. Townsend.....24 yards.....	2	2
D. Kelley.....23 yards.....	0	2
G. H. Wild.....23 yards.....	0	1

The third match was a Sweepstakes at 5 birds each, \$2 entrance, same conditions.

	In succession.	Killed.
W. Dunlap.....	5	5
G. Wild.....	3	4
C. Townsend.....	2	1
D. Kelley.....	4	4
J. Tyson.....	2	4
H. Warren.....	2	3
E. H. Shorb.....	2	2
J. P. Felker.....	2	2
W. McFall.....	0	2
J. S. Conover.....	0	2
W. Hughes.....	2	2

TIES AT THREE BIRDS EACH.

	In succession.	Killed.
C. Townsend.....	3	3
J. Tyson.....	3	3
D. Kelley.....	2	2
G. Wild.....	0	1
A. Hughes.....	0	1

C. Townsend and J. Tyson divided the sweepstakes. The fourth match was a Sweepstakes, 3 birds each, \$5 entrance, same conditions.

	In succession.	Killed.
J. P. Felker.....	3	3
W. Hughes.....	2	2
G. Wild.....	0	1
E. H. Shorb.....	0	1

Messrs. J. P. Felker and D. Blake acted as referees during the matches. We take pleasure in complimenting the New Jersey Sportsmen's Club for the fair and creditable manner in which the sports were conducted.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

DEAR SIR:—I send you by to-day's mail the result of the tie between Derrick and Mills at the match on December 29, 1873, and a statement of another match for a Remington gun which took place yesterday. Derrick and Mills shot at ten birds at twenty-five yards rise and tied again, each killing seven; they then shot at five birds at thirty yards rise, Derrick killing four to Mills' three.

In the match yesterday Mayhew and Locraft tied and shot off at four birds. Locraft killed his first two, missed his third, and the cap snapped on the gun at the fourth, making another tie, Mayhew having killed his two last birds. There being no more birds on the ground, the tie will be shot off at some future day.

Col. C. M. Alexander was referee, and C. S. Wheeler and T. Taylor Page were judges. F. O'Brien attended to the loading.

The average of the shooters in this match shows no improvement since the previous one. Another match is being made up.

The following are the scores:

Locraft—1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—8.
Rives—0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1—3.
Benjamin—0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—7.
Mayhew—1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0—8.
Barker—0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—5.
Wandel—0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—7.
Williams—1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0—7.
Derrick—0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0—6.
Jones—1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 1—5.
Gittings—0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1—6.
O'Neal—0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1—3.
Ferguson—1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0—5.

TIES.

Locraft—1 1 0 0—2
Mayhew—0 1 1—2.
25 yards:
Derrick—1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0—7.
Mills—1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0—7.
30 yards:
Derrick—1 0 1 1 1—4.
Mills—0 0 1 1 1—3.

Here are some of the scores made by the Irish teams We select only the best:
 At 800 yards.....Private Young.....3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 4—55
 At 900 yards.....Private Millner.....3 4 4 3 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 3 3—54
 At 1,000 yards.....Private Wilson.....3 2 4 4 4 4 2 4 4 2 4 4 4—53
 The highest aggregate was made by Young with 156, as follows: At 800 yards, 55; at 900 yards, 49; at 1,000 yards, 52.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The annual meeting of the Forest City Shooting Club was held Thursday, January 8, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Jonas Hamilton; vice president, Lewis Thompson, Jr.; secretary, Frank W. Smith; treasurer, Frank Merrill; executive officer, Roscoe G. Hall.

The secretary's report shows a membership of fifty-six, seventeen having joined during the year. The sporting record has been very good this year, a larger than usual amount of game having been reported bagged, while in trap shooting the scores are very fair, when it is taken into account that of the three recorded club matches one was held in a driving rain storm, and another in an equally bad snow storm. A synopsis of the scores was presented as follows:

Whole number of birds trapped, 685.
 Whole number killed at score, 414.
 Whole number not scored, 217.

	Hit.	Miss.
Best score was Nov. 29th.....	160	to 86
Poorest score was made Nov. 18th.....	134	to 114
Best average at single shoots.....	6	to 0
Best average at double shoots.....	27	to 7
Best average at three shoots.....	35	to 7
Poorest average at one shoot.....	1	to 5
Poorest average at two shoots.....	9	to 11
Poorest average at three shoots.....	19	to 26

At gyro shooting, (one match,) the score was 110 hits, 42 misses; best score, 8 hits, 0 misses; poorest score, 3 hits, 5 misses.

Scattered as the members of the club are through different sections of Maine and New Hampshire, they have a large tract of country over which to obtain specimens of the different birds and beasts most sought after by the sportsman, and it is the purpose of the club to form a collection of such a description, at which, in fact, a small beginning has already been made. One of the great objects of the club is, of course, the preservation of game, and in our contest with the active hostility of the so-called "pot hunters" on the one hand, and the utter indifference of a majority of our citizens on the other, we look for much aid and moral support from our brother sportsmen in other States, who must, from our position among the breeding places of the wood duck, snipe, and woodcock, reap the greatest benefits from our success, and suffer in loss of game should we fail to break up the traffic in unseasonable flight birds, our State laws being almost a dead letter so far as any practical enforcement is concerned. S.

"VANITY FAIR TOBACCO."—We have received from Messrs. Kimball & Co., of Rochester, New York, very choice specimens of smoking and chewing tobacco, including the celebrated brands styled, "Peerless" and "Vanity Fair." We can appreciate the value of a "good smoke" as well as anybody, and in camp, afield, or in cosy quarters at home, the beneficent pipe whose heart is aglow is to us ever a solace and joy. As for the chewing tobacco, the chewers must speak for themselves. We don't use it, but we have heard an old hunter say that it couldn't be surpassed—he would "rather have it than a good meal of vittles." On one occasion, out on the plains, we happened to come across a couple of Mexican "greasers," who had nothing to eat for a week, and were nearly famished. "Have something to eat—some bull beef and hard tack?" we asked in pitying sympathy of their condition. "No—no, tobacco—tobacco!" they cried, though scarcely able to stand from exhaustion, and with a mouthful of the weed they at once proceeded to appease their appetite. We ourselves have experienced the cravings that resulted from a tobacco famine in wilderness regions, and it is by this token that we are induced to waive our dislike for editorial puffing, and to declare that the packages sent us, especially of the Peerless, are the *ne plus ultra* of consolers for the true sportsman or any other man who uses the weed. The name selected by the company for their manufacture is a very happy one, and if they keep the quality up to the present standard the old candidates for popular favor will have to look to their laurels. The "Peerless" is meeting with the endorsement of connoisseurs abroad, as well as in this country, as will be seen by a card in our advertising columns.

One of our advertising patrons, quite unsolicited on our part, writes to us: "By all means I will continue the advertisement. It is due to you to say that the advertisement of my business in the FOREST AND STREAM has done me a great deal of good. I am receiving every day letters and selling and sending goods away, on that advertisement, to all parts of the United States."

A curious page is added to anthropology by Lieutenant Colonel Marshall's book on the Tudas, a pastoral hill tribe of southern India. It seems that Tuda society is simply held together by the strength of family affection. Colonel Marshall states that the Tudas "are a quiet, undemonstrative, but intensely domestic people—domestic in the wider sense of viewing the entire family, to the last cousin, much as one household, in which every one is everywhere entirely at home; each one assists in the easy progressive task of emptying his neighbor's larder; no one exerting himself by one fraction to raise the family." This is indeed socialism of the most progressive character, and is well worthy of the attention of utopian philosophers. A sad portion of the history of this happy family is that children, being troublesome and disturbing elements in their domestic happiness, are generally put out of the way.

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. We especially desire to make the FOREST AND STREAM the recognized medium of communication between amateurs and professional sportsmen. All of us have something to impart, which if made available to each other, will in time render us proficient in all those several branches of physical culture which are absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individual men and as a nation. A practical knowledge of natural history must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman. It is not sufficient that a man should be able to knock over his birds dexterously right and left, or cast an infallible fly. He must learn by study and experience the haunts and habits of the game or fish he seeks. If he depend altogether upon his dog's nose, or upon his henchmen, he will some day have to retire from the field in mortification and disgrace. Therefore it is that we shall study to give practical instruction in the most attractive departments of natural history. We shall not forget the technicalities of the craft either, but take pleasure in designating the best localities for hunting and fishing, outfits, implements, remedies, routes, distances, breeds of dogs, &c. Each number will contain a paper descriptive of a particular animal, bird, or fish, with some instruction as to its habits, haunts and mode of capture, and the period when it is in season. We have arranged to receive regular weekly reports of the fishing and shooting in various parts of the country.

Yachting and boating will be encouraged, and yacht news be made an especial feature of the paper. A reasonable space will be given to athletic sports and those out-door games in which ladies can participate. In a word, every description of game that is in vogue among respectable people, and of value as a health-giving agent or recreative amusement, will be considered and its practice encouraged. Nothing that demoralizes or brutalizes, nothing that is regarded as "sport" by that low order of beings who, in their instincts are but a grade higher than the creatures they train to amuse them, will find favor in these columns.

To horse news we shall devote some space, giving a record of leading races and meetings and current events, but we shall not make it a feature of this journal. We leave this department to others, much more competent than ourselves, who are recognized throughout the country as exponents of the turf, and as authority in stock, pedigree and kind. We yield to no one, however, in our love and appreciation of the horse and his estimable qualities. The noblest of all animals, and the companion alike of men of high and low degree, he has never become contaminated by the moral atmosphere by which he is often surrounded, or degraded below the high rank to which his attributes entitle and assign him.

To the forest, lawn and garden we assign full place. For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy—even our supply of drinking water is threatened, from the depletion of our timberlands by fire and axe. It is but proper to state here that the gentleman in charge of this department is the well-known "Olipod Quill," who was connected with the 'Agriculturist' newspaper from the start, and a co-laborer with the lamented Downing for many years. Much valuable information will be found in this department.

Our military department is intended to comprise merely a weekly summary of news for officers and soldiers upon the frontier—such news as the castaways would enjoy to receive in a "letter from home;" and we trust that many of them will be inclined to send us in return some account of their hairbreadth experiences among the Indians, the buffaloes, the grizzlies and the antelopes. We of the East are not thoroughly familiar with the varied species of game in the far Northwest, and would like to receive full information especially of the numerous Cervus family and of the Rocky Mountain sheep. This department is under the charge of a distinguished army officer.

Our dramatic and art column will be prepared by Colonel T. B. Thorpe, and must at once become popular with all our readers who are interested in these matters. We shall occupy an independent position and throw our efforts in behalf of competent reform. We shall perhaps even clamor for it.

Our columns will always contain the cream of the latest foreign sporting news.

In a word, we are prepared to print a live paper and a useful one. We shall not be parsimonious in securing the best material for its columns. We are convinced that there is a standard of eminence and usefulness not yet fully attained by any sporting journals in this country. To this we aspire. It will be our ambition to excel; and we have relinquished a life of ease and semi-indolence to take charge of the enterprise. This not of our own free choice, but at the solicitation of many hundreds of friends and strangers. We are ably assisted in our labors by a corps of valuable associates—men of age and experience, all of whom, with single exception, have been identified with leading journals for years.

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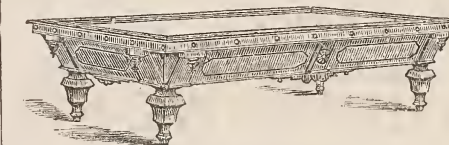
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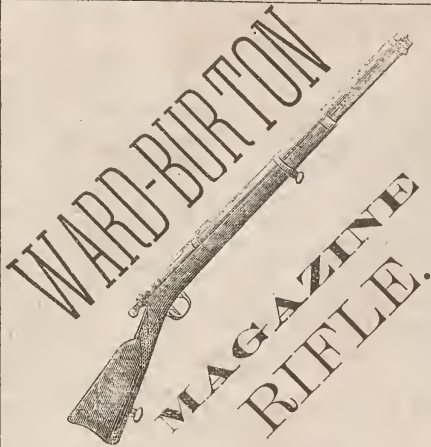
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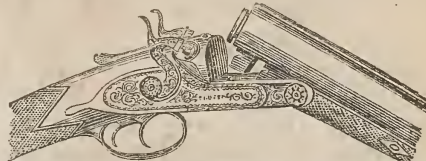
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103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.

A FORECASTLE YARN.

BY MARTINGALE BOESTAY.

IT is of the good yacht "Nonesuch"
I'm going for to tell,
And the peculiar circumstance
That unto her befell:

'Twas about a dozen years ago,
Or mayhap a trifle more,
That craft swung to her anchor,
Off the Staten Island shore.

Her owner was Dick Flasher.
Of a social habit stock,
One of the old three bottle men,
A "chip of the old block;"
A good bit willful, in his way,
Ah! wouldn't he carry sail!
When 'twas greasy up to windward,
And blowing half a gale.

The season for the races
Had started up the gents,
And daily the excitement
Was a getting more intense;
For every jaunty skipper
Had his touching up to do,
To be ship-shape, and a taunto,
For the day of roudy-woo.

Well, the Nonesuch was as rakish
As a Yankee privateer;
A gently swelling water line,
Clean run, and easy sheer.
Her masts were tall and taper;
Her cable had a spring,
And she sat just like a sea-bird,
All ready to take wing.

'Twas a pleasant summer evening,
In the balmy month of June,
When all the bay was dancing
In the glimmer of the moon;
The owner had a jolly crowd
Of friends aboard that night.
And the champagne corks were poppin',
While the boys were getting tight.

'Twas then that Flasher struck his fist
Upon the capstan head,
Swaying about upon his pins,
As "eight bells" struck he said:
That by the "Flying Dutchman,"
He was bound the cup to win;
Or, once outside of Sandy Hook,
He never would come in.

Well, sir, if you'll believe me,
When the spurt came off next day,
One schooner was a missing
That started down the bay;
The wind was from the south'ard,
And the fog rolled in from sea,
And everybody wondered
Where the Flasher boat could be.

With spy-glass at the Highlands,
Dick's friends did watch for him,
Until they all did specify
That he had "doused his glim;"
And when the wind was piping,
Or the weather growing thick,
They drank unto his memory,
In "Green-seal" bought on tick.

At last arrived a fishing-smack,
One of the down East sort,
Whose captain said he met a yacht,
That asked him to report;
Her name it was the Nonesuch,
She was crowding on all sail,
Chasing another clipper,
That was scudding with the gale.

The sails were torn and dingy,
That once were white and new,
The taper masts were badly sprung,
The sheer was not so true;
Her gray-haired crew in tattered rig,
Looked wistfully ahead,
And the champagne corks were poppin',
As the stranger onward sped.

You see, the "Flying Dutchman"
Had chanced to come ashore,
And noted in his log-book,
The oath that Flasher swore.
So ever since, in gale and fog,
The race goes round about;
But Dick is bound to win it,
If the liquor don't give out."

Summer Sports in Canada.

Pêche à Malcolm—ON THE NORTH ST. ANNS.

ON my return from *Belle Truite* I paid Charlo in full and made arrangements with him by which he was to hold himself in readiness to accompany me to *Pêche à Malcolm*, on the North St. Anns, a trip I had long contemplated, while I went into Quebec to replenish my sadly depleted stock of flies and tackle.

On my return I met Mr. Charlo staggering along the road most gloriously drunk. He had taken advantage of my absence and wended his way to the settlement and there exchanged his earnings for David's high wines. To all my abuse, he only replied with a drunken laugh, snapping his fingers and attempting to perform a pirouette, which, to my no small delight, landed him in the ditch beside the road, on his back, where I should have allowed him to remain had not Charley Wolff, through a sympathetic feeling perhaps, helped him out and bundled him, head foremost, into the cart.

These Indians are unreliable dogs when within five miles of whisky, though trustworthy enough in the bush and good guides and camp men.

The sportsman visiting this region for the first time, unless ambitious of penetrating far into the wilderness, would do well to procure the services, as guides, of some of the old settlers, many of whom are familiar with the good hunting and fishing grounds in the closer proximity of the settlements. George Neil, of Valcartier, is considered by the many Quebec gentlemen who employ him to be the prince of hunters and good fellows, and the fact remains unchallenged. His charges are, I believe, one dollar per diem and board.

For distant journeys, an Indian guide is indispensable, owing to their superior knowledge of woodcraft and the interior of the country. The sportsman, in the latter instance, must come prepared to do battle with those pests of the wilderness—the black flies, and to suffer some of the privations that the limited amount of baggage which himself and guides can carry over the mountains, will entail. His initiation may prove a severe one, but he will never regret it. The beauties that will be opened up to him at every step, and the sport he will enjoy, either with his rifle or rod, as chance or fancy may dictate, will prove an ample recompense. I am not an enthusiast myself over hunting, though let me add, I have witnessed, and at times enjoyed good sport with both rifle and shot gun. If little is said in these articles about it, it is not on account of any scarcity of game, but the inclination to pursue it. I am at all times more at home with a fly rod in my hands than with rifle or gun, though I never go into the bush without one or the other.

For the benefit of the hunter I will here give a short resume of the game most to be met with. First in order comes the moose, cariboo, lynx, and bear, and then follows the small fur-bearing animals, such as the fox, beaver, otter, fisher, and mink. Wild fowl and partridges fill up the list.

I made up the packs in the evening in the bark *corseau*, the most convenient for carrying during the warm weather, when a blanket pack would act very much like a blister. It is constructed from a large sheet of balsam bark, doubled in two and sewed up at the sides, a couple of hoops like those of a barrel are then fastened inside to keep it distended, and it is complete on the addition of a pack strap, which, when ready for carrying, is placed across the chest and shoulders, the *corseau* resting on the back. If properly made, it is waterproof, and fish are more easily transported in them when salted for keeping.

Before dawn I was down at Mr. Neilson's and found Charlo sober after his night's rest. We crossed the river on the flat, and at sunrise we halted at the falls on the river *Aux Pins*, and on a large rock lighted our fire and prepared the morning meal. This little river literally teems with trout, and I have known one rod to take out in a few hours

ten dozen, though few would exceed a half a pound in weight. At its entrance into Lake St. Joseph, good bass fishing can be had by trolling. Near us are the vestiges of a settlement, attempted years ago, though abandoned on the death of the founder and the consequent giving out of the means necessary to carry it to a successful completion. Our road is along the river until we reach the lakes of the same name, five in number. We skirt the first two and then strike over the mountains to the west. Near the junction of the St. Anns and Tuillerie Rivers, we crossed the latter by wading through its rapid current. The river was high, and when I reached the middle of the channel the force of the waters almost swept me from my feet, and I deemed it politic to remain quiet until helped out of the predicament by Charlo's coming to my assistance. Here it was that I met with the first evidence of those fearful hurricanes that sometimes sweep through the gorges of the mountains, levelling everything before them. They are termed wind-falls. This one was some two acres in width and miles in length. Such had been the force of the storm that not a twig was left standing. Mighty monarchs were lying uprooted and so snarled among the others that a way was with difficulty forced through it. The Indian takes advantage of it to set his snare for the unsuspecting cariboo or moose that attempts to cross it. At irregular distances a sort of road is cut or cleared through it, and in the centre, carefully concealed from view, is spread out the fatal noose elevated about a foot above the ground. It is then fully secured to a sapling which is bent over some projecting tree. The deer gets his foot into the noose, and disturbing the spring, it jumps up firmly, fastening the noose about the leg. All its frantic efforts to free itself are unavailing, and the rifle of the Indian puts an end to its existence. Numbers are in this way taken every season.

We camped this night on a little hard wood knoll above the river. I shot a number of partridge, and these served up *à la sauvage*, are a dainty tit bit. With a dog to rise them, a very handsome bag might be made with a gun in a few hours. Sometime after dark I was startled by what I at first thought was a human voice some distance shouting "he! he!"

"Charlo," I said, "there is some one calling."

He smiled, and asked me if I had forgotten our old friends, the loons.

I comprehended it all now in a moment. There is scarcely a lake of any size that is not inhabited by a pair of these singular birds. The cry we heard was from a loon on *Grande Lac*, fully a mile and a half from where we were camped.

We journeyed up the river next day, alternately in the water and along the bank, as the exigencies of the case required. In the afternoon we reached the *Pêche à Malcolm*. Long before we arrived I saw the frowning mountain, *la Bee de la Perdrix*, that stands sentinel over the pool. It rises itself six or seven hundred feet perpendicularly from the river which flows deep and silently at its base; on the east side the river widens and forms a pool several acres in extent. A hard gravelly bottom with numerous cold springs gushing from the banks and the opposite cliff forms the *Pêche à Malcolm*. It derives its name from a Mr. Malcolm, who fished this pool, and in a week's sport took out several hundred trout, running from one and a half pounds to five. They smoked their fish and constructed themselves a dug out, and awaiting a favorable rise in the river, which takes place rapidly after a rain, floated down to St. Raimond with their booty. One party only has visited it since; my old companion, Mr. Neilson, and Charlo, and the success of that trip told in my old friend's graphic style, inspired me to the present undertaking.

We constructed our bark cabin on the site of the old one, and having put together a raft, I spliced my rod in the evening and selected my most tempting flies to be fully prepared for the struggle with the mighty denizens of the pool. At dawn I shoved off on the raft above the pool, and drifting down a short distance, anchored. The first cast is over an old sunken log, the fly hovers over it for an instant and lightly touches the water. A moment more and it is seized

and I feel that I have met a worthy foe. He darts down stream, rapidly reeling out fifty yards of line before I give him the but, and turn him back to the pool where he sulks. Gently I bear on him and he turns once more down stream, giving a series of jumps out of water, the pliant rod bending to his waywardness. For the last time I turn him, and I bring him exhausted beside the raft and successfully land him. Three pounds and a half, fully, and I survey him with much complacency. My next cast was not so successful. In the excitement of the moment I struck too quickly, and after a short run I lost him. My next is two pounds, and the next three and over. I must do better than this! In my fly book was a very ancient salmon fly, gorgeous in its colorings, and fully an inch and a half long. I attached it as the tail fly and cast far out under a projecting rock that threw its shadow over the pool. A splash follows, and a five pounder rises, and seizing my salmon fly goes down. He remains quiet a moment, preparing for the mighty rush that followed. My line is all run out before I give him the but. Snap! my salmon fly has parted from the gut close to the shank. So much for using old flies. When the sun peeped over the tree tops, warning me to return to breakfast, I had a half dozen more varying from one and a half pounds to three.

Trout will seldom rise to a fly during the glare and heat of the day, and even should they, the black flies would render fishing anything but a pleasant pastime.

Having the greater part of the day before us, I determine to climb the mountain from the side above the pool. Our luncheon is put up, gun and ax slung, and crossing the river we commence the ascent. I have never made an accomplishment of crawling up side walls, fly like, though I claim to be able to hold my own under most circumstances. A dozen times did I regret having been so foolhardy as to attempt it, but I was bound to succeed now. By a series of hauling, pushing and catching at stray bushes that hold out their assistance, we finally reach the top, and seating myself on an inviting rock, I abandon myself to the charming vista spread out before me. Dozens of lakes peeping from their varied green surroundings, the St. Lawrence, a mere sinuous thread in the far distance, while the little camp at our feet, from which the smoke of the fire curls upwards, is lilliputian in its dimensions. The wild glen, through which the St. Anns discharges itself in a series of falls, is plainly visible.

Charlo selects a favorable spot near the verge of the cliff, spreads out the luncheon, to which we both do more than ample justice. Pipe follows, and we sit there and discuss the question of the names of the different lakes visible. That evening's fishing resulted in some handsome fish, the largest three and a half pounds. Next day we visited the falls five miles above our encampment. They are three in number with a fall each of twenty-five feet with deep pools intervening, out of which I took some dozens of good sized fish. This was another day of great enjoyment, and with a sigh, I gave the order for our return on the morrow, for all things must come to an end, and the inventory of our provisions show they are fast coming to a similar end.

The wind must have changed during the night, for I awoke with a sense that I was choking, which was not far from the truth, for the smoke was pouring into the camp in a cloud. I beat a hasty retreat, and being now fully awakened lighted my pipe and seating myself on a log beside the fire, gave utterance to a war whoop to clear my lungs and which brought Charlo to his feet in surprising short time under the impression perhaps that hostile savages were making a descent.

We packed up, and at dawn are floating down the river on our raft. The first few miles were uneventful until we got into the rapids. Half way down the ugliest of these, a huge boulder, rears its head, around which the water scethes and foams. It is too late to avoid it and we can only brace ourselves for the shock that follows. It comes, and we are driven high and dry on its surface. Charlo pitches forward and lands himself in my unwelcome arms. All our efforts to free the raft are unavailing, and we ruefully survey the prospect of a ducking before we can reach the shore. We are not disappointed, and resuming our packs mournfully take up our march. Next day we reached home without further event.

J. M. F. JR.

For Forest and Stream.

SNOE-SHOEING IN MAINE.

WE left Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, one bright morning in February. The day before we had supplied ourselves with an outfit for moose hunting. Anance, the aged Indian, chief of the Abenakis and St. Regis tribes, a mere handful now, had been engaged to go with us as guide, and from him we obtained snow-shoes, moccasins, a sled, and other things indispensable in a winter camp.

We were to travel on the frozen lake to the northwest "carry," the extreme northern end, forty miles from Greenville, where our first night's camp would be. Four feet of solid ice, with water and snow covering the lake, made the going bad. Our conveyance was a two horse, open-box sleigh or pung, in which everything except the sled was packed. At noon we had reached Mt. Kineo, where we warmed up before the log fire in the hotel, and obtained a nice dinner of caribou venison and lake trout.

Mt. Kineo is a prominent feature of Moosehead Lake, a miniature mountain, with precipices and frozen cascades projecting from the eastern shore into the lake. It is reached by steamer in summer, but in winter few except lumberers and hunters pass this way.

Leaving here a little after noon, we started on the remaining twenty miles of our journey over the lake. The snow became deep and trackless, although the road had been "bushed" with small spruces. The stout horses gave signs of failing, and at the end of a few miles our driver declared that to attempt to drive to the carry would kill the beasts. A hurried conversation was held, and we decided to snow-shoe it. Soon our traps were got out and packed on the sled, snow-shoes fastened on, and we set off, dragging the sled, while the team slowly made its way back to Kineo. A good crust made travelling easy, and before dusk we had done ten miles or more. Mount Katahdin's snowy sides were standing boldly out to the northeast over the black shore line of spruces. We were already in sight of the carry when a snow squall came sweeping down upon us, and almost without warning we were in darkness, the whirling, driving snow blast obliging us to cower before it with our blankets held tight over our heads. After some aimless attempts to reach the shore, we gathered about the sled, and by the light of a match under a blanket took an observation of the pocket compass. To our surprise we had left the course and were heading away towards the western shore. There was nothing to be done but to wait. The squall passed off, the shores were in sight again, and our journey resumed.

It was now raining, and the softened snow clung to our snow-shoes until the weight became most trying. At nine o'clock we reached northwest carry, and threw ourselves down exhausted on the snow. Anance soon had a fire going, and after a drink of hot tea, and a biscuit, we started on the two miles across the carry, where a wooden tram road had been built by lumbermen, connecting the lake with the west branch of the Penobscot River. Slowly we dragged ourselves, stopping often to rest before we reached the deserted log cabin, where a roaring fire in the stove made all comfortable, and we stretched our tired limbs on the spruce boughs, content to have shelter, though our feet were chafed and smarting from the unaccustomed tramp of twenty miles on snow-shoes. Never, except in an emergency, should a novice in snow-shoeing attempt a long tramp at starting. He will find locomotion impossible for some time, and may lose several days in recruiting.

In consequence of our first day's shoe tramp we lost the whole of the next day, being laid up with stiff and aching limbs and sore feet, so that lying on the boughs, or putting guns and ammunition in order, was our only occupation. We were to travel up the west branch of the Penobscot on the ice, then, following up the Elm stream, a tributary from the north, to reach the hunting grounds and make camp at night.

It was a clear, bright morning when we set off from the "carry," the crust on the river ice being so firm that snow shoes were not required, except when open water, caused by rapids, obliged us to take a short detour in the woods. Tracks of caribou (*Loup cervier*, or *Lucivee*, in hunter's parlance) were frequent, and an occasional otter's slide on the snow banks, near openings in the ice. Anance brought with him several traps for beaver and mink, which are still quite plenty in Maine.

Passing Babb & Stricklan's lumber camp, now deserted, we arrived at the mouth of the Elm stream about noon, and indulged in a tin cup of hot tea and some slices of cold raw salt pork and biscuit, the pork being a new experience to one of our party, a novice in moose hunting, who, being born a true Briton, had all the native pluck and endurance so necessary in this kind of hunting. Young G. did not expect to find luxuries in the woods in winter, and relied on a glass barrel of whiskey which he carried wrapped in his buffalo robe and strapped on his back through the whole trip.

N., a civil engineer and an experienced moose hunter, who knew the importance of throwing aside every unnecessary ounce of baggage, had insisted on our travelling as lightly as possible, so that one sled had sufficed for all our traps. Each of us, except the Indian, carried a buffalo robe containing a change of socks and other smaller articles. After leaving the river we found the snow in the "tote road" deep and yielding. Snow-shoes were put on, and now came additional work in hauling the sled over snow hummocks and through brush, with frequent sluwings and upsets. Anance drew with the rope across his chest, Indian fashion, following the track beaten down by our snow shoes. However, after several miles of wearisome pulling, the sled was abandoned at the side of the road. After distributing the provisions in our packs we pushed on through spruce and hemlock swamps, open timber, beech, birch, and straggling moose wood, and just at dusk we found the ruins of a lumber camp, all that remained being a portion of the roof buried in snow, but having a space under it quite dry, and large enough for our party to crawl under and even sit upright. To work we went, using our snow-shoes for shovels, and cleared a space for a fire, which was soon blazing in front of our apology for a camp.

I should mention that before leaving New York we had, at the suggestion of N., provided ourselves with buffalo robes sewed up so as to form bags, with the hair inside, into which we crawled feet foremost, drawing the mouths together over our heads. This was a comfortable arrangement until the melted snow, dropping from the roof, soaked the hides, and our bags were frozen stiff before morning.

There is little romance about a winter camp. Snow scenes are not "beautiful" to eyes moist and inflamed by smoke and snow glare, and when the body is frozen and thawed by turns. True, there is a grandeur in the moonlit forest, or when the branches crash and crack before a gale,

but there is little comfort or luxurious ease in winter camps.

In recalling the hardships and exposure that attend winter hunting and sleeping in the snow when overtaken by night, I can yet affirm that we gained much strength and renewed health by snow-shoeing in Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Our first hunt was a reconnoissance. Anance led off through the spruces loaded with snow, gradually ascending to hard wood ridges, where we looked for signs, or "ravages," as the Canadian French hunters call the work of the moose made by browsing. Towards night, having found no fresh signs, and when nearing camp I wounded a white hare with a ball, and following, intent on hare soup for supper, I became separated from my companions. Suddenly I found myself in a moose yard. I heard them crashing through the forest, but could see nothing as they went off. Their tracks were like those of a horse in deep snow. Marking the spot I returned to camp, whereupon I was taken to task for starting the moose so late in the day.

We were to move camp next day to another lumber camp, which we hoped to find habitable. While on our way a fresh moose track was found crossing our path, evidently my frightened game of yesterday. Here was a lucky find, as we could follow and "still hunt" them as soon as our new camp was established. When found, the lumber camp was literally snowed under, and it required much shovelling before the door was found and we got in. There were the Deacon seat and spruce beds ready for use. A square altar of pure white snow stood in the centre, under the smoke hole in the roof, the accumulations of a winter's storms, and the rest of the day was spent in clearing the snow out, getting firewood, and making things comfortable. The weather, which had been clear and cold, soon changed to clouds, with snow, which fell incessantly for two days, an addition of nearly three feet, and making about eight feet on the ground. The light snow was suitable for still hunting, but the travelling was more difficult. At every step one raised a small mountain on the toe of each snow-shoe, and our pace was slow as in single file we followed the tracks of the moose. A bed or hollow in the snow under a large spruce tree showed where the moose had passed the night previous. Thence he went on with many devious turnings, plucking buds and browsing on young spruce trees, breaking off the tops and strewing the snow with branches; "ravaging," in fact, the forest. The signs grew fresher. We were now on a track made within an hour, and if all the rules of still hunting were observed we might have moose meat for supper. Cautiously moving foot by foot, watching the drooping mosses to keep against the wind, we approached. Suddenly a huge black object rose slowly from the bushes; first a long clumsy head and pendulous snout held high in the air, listening. A moment's delay and away he dashed. I took a quick sight and fired. Now the chase began. Slipping over, and tripping into the deep moose tracks, or cutting off by detours, we followed on. Another shot from N., and we knew the game was ours. Coming up, we stood about the monster, admiring his strong limbs, and wondering at his ugly, uncouth head, small cunning eye, and large asinine ears. The snow was soon trampled and dyed with the creature's blood, as with skillful hands Anance removed the hide and prepared the meat, all to be left covered with snow to be hauled to camp when convenient.

Moose meat is very good eating, and is highly prized by the Maine backwoodsmen in their winter larder. We carried to camp sufficient meat for present use, the result being a series of savory broils, stews, and "brochettes" made on spruce sticks instead of silver skewers.

Snow continued falling for several days, during which we could not hunt, but took comfort in our snug camp. Then we repacked buffalo robes and started for home.

I shall not attempt to describe the march of eleven miles back to the "carry." At dusk we were still following down the west branch of the Penobscot, almost exhausted. Indeed, we could not climb a few feet of the river bank without resting and draining the few drops of G.'s precious whiskey. At the cabin we found a party of lumberers, driven out of the woods by the deep snow. Down the lake men and oxen went in single file, and at Kineo we began to taste again the sweets of civilized life and the "bouquet" of Chenery's burgundy.

JOHN AVERY,

Secretary and Engineer Blooming Grove Park.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A SURVEYOR'S JOURNAL.

INJUNS AND A HARD TRAMP.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I HAD been out two or three trips for the company, when I sent for "Mot," my old room mate. The company wished some land looked up beyond the Black river and a return made in time for a sale. It would be a long, hard journey and return through the unbroken woods, skirting swamps, and over a rough country requiring a party of more than ordinary mettle to get back in time. I knew for pluck and endurance, combined with great social qualities, Mot was just the boy for the occasion. For he had a heart as large as the circumference of his compact little body, (for its genial warmth permeated his whole system,) while physically he was as tough as a pine knot, and give him plenty of fuel, that is, his rations, (I don't mean fluids) regularly and in sufficient quantity, and his pluck would carry him through almost anything. His sympathies, too, were always on the alert; he would have made a splendid knight in those days of chivalry, in relieving distressed maidens and doing battle for the oppressed.

We had been but a few days on our trip, and had stopped by the side of a path that wound around the base of the mountain, and were debating whether to take the longer route by the path or with our heavy packs climb over the mountain, when we were startled by the sound of whistling and of horses' feet approaching. There soon appeared a young Indian mounted on his mustang or Indian pony. He sat bolt upright, with his blanket thrown carelessly over one shoulder, while his rifle in his hand was thrown across in front of him. He seemed in a pleasant mood, and as he went by he nodded and gave us the usual "Bozu," which I returned. Following at a short distance came his squaw, loaded down (as usual) with all the traps and paraphernalia of a Nitchee "on a move," wigwam poles, skins, pots, bundles, &c. Poor thing, she was bent nearly double; and she could hardly stagger along under the load that would have been too much for a strong man. Knowing the character and custom of the Indians I merely said, turning to Mot, "rather tough, isn't it?" and I was about to resume the journey, when Mot replied, with flashing eyes, all the spirit of chivalry and honest indignation aroused within him, "tough? it is outrageous; I won't stand it; will you stay by me, George?" "What do you propose to do?" "Do? I mean to right that poor woman and make that red scoundrel treat her like a Christian." I said, "it won't do, Mot; that is their way, as hard as it appears to us, but it is none of our business; the men never do any labor themselves, the squaws do it all." But with tears in his eyes the boy begged me not to deny him. Considerably perplexed, somewhat curious, and not a little amazed, I said, "well, go ahead." He rushed up to the Pottawatamie, saying, "here get off that horse," took the pack from the squaw and commenced dividing it into three parcels, all the while expostulating in no gentle tones with the Indian, who seemed thunderstruck at the movements, but looked on in dogged silence but with glittering eyes. Once or twice his hand reached down for his knife, but as my double barrel, with both hammers up, was bearing on his breast, a look from my eye caused the hand each time to retreat. Mot says, "you scoundrel, to treat your wife so." "Ugh! my squaw." "Your squaw," replied the knight errant, "she is your wife in the sight of God and man, and you ought to be strung up for such dastardly treatment." The squaw didn't seem to like the change either, but Mot was inexorable. After dividing the pack, having given one to the squaw, and with considerable difficulty fastened another on the back of the pony, which, not being accustomed to such things, danced around pretty lively, he placed the other on the Indian's shoulders, and then I thought there would be a fight sure; twice he had his knife half out of his sheath, but my threat to shoot him down then and there each time deterred him. Mot said, "there, you scoundrel, go on; and if I ever know of your treating your wife in that way again I'll break every bone in your body." With sullen silence, leading the pony, the Pottawatamie disappeared around a bend in the path. "There," said Mot, drawing a long breath, "I've done one good deed." "Done a good deed," I replied; "do you know what you have done? You have not only made an enemy for life, and very foolishly too, but you have caused that poor squaw to get one of the worst whalings she ever had in all her servitude. That arrangement won't last ten minutes, and I will prove it to you, but you must promise not to interfere again, for this is too ticklish business for us here alone in the woods. An Injun never forgets an insult of such a kind, and it will be his consummate cowardice that will prevent his following us and knifing us in our very beds." "Poh! I'll risk that; I ain't afraid." "Well, I don't know as I am afraid exactly, but it don't pay to take such chances."

Now to prove my first assertion, we struck across the mountain and hit the path on the other side before they got there. We had but just arrived at the path and concealed ourselves, when we heard the step of the pony, and as it came up there was Mister Nitchee on its back, (but he was not whistling now,) with only his blanket and rifle, while behind him, bent more double than before, tottered the poor squaw with all the load, and we could see by the furrows down her dirty and besmeared cheeks, and red, swollen eyes, that she had been having a hard cry. I placed my hand on Mot's shoulder, and it was all I could do to compel him to keep his promise and not again meddle in a matter that was none of his business. He learned more about Injuns and their customs afterwards.

The life of a squaw is a life of the most degrading servitude, from the sugar season in the spring—the only time when they seem to enjoy themselves, and then they give up to wholesale gossip and hilarity—through the corn planting, tending, harvesting, &c., to the trapping season in the fall, it is one long round of hard work, with kicks and cuffs only as pay.

The squaw does all the work, even builds the wigwam, cuts the wood, cooks the food, cures the skins, and when moving, carries all the loads. They ever object to their husbands doing work, as they say it makes his hand tremble, and he can't kill "heap game," a cunning dodge, no doubt, of the Indian on Mrs. Nitchee.

A group of squaws making sugar is a grotesque and amusing sight. As the time for the running of the sap approaches, a party of perhaps twenty or thirty families or more will gather in the woods where there may be a sufficient number of the maple trees. The wigwams will be built around in a large circle, the kettles, all small of course, holding perhaps only three or four quarts, (for in their many movings they could not carry larger ones,) strung on poles in a line with a continuous fire the whole

length. The sap is gathered in small baskets or buckets of birch bark, which are hung on the trees under where a downward gash has been made half girdling the tree. These buckets hold only a pint or more, and have to be gathered and emptied often. The boiling sap is kept almost continually on the move from kettle to kettle, until, towards the thirtieth or fortieth kettle or less, it is sugar and ready to be clarified or grained.

To be sure an Indian is not very particular in his tastes or neat in his domestic affairs, and if he comes home hungry is pretty apt to chuck into the boiling syrup the body of a squirrel or muskrat, or in fact anything else in the eating line, but the squaws have a way peculiar to themselves of clarifying it, and when they take pains it is a good article. They do it up in packages of birch bark, which are called *moeucks*, and when of fine quality it finds a ready market, though I have seen some Injun sugar that was simply abominably black in appearance and execrable in taste.

The Nitchee then takes the *moeucks*, or rather, compels the squaw to take them to the settlements, where he trades them off for whiskey, ammunition, whiskey, nieknaeks, and whiskey, and if the squaw gets a string of beads or a red handkerchief and no kicks or cuffs from her drunken lord, she is indeed lucky.

As I said before, the happy time for the squaw is during the "sugar making." Then are they gathered together, and all their woman nature comes out strong, and like their lighter sisters, gossip is the order of the day. What a perfect babble of tongues; all are talking and gesticulating together; talk, talk, chat, chat, rattlety bang; with their rippling laughter now and then arising above all the elatter. The immediately surrounding trees and bushes are adorned (?) with many a pappoose, silently swinging back and forth, as the little occupant, with its shining bead-like eyes, watches the movements going on; uttering no cry under any circumstances; the rain may beat down upon their unprotected heads, or the hot sun may strike full in their dusky faces, no one ever heard an Indian baby utter a word of complaint. Every now and then a mother would jump up from her stirring kettle, seize one of the boards to which her offspring was strapped, clasp it to her breast a few minutes and then hang it back in its place. The nut-brown child of the forest had received its dinner. During this season the lord of the wigwam, if not off on a hunt, lies asleep all the day on his bed of skins or boughs. "Such is life," at least of the Pottawatamie, as I knew them.

We had crossed the Black river, made our examination of the land, and turned back, but alas, the river from a width of a few hundred feet now reached over half a mile, the water from the recent freshet had overflowed its usual bed and extended far into the woods. Our canoes were gone, our stock of provisions were only sufficient to reach the settlement on an ordinary occasion. Now we must take a weary tramp up the river, we knew not how far, until we found a crossing. A long and weary tramp we had. Often went we to our bed of boughs with empty stomachs. The game seemed to have left for parts unknown. Now and then we heard the woodpecker's gentle tap on the resounding tree, but when we looked for him, he was "non est;" or we would hear the hoarse croak of a solitary raven, as he stopped for a moment on the top of a tall tree, adding only a greater depth to our sombre feelings. No deer, no grouse, no other living creature could we see.

We had been two days with only eight small crackers apiece, with our coffee; we were getting very weak. Poor Mot, a young Hercules with a full stomach, wilted like a child; his pluck was magnificent; although with difficulty he could lift his weary limbs over a two foot log, not a murmur escaped him. Being more hardened to such things I felt the matter much less, but oh, how I pitied him.

We were crawling through a poplar barren, when something flopped up and was gliding off through the bushes. My gun was at my shoulder in a moment, and as the smoke cleared away I had the satisfaction of seeing something pitch down through the leaves some forty yards distant. Mot's eyes glistened, and a fervent "thank God" broke from him. I, though somewhat pleased, did not feel quite so exhilarated, as I had rather a faint idea of what I had killed. Upon approaching the place, we picked up a large gray bird, a bird of feathered horns and monstrous eyes. I could not restrain my laugh, bad as I felt, at the expression on Mot's face, as he said, "is it an owl?" But we were hungry enough even for an owl. We carried him along over the barren until we struck down into a hollow and found a brook. I picked the bird while Mot made the fire. I cut up the fowl, and with pepper and salt put it into our pail over the fire; to be sure there were more bones than meat, and originally more feathers than both together, but we were very hungry. Now, I am aware that there is a very settled impression abroad in regard to owl as an edible delicacy, but I assure Judge M.— and Tom J.— that that owl soup was not to be laughed at or treated in a trifling way. I tell you it was a serious business to us. The soup was good, though I fully believe myself that an onion, with a carrot, a few sliced potatoes, a little celery, a taste of Worcester, or a dash of Cayenne, might have improved it some. We had rather a severe muscular tug, too, at the bones, and Mot remarked that, like the man and the cow, under the peculiar circumstances he could eat owl but that "he did not hanker arter it." If it did not exactly save our lives, we at least arose from that attack strengthened and rejuvenated. How good our pipes did taste, (perhaps your dainty city sport would think so after such a

delicacy,) as we laid back on a bed of moss, and took an hour's rest. I think that even Tom under such circumstances could have enjoyed a cigar, with no fear of a deleterious effect on his nervous system, (couldn't he, Lew?)

We found a place at last where by falling a tree we crossed the river; we were then by our reckoning twenty-seven miles to a settlement, a saw mill on one of the eastern branches. That morning we had ten crackers apiece left, including the crumbs. We calculated after eating four for breakfast we could reach a deserted shanty we knew of eighteen miles distant, that night, then four more crackers for supper, leaving two again for breakfast, with coffee for one cup apiece each time. The next day we thought we could easily reach the saw mill.

We fortunately found an old lumber road, and by following that we had easier travelling, and arrived at the shanty about two P. M. While getting ready for our supper and bed Mat looking up (and so hollow eyed and woe begone in all his appearance my heart smote me) said, "I think if I had those six crackers and those two cups of coffee in one, I could reach that mill to-night and get a square meal." Well, if you think so we'll try it. It was a hard way, but just before dark we reached the place; we found a jolly lot of lumbermen, and were made heartily welcome. After a good wash and a rest, we were called to supper. I had explained matters to the good woman and a large supply was placed before us. First I remember there was a large platter of fried venison, not less than ten pounds, to all appearances; roast potatoes, a good sized dish; broiled ditto; a large plate of hot biscuit, and an eight quart pan of fried doughnuts, with some kind of pie, I don't remember what, and a pot of tea.

I ate three or four slices of venison, with some potatoes, two biscuits and a couple of doughnuts, and drank two cups of tea. Mot had not said a word since we sat down, but I saw that he was going in heavy; in fact, was doing a good business.

I went out to the mill, smoked a pipe, and enjoyed a good talk with the proprietor. Nearly a half hour elapsed, when the woman came out, and consternation dire was depicted in her countenance as she exclaimed—

"For the Lord's sake, what kind of a man is that in there?"

"Why," said I, "what is the matter?"

"You told me you were very hungry, and I know what appetites men of the woods have, and I cooked for eight, but as sure as you live he has eaten everything on the table and is asking for more venison." Well, I replied, give him all he wants and charge accordingly in the bill. "Oh," she exclaimed, "it is not that. We have got plenty of it and he shall have all he wants, but where in the world does he put it? Are his legs hollow all the way down?" And Mot got it. Shortly after he came out pricking his teeth, saying he felt considerably better and could beat me clean out of my boots on a tramp the next day.

JACOBSTAFF.

MOUNTING DEER FEET.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

No doubt, during the past shooting season, many of your readers have succeeded in bringing down the magnificently antlered deer, caribou, or moose. Most sportsmen like to preserve a fine pair of antlers, and frequently a hoof is made into some useful or ornamental article. The mounting of the hoofs in some form or other is generally expensive, and frequently it is very inconvenient to get either hoofs or antlers mounted by a skilled person. It is to those whose distance from skilled labor, or the trouble and expense connected with mounting horns or hoofs, often causes them to cast away many a pair of antlers or set of feet which they would gladly have kept, that I would address myself.

The feet of the deer, so generally thrown away, may be made to serve a variety of useful and ornamental purposes with a very little trouble. They make a pretty and appropriate gun or fishing rod rack; also, suitable pegs for hats or sporting accoutrements, and in conjunction with a pair of antlers form a very effective hat and coat rack for a hall. To make a gun rack take a piece of black walnut, ash, chestnut, or maple, about three inches wide, and one and a half inches thick. Plane it smooth, and if possible plane the edges with a molding plane; bore two holes, one near each end (say six inches distant), and at the same slant you wish your pegs to have; make the holes to fit the legs, which should have been cut off the length required. Immediately above the holes made to receive the legs, two small holes should be bored for the screws which fasten the board to the wall. Fasten it up, and you have a neat and handsome support for your gun or rod. A row of hat pegs may be made in this manner, and single ones may be made by using small squares of wood.

A coat and hat rack for a hall may be made by crossing two strips of wood diagonally, or arranging as taste may dictate, and inserting a deer leg at each extremity and one at the crossing. A mounted head or pair of antlers should surmount the whole, the antlers being simply mounted by being screwed or nailed to a piece of wood, either square or oval.

In conclusion, I would say that where black walnut or other ornamental wood is not procurable, a most excellent imitation may be made by using common pine. Buy a few cents worth of permanganate of potash; dissolve it in water, and stain your wood to any shade desired. When dry, varnish, and you will have an imitation of walnut that almost surpasses the original. Hoping the above may prove of use to some of your many readers, I remain,

Yours truly,

TRANSIT.

For Forest and Stream.

THE MOANING OF THE TIDE.

'T WAS a beauteous summer's night, the moon was shining bright;
I was dozing in my Sleepy-Hollow chair.
While dozing there I dreamed, and in my dream it seemed
To me that I was young again and fair.
I again was a young man, a courting Betsy Ann,
By the sea shore we were sitting side by side;
And though our hearts with love were stirred, we uttered not a word,
We were listening to the moaning of the tide.

But my dream was rudely broke by Betsy Ann, who spoke:
"I wish that you'd untie that horrid curl!"
Just listen to the tune, he's moaning at the moon,
And you've tied him up so he can hardly stir."
Then I bid my dream adieu, though part of it was true,
For Betsy Ann was standing by my side;
And though we were not by the shore, to hear the ocean's roar,
We were listening to the moaning of the tide.

LUKE TRIPP.

For Forest and Stream.

TO A CAGED BIRD.

POOR bird! pine not because debarr'd
From drinking of sweet freedom's joys;
Secure from danger, death and noise,
Be philosophic—'tis not hard.

Enough to eat, to drink and spare,
So trim and neat thy cottage home;
Why should'st thou wish afar to roam,
Where lurks the spoiler and the snare?

Just think how many of thy race
To want, cold, sickness, fall a prey,
Whilst thou canst ply the livelong day,
In thy snug, cosy resting-place.

In vain I plead! You shake your head
And try the iron bars once more;
You'd barter all your varied store
Of sweets—have liberty instead.

Birdie, we share an equal fate,
I would that freedom's joys were mine;
Like thee I trouble and repine,
And rail against my present state.

And though enough to eat have we,
Yet life is but a dreary waste
To us who crave in vain to taste
The purer joys of liberty.

JAS. RUNNEGAR.

NEW ORLEANS, 216 Common street.

THE FISHERMAN'S SUMMONS.

THE sea is calling, calling,
Wife, is there a log to spare?
Fling it down on the hearth and call them in,
The boys and girls with their merry din,
I am loth to leave you all just yet,
In the light and the noise I might forget,
The voice in the evening air.
The sea is calling, calling,
Along the hollow shore.
I know each nook in the rocky strand,
And the crimson weeds on the golden sand,
And the worn old cliff where the sea-pinks cling,
And the winding caves where the echoes ring.
I shall wake them never more.}

How it keeps calling, calling,
It is never a night to sail.
I saw the "sea-dog" over the height,
As I strained through the haze my falling
And the cottage creaks and rocks, well nigh
As the old "Fox" did in the days gone by,
In the moan of the rising gale.

Yet it is calling, calling,
It is hard on a soul I say
To go fluttering out in the cold and the dark,
Like the bird they tell us of, from the ark;
Waite the foam lies thick on the bitter blast,
And the angry waves roll fierce and fast,
Where the black buoy marks the bay.}

Do you hear it calling, calling?
And yet, I am none so old.
At the herring fishery, but last year,}
No boat beat mine for tackle and gear,
And I steered the coble past the reef,
When the broad sail shook like a withered leaf,
And the rudder chafed my hold.

Will it never stop calling, calling?
Can't you sing a song by the hearth?
A heartsome stave of a merry glass,
Or a gallant fight, or a bonnie lass,
Don't you care for your grand-dad just so much,
Come near then, give me a hand to touch,
Still warm with the warmth of earth.

You hear it calling, calling?
Ask her why she sits and cries.
She always did when the sea was up.
She would fret, and never take bit on sup
When I and the lads were out at night,
And she saw the breakers cresting white
Beneath the low black skies.

But then, in its calling, calling,
No summons to soul was sent.
Now—well, fetch the parson, find the book,
It is up on the shelf there, if you look.
The sea has been friend, and fire, and bread;
Put me, where it will tell of me, lying dead,
How it called. and I rose and went.—All the Year Round.

PETRARCH.—*La Nature* tells us that in December last the mortal remains of Petrarch were exhumed for certain anthropological purposes. The great Italian's bones were found to be of an amber color, moist, and partly mouldered. The cranium, of medium size, was well preserved, and the frontal bone fully developed. The clothing was reduced to powder. From the size and length of the bones the divine poet must have been a man of middle height, and of robust constitution. Petrarch died in July, 1374, almost five hundred years ago.

GUNS—A DIALOGUE.

SOME two hundred and fifty years ago, a great deal of information of an amusing or instructive character, was conveyed to the reader by means of the dialogue. We are not too old to remember when those solemn and preternatural little boys Sanford and Merton played a game at cross purposes, and when Julia asked her mamma real stunning posers about the moon, while Alfred put in, regarding the erratic motions of the stellar system, all of which problems, the mamma, a lady of the Sommervillian type, answered in the most off hand and deliberate manner. In fact it was the chit-chat of no doubt a strictly astronomical, but very tiresome family.

Good old Isaac Walton loved the dialogue, and Piscator, Venator, Auceps and Coridon talk to one another most sensibly, and their quaint dialogue is one of the great charms of the most admirable of books, the "Complete Angler." Sir Humphrey Davy, not quite half a century ago, in somewhat stiffer and more stately style, pits Halieus against Poites, and Physicus against Ornither, and we have given to us in this way all that the great savant knew about Salmonia, interpreted by his various *dramatis personæ*.

This dialogue method, perhaps a trifle antiquated, recalling the classic Greek chorus, has of course gone out of fashion, but it is by no means improbable that it may not be in vogue again some day. Without being, however, desirous of reproducing this method of instruction, having simply heard our friends, Aries Virga and Papilla, talking about guns and breech-loaders yesterday, we transcribe their conversation without any comment of our own.

ARIES VIRGA AND PAPILLA—IN A CLUB ROOM.

Aries.—It is perfectly useless, you never can convince me that a gun fitted for a gentleman's use, which is safe or reliable and with any kind of penetration or precision can be produced by the gross.

Papilla.—Still it is within the bounds of reason. Egg or Manton or Beckwith or others who lived seventy-five years ago, who made guns for our fathers, certainly never thought so. But neither the inventive nor the mechanical power have remained at a stand still during this half century.

Aries.—In the first place the material in the guns those master artificers made up fifty years ago were better than what we use to-day. In old times they picked up all the horse-shoe nails to make the barrels with.

Papilla.—Now let us stop right there. It is quite probable that could we investigate it by any exact methods of comparison, we could show that gun-powder fifty years ago, was by no means as well made, nor as strong, nor as effective as it is to-day, and as for that, I think it has been demonstrated, that with a lighter quality of metal, our guns can stand quite as much rending or bursting power as the old fowling pieces. We have had forcedly to make better barrels, for stronger and more powerful powder. As to our capability of selecting soft homogeneous iron for gun barrels if we wanted to use it, which we do not, instead of our having to pick it up by the single horse shoe nail we could buy charcoal iron by the bloom, or ship-load, and have in a single bar all those excellent qualities which were only attainable seventy-five years ago, by collecting the material bit by bit. The fact is if you wish to make iron barrels, you might select iron from a hundred different grades.

Aries.—That is all book learning, the result, my friend Papilla, of your having attended some bothering course of scientific lectures. Well then, if they do use steel for barrels to-day it is because the iron was too bad. They cannot finish guns in this country as well as they do in England. No American guns have any finish to them. They may be all right, but I do not want to carry a gun which is not perfection—even if guns can be made by the gross.

Papilla.—Which shows your very excellent taste—'a thing of beauty is a—'

Aries.—Allow me. It is not looks alone. The gun must shoot well, and all that kind of thing, but at the same time, I want to pass my nail all over my gun, and if it catches any where, if it is not as polished and smooth as a statue, why that condemns the gun in my sight, and for my use.

Papilla.—I appreciate in every way, your good judgment. Though you may be an exquisite in respect to your dress—your dogs, and horses and your arms, I must confess that you are a thorough master of the sportman's art, and there are not many men in the field, better shots than my friend Aries Virga. I must remark, however, that you are fortunate in having at your command means without limit. If I had your wealth, there is no doubt but that I would only be satisfied with a gun which would be a master piece of excellence and elegance. But you must remember that where you can spend a hundred dollars, I can only spend five. While your rational amusements cost you a thousand or so a year, I am forced to restrict mine to less than a hundred. Now in the United States, I do not suppose I am the singular exception in this respect; shooting here is essentially democratic and universal; I have no head game keeper, nor under keeper to see to my arms, and attend to an arsenal of guns. What is wanted here in the United States are serviceable plain and cheap breech-loading guns, without any great elegance about them. Of course I expect to shock you by the comparison, now, a washing machine—'

Aries.—A washing machine! Why that is arch treason. What has such a thing as a washing machine to do with a gun?

Papilla.—I was only going to state that other countries, and other people, make other wants, and that just as cheap and good guns are required in the United States, and a demand has set in for them, exactly for the same reasons washing machines were invented and sold. It is only a question of supply and demand.

Aries.—Of course, I was waiting for that. You always must lug in political economy into subjects under discussion. But it is nonsense in talking of sportsmen to bring in washerwomen. There is an art, a mystery about the manufacture of a fowling piece, especially of a breech-loader. Why, even the names you see on English guns of the great makers, these people themselves do not know how a gun is made. It is the foreman of the shop who keeps the secrets. It comes down from father to son. Very few can fathom it. I am afraid friend Aries you are rushing in where angels fear to tread.

Papilla.—Bless me, Aries! I do declare you are fully imbued with that nonsensical idea, and speak of the mystery of the gun maker, in a whisper. I do acknowledge to make a good gun, for a modern breech loader, is much more difficult to construct properly than the muzzle-loader, requires no end of mechanical instinct, and inventive power, though men's hands and brains have advanced in cunning with the work required of them. Since you object to my washing machines, have you any disinclination to compare a gun with a watch?

Aries.—It is according to what you want to prove. Go on, however.

Papilla.—Is a gun a more delicate piece of mechanism than a watch?

Aries.—Why no!

Papilla.—Well then, if we can make good serviceable and cheap watches in the United States, not Frodshams, or Dents, or Jurgensens, precisely, but watches which answer every possible service, why can not we do the same thing for guns?

Aries.—But I would rather still have a Dent watch.

Papilla.—And so would I, but if I and you and fifty others men wanted to pay seventy-five guineas for an American watch, I have no doubt but that the watch-makers in the United States could produce watches for those figures, precisely as good as the the best English watches, and even as to style a trifle more elegant. In this 19th century, there can be no monopoly of manufactures.

Aries.—Well, is it just because people generally will not pay as much for an American gun as for an English gun, that English guns are better?

Papilla.—Not exactly, but that may have something to do with it. But my friend Aries, as I consider your judgment admirable as to guns, do tell me what you think is a good breech-loading gun?

Aries.—Well, what I fancy is wanted in a breech-loader, is a gun that will not rattle, and will withstand any amount of wear and tear, in or out of water, and which is safe. An arm not to be taken out on the back porch, to shoot a passing wood-cock with, but one which can be carried into the forests, or in the blinds or in the boat, and can be knocked about camp, and will bear all kinds of hard usage for months.

Papilla.—Will your fine guns do that?

Aries.—Certainly they will, and stand the work better than coarser made arms. I may differ from others, but I want a breech-loader, a gun where the barrels are fastened to the stock of the piece.

Papilla.—No tip ups?

Aries.—No, I don't want hinge pins, nor grips, nor eccentrics, nor fancy breech actions of any kind.

Papilla.—Are you describing a Snyder Allen then?

Aries.—Not exactly, mine is an ideal gun, for in the Snyder Allen the pin in the side box breech becomes loosened sometimes when you are not aware of it.

Papilla.—You then agree with the ordnance officers, who have all of them in the last five years, given the cold shoulder to all tip up or hinged arms?

Aries.—Lefauchaux made the first hinged breech-loading gun, and he has been I think too servilely copied. Ordnance officers are right about the arms adapted to their use, and I can't for the life of me see where the distinction can be drawn in regard to the mechanical principles between what makes an efficient military and a sporting-arm. The same system ought to work in both—because—'

Papilla.—Bravo! now that is just where I have you. I thought your good judgment in regard to arms would have brought you to the subject of military arms. Now I put it to you, as a sane reasoning man, in the manufacture of good serviceable guns for our soldiers in the United States, with the Springfields, the Remingtons, the Sharpes, the Ward Burton's, the Maynards, the Berdams, the whole rest of them, have we not arrived at very great perfection? These guns are all made like buttons, not by the gross, but by the thousands, one like another, like watches, or washing machines. You must acknowledge that. Well then what reason is there, why some of these manufacturers cannot produce honest, strong, safe and cheap breech-loading guns by the same wonderful mechanical resources which they have invented for turning out military weapons of the utmost precision?

Aries.—You can make an army gun in quantity, I suppose, but, nevertheless I must insist that fine guns are like Cremona violins, and are not turned out like buttons.

Papilla.—Most of the world is satisfied, and must remain so, with commoner musical instruments; it is only the grand masters, like Aries Virga, who can pay for their Cremona's,

and play on them. But you imported a very fine gun the other day, did it meet your expectations?

Aries.—Perfectly. It ought to have done so, as it cost not quite \$625 laid down here. It makes just the pattern I wanted.

Papilla.—Do you shoot then to a pattern? Oh! Alcibiades of guns!

Aries.—Of course I do. Men have so many different ideas about things. Of late years our own gun-smiths are paying attention to patterns I am pleased to say. I include all patterns under three categories. There is first the gun which shows on a thirty inch target a concentration of shot in the centre, the bulk of the shot going there, and with but few pellets on the outside; another gun makes the cullender pattern, where every square inch of the target has a shot or two in it; there is even a third pattern, where the pellets are thrown at five or six different points in the target in quantity, those centres having their occasional shots around them.

Papilla.—Which pattern do you prefer?

Aries.—It is according to what I want to use my gun for. The first gun I would take for geese, when I wanted to kill one bird certain. The second for snipe and flocks of birds, but the third gun I would like best for ducks. It may be the dilettanteism of sporting as to results, but it is perfectly possible to get guns to shoot in these ways, if you know where to buy your guns.

Papilla.—You are indeed worth listening to.

Aries.—Now I must confess, that all you have said to me about cheap guns may be true, but to return to your watch question. I suppose a machine can make the various parts, in fact the whole movement of a watch.

Papilla.—Certainly.

Aries.—Can a machine regulate a watch, adjust it? Find out the faults, the idiosyncracies of the time keeper?

Papilla.—Of course not, some skilled hand work is mostly necessary.

Aries.—Hand work has nothing to do with it friend Papilla. It is head work which comes into play here. When I pay \$500 for my English gun, I divide the bill as follows: Material twenty-five dollars, not more. That means cost of iron, steel and wood. Labor \$200, that includes all the barrel forging, boring, lock filings, brazing, wood-cutting, and more delicate finishing. Now something else comes in; the brains of the foreman of the shop, or of the maker of the gun, who has tried the gun may be one hundred times in altering the barrels or the bore a little every time he shoots my gun, until he gets it to throw the shot exactly to suit his fancy or mine—well, that portion of the expense, I put down at \$275, and I do not think I am paying a penny too much for it. Now when I say that I am perfectly willing to give a good round sum of money for my gun, I expect to pay for the time and skill employed in adjusting the gun, and I affirm that the best English makers do this work, when they are paid for it, and do it thoroughly and conscientiously. That is what I mean by the secrets of the trade.

Papilla.—You pay then for the experience of the gun maker. Well it as richly merits compensation as any thing else. In fact, Aries, I must confess there is a great deal of reason in what you say.

Aries.—I am forced too to allow that as to the feasibility of manufacturing good cheap breech-loaders at home, why what you have mentioned to me, when I think it over, leads me to suppose that it might be done.

Papilla.—Might be done? Why it is done to-day.

Aries.—Do you shoot with one of your breech-loading guns made by the gros sas you said?

Papilla.—Of course I do.

Aries.—And it satisfies your requirements?

Papilla.—Perfectly.

Aries.—And my English gun suits me. We are then both contented, and there can be no differences between us.

Papilla.—I suppose Achilles could not have fought as well unless he had had a silver bossed shield, a mirror for the Graces and a glaive of exquisite workmanship. When I have time I will look up my Homer.

Aries.—And the Spartans, who did wonderful slaughter with their more homely weapons?

Papilla.—*Charm a son gout.* That is it, aint it?

Aries.—Precisely, only that there was but a single Achilles who could afford to shoot with a \$600 breech-loading, whereas the general herd of Thracians, Lacedaemonians, Spartans and Greeks, generally had to use much cheaper guns when they went after their game.

Papilla.—I will excuse your classic anachronism.

THE EAGLE RIVER COUNTRY.

FOR FOREST AND STREAM.

THE Eagle River probably furnishes the best trout fishing of any river in Colorado. It is seldom visited, except by a few straggling miners and the Ute Indians. There is a trail leading up the valley of the river which runs from Tennessee Pass to one of the U. S. Ute agencies, but it is seldom used. During the past summer the head waters of the Eagle River was surveyed by Dr. F. V. Hayden's U. S. Geological Surveying party. We found it necessary to camp a few miles from the Holy Cross Mountain, as there was so much fallen timber we could not get a pack train over it, although repeated trials were made. Each time we were forced to turn our backs to the unconquerable fallen timber and loose rocks and return to camp with bruised and foot-sore animals. In fact there was scarcely a horse or mule in our outfit that was not the worse

for wear. Many of the men also suffered from hard knocks, and to add to our discomforts, it rained steadily for nearly two days. Finally a party was made up to ascend the Holy Cross Mountain at all hazards. Those who intended climbing the mountain selected the best animals in our herd, strapped a pair of blankets, poncho, and a few provisions behind their saddles, and set out for the mountain. When leaving camp they thought they could reach the mountain top in a single day, but when they had been out two days one of their party came to camp with a woe-be-gone look, and said, "Bill! have you got any bread baked?" Said Bill (our cook) soon emptied the mess boxes of their contents, and our delighted visitor left us with a full stomach, and some bread, a pail of baked beans, and a smiling countenance. That night he reached his famishing party, and there was a merry making at timber line on the mountain. They reached camp the next night, having completed their work on the mountain top. Our provisions were becoming low, so the writer and our hunter concluded to kill some game or catch some fish. I had heard several buck elk "whistle" on a mountain side near camp, so we concluded to try them first. We found many fresh trails, but the noise made by the bells of the "bell mares" and the shouting of the packers had scared away all the game. We returned to camp with a few grouse, (*Tetrao obscurus*), determined to try our luck the next day in another quarter. Early the next morning we saddled our horses, took part of our bedding, some provisions, some dry tea, (we were out of sugar,) a piece of bacon, some bread, two tin cups, and a large stout iron gray pack horse, which we promised to load with meat, fish or fowl. After leaving camp we descended a steep hill, about two miles from our starting point, and having made our way through numerous beaver dams, camped in among some huge boulders, which entirely concealed ourselves and animals from the outer world. When searching for a place to camp we started two deer and a bear. We only heard them break cover, but after hunting up their trails, found we had frightened away two does and one grizzly bear. When our animals were picketed, we made a fire, and then built a shelter tent with our rubber ponchos and a blanket. By the time our tent was completed the fire had "burned up," so we poked out some coals and brewed our tea over them in the tin cups. A few pieces of bacon were frizzled over some sharp sticks, which were eaten with bread, and with our tea we had a fine lunch. The sun was then getting low and my "pardner" remarked "it is time the deer were coming down from the hills to drink, and we may as well get ready to meet them." We repicketed our horses so that they might have better feeding, and taking our rifles, (a Ballard and Sharpe,) we separated, and set out on a still hunt. My companion followed up the West Fork of the Eagle River, while I went down the main river to watch a lick. It was sometime after dark when we reached camp. When reaching it I replied, "What luck?" "Didn't see a hoof." "Neither did I." "This will never do," said my companion. "We must try the trout in the river as soon as the sun brings out the grasshoppers in the morning." After supper we turned in. At daybreak, the next morning, we made bedding, &c. in a pack, which was handed over to "old gray" for transportation. In two hours we reached the fishing ground. When our animals were attended to and our "traps" made snug, we armed ourselves with spruce branches from a neighboring tree and commenced a raid on the grasshoppers. As fast as they were captured we put them in an old rubber coat sleeve, tied up at one end with a string, from the leggings of my companion. We soon had all the bait we wanted, and with our willow poles, landed eighty-five pounds of trout in three hours. The water of the Eagle River is remarkably clear, and the large trout can be easily seen before taking the hook. At the point where we were fishing the river is not over ten yards wide, although it is very deep in many places. I landed thirteen large fish on a small boulder in the river, and could have easily caught others if our hungry men had not been awaiting us at camp, which was a long way from our fishing ground. The trout caught were large, light-colored, and regularly spotted, but only half way up the body from the tail. They proved to be excellent eating, and the flesh of some of the larger ones was the color of that of the salmon, when cooked. We reached camp in the afternoon, and our artist, Mr. H——, made a fine drawing of a group of our largest fish, which were arranged on a manta.

J. H. B., U. S. G. Survey.

DR. HAYDEN, in charge.

For Forest and Stream.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN THE OLDEN TIME AND IN THE PRESENT DAY—CREEDMOOR—ACCURATE SHOOTING, &c.

THE writer of this can remember very well when percussion caps and cartridges were unknown and flint locks alone were used on rifles and shot guns, and many a day has he followed his father and his uncle, who were famous shots and mighty hunters in their day, in the backwoods of Ohio and Virginia in quest of deer, turkey, coon, squirrels, and ruffed grouse. He has been at western shooting matches and hunts, and chased the red fox with old men who can remember the Clarks, Lewis's, Pae's, Kentons, and Doddridges of the valley of the Ohio. He has sat by the cabin fires and heard the old trappers tell their stories of "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field," of bear fights, contests with Indians, and wonderful and fatal shots at long distances; but he is satisfied that if these festive old sports could break the cerements of their humble tombs, and issue forth with their long shooting irons,

stockless, and with the obsolete flint locks, they would be as much amazed as was Irving's renowned hero of the Catskills when he gathered up the remains of his old musket. They never dreamed that rifle shooting could be brought to the perfection it has now attained—hitting a turkey at two hundred yards, or a deer at three hundred, was an event to be talked about for a lifetime. We have known famous old rifles named "Old Betsy," "Honest Lige," "Truthful Reuben," &c. All of them had a marvellous history. In this day, however, they would be worthless except for old iron. If the old rifle shooters could have lived to see a Creedmoor or a Wimbledon, they would feel as far behind the age in which they hunted and shot as the man who had been used only to country wagons and came suddenly upon a train of cars at full speed.

That rifle shooting is destined to become a great national sport in America there can be but little doubt, and when the desire to excel and improve begins to take hold of the vigorous and sport-loving people of the west and south we will see a great demand for the best guns and shooting apparatus that can be made. Amateur rifle clubs will be formed in every county throughout the forty States and Territories of the Union. Literature concerning marksmanship, the "butts," the FOREST AND STREAM, will be in demand. Grand national and State tournaments will be inaugurated, and thousands of competitors will in time annually contest for superiority, and away yonder in the not very distant future we think we see the victorious American "team" issuing forth with the championship of the world on their banners.

Without disparaging the great achievements of the representatives of other nationalities, or making any invidious comparisons, we think we may be allowed to indulge in a little egotism, and possibly "to brag," to some extent, about what we have done on this side of the water, considering we have not yet turned the corner of the first century. We have made advances in the sciences, arts, agriculture, and gunnery, and wherever there has been a demand or a need for men, women, children, or things, they have been forthcoming. It would be strange, then, if we could not produce rifle shooters who shall compete with the best on the planet.

Steamboats were needed to navigate our vast rivers—Fulton invented them. Lightning communication was called for, and Professor Morse put up the wires. A fast sailing yacht was required, and Steers made the "America." A trotter was wanted, and Flying Dutchman did three miles in 7:32, and then came Dexter, who brought the time of the Dutchman, which was 2:30 2-3 to the mile, to 2:17 1/2, eclipsing the world. A racehorse of endurance and speed was needed, and that mighty equine hero, the blind stallion now at Woodburn, Kentucky, appeared in 1855 and ran four miles in 7:19 1/2, which has never yet been equalled. When the chess world became excited Paul Morphy was brought to the surface. He sailed for Europe, and after singly defeating the champions of the Old World he played five games against twenty-five of the best players that could be produced, on five different boards, blindfolded, and won the majority of the games. He then challenged Staunton, the great Englishman, who intimated that he would only play for a stake, and when Morphy was directed by his friends in New Orleans to offer to play for \$50,000 a side, or any larger amount that might be agreeable, Mr. Staunton declined.

We have some very big things here besides men and women. We have extensive rivers and lakes, mountains and valleys, vast trees and high falls, and now we are called upon to produce eight marksmen who are to compete with those vigorous and intelligent sons of Erin who bore off the celebrated Elcho Shield from the English and Scotch shooters at Wimbledon. We can but try, and while it will be dollars to cents that the gallant Celts will return to the "ould sod" after their match here as victors, still we have every confidence that we have the material here to make the champion shots of the world. At short range shooting, deliberate aim or at the word, or at three-quarter inch suspended bullets, the gallery of Mr. Conlin has produced the most remarkable marksmen the world has yet seen. The shooting of Captains Travers and Paul has been surpassed and thrown quite in the shade. For example, Mr. William Hayes made 175 consecutive bulls eyes at seventy-five feet. Mr. Hamilton, at the same distance, made 354 bulls eyes out of 359 shots; 155 consecutive. He made also forty-five consecutive bulls eyes at the "word one," which is the best ever made at the "word." He also made forty-one bulls eyes out of forty-five shots, the other four shots measuring one and one half inches, string measure; besides this, he hit the one and one half inch bulls eye five consecutive shots at the word "one." We shall send you an article upon the requisites, as we understand them, for a good rifleman, rifle shooting in its anatomical aspect, and also some hints upon preparation and training for a match.

OLD SHOT.

—A New Haven editor spent last Sunday in Slawson, and attended church. When the contribution box came around he was in a doze, but on being nudged, hastily explained, "I have a pass."—*Danbury News.*

—"That dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it."

"The dog is not mad."

"Mad! I know he's not mad. What has he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

—What is the difference between a loaf o' bread and a loafer horn? One rises in the dough; the other dozes in the rye.

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

WINDOW OR PARLOR GARDENING.

NUMBER V.

"When the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song;
Where the purest thought will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

Such a home makes man the better;
Sweet and lasting its control—
Home, with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves the impress on the soul.

IN this paper we will attempt to give our readers some more advanced and elaborate plans for the adornment of our parlor recess and bay windows. We will suppose, however, all our readers, and more especially our lady readers, have become quite well acquainted with the foregoing suggestions upon parlor plant growing in their most practical forms. First, they have learned from the single specimen of plant growing in one pot how richly a little care and patience is repaid, as illustrated by a single rose geranium, grown high up amid the damp fog of "Coiner's Court," and the magnificent unfoldings of the rose tree in our humble rural home. Next, we passed in review the first effort of the tyro in growing flowers in a common parlor or sitting room window of some half dozen common plants ranged upon a common shelf. We endeavored to show in our simple illustrations of plant life how easily apparent difficulties could be overcome, when one readily and resolutely set about doing the same. We endeavored to show our many lady readers, and others interested in this delightful occupation, how easily even the poorest rustic home could be made fresh and beautiful, and to literally blossom like the rose, even in the severity of mid-winter. We have taught the wild flowering jessamine of the tropics to throw its fragrant sweets, its rich perfume in these, our northern homes. Now we can rejoice in cheerful gladness, even at this time, this frosty season of the year, amid all the floral beauties of many climes.

And how have we been able to accomplish all this? By attending to a few well known, practical suggestions, that in all cases will give a like rich reward. We found that our box in the window, fitted to a shelf of some larger dimensions gave us our first idea of a window garden in its most simple form. This box we filled with carefully selected plants, well adapted to the situations in which they were to grow, after having given the necessary soils, their chemical union, and component elements.

In our more advanced conversations, after noting the simpler elements, a knowledge of which is always necessary to success in any undertaking, we noted the more elaborate, or what might be called the initiative, of composition element in window gardening, under the forms of the zinc pan, and the culture of bulbs.

In the progress of our third paper we gave some idea of the management of the different bulbs, the simpler forms of the ferns, the introduction of the cacti, and the mixing of the different kinds of bulbous plants together. We spoke of the fine effects that we had produced by the grouping of the New Zealand plants with those imported from Australia and California. We gave the simple forms, or what we called foundation rules, for the construction of small crags or miniature rock work within the window. In our fourth and last paper a recapitulation or analysis of all which we deem necessary to a better understanding of our present paper was given.

In this article we present to you for consideration the first part of a full window garden of rare and fine plants, intermingled in a more natural and pleasing form. As Shakespeare has truthfully written—

"This is an art which does mend Nature—
Changes it rather, but the art is Nature."

You can, if you have a large sized bow window, have a box constructed to rest upon short legs, with rollers attached, by which means it may be removed back and forth to the window, as may be desirable. This box may be one and a half feet in height, and of such width as will allow it to just fit in evenly with the outside coverings of the window. We suppose the depth of this bow window to be three feet and six inches in width. This will allow us to have a box made say twenty-one inches, or one half the width of our window, and allow sufficient space to place on the sill of the same, another box of like dimensions and measurement, if we choose so to do; but our plan has been to have the upper box on the one which rests upon the shelf upon the sill of the window ten inches in depth instead of a greater depth, this size being found upon use as best adapted to the growth of the plants we place within the same. Having filled our smaller sized box, according to previous direction with earth, adapted to the growth of the plants designed to be grown in the same, you will proceed to plant them, varying them in arrangement to suit your own fancy somewhat, being careful always to place all of one species together, care also being had as to the soils best adapted to this arrangement of plants. If you would like to try as an experiment the cacti, of different species, an arrangement like the following will give you much pleasure (we have succeeded with such an arrangement), and we think you will not fail if careful not to overdo your plants. There is such a thing as over-nursing, or taking too good care of a plant, and the cacti of some species are very impatient, and by their appearance say to

you more plainly, perhaps, than any other plant, "Let me alone." They shrink from too much water, and will live and thrive and send out huge clusters and long plumed blossoms from a very dry base. Being a Mexican plant, having their origin among hot, arid soils of rocky, silicious formations, their very nature is of course different to many other plants, a fact to be kept always in mind.

I have placed a narrow, long box, say four inches wide and five inches in depth, on the top of the upper box, well filled with coarse gravelly sand and pieces of brick of the size of a walnut and less, to within three inches of the top; you will then select your cacti plants from the best catalogue you may deem best. They succeed best in sandy loam, and this, mixed with brick and lime rubbish, a little peat and rotted manure, should fill up your cactus box. The tallest and more rapidly growing plants should be placed nearest the ends of the box, filling up the centre space with the smaller kinds. The drooping kind may be planted at the front side, or sides of the box next the room, and form a pretty appearance hanging over the front of the box, which may be painted of any color, and they add much to the general effect. Of the plants denominated succulent, the aloe and cactus seem, by their very nature, adapted to very dry climates, and enter into parlor gardening very naturally, and are easily taken care of. Like many other plants in some respects, they are in others very unlike. There is no plant that we have ever cultivated as an indoor plant that requires less care than this curious plant. I have, as a general thing, let it take care of itself, after carefully preparing its receptacle of earth for it. It should be kept quite dry, except when growing, when it should be watered freely. These unique plants will repay all your attention. They are designed by nature to endure a recess from moisture, their organization fits them peculiarly for it, and they are of a flat, fleshy texture, covered with a thick, tough, leather-like coat or bark, which does not respire so freely as other plants.

You can procure from the florist all the best known varieties of cactus, many of the older varieties being far preferable to the newer crosses. Among your selected plants you may place *Jacksonii*, *Melissaria*, and *Ackermanii*. The *Opuntia microdas* has beautiful foliage, and, being tufted over with regular rows of yellow spires, is truly worth all the time and patience bestowed upon it. With these few named plants you may fill your narrow box, and leave them to take care of themselves while you next give your attention to your second box, which rests upon the window sill.

With the previous suggestions given, you will be prepared somewhat to enter upon your work with a good degree of confidence, and in arranging the plants in your second box you will be quite particular to observe the following rules, which will prevent many incongruities in the grouping of the different plants. Avoid placing rose color next to scarlet, orange, or violet; never place orange next to yellow, or blue next to violet. Orange will harmonize well with blue, and yellow with violet. Rose color and purple may be placed side by side, and the effect is harmonious. You now have the white, with which to relieve any color, but it is never to be placed next to yellow.

Having brought our lady friends thus far in our attempts to make our parlors and sitting rooms sources of pleasure during the winter months, we would remark that while we could easily designate by name every plant to be used for the filling of our second box (and which we shall do in the course of these papers), we deem it more for the interest of our readers to try these experiments to a certain extent, unaided by more minute directions from us.

In our next we will give a continuation of the manner of our own planting—Box No. II.—and other and more interesting matter relative to the subject of parlor decoration.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

A BIT OF NATURE IN THE PARLOR—While in Jacksonville, Florida, we saw something so pretty, and in such good taste that we will try to describe it, and perhaps some of our northern ladies may avail themselves of the idea, which may be developed in many ways. In a shadowy corner of the room a shelf was covered with a large quantity of various kinds of dried native grasses, over which the beautiful Spanish moss of Florida was hanging in festoons from short branches until it almost touched the tops or mingled with the grasses. Within it looked as dreamy and as dark as the recesses of the swamps and forests. Just among the grasses, and half concealed by the hanging moss, stood a beautiful, small, snow white heron, nicely and perfectly stuffed, and looking remarkably life-like. He seemed to be standing in his native marsh, and his attitude was as if he had just spied the observer, and, startled by the intrusion, was about to take flight. The poise of the head and the wild glance of the eye were perfect. The illusion was complete, and the whole formed one of the most tasteful and beautiful decorations for a parlor we have ever seen.

—The efforts now being made in Colorado for the preservation of the timber are of the most praiseworthy kind. Mining interests are suffering from the wanton destruction of the timber. The Governor attributes this wanton waste either to the recklessness or maliciousness of parties by whom entire districts of timber are fired and destroyed, and advocates stringent measures more severe than those already existing, and that a standing reward be offered for the apprehension all who violate the law in this particular.

Natural History.

THE WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN.—*Lagopus leucurus*.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The *Lagopus leucurus* is the smallest of its genus, and inhabits the highest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. It was first taken by Douglas and presented to the Zoological Society of London. Since then specimens of it have been taken by the U. S. Expeditions, and during the last summer I collected several adults and one young chick while in the Sierra Madre Mountains with the U. S. Geological Survey under Dr. F. V. Hayden. The White-tailed Ptarmigan is the only one of its family that is found in the Southern Rocky Mountains. During the summer months they are found in pairs near the snow banks on the bare tops of the mountains. Their nests I have seen on several occasions, all of which had been deserted by the young. They are generally placed in some little cavity among the loose rocks, and are constructed of dried grasses. The nests are small in proportion to those of the different species of grouse, and scantily built. In fact they select just such places for their nest in the rocks of the mountains as the *Uria grylle* (black guillemot) would on the rocky islands of the Atlantic ocean. I do not think the *Lagopus leucurus* ever has more than three or four young at a brood, as I have seen pairs of old birds with their young on several occasions, and at such times have never observed more than four chicks in a family. It is barely possible that their numbers may have been lessened by being devoured by hawks or by the cold rains, which may have chilled and killed them. It is a well known fact to most Naturalists that large numbers of the young ruffed grouse often perish from exposure during late springs accompanied by cold rains. I have several times found them dead and in a dying state, caused by exposure in the woods near Springfield, Mass. I do not think that is the case with the young Ptarmigans, however, as they are hatched late in the season, and last spring was a favorable one for their propagation. Neither do I think they are destroyed by hawks, as there are none where the Ptarmigans breed, with the exception of a few straggling sparrow hawks, which are rarely seen. Therefore I think the *Lagopus leucurus* has but three or four eggs at a sitting, and but one brood in a season. They have a continued moult which lasts during the summer months and the variation in their plumage is so great that it is almost impossible to find two individuals in the same plumage. During the months from April to September their plumage is very scant and ragged; but when in their full winter plumage their feathers are heavy and compact, which gives them a much larger appearance than when seen in the summer dress, mottled with brown, and grayish white. The tail at all times is pure white. They are generally known in Colorado as White and Mountain Quails by the hunters, miners and ranchmen. When with their young they will fight the ornithological robber, flying so near as to hit one with their wings, in their endeavor to protect their chickens. Both male and female are equally courageous, and will defend their young. In the summer they are very tame, and when approached will run among the rocks or in the dwarf willows, a few yards from the hunter, and squat and will not continue their retreat until the hunter is upon them. When raised they fly in a straight line for seventy-five or a hundred yards, and alight on some elevated rock, stretching out the neck its full length to see if they are followed, and if nothing is seen to excite their suspicion they walk off from the rocks and commence to feed as usual. During deep snows in the winter the Ptarmigan descend from the mountains and feed in the edges of the timber and on the hill sides. Last winter some were seen as far east as South Park, Colorado, feeding on the foothills. They are gregarious in winter. The White-tailed Ptarmigan is 26.25 inches in extent and 14.50 inches long; eye, hazel; supercilary membrane, red; toes, feathered half their length in summer, and are entirely covered with hair-like feathers in the winter; claws, blackish—lighter at their tips, long, broad and strong, rounded above, concave beneath, arched, edges sharp, and in some individuals the claws are notched on the sides.

Jos. H. BATTY, U. S. G. Survey.
(Dr. F. V. Hayden in charge.)

"DO QUAIL VOLUNTARILY RETAIN THEIR SCENT."

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

It has long been a question of argument whether the *ortyx Virginianus*, or quail, can retain its scent or not at its pleasure. Certainly every sportsman has noticed, after having flushed a covey, and marked it down and scattered it in some open grass field or tussock meadow, how much more difficult it is to restart the single birds than he expected, in fact how totally at fault his dogs appear to be notwithstanding their reliability and superiority, and only until almost trodden upon will the quail whirr from under his feet or the setter's nose.

I am satisfied they give out no scent at this time, but by no means convinced they possess the power of retaining it as some argue, for when the frightened covey is started, and having been shot at, in their haste to flee from danger they pitch directly into a spot and alight without running afterwards, into the smallest space possible in order to hide, and their feathers are pressed closely against the body from which the scent proceeds, and none for a time tells the tale to the pointer and setter.

Not until the bird has moved can he be pointed, and the sportsman having shot at the flushed covey, goes directly where he has marked them down, which occupies but little time, and he wastes much labor in tramping them up; if on the contrary he waits ten or fifteen minutes quietly, and the quail have gotten over their fright, and move a little, he will most certainly have his dog point them singly.

While resting on the side of a field the past November, I noticed a quail under full headway, pursued by a hawk, pitch into a growth of high grass bordering a small pond, and escape, while the hawk disappointed in his first chase began a search in the grass, trusting to his sharp eye to find his prey. Knowing exactly to a foot where the quail alighted, but with the intention of killing the hawk, I crept to the pond and shot the robber down, and then called my dog for the purpose of seeing if he could point the quail.

I saw it crouched closely to the ground, and in no direction could get a stand from my dog, noted for his superior nose. I called him off and patiently waited for the bird to move, and could distinctly see its movements, if any were made. After a lapse of a few minutes the bird turned over as if to change its position, still hugging the ground in its fright. I then moved towards it with "Grouse," and he stood stanchly.

I would like the opinion of some of your correspondents as to this question.

"Homo."

X AS TO PORCUPINES.

New York, January 19, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

An article in your columns of January 8th, 1874, in relation to porcupines, suggests to me this communication, which I hope will help to correct the erroneous idea, but very general one, (even among those who reside in the parts of the country where these animals are plentiful), that the porcupine shoots its quills. By experiments I have not only completely satisfied myself that they do not "shoot" or "throw" their quills, but also that they can at will strike with their offensive and defensive weapon, the tail, without leaving quills in the object struck. My experiments were made with the animal known in New England as the "hedge hog," the quills of which vary from one quarter inch to four inches in length.

An account of the capture of one alive may be of interest. At Conway, N. H., in the latter part of a summer afternoon, I was driving down

The Horse and the Course.

—A purse of \$10,000 will be given to be trotted for, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, over the Mystic Park, Medford, Mass., near Boston, open to all the stallions in the United States and Canadas, the winning horse to receive \$4,000, the second horse \$3,000, the third \$2,000 and the fourth \$1,000. Each stallion winning a premium will also receive a gold medal. The race to come off on Tuesday, September 15.

—George Barbee will ride for Mr. P. Lorillard during the coming racing season.

—The second annual running meeting of the Utica Park Association, is to be held on June 24, 25 and 26. Two stakes are now open to be run for, these are the Ladies' Stakes, for two-year olds, entrance \$30, half forfeit, with \$300 gold added by the association; the second horse to save his entrance; one mile; and the Oneida Stakes, for three-year olds, entrance \$50, half forfeit, with \$500 added; the second horse to save his entrance; mile heats; to carry 100 lbs.; and the stakes to close on the 31st inst.

—The Savannah Jockey Club have received the following list of entries for the Ten Broeck Stake, to be run February 3, 1874, which is for three-year olds; colts to carry 85 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed for fillies and geldings; one mile:—A. B. Lewis & Co.'s ch. f. Belle of Australia, and br. f. Vandelite; T. G. Baeon & Co.'s b. c. Father Ryan, and ch. f. Flower Girl; L. A. Hitchcock's br. f. Boone, and D. O'Connor's eh. f. Fannie.

—The American Jockey Club have the following stakes open for nominations, to close on the 1st of March, to be run at the coming spring meeting:—The Juvenile Stakes, for two-year olds, half a mile; the Fordham Handicap Sweepstakes, one mile and a quarter; the Jockey Club Handicap Sweepstakes, two miles, and the Westchester Cup, two miles and a quarter.

—The San Francisco Chronicle of January 8 says that in the Assembly Mr. Wiekware introduced an act to authorize the closing of certain streets in San Francisco for the purpose of an agricultural and mechanical fair ground and for a race track. It is understood that an association has leased the ground from the owners, and that the Board of Supervisors is willing to grant the right to fence in the streets. The race track is to be a mile. Opposition to the act is anticipated from parties interested in other tracks in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

THE RACES AT MAURITIUS.

IN the upper part of the Champ de Mars, a large, treeless grassy plain, believed once to have been a large crater, stands a stone monument twenty feet high, erected to the memory of one of the French governors. At the foot of the plain the Mauritius Cricket Club has erected a pretty pavilion and laid out a square cricket ground. On this spot is held, generally in July, the Mauritian Carnival; for round the Champ de Mars runs the racecourse, kept in excellent order by the Mauritian Turf Club, to which glorious institution (dating from 1812) the colonists, rich and poor, white and colored, male and female, young and old, owe three days of blissful madness.

Not only the race ground itself, but the whole city, rises to a fever heat of enthusiasm as the first day dawns. Every street is crowded with chairs, tables, benches, and stands. Private carriages are driven up and left horseless within the eordon. Tents rise with magic rapidity on the surrounding eminences, flags fly, and tomtoms beat. The judges' stand is flanked by long rows of stalls or lodges for the more select spectators, such as the governor (over which proudly floats the royal standard), mayor, council, military officers, &c.; and here the beauty and fashion of Port Louis, in glittering array of jewels, gauze, and silks, win or lose gloves as recklessly as at Ascot or Longchamps. Drawn up beneath the stalls are vehicles of every description which will meet a certain standard of presentability, and in them sit other ladies in equally magnificent attire; but if a resplendent dress, surmounted by a Parisian bonnet whose fluttering laces are coquettishly arranged by a tiny white-gloved hand, should tempt the curious bystander to look for a face of equal delicacy, a pair of bright black eyes will flash upon him from beneath "a brow of Egypt," in which his unacclimatized European taste may not lead him to discern "Helen's beauty," though the possessor will have probably tried to tone down its lustre by a liberal allowance of violet powder.

Racing is of course the *raison-d'être* of races; but a great charm and zest lies in their concomitants also, and perhaps the less said about the horses and jockeys of the Champs de Mars the better for their English reputation. The Mauritian Newmarket is "good for trade," and excuses a general holiday, therefore may its shadow never grow less!—*Saint James' Magazine.*

× WILD HORSES IN KANSAS.—From the Topeka *Commonwealth* we take the following:

Large numbers of wild horses abound on the prairies between the Arkansas and Smoky Hill Rivers. They are of all sizes and colors, and are the wildest of all wild animals. They usually roam in bands from six to twenty, and will run at sight of a man two miles away. A great many domesticated horses, as well as mules, which have strayed away from their owners, have taken up with the wild ones. After running with them awhile they become as wild as their untamed companions. Various methods have been adopted to catch them, but they have generally proved fruitless. A scrubby colt or a broken-down mule are, as a general thing, the only reward for all the time and labor. Settlers on the frontier would hail their speedy extinction as a blessing, for when domestic animals get with them their recovery is simply out of the question.

This is interesting as tending to show, how domestic animals will, when opportunity allows, return to their primitive natural condition.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, expenses, remedies, trails, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous Communications not Noticed.]

Quod.—To clean rusty guns use kerosene oil. To keep it clean nothing is better than skunk's oil.

J. E. L.—Don't recollect what old "Grizzly" Adams' bear weighed. Jim Conlin of the Broadway Shooting Gallery, or Mr. Daymon, Tiffany & Co., might know. Both have been with P. T. Barnum.

W. P., Clinton street, Brooklyn.—What treatment would you advise for a Newfoundland dog with the following symptoms: Loss of appetite, very weak legs and bleeding at the nose? Ans. You must state age; most likely the dog has caught a severe cold.

H. C. S., Ohio.—Is a pigeon sprung from a trap harder or more difficult to hit than a quail in field. I am green as to pigeon shooting, having never shot any except wild ones? Ans. It is more difficult to kill a quail, as it is impossible to tell when and which way the bird will get up.

J. T. E., New York.—I have a setter puppy two months old. Is it time to cut his tail? Ans. Don't cut his tail at all; leave it as nature provided. What is the best kind of food for my puppy? Ans. His mother's; also feed him with weak milk and water mixed with meal, but very weak.

W. L. S., Amherst, Iowa.—Which is the strongest, laminated steel or good twist barrels (same weight)? Ans. Both shot barrels have their admirers. For all practical purposes laminated steel barrels answer the requirements of the sportsman. We can give you the statistical proofs of both kinds if necessary.

R. H. A., Parkersburg, Va.—Among your book reviews I notice "The Birds of North America," by Theo. Jasper. How many parts are there to be, and how many pages to each part? Is each part bound separately? Is it quarto or octavo? Ans. Thirty-six parts, twelve pages, each 12x15 inches, one dollar each part, delivered monthly to subscribers only. If you wish a book from which to study the fauna of North America, better buy Cones' "Key to the Birds of North America."

***—THE FOREST AND STREAM will be indexed each six months, and twenty-six numbers will constitute a volume. 2. Split bamboo for fishing rods is the common bamboo sawed into longitudinal strips of requisite dimensions and the pith removed. When the several parts are prepared, they are adjusted together with the utmost mechanical nicety, giving elasticity, strength and durability, which ordinary bamboo does not possess.

H. BAMBER, Brooklyn.—Rifle practice is a dangerous business in populous places. It would be difficult to find any part of the suburbs of Brooklyn, no matter how thinly settled, where rifle shooting would not be liable to cause the arrest of the offender, and very justly, too. If you shoot on the beach, seaward, the case is different, and the practice perfectly safe where no boats are in view.

C. L. W., Weston.—1st. What is the calibre of my gun, judging by the enclosed wad? Ans. 14 bore. 2d. What is the method of measuring the charge, both of powder and shot? Ans. By a gauge, which you can purchase at any gunsmiths. 3d. Is the principle of choke boring adopted in the manufacture of breech-loading guns? Ans. You can have a gun barrel bored to suit almost any pattern you fancy. See article headed "Guns—a Dialogue."

J. E. W., Newbern.—The Julia mentioned in the article by E. M. was a large sloop of some seventy feet over all and belonged to Capt. Waterbury. She was in her prime from 1858 to 1861, and was so fast as to be often ruled out of matches when other sloops, such as the Rebecca, Rowena, Mallory, Bonita and others were to be competitors. She was afterwards changed to a schooner, and the last time we saw her was in 1871, at which time she was cruising in Narragansett Bay, where she was owned. We know your Julia to be a good one, but she is not the Julia mentioned.

W. ELLINGWOOD AND OTHERS, New York.—
1 lb. avoirdupois weight is 7,000 grains.
1 lb. apothecary " " 5,760 grains.
1 lb. Troy " " 5,760 grains.
1 oz. avoirdupois " " 437½ grains.
1 oz. apothecary " " 480 grains.
1 oz. Troy " " 480 grains.
1 drachm avoirdupois is 1-16 of 437½ grains, a little less than 27½ grains.
1 drachm apothecary is ¼ of 480 grains, or 60 grains.
Much obliged. Shall be glad to hear from C. E. again.

F. E. E., New York.—Can you inform me of the pulsations of the domestic and wild animals? Ans. After a great deal of trouble and search we found it. *Vatels Veterinary Pathology:*

The Horse.....	32 to 38	Pulsations in a minute.
The Ox or Cow.....	35 to 42	" "
The Sheep.....	70 to 76	" "
The Goat.....	72 to 79	" "
The Cat.....	110 to 120	" "
The Hare.....	120	" "
The Dog.....	90 to 100	" "
The Crow.....	136	" "
The Duck.....	136	" "
The Hen.....	140	" "
The Heron.....	200	" "

F. W. C., Paterson.—1st. Have you got the right to fish and shoot on your own land at any time, in season and out of season? Ans. We believe you have the right to do anything you please with your own property. 2d. What is an "Ely's Concentrator," and what is meant by pattern, as applied to shotguns, or rather to the way they throw shot? Ans. See to-day's issue, article headed "Guns—a Dialogue." 3d. What can you import me a rabbit beagle for. I should want a puppy about two months old. How long would it take to get it here; what kennel would it be from? Ans. A rabbit beagle should be at least 6 months old, and would cost \$20—English. 4th. Is there any breed of dogs that are good to hunt rabbits and make good house dogs of; a hound lying around 9 months in the year eating his head off is somewhat of a bore? Ans. The Dandie Dinmont Terrier.

HAYMAKER, Clyde, N. Y.—To any one crossing the line into Canada, what is the arrangement with the Custom House officers about guns, boats, and other necessary articles of a sportsman's outfit? Ans. We have always found the Custom House officials very obliging and quite ready to pass a sportsman's baggage without examination, when they were assured of his identity. In one instance only (it was about the time of the Fenian raid) we knew of a gentleman who had some trouble with a gun. These worthies have little difficulty in detecting suspicious persons. 2. Is there any duty on game or furs brought from either country or sent? Yes of game; except what you carry on your person, and as to furs the law is very strict. 3. Is it necessary to have "hard money" or can we pay for whatever we want in our currency? Ans. Greenbacks pass at market rates in all hotels and stores in cities, but in the rural districts Canadian money is necessary, and among the French people nothing is current but silver. You can supply yourself at any brokers on either side the line. 3. I am fully aware that it would not pay to transport boats any great distance, but we are so situated that the principal part of the transportation would be on the steamer, for instance from Oswego to Cobourg, and have an idea that we could take them cheaper than buy them in Canada? Ans. Note our advertisement and write to Bond, of Cincinnati, for circular as to portable boats. You can pack your traps in these and they will go as trunks.

the "Swift River Road," on my return to the hospitable care of friend Eastman of the "Conway House," and when but little more than a mile from the hotel, although not out of the woods, a porcupine crossed the road about thirty rods before me. I immediately quickened the speed of my horse, stopped, and leaped out in time to kick the porcupine from a tree which he was climbing, and he would have been far beyond my reach had he known of my pursuit a moment sooner. Porky once again on the ground, I succeeded, with the aid of a dead branch which I picked up from among the many lying under the pine trees, in preventing him from starting up another tree, and drove him to the road, when to my dismay he ran under the horse; but the well trained steed gave but one jump and at my command went no further, but was trembling very much, and Mr. Quillbearer having come to bay under the wagon, standing erect on his hind legs in the manner of bears, I took this opportunity to coax and soothe the horse for a moment; then quietly getting a bit of rope from the wagon, and making a slip-noose, the porcupine still on his hind legs awaiting my next movement, I went to the horse's head and started him a few paces. The instant the porcupine was left behind the wagon he started for the trees again, but being fat and his legs short, I easily headed him off, and threw the noose over his head, dragged and lifted him into the rear of the wagon, where I bound him, and then proceeded to extract about fifty quills from the fetlocks and ankles of my horse, which was an operation I would not wish to attempt on any other horse (standing in the road and trembling with fright) than my own.

Porky rested in a barrel for several days, but I succeeded in attaching to him a collar and chain, which gave him comparative freedom. When he was out of the barrel, I attempted to touch his head with a stick but it would be met by a blow from his tail; but when in the barrel he could not turn quick enough to strike; and with a round stick of soft wood, an inch in diameter, I drew many of the longer quills from his back with a touch so slight that I depended upon my eyes and not my sense of feeling to know the moment of contact. The animal being less than two years old, soon lost some of his wildness, and I was able to touch him with a stick (I did not try with my hand) without resentment on his part, except when I was too violent, or in the presence of a dog. In such cases he would strike the stick, but instead of it being bristling with quills after a blow, there would be but two or three or none at all in the stick.

From the points of the quills, which are as sharp as needles, for a quarter of an inch toward the base are minute barbs, which serve not only to retain the quills in the object struck, but when such object be a living creature, if the quills be not immediately extracted, the barbs will serve to draw them deeper into the flesh, where they will travel about, as will needles under similar circumstances, but the quills more rapidly. I have seen a fine hound which with more courage than prudence had attacked a porcupine, to the severe punishment of the dog, whose head and mouth were badly punctured. Every quill which could be discovered in the dog was extracted, but several weeks after the return from the hunt a quill was extracted from the ridge of his nose, about two inches from the forehead, which had entered the roof of the mouth and thence worked through the cartilage above. After explaining to which species of porcupine my article refers, I have ignored the local name "Hedgehog," and in this connection wish to urge your readers, most especially sportsmen and correspondents, to apply the naturalists' names to creatures, and not local names, which vary in different sections of the country and are very often misnomers. Most of the names in this country are adapted from European ones, and should be applied to the creatures which most resemble (not in external appearances, but in habits and internal structure) those which bear the same names in Europe. The European hedgehog is of the badger species; and as we have the badger in this country I consider the term "hedgehog" a misnomer when applied to the porcupine. I conclude by urging the general adoption of naturalists' common names, and dropping local names. If we constantly read of an object by one name, it will soon require no effort to speak of it by that name.

"ROAMER."

NOTES ON THE BUTCHER BIRD—*Collyris borealis.*

—[We print the subjoined communication with no little pride, for it is the production of a young naturalist only fifteen years old. We print it as sent us, *verbatim et literatim*, and find it but little defective in any particular. Our young correspondent can not only prepare and mount his specimens, but he had quite a large collection destroyed by the Chicago fire. Since that catastrophe he has collected over one hundred specimens of the birds of that region, which he shot himself, devoting all his spare time to the pursuit.—Ed. F. and S.]

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

There have been a good many Butcher Birds here this winter. Before this I imagined that they were quite rare. They seem to like to sit on the tops of old dead trees about here. They are restless and seldom stay long at one place and are continually jerking their tails like magpies and jays, which they much resemble in their ways. They are not gregarious at all (as far as I know), as I have never seen two together. I once noticed one stop in its flight, which resembles that of a woodpecker or jay, and hover over a spot, very much as a kingfisher often does, suddenly dart down with closed wings, seize a mouse and fit to the top of a dead weed and devour it. There are a great many mice among the dead weeds, and that is what attracts the Butcher Birds. There is a malt house near by and they stay around it to catch the mice which live upon the grain. I have seen within the area of one-eighth of a mile no less than a dozen impaled mice. They impale their food not only for future use, but also to help them to tear it to pieces while eating. They eat their food, bones, skin and all, only leaving a few tufts of hair on the twig or thorn upon which it was impaled. One day I saw one catch a mouse, impale it, and then commenced tearing it to pieces. I crawled up near it, but it not liking company while at dinner, flew off, carrying its dinner with it. Another time we heard a great screaming and scolding and went back to find what was the matter, and found a Butcher Bird very much excited about a little Mottled Owl which it had discovered hid away in a dwarf oak covered with wild grapevine, and which was staring about in a very stupid manner. When one is wounded it will make a hard fight before it gives up, and will often draw blood with its strong hooked bill, from the incautious hand which attempts to seize it.

R. P. C.

CHICAGO, 1873.

CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS,
NEW YORK, January 24, 1874.

Animals received at Central Park Menagerie for the week ending January 23, 1874:

- One Common Starling, *Sturnus vulgaris*; hab. Australia; purchased.
- Four Black Swans, *Cygnus atavus*; hab. Australia; purchased.
- One Maskrat, *Fiber zibethicus*, presented by Mr. Carryl.
- One Painted Turtle, *Emys picta*, presented by Miss Stella Sturgis.

W. A. CONKLIN.

—Mr. Harness tells this of the banker poet, Rogers, who was unfortunate in his servants:—On one occasion, when in the country, his favorite groom, with whom he used to drive every day, gave notice to leave. Rogers asked him why he was going, and what he had to complain of. "Nothing," replied the man, "but you are so dull in the buggy." *Harper's Drawer.*



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1874.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE REGATTA—
THE QUESTION OF SARATOGA.

FROM the careful report of the Rowing Convention, sent to us by our own correspondent, the public may gain information in regard to the important subject as to where the next great university race is to be held.

We can fully appreciate the motives which actuated gentlemen who were earnest in their endeavors to have the contest take place at Saratoga, and those opposed to it. We do not in the least incline to think that the measures urged for or against Saratoga were inspired by any other feelings than those tending to the ultimate advantage of the University Rowing Associations of the country; nor are we at all surprised that a notable crew (as may be seen by our later advices) had bolted the Convention, having determined not to row at Saratoga.

No one speaks of Saratoga as a boating race ground without being of the decided opinion that it is the most perfect piece of water for such purposes in the country, and that it is so situated geographically as to be of easy access for eastern and northern University Rowing Clubs. Where, then, is the hitch?

The distaste certainly arises from the unfortunate fact that though Saratoga is thronged for months in the gayest season of the year with all the wealth and grace of the country, still there is an unfortunate prestige about Saratoga which certain men, and certain good, honest, simple fathers and mothers, and the teachers and professors of these rowing men, feel. If this sentiment did not find in the Hartford Convention its fullest expression, it is talked about and commented upon in the homes and by the fire-sides of the students. It may be squamishness, it may be a false sentiment, but we are forced to make the positive statement that Saratoga is objected to mainly from the fear that the college men may be led astray, or have thrown on them the imputation of having been conspicuous actors at a place where vice too often lifts its head, and rarely finds a voice which calls things by their proper names.

Of the Saratoga Rowing Association, we cannot but speak in the highest terms. No one thinks otherwise than that the association will carry out in every way the arrangements proposed by them, and that they are keenly aware, as fully as we are, how prejudicial all the bad elements which outcrop there are to the rowing interests of the United States. One thing we feel certain of, and that is that when the race does take place, the actions of all the men making up the

crews, and of their associates, will be carefully watched, and that should the least thing occur, prejudicial to morals, all future courses at Saratoga will be forever tabooed, and other places, with less of a social taint, even having much less rowing advantages, will be selected.

Where an University race is to be held, must be at all times a difficult problem to solve. Putting entirely aside the questions of locality or convenience as to racing or training, a contest between University crews—do what conventions may—must always take the decided character of a public exhibition. Such boating events will invariably be attended by tens of thousands of spectators, an audience made up of the most incongruous elements, which audience, we fancy, is no better or no worse, as to component parts, than that which would be collected in any other part of the world.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MATCH.

LETTER FROM MR. PRICE, THE OWNER OF BELLE.

WE are pleased to lay before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM and all American sportsmen the very courteous letter sent to us by Mr. R. T. Lloyd Price, the owner of the famous dog Belle, the winner of the Rhiwlas pointer and setter trials of 1873.

We have to congratulate ourselves that we have not been too premature in stating the rules governing such Field Trials, and that we have been cautious in regard to publishing any rules whatsoever without the certainty that such rules were exact.

It must be evident to any one acquainted with the peculiarities of those entering into contests of any kind, how half the trouble arises, from the fact of matters not being thoroughly understood at the commencement. In event of any disputes, arising from misconception of the rules, after we have given them due publicity, we must therefore be held blameless.

We have no reason, however, to suppose that such contingencies can arise, but representing as we do the interests of both the United States and England, and desirous to see these Field Trials amicably and pleasantly concluded, it particularly behooves us to be careful in any detail.

The Field Trials, we find from Mr. Price's letter, were inaugurated, and are carried out under the supervision of the members of the Kennel Club. This is an organization of gentlemen who are strictly balloted for, and all men who enjoy the highest social position in England, among them we find the Marquis of Huntly, Marquis of Buchanan, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Lurgan, (the owner of the famous greyhound, the late Master McGrath), The Hon. R. C. Hal, Major Platt, the Revd. J. C. Macdona, and many other leading representative Englishmen. The Kennel Club lays down the rules for not only the canine exhibitions at Sydenham, Birmingham, Nottingham and elsewhere, but determines how the Field Trials shall be contested. In fact the Kennel Club is a body of elite, who actuated by the love of the dog, devote their attention to developing his excellence in every way.

It will be seen that Mr. Price believes in the possibility of getting some of the English Sportsmen to visit this country, and to make a trial of their English dogs here on our own stamping ground. We feel sure that we express the sentiment of every American gentleman when we state that any sportsman coming here to try our prairies and our game, would be received with the greatest courtesy, and all would vie in making him welcome.

We must express ourselves more than pleased by the tone of Mr. Price's communication, when he says that "The match is proposed by us entirely in a friendly spirit," and can either he run for glory alone or for a good stake.

RHIWLAS, BALA., MERIONETHSHIRE, N. WALES,
January 8th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I enclose you the regulations of the two principal Field Trial Meetings that have been held this year, with the names of the winners of the various stakes attached, which may in part afford you the desired information. The Kennel Club consists of a number of gentlemen, leading men in sporting affairs, who are strictly balloted for, and all men of the highest position. They constitute in fact "The Jockey Club," in shooting matters and dog shows, and all cases of disputes at "Field Trials" are I believe referred to them. They organize every June a very large dog show at the Crystal Palace, with that held at Birmingham, which are the most successful and best arranged shows in existence.

The Kennel Club organized also the very successful and well attended Field Trials, held last September, and they intend continuing them. They are compiling a book, containing the names, pedigrees and histories of all fine winning dogs, both in the field and on the show bench, somewhat similar in fact to the Shorthorn Herd Book. It is the intention of Mr. Macdona and myself, should the Anglo-American Match come off, to place the matter entirely in the hands of the Kennel Club, to select the dogs to compete for England, and to make all arrangements in order that there can be no question as to everything being arranged with ability and uprightness. Mr. Macdona and myself have won the principal prizes at Field Trials this year with our representatives, Ranger, (setter) and Belle, (pointer). We consider ourselves therefore fairly entitled to represent the mother country in this matter; but should the committee of the Kennel Club consider that better dogs can be found to run in England, we shall give way to their opinion in-

stantly. The match is proposed by us entirely in a friendly spirit, and can be run for glory alone, or for a good stake. As to the proposition which I see in FOREST AND STREAM, that we should cross the Atlantic with our dogs, I can only say in behalf of Mr. Macdona and myself, that nothing would give us greater pleasure. Personally there is nothing I can conceive more enjoyable than to visit your grand country, but family ties might prevent our absence for the lengthy period which would be necessary.

I have little doubt, however, that some aspiring young bachelors might easily be found. I know of two gentlemen owning fine dogs, who might be willing to show their animals off on your prairies, than which I cannot conceive any grounds more suitable. I have no doubt but that the Kennel Club would welcome with open arms any American gentlemen interested in sporting matters, who might wish to join them. Truly yours,

W. T. LLOYD PRICE.

[Suggestions as to Field Trials to suit American-bred setters will be published next week.]

REPORT OF THE STATE COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES OF PENNSYLVANIA FOR 1873.

THE report of Messrs. H. J. Reeder, B. J. Hewitt, and James Duffy, State Commissioners of Fisheries for Pennsylvania, is a most thorough and interesting document. Pennsylvania, though not enjoying the peculiar lacustrine formations which abound in New York, has many noble rivers. Of these the Delaware River is the most remarkable, and once abounded with fish. In our review of the report of the New Jersey Fishery-Commissioners, we stated how the shad were diminishing in the Delaware River. As the Jersey fishermen spoil every chance of gaining a livelihood on the Delaware by the most reckless and indiscriminate fishing, it is not to be expected that those of the same craft on the Pennsylvania side are any wiser. Commencing almost with the very first lines of the report, we read "that a large number of streams running through our State [Pennsylvania] has become so depopulated of fishes by persistent, wanton slaughter as to render them almost valueless to our people as a source of food." In regard to shad, which particular fishery occupies the bulk of the report, we find it stated that illegal, indiscriminate, and wasteful fishing has almost depopulated the great streams of the State emptying into the Atlantic, which at one time abounded with this valuable and esculent fish. Nothing can show this fact in a stronger light than that during the last season, of all the fishing associations on the Delaware only six found it a remunerative business. The commissioners attribute this deterioration in quality and quantity to three causes. *First*. The practice of fishing with drift nets in the lower portions of the river. *Second*. That the close season, or the time during which fishing is forbidden in the rivers, is not sufficiently long and sufficiently observed; and *third*, the destruction of the young shad when returning to the sea by fish baskets. The New Jersey commissioners fully described the character of these nets. Like walls, they are made to sweep almost across the entire channel of a river, and differ from nets which are set. These nets float up and down with the tide, catching all the fish in the river, or chasing them away. As to the close time, discussed in full by the commissioners, it is declared to be too short. After every invention that human ingenuity can devise has been brought into play to catch the fish every day in the week save Sunday, the fish are then allowed breathing time from midnight of Saturday until midnight of Sunday only. The commissioners ask that the fish be given but a few more hours' respite, and that the time be extended from sunset of a Saturday until midnight of Sunday, only some six hours more. But of all the wretched methods of killing the small shad the fish baskets are the most to be decried. These instruments of extirpation are placed in mid-channel of the river, with wings of stone, extending on either side toward the shores. Of course it is utterly impossible for any fish to escape the basket. Even if some few fish do get through they are so much bruised as to perish miserably after their escape. Nothing is more delicate than the fish organism in its tender younger stage, and the abrasion of a single scale kills a young fish, most especially a shad. Cases have come under the notice of the commissioners where more than a cart load of young shad have been removed from these wretched fish baskets. Calculate, if you can, the heedless waste of money—of food here. Young fish, useless as a nutritious aliment to man, even too insignificant to be employed as a manure, if they had been allowed to grow, and had then been caught at the proper season, would have fed over five thousand men, and would have represented no inconsiderable amount of money. The commissioners beg the Legislature to make laws for their immediate destruction. To-day the law allows a ten days' notice given by the sheriff before proceeding to destroy the basket; the commissioners want the fish baskets to be done away with at once, on sight.

How shall the Delaware and the other rivers of the State of Pennsylvania be restocked with fish? It seems as if the interests involved in the drift nets were too numerous to be done away with by any summary enactment, but a more strict and somewhat increased period of close time, and the utter stopping of the erection of fish baskets on any stream in the State, may, it is hoped, somewhat improve the condition of things. But the chief reliance of the commissioners is in artificial propagation. Citing the brilliant examples of Connecticut, where the shad have so in-

creased by means of propagation that the fishermen complain no longer of the paucity of fish, but that the market is overstocked with shad, our commissioners have set to work with a will to give the State all the advantages of the most improved methods of pisciculture. Mr. Seth Green's admirable process, and the peculiar mode of hatching boxes, have again been found the most economical and successful, and though last season the first attempts, owing to some capricious influences of temperature, did not render the hatching out of the fish as plentiful as to yield as might have been hoped for, a goodly number of young shad have been introduced into the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. Of course the results of these operations will not be apparent for some time to come, but of their ultimate success no one can doubt.

A most interesting portion of the report is that devoted to fish ways. The action of the commissioners in respect to this important point seems to us to have been quite judicious. Instead of going to work in an indiscriminate way, it was determined to construct a fish way at the expense of the State, which, after having been subjected to a thorough test, if it proved satisfactory, would be the model to adopt. Such a one was constructed at Columbia, and was completed in December last at a cost of \$11,503, which has some novel features. Of course it is too early to determine whether the plan adopted by the commissioners is a good one. The commissioners speak with pride of the State hatching house at Marietta, Lancaster county, which they think is the largest and best constructed fish hatching house in the country.

Black bass of the north (*Grystes Nigricans*), and the bass of the south (*G. salmoides*) have also occupied the attention of the commissioners. The former is a most prolific fish, is easily raised, and is one of the few fish that cares for its young, guarding the beds where their spawn is placed, and driving away predatory fish. Sixteen years ago some few of these fish were carried in the roughest way in the tank of a locomotive from Pennsylvania and dropped into the Potomac near Harper's Ferry, and have become wonderfully abundant. This fish requires, fortunately, but little care from the commissioners, but the *G. salmoides*, which they think would be useful on smaller lakes, they have attempted to introduce. Some of these fish were placed in Pennsylvania waters by private gentlemen, and the fish having been taken from the Potomac, have done remarkably well. Of salmon, the commissioners hope to introduce the *Salmo salar* and *S. quinnat*, the former from Nova Scotia, the latter from our Pacific slopes, into the Delaware and Susquehanna.

As the allusion made in the report to "the great stores of salmon" seen by Hendrick Hudson in our great river, we must respectfully differ from the commissioners believing that Hudson was a better navigator than ichthyologist, and that the same vagueness in regard to salmon in the Delaware is applicable to the noble fish in our own Hudson. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and as in 1871 some gentlemen of Easton and Philadelphia brought from Canada 10,000 salmon eggs, and some 2,500 were put in the Delaware, and as in 1872 Mr. Thaddeus Norris placed more young salmon in the river, and in all, from various contributions, some 58,500 specimens of the *S. salar* have been put in the Delaware, and as "par" in several instances have been caught, we may trust yet to see the salmon caught in Pennsylvania rivers.

Of pike perch (*Lucioperca Americana*), a fish once famous in the Susquehanna and Juniata, and only found there, the commissioners notice that owing to the reckless and indiscriminate slaughter of these fish they have almost disappeared. The commissioners intend to make attempts for their artificial propagation, and so to restock the waters. The Commissioners of Fisheries of the good State of Pennsylvania have a right to look with pride on their exertions, and can safely state that in during eight months they have made considerable progress in the work of restoring the fisheries. It remains with the Legislature to place at their command the material aid necessary for the accomplishment of their important work.

An Exhibition of a remarkably interesting character has been resolved upon by Her Majesty's Commissioners, which is to be arranged in the galleries of the Royal Albert Hall. This collection is to embrace life size figures of the aboriginal inhabitants found in the British dominions, models of their dwellings, samples of their utensils, weapons of war, boats and canoes, agricultural, musical and manufacturing instruments and implements—all objects tending to explain their ethnological position and condition of civilization. The civil, military and naval officers of the British service throughout the Queen's dominions will assist in forming this wonderful collection. Offers of gifts and loans are requested. It is indeed a grand conception, and will be unique of its kind.

INDIAN RELICS.—A large skeleton, evidently that of an Indian, was recently exhumed upon the estate of Mr. Young, at Bath, L. I. The jaw bones are very prominent, the forehead low, and retreating. The arm bones are small in proportion, and the leg bones are unusually large. The incisors are worn down to half their natural length, but still in a good state of preservation. The skeleton is lying on its right side, with its legs drawn up closely to the body, and the face is turned toward the east. It is probably the relic of a middle aged warrior. Other older remains have been found, which are scarcely distinguishable as skeletons. Old metal buttons, spear heads, gun flints, &c., have been dug up near the skeletons. The place where they were found is on the top of a knoll in an open field.

CREEDMOOR.
MATCH OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
—OCTOBER, 1873.

(Continued from No. 23 of January 15th.)

COMPETITION V.

ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from all regularly organized military organizations in the United States, including the Regular Army, Navy and Marine Corps. All competitors to be regularly enlisted members in good standing of the regiment they represent, and to have been such on August 1, 1873, and to appear in uniform (full dress or fatigue).

Weapon, any military rifle. Distance, 500 yards. Rounds, seven. Position, any. Entrance fee, \$1 each competitor.

1st Prize—To the regiment whose team makes the highest score, a Silver Trophy, manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and presented by Col. Wm. C. Church on behalf of the *Army and Navy Journal*. This prize is to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. It will be held for a year by the officer commanding the winning corps, and a large photograph of it presented to each member of the winning team.

2d Prize—To the regiment whose team makes the second best score, a Silver Cup.

3d Prize—To the regiment whose team makes the third best score, a Silver Cup.

4th Prize—To the best individual score, a Silver Medal.

5th Prize—To the second best individual score, a Life Membership in N. R. A.

6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Prizes—To the five next best individual scores, Bronze Medals.

Name.	Regt.	Score.	7 /100
Pvt. Carmichael.....	22d Regt.	2 4 4 4 3 3	24
Drum-Major Strube.....	"	0 4 4 4 4 4	23
Pvt. Cocks.....	"	3 3 3 2 4 3	21
Pvt. Lockwood.....	"	3 4 3 3 2 4	21
Pvt. Backer.....	"	3 4 3 3 4 2	21
Sergt. Wagner.....	"	3 0 4 3 4 3	21
Sergt. Major Rouse.....	"	3 2 4 3 3 0	18
Sergt. Freeman.....	"	2 2 0 3 3 4	17
Lieutenant Dunning.....	"	0 2 4 4 3 4	17
Lieutenant Horsfall.....	"	0 2 2 0 2 3	11
Sergt. Murphy.....	"	0 4 2 2 0 3	11
Pvt Barry.....	"	0 3 0 3 0 0	6
211			
Private Stevenson.....	79th Regt.	2 3 3 4 2 3 2	19
Private Edington.....	"	3 3 4 2 3 3 0	18
Private Moore.....	"	0 2 2 3 3 3 4	17
Private D. Cameron.....	"	4 3 0 2 4 2 2	17
Captain Clark.....	"	3 2 2 2 2 3 2	16
Private Duke.....	"	2 4 2 0 2 3 2	16
Private W. Robertson.....	"	3 0 3 0 1 3 3	16
Private Mallory.....	"	3 0 3 0 0 0 0	9
Private Keeler.....	"	0 0 0 4 0 2 3	9
Private A. Pyle.....	"	4 0 0 0 0 2 2	8
Private Rolsta.....	"	0 3 0 0 0 2 2	8
Captain Ross.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
125			
Adjutant Murphy.....	12th N. Y.	2 4 4 4 2 2 3	21
Lieut. Colonel Gidersleeve.....	"	2 3 2 2 3 3 3	19
Sergt. Reddy.....	"	2 2 2 4 4 3 0	17
Private Bateman.....	"	2 3 4 0 2 2 3	16
Private W. S. Smith.....	"	2 0 4 4 2 0 3	15
Sergt. Wood.....	"	3 2 2 2 4 0 0	13
Private Beattie.....	"	0 0 2 3 3 2 2	12
Sergt. Harte.....	"	2 2 0 0 2 2 2	10
Private Cuddipp.....	"	2 3 0 2 0 3 0	10
Private Doerle.....	"	3 0 2 0 0 3 2	10
Private Waterbury.....	"	3 0 2 0 0 0 0	5
Sergt. Brown.....	"	0 3 0 0 0 0 0	3
151			
Lieut. Colonel Hitchcock.....	9th Regt.	3 3 4 3 3 2 3	21
Corporal Engle.....	"	2 3 2 4 2 4 3	20
Sergt. McAvey.....	"	3 2 3 4 0 3 0	15
Corporal Hiller.....	"	2 2 4 0 2 3 2	15
Sergt. Vail.....	"	2 3 2 4 0 0 3	14
Captain Mansen.....	"	0 0 2 3 3 2 3	12
Sergt. Jeffery.....	"	0 2 3 0 0 4 2	11
Sergt. Pihet.....	"	0 0 4 4 0 0 2	10
Sergt. Henderson.....	"	4 2 0 3 0 0 0	9
Sergt. Phelan.....	"	0 0 3 0 2 2 2	9
Sergt. Walkins.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 2 0	4
Sergt. Belsen.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
140			
Private Strope.....	M. S. E.	4 0 3 0 4 2 2	15
Private Hickman.....	"	0 0 2 3 2 3 3	13
Sergt. Smith.....	"	0 3 4 0 2 2 2	13
Sergt. Collins.....	"	0 0 2 2 2 3 2	12
Private Klein.....	"	3 0 2 2 3 0 1	11
Sergt. Warren.....	"	0 2 4 0 0 2 3	10
Private Edeline.....	"	4 0 0 2 0 3 9	7
Private Tracey.....	"	2 2 0 0 3 0 0	7
Sergt. Turner.....	"	0 0 4 3 0 0 0	7
Sergt. Wynne.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 3 0	5
Private Fraser.....	"	0 0 0 2 0 0 2	4
Private Storer.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 2 0	2
106			
S. I. Kellogg, Jr.....	23d Regt.	0 4 0 4 4 4 2	18
E. B. Ecker.....	"	0 4 0 2 2 2 3	13
Sergt. Frothingham.....	"	3 0 2 0 3 3 2	13
Joseph T. Hull.....	"	0 2 0 2 3 0 4	11
Private Allen.....	"	3 3 2 0 2 0 0	10
Sergt. Bunce.....	"	2 3 2 0 0 3 0	10
R. B. Malloy.....	"	2 2 0 0 0 3 0	7
Captain Sands.....	"	2 0 0 3 0 0 0	5
Private Sterns.....	"	3 0 0 0 0 2 0	5
G. H. Lenhardt.....	"	2 3 0 0 0 0 0	5
D. N. Carrington.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 2 2	4
101			
Private Denslow.....	13th Regt.	4 3 0 3 0 2 4	16
Sergt. Kellner.....	"	0 2 3 3 4 0 0	12
Private Holton.....	"	0 0 4 3 3 0 0	10
Private Dean.....	"	4 0 2 0 2 0 0	8
Private McNevin.....	"	3 0 0 0 0 0 0	3
J. D. Cavanagh.....	"	0 0 2 0 0 0 0	2
Private Dawson.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
Private Wallace.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
Lieutenant Seryneses.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
51			
Sergt. Kissam.....	19th Regt.	0 3 3 3 0 0 0	9
Sergt. Wilson.....	"	0 0 2 0 2 0 0	4
Captain F. Rose.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 0 0	4
Sergt. Cullen.....	"	0 0 0 0 3 0 0	3
Sergt. McLain.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 3 3	3
Captain Chase.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 3 3	3
Sergt. Wood.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 0 0	2
Adjutant Joshie.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 0 0	2
Sergt. O'Brien.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 0 0	2
Private Chrystie.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
Lieutenant Brown.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
33			
Private Fryburg.....	14th N. Y.	0 0 0 0 2 3 2	8
J. Kennedy.....	"	2 0 0 0 0 2 2	6
Private Corrie.....	"	0 2 0 0 0 2 0	4
J. H. Speers.....	"	0 0 0 0 3 0 0	3
Sergt. Sheehy.....	"	0 0 0 3 0 0 0	3
Capt. Samuels.....	"	0 0 2 0 0 0 0	2
A. Bliset.....	"	0 0 0 0 2 0 0	2
Private Keogh.....	"	0 2 0 0 0 0 0	2
T. Cooper.....	"	0 2 0 0 0 0 0	2
O Schurig.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
H. Nutt.....	"	0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0
32			

Prize.	Winner.	Total.
Silver Trophy.....	22d Regt. N. G. S. N. Y.	211
Silver Cup.....	79th Regt. N. Y.	152
Silver Cup.....	12th Regt. N. Y.	151
Silver Medal.....	Private Carmichael, 22d Regt.	2 4 4 4 4 3 3 = 24
Life Mem. N. R. A.	Drum Major Strube, 22d Regt.	0 4 4 4 4 4 4 = 28
Bronze Medal.....	Pvt. Cocks, 22d N. Y.	3 3 3 2 4 3 3 = 21
Bronze Medal.....	Lt. Col. Hitchcock, 9th Regt.	3 3 4 3 3 2 3 = 21
Bronze Medal.....	Private Lockwood, 22d Regt.	3 4 3 2 3 2 4 = 21
Bronze Medal.....	Private Backer, 22d Regt.	3 4 3 2 3 4 2 = 21
Bronze Medal.....	Adjutant Murphy, 12th Regt.	2 4 4 4 2 2 3 = 21

Sporting News from Abroad.

DISCUSSIONS for and against battues, still agitate our English friends. In our own country, though slaughters of truly wild animals and birds, such as range free in their native condition, are not unfrequent, we cannot say that we accord to such "killings" our approval. Two parties set out, shoot indiscriminately every living creature which passes before them, and then count the number of heads of birds or beasts thus destroyed. Very often in the category are found animals not game, and which, when killed, are useless as food. Nothing comes amiss from a deer to a chip-munk, and all are exterminated in order to swell up the total bag. We assert that such wholesale killing tends to brutalize sport, and hardens human sensibilities. If it is held that with us in the United States, such battues are no kid glove affair, but require a great deal of the country to be worked over, and the development of sportsmanlike qualities, they are nevertheless cruel, and animal life is uselessly wasted. We therefore, of the FOREST AND STREAM, whose duty it is to lead public opinion in regard to such matters, are most certainly inclined on the side of humanity, and decry such proceedings. Mr. Morris, who wields, we think, a pretty good cudgel, belabors most soundly in the columns of the *Field* the advocates of the battue. This gentleman cites an instance of the unsportsmanlike character of such amusements, when on the occasion of a recent pheasant battue, the good old foster-mother, under whose downy breast the young pheasant chicks had been warmed into life, came near becoming a victim. "The poor old bird," says Mr. Morris, "was about to share the dismal and untimely fate of her foster brood, these noble shooters firing pretty much at random in the middle of the flock, when fortunately for her, shouted out gude wife, under whose care the brood (of pheasants) had been reared, 'O, don't shoot my old hen.'" *Punch*, the just censor of English morals, was the first to direct attention towards these matters, and his caricature of gentlemen behind hedges seated in arm chairs, letting fly at partridges, in partridge driving, has not been without effect. The defence of those indulging in this sport has already been mentioned by us; now it seems that those who shoot at partridge drives do not use arm-chairs, but camp stools.

—Sometime ago we published an account of the enormous quantity of hares and rabbits produced in the United Kingdom, but it seems that in Ireland the hare is lessening in number; and coursing is now at fault. We should think that poaching in Ireland would be especially difficult to overcome. There is an inherent love of sport in all classes of the Irish, which leads them to the hunting of all animals from pure love of the thing. Poaching is reported to be prevalent all over the "ould sod," and that respectable people, "who ought to know better, but don't," take up a hare with a hound whenever there is a chance. When reading Mr. Froude, and his general strictures on the Irish people, perhaps the most amusing chapters were those where he details the irrepressible trait the Hibernians possessed a century or so ago of smuggling famous wines, all bright and glowing with the warmth of sunny France, into the country. Perhaps some future historian will bring poaching up as another sin against the Irish. A recommendation is thrown out that the constabulary should haul over the coals any unqualified person keeping a greyhound. This sounds very much like an echo from the feudal times. To poach is bad, but to prevent a man keeping any kind of animal he pleases, (save a tiger or a lion loose) seems to us to be preposterous, even when the idea is advanced in the mildest way.

—Ideas in regard to swimming, with the cold wave just on us, in the Northern States, rather puts one's teeth on edge. Some weeks ago, the demise of Brock, a fisherman, who died in the most natural manner, was recorded. This man had saved himself from death some thirty years before by swimming, after having been in the water some seven and a-half hours. About two years ago, J. B. Johnson attempted to cross the English channel, and was taken out of the water, after an hour, almost exhausted. It seems pretty certain, that expertness in swimming is not always combined with the power of lasting in the water, which latter point is entirely not one of strength or endurance, but of a peculiar physical condition. Your thin-spare man may make the most elegant movements in the water, and make the best time, but it is, as all our readers know, the fat obese oily-looking man, who has the staying power. Muscles and thews, greyhound like in a man, are good for the top of the earth, to keep skimming away for hours on the race-track, but something in the semblance of a seal, in human shape, we should fancy would be the better for those who want to stay at sea. It is the cold water, the temperature, which has much to do with the staying power of swimming. We often read romantic stories of the Typee order, where fair dusky maidens, who dwell where the palm trees shade their islands, plunge boldly out into the seas, and like mermaids assume an amphibious character, swimming on forever. Just take one of these fair nymphs and

put her in a sea some twenty-five degrees lower in temperature than that tepid Oceanic water, and she would shortly cry "enough."

—With gambling we have nothing to do, save record the suicide of some poor wretch at Monaco, the modern European hell, where Messieurs Benazet and Blanc now hold high carnival, and to draw the sad moral from this miserable death. The *Field* has a carefully written editorial in regard to gambling, where it asserts "that gambling in England is to a great extent done away with." Of course it exists to a certain extent in London just as it does in New York, and perhaps more money is lost at sober whist in the clubs in London than in New York. If however, we at present can claim no superiority in this way, how long gambling may continue in the present quiescent condition in the United States we cannot state. Perhaps in time Saratoga may flaunt its gambling claims more brazenly and may even rival puny Monaco. It is not impossible to imagine that before long the crack of the suicide's pistol may be heard resounding in that most frequented American resort, and for a moment a spasm of conscience be felt, which the whole press of the United States will descant upon, and no end of well-written quiverings (in editorials), be eliminated therefrom. When a poor devil had lost his last piece of money at Baden, and then blew his brains out, lest it should be said that *Rouge et Noir* had killed him, agents attached to the establishment used, it is said, like buzzards scenting out the dead man, to place a sum of money in the pocket of the victim. Of course the world was made to believe that loss of money at the gambling table had not caused the death. Our contemporary states how this worked very well, until a canny Scotchman (Yankee?) learned the dodge, and fired off continually blank cartridges in retired spots of the Coursall, then "laid him down to deuce" in a most composed way. Then would hasten one of the attaches of Benazet and pop a roll of gold into the breeches pocket of the pseudo suicide, who as soon as the coast was clear, would immediately get up again and walk off with his gains.

—Of the Australian cricket match, short mention of which was made in our last, we have as yet but meagre details. The Victorians were first at the bat and made a total of 267. The Grace eleven were beaten. *Land and Water* "presumes that Mr. Grace saw the whole side out in the first innings, for he carried out his bat for 51, and made 33 in the second, or 84 out of the total 247 runs." The second match at Ballarat against 23 had just reached England; here the English team were the conquerors. The Grace team scoring 470, of which the Leviathan made 126, very much over the third of the whole score.

—Some very curious facts in regard to the breeding of ostriches, we take from the publications of the Paris Acclimatization Society. The number of eggs laid by the female averages about eighteen, though she does not hatch out the whole number, some of them being preserved by the hen bird as food for the ostrich chicks. Curious as this may seem, nature seems to point to such a peculiar kind of nourishment as necessary, because in the midst of the desert, where the young birds are born, there is no food. Both male and female help to make the nest, which is a simple hollow in the sand. Experiments seem to show that the organ of hearing is singularly defective in the ostrich. Adult birds consume 3 pounds of grain a day.

WHAT OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS THINK OF CREEDMOOR.

From the London *Volunteer Service Gazette*, an admirable paper, devoted to the interest of the Volunteer Service of England and the official organ, we take the following most flattering review of the late Creedmoor campaign. Some of the suggestions conveyed in the article which we copy may be of use to our riflemen. We fully appreciate the good feeling evinced by the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, and trust that we may soon welcome some of the representatives of the Wimbledon range at Creedmoor.

THE UNITED STATES RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

There is something particularly curious and interesting in the perusal of the full report which we took last week from a New York contemporary, of the Prize Meeting of the newly-established United States Rifle Association. It is pretty obvious that after all these years our American cousins are going in with a will for military rifle shooting, and we may now hope to look forward to much pleasant rivalry. Major Leech, the indefatigable promoter of Irish rifle shooting, having set the ball rolling by offering to take an Irish team over to compete with the Americans on their own ground. As we have often said, international matches of this kind are open to none of the objections which are at least possible with regard to gaudy promiscuous gatherings nearer home, and we may fairly look for Yankee teams being frequent and welcome guests at Wimbledon, and English, Scotch, or Irish teams at Creedmoor.

In reading the account of the origin of the Creedmoor Range, we are at once struck with respectful astonishment at finding that the State of New York contributed five-sixths of the purchase money of the range, besides promising prizes! The range itself, situated on Long Island, is "as level as a billiard table," and affords accommodation for twenty targets, all available up to 500 yards, and most of them up to 1,000 yards. A committee of officers was sent to England, and they seem to have taken back with them a false comprehension of our system. One advantage that the range of Creedmoor has over that at Wimbledon is that it appears to be available at all times; and we are told that no less than 4,000 men practised at it during the month preceding the prizemeeting. There were at the meeting twelve competitions at our accustomed Wimbledon ranges (one of them at 1,000 yards). Most of the competitions were confined to "National Guardsmen," but some were open. One of them may give a hint to the

Council of our National Rifle Association. It was a match open to representatives from any regular newspaper or periodical, each required to be a *bona fide* employe thereof. There were five or more competitors, and the prize was won by Ex-Governor Hawley, of the *Hartford Courant*, whose score is recorded as 36 at 400 and 500 yards, five at each, any rifle. There were, we are glad to see, two "team" matches, and the Remington Rifle seems to be the favorite military arm. The shooting was very fair, even in the military matches; and in the so-called Sharpshooters' at 800 and 1,000 yards, the prize was carried off, as we have before mentioned, by Mr. Adam, of the Canadian Volunteers, with the score of 48 out of 56. A New York guardsman, Mr. Roux, came next with 41. An excellent paper, something like our *Field*, called *FOREST AND STREAM*, from which we take our reports, gives, as will have been seen in our last number, all sorts of details of new prizes given by newspaper proprietors, by gun-makers, and many others. The meeting is described as having been excellently conducted, without any instances of intoxication or gambling. Some parties, we are told, were on the ground early, intent on starting pools, but such requests were promptly denied and squelched on the spot. Of course this refers to betting, and not to such pool as we know at Wimbledon, which the United States Rifle Association will, if it extends its operations, probably find it necessary to organize as soon as possible.

The new Association has, if it pleases the American people, a great future before it. It is started with all the benefit of over fourteen years' experience at Wimbledon, and untrammelled by many of our difficulties. What we would warn our friends on the other side of the Atlantic to cling to is the generally military character of the meeting. It is this character, we are convinced which imperfectly as it has been preserved at Wimbledon, has alone prevented rifle shooting from degenerating into an ignoble game, with all the concomitants of a race-course or a pigeon match. If the National Guards of the United States learn the use of their Remingtons at Creedmoor as the Volunteers of Great Britain have learned the use of their Sniders at Wimbledon, they will soon reach the Regular troops, who are described as looking on with some curiosity at the matches—that a soldier's firearm is intended for something else than the manual exercise. We may also hope that the proverbial ingenuity of the Yankee will not only be devoted to improving, if that be possible, the rifle itself, but to solving some of the problems as to marking and scoring, which are becoming every year more troublesome at Wimbledon. We shall be very much surprised if the Americans are long contented with our clumsy iron targets, with their rude divisions, and their unsatisfactory marking; and we can give them every assurance that we shall not be in the least too proud to adopt any improvement which may come to us from over the water. We cannot help, before concluding, expressing our regret that the United States Association has not had the courage to prohibit the use of mere target-rifles in any of its matches. They never were contemplated originally here, and only came into use in consequence of the lax way in which the rules were drawn. A rifle should be an instrument which can be used with some hope of success against either a soldier or a wild animal, and our old friend, which we used to call *par excellence* the "small-bore," certainly did not fulfill either of these conditions.

DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.—From England comes a dispatch announcing the death of Dr. David Livingstone, who succumbed to fever in Central Africa. The news seems to be fairly authentic, and the information goes so far as to state that the body of the most distinguished traveler of the country is now *en route* for Zanzibar, to be sent to England. Born near Glasgow in 1815, bred as a missionary, Livingstone followed the adventurous and perilous course of exploring Central Africa, and of giving spiritual aid to its benighted inhabitants. For over thirty-five years Dr. Livingstone has led this erratic life, and it has been a wonder to all how the man could have lived through all the dangers of climate and barbarous surroundings. The world is indebted to Livingstone, not only as one who has nobly strived to advance Christianity, but as an explorer, endeavoring to open the interior of Africa to the commerce of the world. We trust, though noticing some incidents in Dr. Livingstone's wonderful life, it may not be, after all, his obituary.

TRIBUNE CORNER-STONE CELEBRATION.—All American journalism congratulates the *New York Tribune* on the laying of the corner-stone on which their new handsome building is to be erected. But it is not the fact of the construction of a new building which we care for. Other structures may rise far grander, more imposing, in time to come, and pass unheeded. The *Tribune* building serves, though, to perpetuate the memory of that bravest and most conscientious of men, Horace Greeley, who won renown and fame as a journalist, and that is why we, with so many others, chronicle the event. May the *Tribune* building long stand overshadowing Printing House Square as a lasting monument of the earnest life of its founder. Mr. Ripley and Mr. Whitelaw Reid attended the ceremony, and Miss Ida Greeley placed the stone in position.

CORRESPONDENCE.—The following accepted articles have been necessarily deferred:—A Buffalo Hunt; Reminiscences of Lake Superior; Reminiscences of the Adirondacks; Random Gossip from a Sportsman; Duck Shooting; Big Clear, Adirondacks; Fishing and Hunting at Humboldt's Bay, California; A Day at St. Augustine, Florida; A Cruise on the West Coast of Africa; A day on the Raquette; The Sceptic Reproved; Hunt on Seneca River; Down the St. Lawrence; Albinos; and many others already acknowledged.

—Our correspondents, Profs. Ew'd Palmer and Samuel C. Clarke, are both *en route* for Florida for scientific objects. We shall hear from them betimes.

—Thanks to Prof. F. V. Hayden for Bulletin of the U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey.

The Kennel.

THE MYSTIC SKETCHES.

Questions Can Dogs Reason?

Answer. I truly believe they can.

I read with much pleasure the article in No. 23 of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I am glad to see such and similar enquiries made as often as they are. It is a true index of the great value of the paper as a vehicle of valuable information such as very many would like to possess. While I admit "Dick" to have been quite a sensible dog, and a persevering pointer, true to his natural instinct or reason, for he knew by some dog logic that there was no use in shooting that bird over again, consequently he "went in to win and save ammunition." To me this looks like reason, or highly educated and well trained intellect. I have in my sporting days owned good dogs, and can still appreciate the good points of a good dog.

I owned a fine cross of the terrier and the spaniel, who was a very intelligent, truthful dog; he never lied, and he was seldom guilty of "barking up the wrong tree." This dog would, when not often shot over, go off on his own account hunting, and bring home rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, and sometimes a big snake, (for he would kill snakes.) I have frequently known him to go out hunting, and be gone one hour or two, and return and go directly to a neighbor's who owned a good hunting dog. "Tip" would go straight up to "Lion," put their noses together, shake their tails, and seem to be on the very best of terms, and in a minute or two both dogs would go off at a good round trot in the direction from which Tip came. This occurred several times, and I was fuddled one day from the earnestness displayed by my dog to follow them, as I did. On arriving at the woods, near a pond hole, I found a former dwelling place of a woodchuck, two large holes quite near together. At the mouth of one hole one dog was digging with all his might; at the other hole the other dog kept watch. One would work a few moments and relieve the other; both would dig at the same entrance. I seated myself at a convenient distance and awaited the end of this curious dog hunt. I had not long to wait, for soon out came out an "old coon," who was most summarily disposed of by the two dogs. This seems to me like instinct; and if it is a pretty good dog story, it has the merit of being true in every particular. I have since heard of several instances of a like canine copartnership, which induces me to believe dogs reason or possess some means of communicating their desires, which seems very like it to me.

Yours,

L. WYMAN.

FOX HOUNDS OF VIRGINIA.

WINCHESTER, VA., January 26, 1874.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*—

In compliance with a promise made to you some weeks since upon the subject of the fox hounds, I now take up my pen to fulfill the same, though I fear that the information I have to impart will not fully meet all the requirements.

Our knowledge of the original importation of the fox hounds into this section is in a measure traditional. I have always understood, however, that the first importation of pure fox hounds into this part of our State, (the Valley, or Middle Virginia,) was made during Colonial times by Lord Thomas Fairfax, of Greenway Court, in the county of Clarke. Our present strain of dogs is supposed to be derived from these, with occasional crosses upon dogs brought from East Virginia and Maryland and others imported direct from England. Others also imported dogs in Colonial times, especially the family of the Wormleys; but our fox hunters have generally traced their best dogs back to the Fairfax strain. I am unable to answer your enquiry as to the number of fox hounds in Virginia and the South generally at the present time. Fox hounds were very numerous in Middle and East Virginia anterior to the civil war, but were sadly thinned out during the prevalence of the strife, having been seized and carried off by the invading armies.

As to the breed of dogs we prefer I will state emphatically that we prefer our native or acclimated dogs, as they invariably proved themselves superior in every particular to their imported English cousins. The same remark will apply to our native pointers and setters as compared with imported stock.

As it requires a dog of the finest nose, speed and bottom to overhaul a red fox in our difficult country, we endeavor to combine those three most important attributes in as high a degree as possible in our breeding. A dog bred merely for nose and bottom, (as is the custom with the English,) can never catch a full grown, empty red fox in this section; a fact that has fallen under my observation "many times and oft." In order to gain nose and foot I have known some sportsmen to cross the fox hound with the pointer, but this custom is generally reprobated inasmuch as a dog of this mongrel origin will not *hang on* like a pure fox hound.

As we have never been accustomed to time our dogs, I am therefore unable to give you the precise rate of speed at which they run. The fact of their being able to pick up occasionally a full grown, empty red fox within the hour, may enable you to form some idea of their speed. A large dog is preferred for a flat country; a small or medium sized one for ground of an opposite character. Our sportsmen have no regular system. They usually feed their dogs on Indian meal boiled in pot liquor, together with offal from the dairy and butcher's stall. The dogs are generally kept up and fed on dry bread for some days previous to a chase, meat being considered as injurious to the nose, though I am unable to vouch for the reliability of this popular opinion.

Many sportsmen train the pups with their dams. The drag also is frequently used, as it teaches the whelp to find and follow a trail. Some caution is necessary not to permit the whelps to go into a regular chase with the old hounds, as their inability to keep up with their seniors has a tendency to discourage them.

I have never known a sportsman to shoot a fox. I have often known a gunner to get a good sound "cussin'" by a fox hunter for shooting his fox when in full chase. In conclusion, permit me to remark that neither fox hunting nor other field sports are followed to the same extent at present as they were before the war, owing to the general impoverishment of our people consequent upon the civil strife.

Dr. A. W.

THE PROPOSED FIELD TRIAL.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*—

DEAR SIR:—I am much interested in the proposed field trials between American and English pointers and setters. If the Englishmen could be induced to bring their dogs to an Illinois prairie, and try them on grouse, I believe that dogs could be found in Chicago and St. Louis that would win the match. At least we had dogs there twenty-five years ago, when I was a shooter, that could not be easily beaten. There would also be this advantage that birds would be plenty, which I believe is not the case at present in Scotland. But I doubt if you could get the Englishmen to give up the advantage of having the trial on that side of the water. I have no faith in English fair play.

A friend of mine in Boston, many years ago, who broke his own dogs, and who was the most thorough sportsman I ever knew, once sold a favorite setter to an English gentleman to take home with him. The Englishman took the dog that year to the Scottish moors and tried him on grouse against a large field of the best dogs. Although the American setter had never seen a grouse before, he acquitted himself so well that it was admitted by all present that only one dog in the field was his equal in general work, and he did not possess the accomplishment of fetching dead game, which the American did. His owner had paid in America \$100 for him, and was offered three times that sum on the ground.

SAM'L C. CLARK

BALTIMORE, January 21, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I read with much interest an article in your journal on the intelligence of pointers, and thought you would not object to hearing something more on the subject, though I must tell you I prefer the setter, and I believe him to be the equal of any of the canine race.

Whilst at Cobb's Island last summer I was much struck with the intelligence of a pointer pup in the possession of one of the men connected with that famous shooting resort. Although but six months old, the dog was already a good retriever. One morning his master detected him in the act of digging most industriously at the roots of one of the trees of the island. Timber being scarce and shade a desideratum, Master Puppy was at once called off, but he returned immediately, and evinced such pertinacity of purpose that the curiosity of the bystanders was aroused, and it was unanimously agreed to let him dig. You may judge of our surprise when he unearthed some spoons, which doubtless had been hidden by one of the domestics of the hotel. The owner of the puppy immediately caused him to investigate the roots of all the trees on the island, without success, however, and was then called upon to refuse fifty dollars for the dog, which he did like a true sportsman. I can vouch for the truth of the above, but would not like to endorse the statement of one of the visitors that the would-be purchaser was from *New Orleans*.

E. S.

—It frequently happens that travelers would like to carry their dogs by rail, and the matter has been hitherto left for arrangement by feeing the baggage master, sometimes at extortionate rates, and always with uncertainty as to what the cost will amount to on a long journey over different lines. We see that regular rates have now been adopted on the road between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the example is one that should be followed elsewhere. These prices are, for distances of fifteen miles and under, fifteen cents; over fifteen and under thirty, twenty cents; over thirty and under sixty, forty cents; over sixty and under 100, fifty cents; and 100 miles, seventy-five cents.

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR JANUARY.

Moose, *Alces Macchis.* Caribou, *Tarandus Rangifer.*
Elk or Wapiti, *Cervus Canadensis.* Squirrels, Red Black and Gray.
Rabbits, common Brown and Grey. All kinds of Wild Fowl.

FOR FLORIDA.

Red Deer, *Carcus Virginianus.* Wild Turkey, *Meleagris gallopato.*
Woodcock, *Philohela minor.* Quail, *Ortyx Virginianus.*
Snipe, Plover, Curlew, etc., in great variety.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—We are delighted to perceive that the people of Georgia are moving in the matter of game protection in their State. The South as a section, is sadly deficient in game laws, which are especially needed at this time, when almost every gunner one meets is an irresponsible negro, delighted with his newly acquired privilege of "bearing arms," ignorant of the value and necessity of sumptuary laws, and intent the year round on filling his bag. The following is a copy of a new game law, introduced into the Georgia Legislature, by T. R. Mills, (all praise and success attend his efforts), to apply to the counties of Chatham and Bryan. We trust it may be amended to cover the whole State, with suitable special provision for the mountain district.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Georgia, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That the shooting, killing or destruction of any deer, partridge, wild turkey or wild duck, between the first day of April and the first day of October of any year, in the counties of Chatham and Bryan, shall be held and determined a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, at the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. *Be it further enacted,* Trapping of either or any bird mentioned in the preamble of this act, at any season of the year in said county, whether the same be done by the use of traps, snares, nets, or any other means, shall be punished as provided in the first section of this act.

Sec. 3. *Be it further enacted,* That the trapping or killing by any means, of any mocking birds, at any season or time of the year, shall be punished as provided in the first section of this act.

Sec. 4. *Be it further enacted,* That the fact of the possession of any bird described in the first section of this act, at any time from the first day of April to the first day of October of any year, shall be held as strong *prima facie* evidence of the fact of killing or trapping or destroying, and can only be overcome by positive proof to the contrary.

Section 5 repeals conflicting laws.

Enactments of this kind are specially needed in Florida, where it is true they would be enforced with difficulty as to pot-hunters, but might operate with some effectiveness upon venders, hotel-keepers, and market men. We are glad to see the mocking birds protected. By the cupidity of those who catch them for the high price they bring as songsters, they are in danger of being exterminated.

—The Dunn County (Wisconsin) *News* tells of a mighty hunter named Warren Young, who while hunting recently, started on a run for a herd of four deer feeding, and with a double-barrelled shot-gun killed three at twenty yards at one shot, and then brought down the fourth with the second barrel. The buck weighed 180 lbs., the doe 110, and the two fawns 75 each.

—Mr. H. G. Kelly died recently at Palmer, Massachusetts, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. He devoted much of his middle life to explorations in Oregon, and is believed to have been the first white man who ascended the Columbia river. In one of his tours of exploration, after he had been deserted by his last attendant, sick and

feeble, armed only with a long fowling-piece, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse, and break off the stock of his gun just below the lock. To be alone, ill and unarmed, among hostile Indians, many miles away from the home of a civilized being, was a condition deplorable enough. Mr. Kelly, however with true Yankee courage and ingenuity, succeeded with his jack-knife, an old buffalo horn found in the forest, and a part of the limb of a tree, in making a new breech, and attached it to his gun, rendering it as serviceable as ever. This gun he brought home with him, and a few years ago presented it with other curiosities to the museum of Amherst College, where it can now be seen. For the last twenty years he lived the life of a hermit.

—On Monday, January 21st, Sir George St. George Gore, Bart., of County Donegal, Ireland, arrived at Jacksonville, Florida, and took rooms at the Grand National Hotel, having been preceded the day before by his retinue of twenty-two sporting dogs, consisting of pointers, setters, &c., and three horses. He is bound for Manatee county, which has been highly recommended to him as a good sporting country, where he will remain some weeks. Sir George is now sixty-three years of age, having been born in 1811, and succeeded as 8th Baronet on the demise of his father in 1842.

—As Mr. Twadell and one of our correspondents were exercising their dogs not a mile from West Phila., on the 23d. inst., they noticed several flocks of purple grackles or crow black birds, and a number of robins, and on returning homeward, flushed a woodcock. The frogs had been "peeting" while the sun was bright during the day, which was noticed for its spring-like balminess. How is this for the 23d. day of January?

—We have received from Mr. W. B. Hall of Lancaster, Pa., a most simple and ingenious tool for (creasing) fastening the wad in a cartridge. Former tools for this purpose, we have always thought were lumber some and complicated. Mr. Hall's arrangement is convenience itself, and is so light and small, that it can be carried in the pocket. The tool can be held in the hand, does not require to be fastened to a table and does the work admirably. To those loading their own cartridges for breech-loaders, we should think Mr. Hall's invention would be invaluable.

BIERS, Ohio, Jan. 20th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Our shooting in this section is not first rate, the brush being too thick and high and the land too hilly. Still there are occasional spots where one can get some good shooting. Rabbits, pheasants and quail are quite plenty. Last season a party of two (myself and a boy of 15 years) killed in a hunt of three days 304 quail (not shooting at rabbits or hares, as you call them) working two pointers and using muzzle-loaders. My count alone on the second day was 93 birds. This season I have not hunted a great deal, not having the time. In fact have had only one whole day's hunt, getting 54 quail and 6 rabbits; 25 of these quail I killed in the afternoon in 26 shots, missing but once.

I had half a day a couple of weeks since, and did what I call good shooting, getting 22 shots and bagging 21 quail and 1 rabbit, not missing a shot, and the birds all full grown and lusty fellows, too. H. C. S.

—Our correspondent "Homo" sends some remarkable scores in rail shooting at Port Penn, Delaware in 1873:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Not long since I gave you an account of our Rail shooting in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia. Since mailing you the matter I have procured the score of a remarkable exhibit of the same shooting at Port Penn, in 1873.

Dr. E. J. Lewis has it recorded in his valuable work, that a famous week of rail shooting was enjoyed at Chester, Penn., in 1846, and gives the score in detail, and which I add to mine for sake of comparison. The September of 1846 was noted for its quantity of birds, and no season has equalled it until 1873, when Mr. Kerlin boated 226 rail, the largest number ever known to have been bagged. Mr. J. M. Eyre, at Chester, in 1846, shot 195, and held grand "high boat" ever since, but now resigns the position in favor of Mr. Kerlin.

It will be seen the shooting at Chester covered a period of nine days, while at Port Penn the "big tides" only lasted three days, and the footings of the two scores are not wide apart by any means.

When it is taken into consideration that rail are nine times out of ten shot singly and on the wing (they never should be messed), it requires pretty rapid loading and firing to boat 150 birds in a period of three hours, each rail having to be retrieved, remember, and oft times sought for.

AT CHESTER IN 1846.

Sept. 3	J. Irwin	82 rail	Sept. 7	J. M. Eyre	90 rail
Sept. 4	J. M. Eyre	122 "	Sept. 8	Matsenger	122 "
Sept. 4	B. Pearson	101 "	Sept. 8	E. F. Eyre	94 "
Sept. 4	T. Thurlow	83 "	Sept. 8	Brown	97 "
Sept. 4	E. Wells	136 "	Sept. 8	C. Price	91 "
Sept. 5	Matsenger	95 "	Sept. 8	J. K. Bonsall	107 "
Sept. 5	J. M. Odenheimer	128 "	Sept. 8	**J. M. Eyre	195 "
Sept. 5	B. Ford	87 "	Sept. 9	J. Newbold	81 "
Sept. 5	Wells	154 "	Sept. 9	J. Odenheimer	132 "
Sept. 5	A. Worrall	136 "	Sept. 9	W. Read	107 "
Sept. 5	E. Wells	114 "	Sept. 9	G. Epley	85 "
Sept. 6	E. E. Eyre	108 "	Sept. 10	J. Newbold	143 "
Sept. 6	S. Smith	93 "	Sept. 10	J. Bonsall	141 "
Sept. 6	C. Price	82 "	Sept. 10	S. Smith	103 "
Sept. 7	Bringhurst	91 "	Sept. 10	E. Eyre	115 "
Sept. 7	H. Taylor	96 "	Sept. 11	E. Eyre	101 "
Sept. 7	H. Edwards	108 "	Sept. 11	H. Edwards	107 "

Total.....1917 Total.....1851

1917

3768

AT PORT PENN IN 1873.

Sept. 8	Mason	72 rail	Sept. 9	*Young & Saunders	96 "
Sept. 8	Flower	100 "	Sept. 9	Luff	50 "
Sept. 8	Longbotham	115 "	Sept. 9	Luff, Jr.	65 "
Sept. 8	Baker	115 "	Sept. 9	*Stett & Newbold	123 "
Sept. 8	*Saunders & Young	144 "	Sept. 9	Fisher	176 "
Sept. 8	Thuron	87 "	Sept. 10	Flowers	135 "
Sept. 8	Lehman	75 "	Sept. 10	Longbotham	126 "
Sept. 8	*Steel & Newbold	104 "	Sept. 10	Baker	75 "
Sept. 8	Fisher	89 "	Sept. 10	Kerlin	92 "
Sept. 9	**Kerlin	220 "	Sept. 10	Biddle	104 "
Sept. 9	Longbotham	161 "	Sept. 10	De Camp	109 "
Sept. 9	Baker	120 "	Sept. 10	*Young & Saunders	88 "
Sept. 9	Flower	145 "	Sept. 10	Thuron	143 "
Sept. 9	Fisher	76 "	Sept. 10	*Steel & Newbold	91 "
Sept. 9	Beddle	72 "	Sept. 10	Fisher	74 "
Sept. 9	De Camp	72 rail	Sept. 10	Fisher	156 "

Total.....1770 Total.....1703

1770

3473

*Where two names occur on the score it indicates the sportsmen did not engage professional pushes but pushed and shot turn about.

**The two greatest scores ever made on the Delaware river.

†Mr. Mason was alone in his boat, and at the rising of the rail dropped his pole and shot his birds.

Port Penn is alke noted for its "excellent snipe shooting and duck shooting in the ice and can be reached both by steamboat and railroad to Delaware City, where Mr. Lord will be on hand with his wagon if desired "Homo."

—Wolves are unusually abundant in all parts of Canada this winter, and many persons have had narrow escapes from the varmints.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

—A Sweepstake pigeon match was shot at Deerfoot Park on January 20th; Long Island Rules; 9 entries, \$5 each; 5 birds.

Name.	Score.	Total.
Dr. Ireland.....	1 1 1 1 1	5
T. Broadway.....	1 1 1 1 0	4
Ch. Wingate.....	1 1 1 1 0	4
Ed. Madison.....	1 1 1 1 0	4
O. Townsend.....	1 1 0 1 0	3
W. B.....	1 1 0 1 0	3
Hicks.....	1 0 1 0 1	3
McFall.....	0 1 0	1
D. Aten.....	0 0 0	0

Ireland won first money, Broadway, Madison and Wingate second.

Broadway, Townsend and Hicks shot off ties. Hicks missed, leaving Birdseye and L. Townsend winners of third money.

Second Sweepstakes—Same day; \$3 entrance; 3 birds each.

Name.	Score.	Total.
Broadway.....	1 1 1	3
C. Townsend.....	1 1 1	3
Dr. Ireland.....	1 1 1	3
C. Wingate.....	1 1 1	3
Ditmar.....	1 1 0	2
Ed. Madison.....	1 1 0	2
Edwards.....	1 1 0	2
McFall.....	1 1 0	2
W. Birdseye.....	0 0 1	1
S. Memier.....	0 0 0	0

Broadway, Ireland, Townsend and Wingate shared the first money. Birdseye got third money.

Madison, Ditmar, McFall and Edwards shot off first miss out. Finally McFall and Edwards shot out, leaving Madison and Ditmar the winners.

Trapping.

TRAPPING THE FISHER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Of the habits and characteristics of the fisher I know but little, except by experience in trapping. They are rarely found in this vicinity, and only far back into the densest forest, shunning the haunts of man. Individuals of the species taken by me seldom exceed seven pounds in weight, and measuring four feet and one or two inches in length. Newhouse, in an early edition of his "Trapper's Guide," says it "has been seen watching for fish, lying upon a log that crosses a stream, with head inclined downwards, ready for a plunge." I think the conclusion is erroneous, and arrived at from the fact that they are prone to lie and run upon logs and fallen trees. They are great travellers, and will avail themselves of every chance to run thus. Besides, they are as loth to take to water as a fox, though frequenting the borders of streams, and prefer meat to fish in taking bait. They are gross feeders, and no meat is too stale for them. They go in pairs, and when one is taken I invariably get its mate soon in the same or an adjacent trap. If one is found by its mate in a trap it will at once kill and devour it. They are not in the least shy of a trap, and will as readily enter one as a skunk or woodchuck, but they are a powerful animal, and a trap must be a good one to hold them. When taken in a steel trap it must be set with a spring pole to swing them clear of the ground, or they will amputate their leg at once. Still, the spring pole is not reliable, as by long setting or in freezing weather it loses its elasticity. Of late years I have used a trap simple in construction, that never fails to hold them. When the trap is sprung a wire loop is forced down upon their bodies by a lever purchase with a pole, confining them so that the more they struggle the tighter it draws, and kills immediately.

The last pair taken in a steel trap afforded much enjoyment, an account of which may be of interest to new beginners. It was mid-winter that I learned by a lumberman that a fisher had crossed his road on the mountain near by. Near where the track was seen I set a large wolf trap, with spikes in the jaws, rather trusting to catching the game around the body than trust a pole, the weather being very cold. At my first visit I found a female fisher caught by a hind leg close to its body, and busily amputating its limb. It had gnawed its ham through to the bone, and was quite weak from loss of blood. I despatched her and reset the trap. On visiting it two mornings later I found it sprung and a portion of a fisher's fore foot in the jaws. It did not take long to decide what to do. It had commenced to thaw during the night, rendering the deep, light snow very soft. I retraced my steps homeward, filled a pocket with chaff, in another put a No. 1½ Newhouse trap (a favorite make), took a light axe and my five foot Indian snow shoes, and went back to the trail. It was easy to follow from its depth and the blood. A weary tramp of two miles, often sinking knee deep, brought me to the abrupt side of a steep mountain. Faint and weary I was, but not disheartened, and after many trials to ascend, not unlike the fabled efforts of the frog in the well, I at last succeeded, and soon run in my game. At the entrance to the den I set the trap, using the chaff to bed it to prevent its freezing to the snow or settling. A moose maple grew conveniently near for a spring pole. By this time the temperature had commenced to lower, and the clouds to assume that dirty, ragged look indicative of squally weather, so, to protect the trap from being covered by snow or uncovered by the wind, I fashioned the still plastic snow into an oven-shaped roof over

it, leaving a small aperture on the down hill side, where the chain was lying. I left, feeling conscious my work was well done, which was verified three mornings later, when I took my snow-shoe trail, now solid ice, and saw at a distance my game swinging in the breeze. He was caught by the same leg, half an inch above the stump, which was fearfully swollen. He was a fine specimen, and measured four feet and two inches from tip to tip.

C. L. WHITMAN.

Weston, Vermont, January 12th, 1874.

—In reply to several inquiries, we give the following directions for improvising traps at short notice. The plan is in vogue in the backwoods of Canada. Of course any trapper who intends to establish lines for the winter, will use Newhouse's steel traps, or some more effectual devices than these given here, but these answer very well in emergencies. See "Jacobstaff's" articles on trapping, already printed in FOREST AND STREAM.

For a marten trap, the stump of a rotten tree, some four feet high, is generally selected, and the wood removed for a depth of two feet, the bark alone being left so as to form a shell. Logs of wood are now built up against its front, the upper log being on a level with the surface of the solid portion. On this log, and in front of the recess, a small upright three or four inches in length supports another log, on the extremities of which several pieces of timber rest. The bait, consisting of a bit of salt fish or wing of a duck is fixed to a pointed stick projecting into the recess, one end underlying the upright, which will fall at the lightest pressure. The marten in his runs through the woods scents the bait, and endeavoring to reach it, squeezes through the open space between the two horizontal logs, the upright falls, bringing with it the upper log, which, pressed down by the balks resting in its extremities, either kills the marten at once, or else keeps him tightly jammed till the next visit of the trapper.

The otter traps are constructed on much the same principle, save that whereas the marten trap is placed at random through the woods, the hunter must first ascertain where the otter is in the habit of rolling himself, (always near the bank of the river), and build his trap on that spot. No bait is required. Two logs, four feet in height are then driven firmly into the ground about two feet apart, and connected at the top by a cross piece; logs are then placed against the uprights to a height of two feet, as in the marten traps, and a small branch is next chosen, hooked at one end the hook passing over the cross piece at the top, while the lower end is carefully adjusted behind the upper log of the lower series. A cord attached to the hook keeps in suspense a horizontal log, on the extremities of which balks of timber rest. The otter in rubbing himself must press against the hooked upright, the bottom end, nicely balanced, tips up, and the leverage being removed, the cross piece which the hook supports falls on the otter with the additional weight of the timber resting on its extremities.

Rational Pastimes.

Will our University correspondents kindly send us their most recent catalogues.

—The first days skating of the season at Central Park occurred on Jan. 20th, for a few hours. On the 26th the Park lake presented a very gala appearance. There was skating at Prospect Park the same days, and also at the Capitoline lake and the Union pond. Owing to the sad accident which occurred at the little corner lot pond, on Seventh street and Sixth avenue, on Saturday last, by which three young boys were drowned, the Police have prohibited boys from going on the same class of ponds, and very properly so too.

—The Curlers were out in force at Prospect Park, on Jan. 26th, on which day the Thistle and Caledonian clubs played a medal match together, which resulted in the latter club by the appended score:

CALEDONIAN.		THISTLE.	
Jas. Nicoll (skip).....	20	A. Robertson (skip).....	22
A. Kellogg, (skip).....	25	J. Gallaway, (skip).....	20
Total,..... 45		Total,..... 42	

This necessitates a third match, as the Thistles won the first.

—The grand match, "North vs. South," for the Dallymple medal, took place at Central Park, on Jan. 27th, when the clubs of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Patterson, Yonkers, &c., took part in the contest, the scene presented at the lakes being lively in the extreme.

—Ice-boat sailing was indulged in both at Prospect Park and at the Capitoline Lake, on January 26th and 27th, the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Iceicle" sailing together at the Park Lake, and the "Fly Away" at the Capitoline Lake. All three boats are to race for the Park Pennant the first day that the ice at the large lake completely covers its surface; it is not safe until then. An experiment was tried with the "Lady of the Lake" to see how she would act in the water, and on her going off the ice she went to the bottom in lively style.

—The Hudson River Ice Boat Associations took to the rivers on Jan. 27th with their boats, the Hudson being fast frozen from Newburg to Troy. Some fast sailing was had, and if the cold weather continues, the annual regatta will take place this week.

—The contest for the Governor General's cup, open to all skaters in the Dominion, comes off next month in Montreal.

—A book on athletic sports, of three or four hundred pages, is soon to be published at McGill University, Canada.

—The Mutual Base Ball Club (professional nine) have selected their nine for the coming season, which will comprise the following well known players: Matthews, pitcher; D. Allison, catcher; Start, first base; Nelson, second base; Cary, short stop; Burdock, third base; Hatfield, left field; Remsen, centre field; and Higham, right field.

BILLIARDS.

—Maurice Daly, while in New Orleans, enjoyed himself exceedingly. He returns his sincere thanks to his kind host, Col. Merriam, and other numerous friends there.

—Col. Merriam, proprietor of the Crescent Hall Billiard Rooms, is ornamenting his handsome club rooms with portraits of the leading professional billiard players of America.

—M. Ubassey has returned from Philadelphia, after giving several successful exhibitions there. He has settled down to steady practice for his match with Garnier next Friday, and may be found about every afternoon practising with Maurice Daly, at the latter's billiard rooms, Union Square.

—R. E. Wilmarth, ex-champion of Massachusetts, is located at the Spingler House Billiard Rooms. Last week, at these rooms, Mr. W. E. W., an amateur, while playing pool pocketed the fifteen balls twice in succession.

—John W. Bessinger has arrived in town from Chicago and is giving Garnier practice for his match with Ubassey.

—Joseph Dion is expected in town this week from Montreal.

—Edward Daniels, of Boston, is expected here this week.

—Col. Merriam, of New Orleans, is inaugurating a tournament for the amateur championship of Louisiana; it will commence on March 1st.

—Much interest is manifested in the championship match to be played next Friday evening at Tammany Hall between Messrs. Garnier and Ubassey. Garnier is the favorite. Both are playing well in practice.

—The billiard match between Daly and Maggioli, in New Orleans, resulted as follows: Game, 300 points up, Daly giving the odds of a discount; played on a 5x10 Griffith table; time of game, 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Points made—Daly, 292; Maggioli, 121.

Largest runs—Daly, 18, 26, 37, 40; Maggioli, 13, 17, 24, 25.

Average—Daly, 10 2-29; Maggioli, 4 5-29.

Won in twenty-nine innings.

—The billiard match at New Orleans between Messrs. Daly and Miller, the latter receiving the odds of 100 points in 300 up, French carom game, resulted in Mr. Daly's winning by a score of 300 points in nineteen innings, to Miller's 97. The play throughout, on Mr. Daly's part, was remarkable.

Daly, 300 points; Miller, 97 points.

Largest runs—Daly, 40, 51, 62, 67; Miller, 12, 13, 19, 27.

Average—Daly, 15 15-19; Miller, 5 2-19.

BROOKLYN, January 24th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Seeing in your issue of the 22d a report of the proceedings of the Convention of Amateur Base Ball Club representatives of December 17th last, in which reference is made to the new rule of ten men and ten innings, as also some comments on the advisability of limiting the delivery of the ball to a legitimate pitch or toss, and of prohibiting the present underhand throw in delivery, I thought it advisable to explain some facts in relation to the new rule of play, and especially in regard to underhand throwing, with a view of enlightening the minds of those of the amateur fraternity, who appear to be rather in a fog on the subject, judging from the comments of your correspondent, "Champion."

The experiment of ten men in the game was successfully tested in a series of prize games played in Brooklyn ten years ago, at a time when the same opposition was made to my plan of the "fly game"—as it was then called—as against my rule of ten men and ten innings now. A singularity of this opposition is, that it comes chiefly from those who have never seen the game played, and whose objection is simply based on the old theory of "the game suited my father, and it therefore suits me."

In reference to the effort to reintroduce the rule prohibiting any method of throwing the ball, your correspondent advocates the return to a rule which has for twelve years past been a dead letter law. Underhand throwing has practically been the rule of delivering the ball swiftly to the bat in base ball since the advent of Creighton, who was the first man to introduce it. Moreover, it is the only style of delivery which combines speed with command of the ball. Even if a square pitch was capable of being correctly and easily defined under the existing rules of punishing a wide delivery, no pitcher could deliver a ball by a square pitch with any degree of speed, and not pitch it wide every second or third ball; and if confined to an accurate delivery, and thereby forced to toss the ball to the bat, the result would be such facilities being offered the batsman for making home run hits as to deprive the game of all the opportunities offered for skillful fielding which it now presents. Instead, therefore, of the rule of limiting the delivery of the ball to a square pitch or toss affording chances for sharp fielding the very adverse would be the case, as the experience of past years fully proves. But the fact is the difference in the form of delivery in swift pitching and in a well disguised underhand throw is so difficult to detect, owing to the quickness of the movement, that constant disputes would occur from the diverse opinions of umpires; and even were they able to distinguish easily, and square pitching was made the rule, the result would merely be a return to the tedious and boyish style of play, of home runs, large scores, and long, weary games in the place of such displays of fielding skill as that exhibited on

the occasion of the fourteen innings, swift underhand throwing delivery game between the Philadelphia and Atlantic clubs, marked by a score of three to two only. Young amateurs of the present day forget that the New England game of base ball of twelve years ago prohibited any style of delivery except the swift *overhand* throw. With a square pitch the chances for skillful fielding are diminished one half, and as for batting, the veriest "ruffer" at the bat could punish such a delivery with ease. Such pitching may suit country village clubs, who go in for heavy batting and large scores, but for really skillful ball tossers the underhand throw delivery affords the only chance for masterly fielding and strategic play, both on the field and at the bat. It has been the rule for the past twelve years, despite the dead letter law which "Champion" desires to see replaced on the law book of the game.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY CHADWICK.

["Champion's" letter of 26th instant is crowded out, but will appear in our next issue.]—ED.

Fish Culture.

—Our readers who are curious on these points, are here-with informed that the salmon of the Pacific coast, or rather of the Sacramento tributaries, are now spawning. This is the busy season of the Fish Culturists on the far western slope.

—Thirty thousand salmon fry from the Sacramento river were last week placed in the streams watering the middle portion of Suffolk county, Long Island. Thirty thousand have also been placed in the Upper Potomac, and Opequan river, and Cedar Creek, Virginia. We published some time since from Livingston Stone, Esq., a full history of the capture and transportation of these fish from California to the hatching houses of Dr. Slack, at Bloomsbury, New Jersey—

—The stock of salmon eggs at Bucksport, Maine, continues in good condition and will soon be distributed. The total loss by death thus far is about three per cent. of the eggs originally taken, about 2,250,000 being now on hand. These all belong to the National Government and to the several States that have aided the enterprise; but it is the intention of Prof. Baird to supply spawn to private parties who may want it, at a low price, as announced in our advertising columns.

—Seth Green, the indefatigable fish culturist, desires us to publish the following card:

ROCHESTER, January 20, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I stand ready to answer any questions that may be asked me through the FOREST AND STREAM, about fish, lakes or streams; but the real name must be signed by the writer. Yours, truly, SETH GREEN.

Mr. Green renews his offer to furnish salmon, black bass, whitefish, perch, pike, etc., gratuitously, to all applicants within the State, in accordance with his circular already published in all the newspapers.

BUCKSPORT, ME., January 20, 1871.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Your remarks in your issue of the 15th inst., on the prevalent mild weather and its influence on fish hatching and rearing, suggest two or three inquiries.

1st. Has the temperature of the water used for hatching salmon and trout in the Middle States been raised by the recent mild weather? Fish breeders who take observations can answer. Here in Maine the tendency is the reverse. A thaw in winter depresses the temperature, probably by bringing in a larger proportion of snow and ice water. The coldest water we had last season was in April while the ground was thawing and ice melting in the ponds. After the thawing is completed of course the continuance of warm weather raises the temperature of the water.

2d. What effect has a freshet on spawn of salmon or trout deposited in the natural way? I have heard persons who knew much about the habits of salmon and something about breeding them, assert their belief that were it not for the action of freshets in tearing open the salmon ridds or nests, the young salmon would never succeed in getting out from the heap of gravel that the careful mother throws over them. If the liberation of the embryo fish does not occur in this way, who can tell how it does occur? But perhaps our knowledge of the structure of the salmon's ridd, and of the position of the eggs in it, is too meagre to warrant us in attempting the proposed explanation. Who among your readers has ever examined a ridd thoroughly, from end to end, from top to bottom, so that he knows just where the eggs were? If any one has made such observation he can confer a favor on naturalists by his discoveries.

I see that "Fern Fly's" criticisms on Professor Baird's choice of streams for the deposit of salmon spawn have been well answered by several correspondents, but I will add my mite. I have written many letters of inquiry to parties living near the Black and Oswegatchie rivers and the statements thus far elicited tend to the conclusion that neither of them was ever largely frequented by salmon; while the testimony is abundant and conclusive that they were found in Salmon and Oswego rivers in great numbers. If any of your readers will give me items of information about salmon in any of the tributaries of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, particularly the Black, Oswegatchie, Rackett and St. Regis rivers, they will place me under great obligations.

CHAS. G. ATKINS.

Late Fish Commissioner.

THE LEIPSIK FUR TRADE.—The report of the Leipzig Easter Fair of 1873 has been published. To this fair is brought the furs of the whole world. Furs are exported from the purchases made at this mart all over the globe again, though no small quantity remains for consumption in Germany. At Leipzig last year, coming from Europe alone, 120,000 foxes, 200,000 polecats, 50,000 rock martens, 20,000 pine martens, 20,000 badger skins, 6,500 otters, and 125,000 black cats were sold. Of Russian and Siberian skins, 2,000,000 of squirrels found a ready market, with 160,000 ermine and 8,000 Siberian sables. Russia bought up, coming from North America, 1,800 sea otters and 80,000 beavers. Of bear skins, 6,000 of them went to make skaks, while 220,000 racoons were of slow sale. Skunk skins, some 950,000, were dull, and moved off slowly. Eight hundred silver foxes and 3,500 cross foxes were on hand. Of red foxes, 45,000 were on hand, which were taken up by Russian, Greek, and Gallician buyers. Of musk rats there were only 2,500,000, and prices were high, owing to the possibility of a diminished supply from America. Otters, though, were in full quantity, to the total of some 60,000. General prices were mostly lower for staple furs this last year, owing to the mildness of the winter in Europe.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Pompano. Snapper. Grouper. Rockfish.	SOUTHERN WATERS. Trout, (Black Bass.) Drum, (two species.) Kingfish. Striped Bass, Rockfish.	Sheepshead. Tailorfish. Sea Bass.
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CANADIAN FISHING SPORT vs. SLAUGHTER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Pressure of office business has prevented me from sooner noticing a courageous paragraph in FOREST AND STREAM of 30th October last, relative to trout fishing at Nepigon river. Canadians and Americans alike should feel thankful for the outspoken information which it contains. Accept my thanks. It is our interest to know of and your interest to publish such abuses. We spend public money and maintain officials to protect and improve our angling streams. We welcome to them those neighbors who appreciate our outlay and respect our fishery laws. But we might be compelled to restrict or withhold this freedom, if their manner of exercising it should become onerous to ourselves or injurious to others. If, therefore, any American anglers admitted to these privileges commit wasteful excesses, such as that described, it is the true interests of others to avert universal discredit and obviate general exclusion by exposing them.

The cases of Mr. Avery and others of like character, are now under investigation, and the particulars received from the local fishery officers will be duly published in our own reports.

It has been for several seasons past the habit of strangers visiting trout streams on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, on angling excursions, either to pickle down their catch of speckled trout, or to bury or burn them about the camping places. The former practice, though apparently objectionable, admits of qualifying circumstances; the latter is simply inexcusable. Both may, but do not necessarily indicate a disposition at variance with the instincts of a genuine sportsman.

Although some may think it only a sporting conceit, it is with many a cherished principle to kill no game that cannot be used or saved. When myself tempted by nature to wantonly destroy wild animals, or prompted by rivalry to slaughter game according to the arithmetic, I confess that resistance is difficult. But there is a noble satisfaction in the active, self-denial imposed without any reference to the humanities. It is easy enough to perceive practical difficulty in which an angler would be placed who catches more fish than he can dispose of at once, unless he be left at liberty to pickle or otherwise preserve them. Certainly if a fisherman cannot utilize them on the spot, or deport them for use elsewhere, he ought on no account to catch them at all. They are not vermin. There can be no doubt about the gratification of consuming at home and distributing among friends the fruits of our sporting skill or opportunities. And it must be allowable to provide for thus imparting to others the secondary delight of our own enjoyment. How shall the liberty be kept within reasonable bounds? That's the question. It seems after all to rest with the generous discretion and good taste of sportsmen. If they could content themselves with moderate sport and eschew the competitive fashion of hunting and fishing merely to excel in weight and numbers, I think that such an example would soon win adherents, and discourage a prevalent system of genteel poaching, such as amongst ignorant barbarians would be stigmatized as destructive, and thought deserving of penal correction. Probably the initiatory step is that of exposing those insatiable destroyers who shoot and fish to gratify a momentary and vain selfishness, or to satisfy an ignoble desire for notoriety. But the wretched barbarism of men who not only destroy excessive quantities, but abandon them to waste, cannot well be shamed by exposure. The only remedy in similar instances, so far as concerns Canadian waters, seems to lie in a discriminate exclusion. In another letter I will explain how this can be accomplished.

Candor impels me to own that United States citizenship cannot claim a monopoly of sportsmen of the Nepigon type. I have in my mind's eye at the present moment two other notable and very recent examples of the salt and offal class of sportsmen—a Canadian "Honorable" and a British "Baronet." The former gentleman as a guest on the Restigouche river, last summer, killed and salted down—body, bones and all—presumably for the Toronto market—about 21 barrels of salmon. The latter gentleman, also a guest at the River Saguenay, last autumn, amused himself by killing quantities of different kinds of fish with an amateur trap net, and left most of them to rot.

Are these examples from such distant places as Lake Superior, Chaleur Bay and the Saguenay calculated to commend the interests of the sporting fraternity to the sympathy of the general public, either in Canada or the United States? If not, then the perpetrators should be discontinued and exposed with unsparing impartiality. W. F. WHITSEAN.
Ottawa, Canada, 16th January, 1874.

—We are fortunate in having upon our list of contributors such worthy and intelligent co-adjutors as Messrs. Whitcher and Venning, the Canadian Inspectors of Fisheries, letters from both of whom, and from the latter frequently, have appeared in the columns of this journal. We appreciate the sympathetic tastes and community of interests which draw such gentlemen as these to our side, but we especially value coöperation from over the border with our own efforts here, because it is only by an earnest and strong pull both together that we can hope to correct abuses, instruct the unlearned in this new dispensation, and re-populate our forests and streams. The popular mind is sufficiently alive to the importance of these great interests to lend a willing aid, if it be only directed aright, and we know that letters of such practical men as we have named, with Baird, Green, Norris, Mather, Stone, Atkins, Stillwell, and others, such as we publish from week to week, must have great weight in moulding that popular mind, and so utilizing popular force as to make it available in working out the grand result desired. It is no ungenerous and invidious reflection upon Canadians or Americans, that even the idea of a "discriminate exclusion" has suggested itself to Government officials as the surest, best and quickest remedy for existing evils.

It may be mortifying to the pride of men conscious of wrong doing to be debarred from the privileges of the streams; but it will not wound them half so much as to be caught in the offence by and by when the public shall become educated to an intelligent understanding of the true and abstract nature of the offense. We believe that opposition and hostility to game and fishery laws lies in great part in ignorant misapprehension of their intent and application; but where mere cupidity is the incentive to violation, punishment ought not to be condoned. If Mr.

Whitcher can, as he promises, demonstrate what remedy will be effectual, he will accomplish something worthy of gratitude. We shall await his supplementary letter with curiosity.

—The catch of herring on the northeast coast of France is exceedingly abundant this year. During the first week of January an enormous quantity of herring were placed on the Dieppe market, the number of fish in a single day taxing the energies of the fishermen to bring to the land. The oldest fishermen declare that the yield of herring has been greater at the present season than at any preceding period.

—A private letter states that the veteran angler, Thad. Norris, Esq., is presently to start a large fishing tackle and rod factory at Philadelphia. His rods are very highly prized by many anglers, though different persons have their favorite makers.

—Herrings are reported to be plenty at Grand Menan. Cod, pollock and haddock are also said to be more numerous there than they have been for the last forty years. American vessels are taking large quantities of fish. One of them caught a full load in ten days, having caught 18,000 pounds in one day.—Cape Ann Advertiser.

—Col. Nicholas Pike, late U. S. Consul at Mauritius, mentions having caught an eel there which measured twelve feet three inches in length, and fourteen and a half inches around the largest part of the head.

PREPARING SALMON ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.—Along a part of the Columbia river (below Kalama), are the "salmon factories," whence come the Oregon salmon, which, put up in tin cans, are now to be bought not only in our Eastern States, but all over the world. The fish are caught in weirs, in gill nets, as shad are caught on the Hudson, and this is the only part of the labor performed by white men. The fishermen carry the salmon in boats to the factory—usually a large frame building erected on piles over the water—and here they fall into the hands of Chinese, who get for their labor a dollar a day and their food.

The salmon are flung upon a stage, where they lie in heaps of a thousand at a time, a surprising sight to an Eastern person, for in such a pile you may see fish weighing from thirty to sixty pounds. The work of preparing them for the cans is conducted with exact method and great cleanliness, water being abundant. One Chinaman seizes a fish and cuts off his head; the next slashes off the fins and disembowels the fish; it then falls into a large vat, where the blood soaks out—a salmon bleeds like a bull—and after soaking and repeated washing in different vats, it falls at last into the hands of one of a gang of Chinese whose business it is, with heavy knives, to chop the fish into chunks of suitable size for the tins. These pieces are plunged into brine, and presently stuffed into the cans, it being the object to fill each can as full as possible with fish, the bone being excluded. The top, which has a small hole pierced in it, is then soldered on, and five hundred tins set on a form are lowered into a huge kettle of boiling water, where they remain until the heat has expelled all the air. Then a Chinaman neatly drops a little solder over each pin-hole, and after another boiling, the object of which is, I believe, to make sure that the cans are hermetically sealed, the process is complete, and the salmon are ready to take a journey longer and more remarkable even than that which their progenitors took when seized with the curious rage of spawning, they ascended the Columbia, to deposit their eggs in its head waters, near the centre of the continent.

I was assured by the fishermen that the salmon do not decrease in numbers or in size, yet, in this year, 1873, more than two millions of pounds were put up in tin cans on the Lower Columbia alone, besides fifteen or twenty thousand barrels of salted salmon.—Charles Nordhoff, in Harpers Magazine.

—The following is a list of the Fishery Commissioners for the several States as far as yet appointed:

- United States—S. F. Baird, 918 New York avenue, Washington, D. C., Commissioner General.
- Maine—H. O. Stanley, Dixfield; E. M. Stillwell, Bangor.
- New Hampshire—Thomas E. Hatch, Keene; W. W. Fletcher, Concord; W. A. Sanborn, Weirs.
- Vermont—M. C. Edmunds, Weston; M. Goldsmith, M. D., Rutland.
- Massachusetts—T. Lyman, Brookline; E. H. Brackett, Winchester; Thomas Talbot, North Billerica.
- Connecticut—W. M. Hudson, M. D., Hartford; R. C. Pike, Middletown; J. A. Bill, Lyme.
- Rhode Island—Newton Dexter, Providence; A. A. Reld, Jr., Providence; I. H. Barden, Scituate.
- New York—H. Seymour, Utica; R. B. Roosevelt, New York City; E. M. Smith, Rochester.
- New Jersey—B. P. Howell, M. D., Woodbury; J. H. Slack, M. D., Bloomsbury; J. R. Shotwell, Rahway.
- Pennsylvania—J. Duffy, Marietta; H. J. Reeder, Easton; R. L. Hewitt, Holidaysburg.
- Virginia—William Ball, Mid Lothian; Asa Wall, Winchester.
- Alabama—C. S. G. Doster, Prattville; D. R. Handley, Mountain Home; Robert Tyler, Montgomery.
- Michigan—Gov. J. J. Bagley, Detroit; G. H. Jerome, Niles; G. Clark, Ecorse.
- California—R. B. Redding, San Francisco; S. R. Throgmorton, Sacramento; J. D. Farnell, Sacramento.

The Commissioners will favor us by forwarding their reports.

COMMITTEE ON THE LEGISLATION NECESSARY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS.—The following gentlemen, members of the American Association for the advancement of science, met on Saturday last in this city, for the purpose of organization, and to impress the necessity of preserving our forests. All the names below are those of gentlemen who have been prominent in measures of this character, and combine the fullest practical and theoretical knowledge in regard to trees, their influences on soil, and the effects of forests on climate &c.

Dr. F. B. Hough, Lowell, N. Y.; Prof. Asa Gray, of Cambridge; Hon. Geo. B. Emerson, of Boston; Prof. W. D. Whitney, of California; Prof. W. H. Brewer, of Yale; Prof. John S. Newberry, of New York; Col. Chas. Whittlesey, of Cleveland, Ohio; Hon. L. H. Morgan, of Rochester; Prof. Hilyard, of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.		
	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLSTON.
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Jan. 29.....	9 14	6 0	5 14
Jan 30.....	10 10	6 56	6 10
Jan. 31.....	11 1	7 44	7 1
Feb. 1.....	11 43	8 27	7 43
Feb. 2.....	eve. 24	9 01	8 24
Feb. 3.....	1 1	9 48	9 1
Feb. 4.....	1 38	10 23	9 38

—Gen. W. W. Sanford of St. Louis, expects his new schooner to "go into commission" on the first of April. She will be launched from the yard near Baltimore, about that time. He contemplates a cruise to Baltimore, Fortress Monroe, Washington, Richmond and perhaps further South, expecting to arrive in New York about June 15th, in time for the opening of the season here. He will then undoubtedly be ready to try conclusions with some of our fast ones here.

Pat. McGiehan, the celebrated yacht builder, has three yachts on the stocks, all sloops. One twenty-two feet, over all, for South Carolina waters. One twenty-four, over all, for Lake Mahopac cruising. One forty-five feet, over all, for the New York Bay. We are glad to see our Southern friends taking an interest in yachting again. It looks like old times.

CONVENTION OF THE ROWING ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN COLLEGES.

[From our own Special Correspondent.]

HARTFORD, CONN., January 23, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Wednesday, 21st instant, the Rowing Association of American Colleges met at the Allyn House, in this city, to decide where the regatta next summer should take place. Delegates were present from the following colleges:—Amherst, G. E. Brewer, F. W. Whitridge; Bowdoin, E. Gerry, Jr., G. F. Harriman; Columbia, J. K. Rees, F. D. Shaw; Cornell, J. F. Southard, J. F. Cluck; Dartmouth, W. J. Eaton, J. S. Aiken; Harvard, R. H. Dana, Jr., Wendell Goodwin; Agriculturals, E. P. Chandler, J. M. Benedict; Trinity, J. D. McKennon, W. Stark; Williams, J. Gunster, C. B. Hubbell; Yale, R. J. Cook, C. H. Ferry.

It was voted that this meeting take the place of the regular annual meeting, and Princeton, with A. Marquand and D. Nicoll, and Wesleyan, with J. P. Stowe and D. Dorchester, Jr., as delegates, were regularly admitted to the Association.

Nomination of officers then took place, and resulted in the election of J. H. Southard, Cornell, President; Vice President, R. H. Dana, Jr., Harvard; Secretary, J. K. Rees, Columbia; Treasurer, J. Gunster, Williams.

A motion to change the name of the Association, and call it the "Rowing Association of New England Colleges," and to admit Columbia, Cornell, and Princeton as members, was made by Aiken, of Dartmouth. It was opposed by Cook and Ferry, of Yale; Cluck, of Cornell; Rees, of Columbia; and Gunster, of Williams. Dana, of Harvard, was in favor of it.

A resolution offered by Cluck, of Cornell, seconded by Ferry, of Yale, to the following effect, was passed:—

Resolved, That the constitution be amended so as to read amendment 2:—Undergraduated students of colleges, members of this Association, candidates for the degree of A. B., Ph. B., or such other degree as represents a parallel or similar course of study, with the exception of those who are candidates for the degree of L.L.B., or M.D., or B.D., shall be eligible to the regatta crews of this Association, and it shall be understood that the term undergraduates shall mean all students candidates for such degrees as are mentioned above, with the above exception, but who shall not yet have received any degree."

Here Yale came in antagonism with Yale on this question. Goodwin thought that something underhand was meant by excluding the Harvard law students who were studying for a degree. Dana spoke to the same effect. Ferry, of Yale, said the idea was to secure men of approximately the same age.

On a vote the yeas were:—Bowdoin, Cornell, Columbia, Agricultural, Trinity, Yale, Wesleyan, Princeton. Nays—Amherst, Dartmouth, Harvard, Williams. This finished the morning session.

In the afternoon Hubbell, of Williams, opened the debate by moving the next regatta be held at Saratoga. Mr. J. P. Conkling, President of the Saratoga Rowing Association, was allowed to take the floor and give his views on the merits of Saratoga Lake. It must be said that Mr. Conkling handled his subject in a manner which did him infinite credit, and, fortified with facts and figures, he made a most favorable impression. He deprecated the sectionalism of Harvard, and the bias of New England generally, against Saratoga. "If we are frauds, scourge us through every newspaper in the land," said Mr. Conkling.

The course, shown on a plan of the lake by Mr. Conkling, is three miles straight, narrow near the finish, and visible from many points over its whole length.

His speech was loudly cheered, and a lively discussion followed it. Brewer, of Amherst, said many of his college were opposed to Saratoga on account of the cost. Rees, of Columbia, favored Saratoga, also Hubbell, of Williams. Shaw, of Columbia, said the morality question was settled by the promises of the Saratoga committee, and, at any rate, for some colleges Saratoga would be cheap.

than Springfield. Whittridge, of Amherst, didn't put any faith in contracts. He thought the representatives of the colleges of the best part of America should not put themselves under the control of the blacklegs of Saratoga. Rev. Mr. Twitchell, of Hartford, was allowed to express his views, which were opposed to Saratoga. It would be found that the selection of Saratoga would be a bad thing, and tend to break up the Association. Goodwin, of Harvard, spoke in favor of New London as very accessible, and salt water as a great improvement over fresh water, hot summer resorts. Cook, of Yale, wanted a fair race, and the best place was the best course. He did not want to work a year and then lose all by a foul. He believed in taking the course out of New England if necessary, and the morality of the men depended on themselves. Dana, of Harvard, spoke in favor of New London. Finally, it was voted to row the race at Saratoga, and to refuse any of the money or prizes offered by the Saratoga Association, or by anybody except the College Association itself. The vote for Saratoga was: Yeas—Bowdoin, Cornell, Columbia, Agricultural, Trinity, Yale, Williams, Princeton, Wesleyans. Nays—Amherst, Dartmouth, Harvard.

After the vote, Mr. B. F. Brady returned thanks on behalf of the Saratoga Association.

Two sets of flags, same as last year, were voted to be bought for the winners of the University and Freshmen races, and that the maker agree to subsequently inscribe thereon the names of the winning crews in order and their competitors. It was ordered that the flags be not presented until the official decision of the referee is made. A pamphlet was ordered printed giving the history, so far, of the Association. A motion for a pair-oar race was lost.

It was voted to have a committee of three delegates of the competing colleges take charge of the regatta, these three to be selected by a committee of delegates, each naming a man, and reduced to three by a marking list. The regatta committee was instructed to devise a plan to distinguish the boats in a race.

The race was fixed for July 16th, 1874, and the following is the preliminary regatta committee:—Amherst, Brewer; Agricultural, Benedict; Columbia, Thompson; Bowdoin, Harriman; Cornell, Randall; Wesleyan, Dorchester; Yale, Cook; Dartmouth, Aiken; Trinity, McKennon; Harvard, Appleton; Princeton, Nicoll; Williams, Hubbell. Each college was instructed to send its rowing statistics to the Secretary before the next meeting, which will be in Springfield in January, 1875.

It was not supposed that Saratoga would be selected by such a large majority of the Association, but after all, the Saratoga Rowing Association laid their plans well, and were well represented by a generous, whole souled deputation, who were not backward in enjoying and making all concerned participate in all the delicacies of the season, solid and liquid. However, if their promises are carried out, it is not probable that the colleges will regret their choice.

The subject of a four-oared race was not touched upon at all, though it is probable a few years hence that four-oared races will supercede the all-prevailing six-oared races of the present day among colleges, as such is the individual expression of a good many now.

A movement is also on the boards for a grand inter-collegiate oratorical and literary demonstration, to take place at Saratoga with the July regatta, and is meeting with much favor. If carried out as suggested it will be highly popular. * * * **LATER.**—On Saturday there was a full meeting of the Amherst Boating Club, when it was unanimously resolved that the holding of the regatta at Saratoga would be prejudicial to the interests of the rowing associations in general, and particularly of Amherst, and accordingly, that Amherst will not row at Saratoga. It is probable that the class regatta will take place at Hatfield, on the Connecticut River, during commencement week. There seems to be quite an amount of feeling, not fully appreciated at Hartford, which is now developing itself at Harvard, in regard to the selection of Saratoga as the place of contest. I do not think the professors of the leading colleges are very much pleased with the ground selected. I am not prepared to state whether they have not very good reasons for withholding their sanction. The matter is by no means to be considered in the least as reflecting on the generous conduct of the Saratoga Rowing Association. If a distinction is drawn, it is more against the place itself and the increasing prominence Saratoga is taking as a sporting resort in the worst atception of the name. Of course we all regret that there should be any differences, but they certainly do exist. W.

PRINCETON, N. J., January 26th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Princeton has at last been aroused from her lethargy in boating matters; the preliminary steps in this respect were taken on Wednesday, January 21st, when delegates were sent to the Convention of College boating men. This is a new era in the history of Princeton athletic exercises, and we hail it with unbounded delight. We feel that what Princeton undertakes to do, that she accomplishes in the most satisfactory and commendable manner. We do not anticipate victory at the outset, but victory shall be the goal towards which our most strenuous efforts, from this time, will be directed, and which, when the great vantage ground now possessed by the other colleges shall have been gained by Princeton's indomitable perseverance, we will then strive to attain, and when so attained our history of the past proves our ability to maintain. Not with boating matters have we ever been identified, but the excellence

which we have achieved in wielding the ash, and the victory we have gained in football, and our indisputable success in ever keeping fresh the laurels which we have won, warrant our present *debut* upon the water, and we feel that our representatives will reflect credit upon themselves as well as their Alma Mater.

Owing to the depletion of our treasury, circulars were sent last week to the graduates and friends of the College, since which time various sums of money have been received. Among our receipts, we cannot refrain from noting that of a check for \$2,000 from Robert G. Bonner, of New York city, for the construction of a boat-house, a building which, for a long time, we have stood sorely in need of.

May this munificent contribution prove the "star in the east," and may many who are interested in Princeton's successes follow it, and by their influence initiate a pilgrimage, so that when this luminary shall have stood over Princeton's training ground, the canal, "frankincense and myrrh" may be freely bestowed. "CHAMPION."

NEW HAVEN, Conn., January 26th, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Boating items at New Haven are quite lively. *Imprimis*, the Yale Boat Club will change the locality of their boat house. It is questionable as yet where the new house will be erected, but Mr. Ferry, the President, and Capt. Cook are carefully studying up the matter. Whitney Lake was first thought of as a convenient place, but at last it has been decided, and the Mill river site on the Fair Haven side of the harbor, near Chapel Street Bridge, has been pitched upon. Something substantial is thought of as to the construction of the house, a foundation of stone with a neat wooden superstructure. The Collegiate Professors have taken a proper interest in the matter, and it is hoped that the money necessary for the undertaking will be furnished. It would be most desirable that the boat-house should be finished at an early season, as there is nothing more disagreeable than for a boating crew to get into training without some proper attention being paid to their creature comforts. There is every reason to suppose that the season of 1874 will be a most active boating one. A great many excellent men are anxious to be included in our University crew. As yet it is too early to determine who will be the lucky ones, but it looks as if J. Kennedy, G. L. Brownell, C. N. Fowler, C. B. Rockwood, M. G. Nixon, and F. Wood would be in the winning boat. If Yale should win, of course Capt. Cook is included. We have hopes of getting early at work next season. THOLE.

—The Yale University crew has been selected, and is practicing daily in the college gymnasium. The crew at present consists of Cook and Fowler, '76; Kennedy, Brownwell, Wood and Nixon, of the Scientific School.

—The following doggerel, which we take from the London *Field*, is quite good, and might be of use to our yachtsmen in preventing a collision:—

When both side lights you see ahead,
Port your helm, and show your red;
Green to green, or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.

If to your starboard red appear,
'Tis your duty to keep clear;
To act as judgment says is proper,
To port or starboard, back or stop her.

But if upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of green,
There's not so much for you to do,
For green to port keeps clear of you.

Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good look out;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her, stop her, go astern.

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

FANNY FERN. A memorial volume, containing selections from her writings, and a memoir. By James Parton. With illustrations. N. Y.: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Of this gifted authoress it is pleasant for us to speak. It was our good fortune to have personally known "Fanny Fern," and in speaking of this memoir by James Parton we do not intend to go into a lengthy literary criticism of a work that will, like others containing her brilliant thought, short, caustic home truths and gems by the way, be like them another household treasure, added to those which have gone before. Jas. Parton has done only simple justice to the great literary ability of Sara Willis. And the Carletons have placed this valuable work before the public in an elegant and substantial form.

GAZETTEER OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Rev. Elias Nason. Boston: B. B. Russell.

This work is the last and most concise work published. Her citizens have long felt the want of a correct and reliable gazetteer of the Old Bay State. There is a real freshness about this record of the past and the present that is not lessened by its minuteness of detail, its pictorial illustrations and a general fullness of historical and statistical notices and facts. Our friends will understand when we speak of this work we are not romancing over the pages of a novel. We are talking sober prose over a State gazetteer; yet it is a live book and full of the very poetry of fact. Procure the book, and see if we do not tell you the truth. It has been prepared, as the author states, with the co-operation of Prof. Marsh of Yale College, our highest authority on this branch of the subject.

BULWER'S NOVELS.—Some men's fame die with them. With their mortal remains are buried all the memories that pertain to them; the memories of others live ever after them in their thoughts uttered and written. Such will ever be the case, we believe, with Lord Lytton. His name and fame lives still with a new renewal of intellectual life. We are happy to announce, in illustration of this fact, that the well known publishing house of Lippincott & Co. are about to issue an American edition of Bulwer's novels, that shall meet the wants of the times. This new claimant for the good will of the general public and the admirers of this popular series of novels will be delighted with the first book issued. "Kenelm Chillingly" leads the set, of which about twenty-five volumes will make complete, is elegant enough to suit the most fastidious; printed in large, fair, round, open type, it can be read with ease by old as well as young, and this fact alone will much enhance the value and increase the sale of this work.

KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. Containing a concise account of every species of Living and Fossil Bird at present known from the continent north of the United States and Mexican boundary. Illustrated by six steel plates and upward of 250 wood cuts. By Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A. Salem: Naturalist's Agency, Boston. Estes & Laureat, New York: Dodd & Mead. Large 8vo. pp. 361.

The various highly commendatory notices of the press which this work has received, have induced us to look closely into it, to ascertain whether it is really worthy of the compliments it has received, and whether it is all we could expect from an author of Dr. Coues' acknowledged position. After mature examination we have no hesitation in endorsing it as a valuable contribution to Ornithology, and one which, moreover, satisfactorily fills a place in the literature of the science hitherto entirely unoccupied.

The author's idea in preparing the volume appears to have been the production of a text book on the subject which, while presenting a complete exposition of the present state of the science, should be adapted expressly to the needs of the beginner and the amateur. Not that the work should not take a position in the standard literature of the science as recognized and used by professional ornithologists, but that it should also put the matter before the uninitiated in a way to make them understand it, even though they have had no previous experience in ornithology whatever. No one can now be deterred from entering upon this pursuit by fear of the sesquipedalian technicalities that hedge it about; for in this work the path is smoothed and made perfectly clear.

The volume is divided into three parts. First we have an Introduction, which is a clear and concise exposition of the leading principles of the science, with a minute description of what the author calls the "topography" of a bird, to which is added, incidentally, as it were, a considerable account of anatomy; the whole representing a definition and explanation of all the terms ordinarily used in descriptive ornithology, familiarity with which is essential to understanding of the subject. A student who masters these few pages can appreciatively and intelligently understand pretty much anything he may find in the whole range of ornithological literature.

The "Key" proper is a continuous artificial analytical table of some half-dozen pages, similar in plan to those which have been found so useful in Botany, by means of which any specimen of North American bird may immediately be referred to its proper species, genus and family. Nothing is required to use this Key with facility and success, but the "little learning" that the Introduction supplies. Although apparently intricate, this Key, entirely original with the author, is as simple as possible, the student being only required to decide for himself in each instance, whether the specimen he has in his hand shows or does not show a given character. By this process of elimination he arrives at length at the name of a genus, which is that to which the specimen belongs, and is readily found in the body of the work.

The main body of the work is what is modestly called merely a Synopsis of North American Birds; but it is really an extended treatise on the subject. A synopsis might have been prepared fully up to the requirements implied in such a name, with only a brief definition of each species. But we have much more than this. Under head of each species a complete and lucid description is given, often including the various plumages depending upon sex, age and season; the scientific and vernacular names are presented; the geographical distribution is given in every instance, as are also references to various standard authors, as Wilson, Nuttall, Audubon and Baird, &c., as well as various late memoirs of importance, scattered through the publications of our scientific societies. Although the plan of the work does not include biographies of the birds, many terse and pointed indications of habits and other peculiarities are inserted. The author seems to have been continually struggling with himself to keep out things that he would gladly have enlarged upon, but which the limits he had set for himself forbade.

The Synopsis has another and very important feature, the absence of which from a "synopsis" might have been deplored, but could not have been charged as a defect to the author. We refer to the excellent characterization of the families and higher groups. Each such group is trenchantly defined, in every case in which the present state of the science admits of such definition, and the definitions are based not only upon American forms, but upon exotic as well. The leading characteristics of the groups are sketched with a bold, free hand, giving the student further insight into the subject, and making him acquainted with the groups at large, as well as with their special American representatives. These characterizations have been pronounced by high European authority to be the best that have appeared, especially in so far as they relate to the difficulties and uncertainties of classification. To the professional ornithologist the synopsis is especially valuable, since in it almost for the first time in a general work, critical discrimination is made between "species" and mere geographical "varieties"—a distinction long needed, yet owing partly to the cramping of ideas by the binomial nomenclature, a reform late in coming.

We should not omit to add that the volume contains an account of the Fossil birds of this country, now for the first time presented in connected

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE LIFE OF JOHN WARREN, M. D., Surgeon-General during the War of the Revolution. First Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard College. By Edward Warren, M. D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

KINDERGARTEN CULTURE. By W. N. Hailman. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

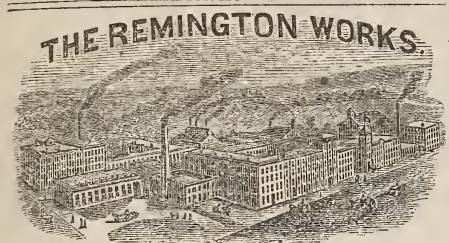
MRS. MAINWARING'S JOURNAL. By Mrs. Emma Marshall. N. Y.: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE PRIDE OF LEXINGTON. A Tale of the Revolution. By William Seaton. N. Y.: P. O'Shea.

WILLIE BURKE. A Story of an Irish Orphan in America; and **THE CROSS AND THE SHAMROCK,** an Irish-American Tale of Real Life. Both books of an interesting character. Boston: Patrick Donahue.

CANADIAN STATISTICS.—The following statistics in regard to the population of Canada, taken from the *Canadian Monthly*, are interesting:—In 1861 the population of what is now the Dominion of Canada, exclusive of Prince Edward's Island, was 3,090,561; in 1871 it was found to be 3,485,761, or about an increase of 12.21 per cent., or of about 1.22 per cent. per annum. This shows that emigration has been directed from Canada to the United States. The area of the Dominion of Canada was 215,892,020 acres in 1871, but since that time has been extended. There is ample room in it for 200,000,000 people. In 1871 it was occupied by 622,719 families, living in 572,713 houses. There were 1,764,311 males and 1,721,450 females in 1871, showing an excess of 40,000 females. Of Indians, according to the census of 1871, there were 23,035, showing an increase of 51 per cent. in the last ten years, which is a lesson in which the United States might profit by knowing how it was done. It seems that the augmentation, though really due in some respects to a natural increase, is rather due to a more careful counting of the Indians. Of negroes, in 1861, there were 18,921 persons; in 1871 our African cousins had increased to 21,496. Of the whole white population 31.1 of them are of French origin, 24.2 of Irish, 20.2 of English, 15.8 of Scotch, and 6.6 of German or Dutch origin. In 1872 6,591,339 tons of shipping entered the Dominion, being nearly two tons to each inhabitant.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.



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Grand Medal of Merit, Vienna, 1873,
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Sirs—A friend of mine sent me, with a transport of Indian Skulls, two pounds "Vanity Fair," which I declare to be the best Tobacco I ever smoked. We have very good tobacco in Vienna—Turkish and Hungarian, but "Vanity Fair" is the King of all, by its aromatic flavor and the right sort of strength. My friend in New York got an appointment in California, by that reason I apply immediately to you, begging you to send me for the enclosed ten dollars, a supply of "Vanity Fair," and send with the next steamer to Germany. If there is a German firm that sells your excellent "Vanity Fair," I beg you to enclose me the address.
Dr. Jos. Hyrtl,
Professor of Anatomy in the University of Vienna.

TO GUNSMITHS.

The celebrated Black and White BRONZING PROCESS, such as is used upon Scott, Greener & Co. Warranted NOT TO FAIL either winter or summer, if directions are followed. The process is a trade secret in England. The RECEIPT and PROCESS I will sell for \$25. Also with it will send the plan of taking off the old bronze by a quick process.
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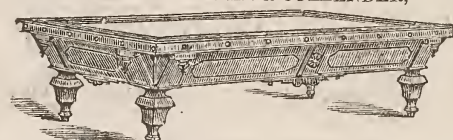
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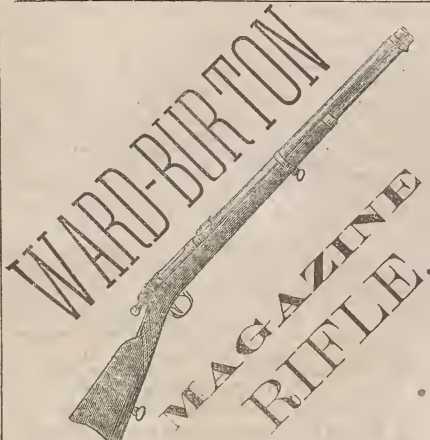
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For Sharpe's, Remington, Government, Winchester, Spencer, Ballard and all other rifles. Smith & Wesson's No. 3 Revolver, &c., &c.,
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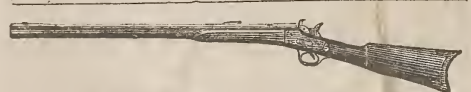
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1874.

Volume I, Number 26.
103 Fulton Street.

For Forest and Stream.
ENOCH ARDEN.

HIS LETTER.

SO you've "found I'm alive," and you tell me
You've doubled up agin?
Thought the old man had petered?
Which allow me to say is thin.

You say how I never writ you,
As is true enough I allow,
Being busy one way or another;
No matter—I'm writing now.

I hadn't no sort of notion,
When I started fust out here
That I shouldn't a seed you sooner
Than four and twenty year.

But the cards they was stocked agin me,
And the best of luck will fail;
Was down of aguey and typhus.
And part of a year in jail.

Which was simple parsecution,
For the corpse wan't robbed or stript!
Then I lost an eye at a party,
But *his* widder allowed I whipped.

Yes, I hev had a gay experience.
But I allus sighed for hum,
Allus did pine for the fireside,
And the old New England rum.

You kin sort out the cubs of the stranger
And gin a good fair start;
I might be called weak to spare 'em,
If I hadn't a parent's heart.

I'm glad he's made over his plunder,
And done the square thing by you;
I could almost forgive the critter
If his name warn't Number Two.

Tell him I'm coming easy,
Me and a smooth-bore gun;
Tell him to pack his coffin,
And look out for Number One.

J. J. ROCHE.

For Forest and Stream.

Notes From Cape Breton.

SALMON FISHING ON THE MARGAREE.

EACH succeeding number of your most welcome paper reminds me of my unfulfilled promise to give your readers some notes of a trip made last summer to the island of Cape Breton which may be of interest to some who may be already laying out their plans as to how and where they will spend their next summer vacation. Last July I would have eagerly welcomed a plain, unvarnished tale, such as I now propose to give, as a great assistance in enabling me to decide the question, "Shall my vacation be spent at Cape Breton or not?"

I left Toronto in company with two friends on the morning of Monday, July 8, reaching Portland on Tuesday afternoon, a few hours before the departure of the steamer Falmouth for Halifax. We ought to have made Halifax the next night about 11 o'clock, but in consequence of a heavy fog which came on during the afternoon, we had to lay to outside until the morning, and therefore did not get into Halifax before the departure of the morning train for Pictou, and this lack of connection caused us to miss the Thursday's steamer from Pictou to Hawksberry, and threw us over until the next Tuesday. This was a serious disappointment, but we made the best of the situation by taking a carriage next morning from Pictou to the west branch of the St. John river, about eighteen miles distant, where we camped out beside the little rippling brook until the following Monday afternoon. Here we had a most enjoyable time. Our tent was pitched on a knoll about two hundred yards from a farm house, whose occupants furnished us most kindly with daily supplies of bread, delicious butter, milk and porridge, with occasional feasts of wild strawberries, "smothered in cream." In this little retreat we took somewhere about 400 or 500 brook trout with the

fly, surprising the natives there by our success, for until then they had no idea that the fish were in such abundance.

On Monday afternoon we returned to Pictou, and at noon on the following day took the steamer Princess of Wales for Hawksberry on the Gut of Canso, which we reached about 6 o'clock that same afternoon. We had arranged that one of our party should undertake to secure our seats in the stage, but we needed not to have been so anxious as on our arrival we found fifteen or sixteen stages and a host of vociferous drivers soliciting fares. One John McIntosh, a Highland Scotchman, secured our party of three, and two others filling up his old-fashioned coach, which like all the others was built with the body swinging upon leather straps, as experience proves these to be better adapted to mountain travel than any other form.

Away then we started about 7 P. M., the second of a long procession of stages, our route lying over the mountains of the west side of Cape Breton Island for thirteen miles to the west bay of Lake Bras d'Or. John McIntosh was determined to keep his advanced post, and rattled us up hill and down over the narrow bridges and around short curves of the gloomy road which appeared like a long avenue between the green firs, at a pace which kept my hair on end until we at last reached the tavern at West Bay. Here we found there was no accommodation, and therefore made for the little steamer Neptune and took possession of the main cabin, (size, 15x8 feet,) which was soon filled up, table, seats and floor, by the tired travelers, until 5 A. M., when we started to traverse Bras d'Or Lake.

We arrived at Baddeck on the north shore of Bras d'Or Lake about noon. Here we took dinner at the comfortable inn kept by Mr. Cowdis, and soon after started in his stage for the northeast Margaree. Our route lay across the mountains in a northeast direction, crossing over first the Baddeck river, which affords excellent trouting, but up which salmon do not run until September; then over Middle river, where gold has been found in limited quantities; then skirting the western side of a little stream, and of a long, narrow lake called "Lug-a-low," or Lake of Law, (which name, if either, was correct, I could not determine,) which lay between us and the magnificent mountains on the other side of the valley, until by an almost imperceptible ascent we reached the height of land, after traversing which about a mile we descended a steep hill, and found ourselves at our destination in the Margaree settlement, about thirty miles from Baddeck. The evening shades had commenced to close around us, and right glad were we to find shelter from the pouring rain and the drenching mists which had enveloped us during our whole journey, drenching us to the skin, and much impairing the enjoyment of the wondrously beautiful scenery, although the clouds of mist rolling over the mountain tops and down the lovely valleys, invested them with a grandeur and sublimity which fair weather and sunny skies would have failed to produce. The next two days, Thursday and Friday, continued so gloomy and wet that we were unable to perceive the beauty of the valley, and although in our eagerness we several times vainly attempted to entice a salmon out of the swollen and muddy river, we were glad to take refuge from the storm, and beside the cosy fire await the subsidence of the torrent and the return of bright weather.

On Saturday it cleared up, but the river was still too swollen for sport, so that we had ample time to take note of our surroundings. The Margaree settlement occupies a level valley about seven miles long and three broad, which is surrounded by mountains covered with evergreens, scarcely, if at all, marred by the ruthless hand of civilization. To the south this valley is closed in by a rounded "sugar loaf" mountain, separating it from a settlement called "The Big Interval," while to the north it curves eastward, and is bounded by a narrow gorge, through which the river runs to join, about three miles below, with the western Margaree, descending from Lake Ainslee. This valley is dotted over with farm houses, small but comfortable, inhabited by a simple, hospitable people, mainly of Scotch and American descent, whose forefathers settled

here nearly one hundred years ago, and who, shut out until quite recently from all intercourse with the civilized world, have been content with mere existence, and have allowed their fertile plain to run to decay, until now their farms consist merely of broad fields of stunted grass, smothered with daisies and "rattle grass." Here and there may be seen small patches of oats, but besides these not another crop—no orchards, nor gardens, nor roots. Numerous shade trees, principally elms and evergreens, stud the plain, and through these winds the Margaree River, the perfection of a salmon river, inasmuch as it presents a succession of deep pools and shallow rapids, with pebble bottom as clear as crystal, sheltered by trees, but without any impediment anywhere to the casting of a line or to the landing of a fish, and above all, totally free from the *bête noir* of the angler, the black fly or the mosquito.

The importance of this latter recommendation will be appreciated by any salmon fisherman whose enjoyment has been marred or nearly annihilated by the persistent attacks of these ferocious insects. I know of no other river on this continent where a gentleman can find the shelter of a comfortable farm house, within half a mile from a salmon pool, on the banks of which his wife or daughter may repose and join in the intense excitement of hooking and landing a twelve or twenty pounder without any alloy from black fly or mosquito. This is as it might be, but I am sorry to be obliged to add that so little do the inhabitants appreciate the advantages which they might derive from protection of the salmon that they all, with few exceptions, are in the habit of regularly spearing and netting the pools, to the unutterable disgust of sportsmen who have journeyed many hundreds of miles in search of health and recreation, and who would spend in the valley ten fold more than is realized by the unlawful spearing. Four times did these stupid people, with blackened faces, launch their boats miles up the river and spear every pool down to the very end of the valley, even in the pool at which I was located with a gentleman who for three or four years had been accustomed to spend the salmon season there. I tried to impress upon the inhabitants that they were "killing the goose that laid the golden egg," and that if they would stop their unlawful practice, advertise the advantages of the locality and routes of travel, and extend a welcome to sportsmen, every house in the valley might be filled with gentlemen whose expenditures would amply repay them for the value of the fish they so unworthily killed, and whose presence would stimulate them to improvement in every respect.

Some allowance must be made for the poor people, however, for when the patents for their lands were issued fishing rights were secured to them, and as hitherto the large majority of sportsmen have located in tents around the forks of the river, three or four miles below the settlement, spending little or nothing among the settlers, these naturally feel that protection of the salmon in no way interests them, but merely protects the sport of those transient pleasure seekers. I urged upon them, also, to try and obtain from the government, by purchase if necessary, control of the river, so that they might (which I think every sportsman must admit to be reasonable) issue licenses for rod fishing, and so they would have an incentive for the protection of the fish. With these exceptions, I am glad to bear my evidence to the hospitality which I received, while I lament the supineness which has allowed their beautiful valley to run into such deplorable decay. It is to be hoped that the opening up of the Sidney coal fields, and increasing facilities of market with the influx of pleasure and health seekers, will stimulate the Margaree people to make this valley as it ought to be—a little paradise.

It was too late in the season for good fishing when I arrived there; nevertheless, on the Monday after the river subsided, so that the water reached its proper condition, I, a comparative novice with salmon, secured three fish of the respective weights of twelve, fifteen, and twenty pounds. I took afterwards three more, and lost several from unskillful handling, so that I had no reason to complain when many inexperienced fishermen are not even so successful

If spearing had not been so unremittingly practiced, I am confident I would have taken three times the number, but so disgusted was I that for days I never wetted my line. As to flies suited to the river, I found that at that season small dull flies succeeded best. Of my collection, made by Forest & Sons, Kelso, Scotland, who, I think, make the perfection of salmon flies, the fairy, fiery brown, and dun wing were the most taking, although the last salmon caught on the morning I left for home was allured by a Jock Scott.

I fear I have spun out this prosy letter to a tiresome length, but before concluding I must correct an error which I find in your most readable book "The Fishing Tourist."* Your statement would imply that the west branch of the Margaree, that which descends from Lake Ainslie, is the important fishing ground, and this idea is confirmed by the maps, which represent the northeast branch as an insignificant tributary. The fact is, that the northeast Margaree is the main river, running down nearly the whole extent of the northeast angle of the Island from near Cape North, and is a clear stony stream, while the west Margaree is small and muddy, and comparatively unfrequented by salmon. The best fishing ground is at the forks. When I arrived there were no less than ten tents within a radius of ten miles at the forks, one of whose occupants took no less than sixty-six salmon with his single rod, another thirty-six, and another thirty-three. These sportsmen locate themselves there in the beginning of June, and await the run of the fish, and it is the understood practice that when a pool was settled upon it became the right of the settler, so that I was deterred from setting up my tent then. Before I left, however, the forks were completely deserted, and I tried my hand there on my way back from a trip to the mouth of the river. Within a quarter of an hour I had hooked a fish of fourteen pounds in what is known as Biscoe's pool, and which had been regularly fished most successfully for the whole season. I was unfortunate in breaking the end of my rod as I was fishing with a long line in mid-stream, and, never expecting that a fish would lie near the shore, I drew up too quickly to make a fresh cast, when just then my fish struck and away went my tip. I was bothered, but succeeded in landing my fish, and as it was late I went up to the house to mend my rod.

I expected rare sport the next morning, as the salmon were jumping in all directions in the pool, but could not get a rise. When I went up to the house one of the men remarked that he feared I would not have much sport, as the pool had been speared during the night. On enquiry, it turned out that between fifty and sixty salmon had been speared out of that pool, which was only about two hundred yards long, so I packed up my rod in disgust and drove back forthwith to Eldridge's, where I was lodging, and would not put my rod together until the morning I left for home, when, as I stated before, I took a fifteen pound fish with a Jock Scott. I nearly lost this fine fellow, for being anxious to start, with my mind preoccupied by thoughts of home and dear ones there, I was mechanically casting away in a splendid pool where a small brook joins the main stream, when I was startled by the sudden spring of my rod and the scolding of my friend as the fish made his run. I almost lost him, but recovered my presence of mind in time, and after a short but vigorous fight for life my beauty was gaffed for me by my friend.

Thus ended my season's sport, and within an hour afterwards I was en route for home.

You are quite correct in stating that the Margaree is one of the best stocked salmon rivers in the world. Notwithstanding the immense number taken in nets at the mouth, and used by the canning establishment there, the large numbers taken by rod fishermen during the season, and the almost fabulous numbers that are speared and netted higher up as they are spawning, still they are apparently undiminished, and this year were more abundant than for many years previously.

One word as to cost of transit. From Portland to Halifax and return, \$10; to Pictou and return, \$6; to Hawksberry and return, \$6; to West Bay and return, \$2; to Baddeck and return, \$2; to Margaree and return, \$6. To these items add staterooms, meals, and incidental expenses, and an estimate can be formed of the cost of travel. Once there the cost of living is very moderate. Yours truly,

J. H. R.

*The "Fishing Tourist" has selected the route via Ainslie Lake as the most practicable and avoiding tedious journeys by stage, and not because the fishing of the West Branch is the best. We prefer to take the Port Hood route.—Ed.

MAY SHOOTING AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

There is a period of the year when the sportsman has nothing to occupy him until July when woodcock are sought for, (unless he be a lover of the "gentle art,") and this period is May and June. There is nothing now in season excepting "baybirds," and under this head are included the curlews, godwits, tattlers, and rovers, the only true snipe in the region being the *scolopax noveboracensis*, or quail snipe, grayback and dowitcher, as it is called in different localities.

When the greater portion of these species which visit our coast in the spring have passed north to their breeding grounds, last of all comes the red-breasted sand piper, or robin snipe, as I will call him for familiarity's sake.

After I have "wet my line" in my favorite trout stream to abate the fever which May always brings to me, I prepare for a short shooting trip either to Atlantic City, West

Creek or Long Branch, and about the 20th to the 25th of the month find the robin snipe have arrived and taken up their quarters on the innumerable bars and meadow islands for which the New Jersey coast is noted.

Last May having invited my friend George C—n to join me, I determined to initiate him into the mysteries of robin snipe shooting, when the sun was pouring down his rays to be reflected from the meadow, and making it anything but pleasant for a man of florid complexion. We had engaged Joel Conover as our baymen, by letter, and reaching Atlantic City, stopped at Shauler's hotel, the headquarters for sportsmen, and found two parties of gentlemen bent on the same amusement as ourselves, and from them received very flattering accounts of what we might expect on the morrow.

' At early dawn we were awakened and found breakfast awaiting us, and Joel fully prepared. The inlet being but a short distance from the hotel, we were soon under way with a good breeze, and shortly found ourselves at the shooting ground. As the sun rose, we saw countless numbers of robin snipe and bullhead plover, moving from the bars and flats which they had been "using," as the baymen term it, the rising tide driving them to the meadows to feed. Had it been low water, we would have shot from the bars, but as the tide would soon cover them, we collected together a quantity of sea weed and formed an oval blind sufficiently high to hide us when on our backs awaiting the near approach of the birds. Spreading an india rubber blanket in our hiding place on which to lie, our stool birds having been artistically arranged ten or fifteen yards from us, we prepared ourselves for the robin snipe which were passing and re-passing, and showing every inclination to "use" the shallow pond near by on the meadow.

We were scarcely settled side by side when seven plover came to us, and all but one were killed, C—n and Joel doing the shooting, as I had not as yet fully prepared myself. Flock after flock of robin snipe were whistled up to our decoys, and great havoc was made each time in their ranks. And here let me describe a whistle I use for calling plover and robin snipe, with which a most perfect imitation can be made. It is nothing more than the school boy's penny whistle of tin, two pieces of round shape, an inch in diameter, soldered together at the edges, leaving a space in the centre, and two small holes punched through the sides at the middle; this is placed in the mouth, and the drawing in of the air and expelling it with some modulation of course, resembles the note of the bird you wish to call, and it can be heard at a great distance.

Before evening we were glad to start for home, and could count our game by scores. The sun, however, punished us fearfully, and my friend presented a sorry appearance indeed, but was not prevented from trying a second day.

All the Conovers, Will, Adam and Joel are good men, but I am inclined to favor Will, as he is a hard worker, and although not so good a whistler as Adam, I would engage him nevertheless, for my tin toy fills the gap, and is generally looked to as the caller. The coming May, should I try the robin snipe I shall wear a light mask of some kind to protect myself from the sun, which on these meadows is powerful, and peculiarly dazzling to the eyes, and I have no doubt something of the kind would answer admirably. In May the mosquitoes have not made their appearance, and the only drawback to the pleasure is the one I have mentioned. In September, when the baybirds have returned from the north with their young, it is the middle of the musquito crop, and we find no enjoyment at that time. So if one wishes to choose his season and is desirous of trying Bay shooting, let him take May by all means.

"Homo."

For Forest and Stream.

CUPID ON SKATES.

A PEEP AT A CANADIAN RINK.

WITH love making in the tropics the majority of readers are doubtless more or less familiar. Vows are whispered in the "balmy, soft-breathing night." There are orange groves, sweet violets and magnolias; a faithful slave or two, and an old time plantation house. But these and other "properties" have figured so often in light literature that they may be classically described as "played out." Ditto with regard to stories of the war. Yet people must write. That iron monster, the "six-cylinder," is insatiable. His attendant minions are ever clamoring for "copy." You have heard no doubt now geese are penned up before a hot fire to increase the size of their livers for the making of *paté de foies gras*? A somewhat similar process is observed in feeding a six cylinder. If you ever have occasion to visit a newspaper office you will notice cooped up in small apartments or chained to desks or tables, a number of unhappy looking men. These are the victims of the insatiate six-cylinder. They are required to furnish a certain amount of brains each day in the form of "copy," with which to feed the monster; and after they become worn out they are thrown upon the mercies of a cold and uncharitable world. Far better be a goose and be killed for your liver.

But I fear I am wandering from my subject, though the ill-natured will readily perceive the analogy between geese and lovers. My intention, however, is to present some sketches of love-making in the frozen north.

Do you know what a rink is? Ten to one you never heard the word before, unless you or your forefathers came from the Land o' Cakes. There is a Scottish game called "curling," which is played upon the ice with smooth stones, and the place where the game takes place is a rink. In

Canada a rink is a large building of brick or wood, enclosing an artificial pond. The water is let in gradually at the beginning of winter, and frozen to the depth of three or four feet. As it is worn away by the skaters, and becomes rough, more water is let on from time to time, and so despite rain-storms or snow-storms good skating may be had until warm weather arrives. There are dressing and refreshment rooms, and galleries and promenades for lookers on, due provision being made for those who have to play the unenviable role of chaperon.

Let us enter. You pull at the bell handle; the outer door is opened by a servant in livery, (this is a rink frequented only by the *creme de la creme*, and its portals are sacredly guarded,) and you stand in a narrow hall. A confused sound reaches your ears. It is as though many hundred scythes were being sharpened on as many grindstones, while other scythes were laying low heavy swaths of rustling grass. The air is damp as at the portal of an ice house. As an inner door is opened the noise increases, and becomes more confused; a strong breeze, created by the skaters as they sweep rapidly round and round, reminds you of your rheumatic tendencies; while all that you discern is a number of dusky, half indistinct figures moving to and fro with marvellous swiftness. In a second or two you regain your wonted composure and see things more clearly. You stand upon a platform extending from one side of the rink to the other, and from which open dressing and refreshment rooms. Next to the ice are wooden benches for the chaperones, who—bless their dear old frozen souls—sit patiently for hours to protect their darlings from young men who are not "eligible," the word signifying money, and not applying in the remotest degree to brain, morals or good looks. But as we shall see hereafter, the chaperone's power ends where the ice begins, and the "flirtation boxes" are beyond her reach. These "flirtation boxes" are simply the niches between the timbers supporting the roof, in which seats have been placed. They are only accessible from the ice, and are therefore nice places for an undisturbed conversation. As many of the timbers are of very considerable thickness, those occupying the seats are quite excluded from the gaze of the chaperones on the platform. Opposite the entrance, at the far end of the rink, is a platform for the band, occupied two or three times a week, when quadrilles and lancers are danced upon skates, even more gracefully than in a ball room. The costumes of the ladies vary of course, and a general description of their toilets must suffice. On the head is worn a small, round fur cap; the skating jacket or sack is often of blue or scarlet cloth, with brass buttons, and variously trimmed; a grey or brown tweed dress is looped over a gay-colored balmoral, beneath which are Knickerbockers, or Turkish trousers, which, when the wearer has clumsy ankles, come quite down to the stout laced boots (and when the reverse is the case, are often dispensed with)—add a large muff and fur mittens, and you have the costume of the fair skater. Such is the dress of the young lady who now appears at the door of the dressing-room, with her skates already buckled, and prepares to walk across the platform to the ice. She has a sweet face, and is altogether one of the most attractive ladies you have ever seen. At least, so thinks that lithe, slender youth, with the regular features, black curly hair, and magnificent eyes, who is twirling about listlessly at the far end of the rink. No sooner does he see the well-known figure at the dressing-room door than he gathers himself together as does a horse preparatory to making a leap, and bounds forward as an arrow speeds from the bow. In a trice he is at the young lady's feet, and busy over her skate-straps. They always do need tightening when Will Sweet appears, no matter how tight they may have been drawn before. Rose now gives the tip of her mitten to Will, (not, however, giving him the "mitten" in an unpleasant sense,) a few steps further and she is on the ice. The band strikes up a lively air, and away the couple glide, hand in hand, now fast now slow, keeping excellent time with the music, and dexterously avoiding collisions with less experienced skaters, though to do this it is sometimes necessary to loose hands for a moment.

Look! Now they are doing "the 'outside edge' inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees, first on one skate iron, then on the other, the opposite foot being held in advance of and over the one which rests upon the ice. Both figures move as one, and their rapid onward motion is not checked in the least. Not so graceful is the "Dutch roll," which is neither bread, cake or sausage, but a performance on skates which baffles my powers of description. The same may be said of many other feats on skates, (no pun is intended,) in which fair skaters contest the palm with the ruder sex.

As the music ceases Will lands his partner among the chaperones. She will not be persuaded into the flirtation boxes, and her chaperon on this occasion is decidedly vinegarish and lynx-eyed. Besides there is Lieut. Fitz Poodles (who is "eligible," having £500 a year besides his pay,) waiting to secure her for a partner. He is rather unsteady on his pins, not being by any means an accomplished skater, and in attempting to salute Miss Budd he precipitates himself head first into the lap of an old lady. He stammers out a "beg pawdon," as he recovers himself, and extends his hand to Rose with an "Aw, pleasure of skating with you, Mith Budd?" The young lady in question does not notice the extended hand, but demurely pleads fatigue. Fitz Poodles thinks he will wait until she is rested, which he is pretty sure will be when the band strikes up again. Will is as usual at the other end of the rink. The leader of the band raises his baton, but before it can fall Will is beside

Rose and claims her hand just as the first notes of the music fall upon the ear. Before Fitz Poodles recovers from his astonishment, his wished for partner is gliding round and round the rink with his hated rival. He grinds his teeth savagely beneath his blonde mustache, and the blood mantles under his fair skin to the roots of his yellow hair. But he has no resource, so he breathes a wish that Will may come to grief in some of his skillful evolutions, for he is jealous also of his rival's proficiency as a skater. The fates are kind to Will, however, as they always are to the brave and skillful, and no such calamity occurs.

Fitz Poodles is intensely disgusted. He unbuckles his skates, and having refreshed himself with a glass of brandy and water, lights his short clay pipe, and sets out for his barracks, leaving the field to his rival, as well he may.

Shortly after, the odious chaperon, blue with cold, wraps her furs about her and steps into her sleigh to be driven home. Rose promises to leave immediately, but declines a seat in the sleigh. As she emerges from the dressing room with her skates on her arm she bestows a side glance on Will, who, apparently all unconscious, is doing the figure eight in the centre of the rink. But he is far from being unconscious, and counts the seconds after the door closes behind her until he thinks a sufficient time has elapsed to prevent the gossips connecting his departure with that of the young lady. He darts down the rink at lightning speed, not slackening his speed in the least as he nears the platform, but clearing it at a bound lands at the door of the dressing room. In a twinkling his skates are unstrapped, and he is out at the door. A well known figure is just disappearing around a corner. He walks rapidly on with a nervous, eager tread, the crisp snow erushing beneath his feet in the frosty atmosphere. He draws nearer and nearer, but the one of whom he is in pursuit never turns her head, though she well knows whose are the footsteps behind her. Soon he comes up with her, and receives a shy greeting. He takes the skates from her arm, and so they walk homeward together, saying little perhaps, but thinking much.

But the Cupid of high latitude does not confine himself solely to rinks during the season of ice and snow. He also spreads his wings and shoots his arrows, on bright, sunshiny winter days, on the glossy surface of crystal lakes, lying in meadows or embedded among fir-elad hills. Such a lake I see before me now. It is some three miles in length, by one in breadth. Save at one cleared spot the dark fir trees come down the hillsides to the very edge of the ice. It is a clear, bright, bracing winter's day, and the ice is hard and smooth as glass, reflecting, as in a mirror, the surrounding woods and the skaters gliding over it.

Rose is well provided with chaperones to day. She is accompanied by her two brothers, an uncle and a cousin, the latter a wordly-wise young lady, with a horror of flirtations, to which, owing to her plain features and not over agreeable manners, she is never a party. She has a holy horror of admirers who are not eligible, and Will is as poor as a church mouse. He was just behind the party on the road to the lake, but made a short cut through the woods and was on the ice before them. With such a body-guard around his ladylove his chances look poorly enough, but he does not despair. "Brave heart," you know. The old gentleman does not skate, but stands upon the bank and draws such comfort as he may from his cigar. He at least is out of the way. But the cousin and the two brothers do skate, and move off together. Will is never far away, and does not lose sight of them for a moment. Finally the party encounters one of Fitz Poodles' brother officers, whom rumor reports to be looking for a rich wife. He has been deucedly unlucky in horseflesh of late, and the "aged" has refused to pony up anything beyond his usual allowance. Miss Palaver has money and is not inensible to the blandishments of the "tall military gent," as the small boys describe Captain Nocash, and she accepts his proffered escort, leaving Rose to her brothers and—her fate.

Rose turns towards the head of the lake and skates quickly on, with her brothers on either side, and but a few rods away. Soon the ring of skate-irons is heard behind them, and ere many minutes elapse Will is beside the girl he loves. They skate steadily on without exchanging a word, leaving all the other skaters behind them. Finally one of the brothers halts and motions to the other. He hesitates a moment, then wheels to the right about. Considerate brothers!

The lovers are now left to the enjoyment of their own society. Will extends his hand and Rose rests in it the tips of her gloved fingers. They shoot on until the head of the lake is reached. No one is near, and we are fain to believe that Will seized the opportunity for "breaking the ice." At all events the faces of both were unusually rosy as they rejoined the other skaters near the landing: and Will caring nothing for the cold looks of the party he had invaded, accompanied Rose to her own door.

They are not married yet, but they will be some day I am sure, for they are as true as steel to each other, and cold as ice to the rest of the world.

CHARLES A. PILSBURY.

—Nothing is more sad than a landscape without birds. The well known forest of Fontainebleau, so varied in its aspect, so majestic in its wooded glades, is always melancholy; not the song of a single bird breaks the silence. Destitute of water, for the sandy soil drinks up all the rain, having no spring nor stream, it is deadly for the bird, which flies away as from a land under a curse. Under the first impression you admire it, but by degrees the feeling of sadness oppresses you, and at last renders you insensible to its beauties.

COAXING A DRUMFISH.

For Forest and Stream.

A CRUISE OFF THE AFRICAN COAST.

A CRUISE on the west coast of Africa in the olden time, when the "ebony trade" was brisk, was almost without incident to relieve its dull monotony, and, looked back to in after days, the three long years seem almost a blank. Cruising, we but stood up and down, backward and forward, under easy sail or low steam, and while from aloft the lookout scanned the horizon, and wearied his eyes in watching the strip of white that to the eastward marked the sandy beach of a desert coast, to us on deck invisible, we killed our time as best we might with pipes and books, with chess and chat, taught our docile parrots new tricks and phrases, or lazily dozed away the hours—the weary hours of mid-day calm.

Exercise seemed impossible. The great red sun drove his ardent rays through and through our well worn awnings, the white decks steamed, the paint work blistered, and the black lines of pitch lost their tape-like symmetry and oozed meltingly into little tacky puddles, the brass rails glowed with the fervent heat, and even the great shark, lying perchance deep under our counter, seemed to pant and gasp, and turned loathingly from the chunk of pork, which in seeming innocence dangled listlessly by his very nose.

Rolling gently to an fro on the ever breathing sea, sails flapping, ropes rattling, yards creaking, ladders squeaking, we exist and wait for air. Presently a little puff from the northwest, again another, then a gentle breeze; the tired mercury sinks in its tube and life again comes to us, for the sea breeze has made. Now we look for a prize. There is a river breaks the contour of that strip of sand to the eastward—the noble Congo—and somewhere up in its mysterious fastnesses are trim vessels, laden with human flesh and blood for freight, watching the chance to slip out. This late strong sea breeze is what they need, and taking the chances of the distant cruiser's failing to discover her in time, out one slips. Pressing along with the northwest wind, keeping from going to the northward—the speak to leeward, which her captain's trained eye sees at once is an enemy, keeps him from running off—and so, with all canvass spread, he hugs the wind and trusts to his heels.

Sail ho! from aloft, and we crowd on all sail in pursuit. No sleepiness now. We must bring her within gun shot ere she crosses our bow, or we lose her. Rapidly we near each other on converging lines, but night, too, is approaching fast, and in that latitude there is little twilight. It was in her captain's calculations, and for this moonless night, so near at hand, he has patiently awaited.

Onward comes the slaver, seemingly rushing to certain destruction; but the breeze grows fainter, our heavy canvass flaps to the mast, while the swift-heeled clipper, with her light cotton topsails swelling against the buntlines, plump and full like a Breton "swell front" house, darts out from our very grasp, and driving off with the trade wind disappears in the darkness, a fading pyramid of spectral white, and until she reaches the shores of Cuba with her starving, sick, tortured, and festering mass of humanity, she is safe; and then, with an honored flag at her peak, she claims the immunity which that flag, rightfully carried, should always give.

Such was our general fortune. At long intervals better luck awaited us, and a captured cargo involved upon us a trip to Monrovia, where we were welcome visitors to the lazy darkies, who, in white jackets and indolence, are civilizing Africa by teaching the natives how not to do it. Distributed among them as field hands, and taught to raise manioc and prepare cassava enough for their own needs and their master's, our poor Africans are not perceptibly better off than in slavery.

But I am wandering from my intentions, and will endeavor to make amends by changing the topic to one more in consonance with the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. I propose to tell you of the capture of a "drum fish," and to show you how we worked it so that the fate of the other "drum fisherman," poetically recorded in one of your late numbers, did not befall me.

We were lying in the harbor of Benguela, a little white-washed, dirty Portuguese city in the sand, to the southward of St. Paul de Loando. It was a hot and sultry night, following a hotter day, during which we had drifted into port. Stretched about the decks, in light and airy costumes, and in uneasy postures, we rolled and shifted to the full extent of our Loando mats in vain search of a softer plank or cooler spot. Save for the occasional sound of a well beaten "tom tom," or the higher screech of some native songster, perhaps serenading some dusky inamorata, or more likely working off the effects of New England rum, all was silent both on shore and sea, when suddenly, from the depths beneath us, an unearthly groan startled us from repose. Beginning low, it gradually rose in volume and cadence till the whole ship seemed to vibrate; then it died away, and we speculated. Again it boomed upon our ears, and with a ventriloquial effect, for the sailor on the fore-castle and officer on the poop were each equally sure that the sound was just beneath him. And so through the long night we were entertained with this subaqueous concert, than which a forty horse power steam frog could not have done better. The breakfast hour brought its usual assemblage of wisdom, and many were the oracular opinions and Bunsbian explanations of the night's phenomena.

Bumboat Tom was brought into our councils, and elucidated the mystery. "Oh, sar, dat was larshe fesh, sar; he very larshe, very bono for eat him, sar; malo for catch him; we call him drum fish, sar."

Tom said that they were plentiful, that they fed only at night, and that the proper bait for them was sardines. I made up my mind that on another night I should make closer acquaintance with this musical genius, and to that end cultivated the armorer and captain of the fore top. The former forged me a fine, large hook, well tempered, and big enough for a halibut, and the latter, with a little wrench he had, laid me up a long strong line from a dozen of the best that I could procure—wire laid in for a fathom from the hook, guarded against sharp teeth. At supper time Tom brought me a pail of live "sardines." He called them so, but they were a foot long, and more like clubs.

Night came, and I could hardly wait for the sound that was to signalize the approaching fray. Presently it began, and slipping over the port gangway I took possession of the dinghy which lay moored at the booms, and in company with Johnny Shea, a tight little foretop boy, who was always my right hand in my shooting and fishing trips, I prepared for action. Seeing everything clear, I lowered away over the boat's quarter, and way down below the dancing sparks that the ripples produced in the phosphorescent sea my line became a beam of light, flashing as carried to and fro by the struggles of my lively bait. I had not long to wait.

Suddenly a mass of light appeared from under the ship, turned into fire as it surrounded and encompassed my hook, and then came a pull, not a tug or jerk, but as though my hook had caught firmly in the coral reefs, the bottom slowly settling away from me. Quickly I hove out a bight of the line, that he might gorge the bait, then trembling with anxiety I struck.

"Have you got him, sir?" screamed Johnny.

Got him! I might as well have got a locomotive. Johnny's cry brought a row of heads above the hammoek rail, and the officer of the deck forgot dignity and gave me an encouraging word; but I hardly heeded them. Twenty fathoms of that line flew through my cut and bleeding fingers before I realized that I was in for it. Then, the first mad rush over, he pointed seaward, and struck out more slowly but irresistibly, and fathom after fathom he took my line; half gone—two thirds—and no let up. I hove a turn around the shank of the brass row lock, and while I eased away as slowly as possible Johnny bent the end of his line to mine, and I had another hundred feet. I didn't play that fish—it was all business, and he had the managing of it. Would he never stop? At last! I risked cheeking him, and, heaving a second turn around the row lock, held on. As I did so the pull nearly at right angles started the boat, and slowly her stern slewed into the direction of the strain. This suggested a plan, and quickly as possible I jumped forward. Johnny east off the painter, and assisting with an oar pointed the boat, and then, with the boy at the helm, and I with a turn around the stem head, easing off as required, we started on a grand old ride, and surely old Neptune, with his dolphin team, was no better off. His steeds were tame; ours was not. But weight tells, and our heavy boat soon tired him; the line slackened, and then a swishing curve showed that he had taken a new departure, and for a time, freed from our weight, with increased speed he dashed across our bows. But a stroke of the oar, as the line tautened, brought him in line ahead again, and he had another straight forward pull before him. He did not seem to fancy this, but turned and came slowly toward the boat, as though willing to risk the future to avoid the present pain. I rounded in my line, and still he came till alongside, but too deep for us to strike him, and at the upward pull he again shot off, and so for a good half hour more we worked. Once we had him alongside, and Johnny struck him with the gaff, but, as might have been expected, this only startled him, and with spasmodic vigor he made one more grand struggle for life. But it was not to be. The great hook was buried deep in his vitals, and his strength was going fast. Finally the end came, and he lay exhausted and quiet by our side, while we each slid our gaffs beneath him; then a quick upward stroke together and the trouble began again. Only for a moment, though, for with gaffs and line, and, when we could reach, our hands and arms and legs, we somehow twisted him into the boat, which, by our united weights, was careened nearly to the water's edge. And then, used up, we sat and gazed at our conquest, for the silvery sheen of his side, and the phosphorescent drops which clung to his scales, marked even in the darkness his grand proportions, and we were two proud and happy boys. Our united weights would perhaps reach two hundred pounds, and there, gasping and *groaning* on the thwarts, lay a magnificent fish greater than we two together. Six feet five inches from tip to tip, and broad in fair proportion, a shapely gamey fish of at least three hundred pounds, gave fair promise, which he well fulfilled, of glorious chowders, broils, and fries; and two hundred men can testify to the delicious quality of his flesh.

As we rowed back to the ship—for, whether towed or drifted I cannot say—we found ourselves a good half mile away, I certainly felt more pride in my achievement than any event had ever before caused me. Once since, though, when I brought a noble three pound brook trout to my basket, I have felt the same sensation, and for this last pleasure I am indebted to
PISCO.

For Forest and Stream.

AN OPEN SECRET.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)
E. C. G.

SHE stood among the roses red,
As I came through the waving field:
"A happy day!" was all I said;
She looked to earth, her face to shield,
In silence safest welcome lies,
For wood has ears and field has eyes!

She plucked a rosebud from off the tree,
The sweetest in the sunny land,
And as she blushing gave it me,
I kissed it from her lovely hand.
The rose I kissed, no harm there lies,
For wood has ears and field has eyes.

Alas, that I have grown so white!
My cheek all pale does love reveal
Who sees me now will guess at sight
What all my secret heart does feel,
And where my love and longing lies,
For wood has ears and field has eyes.

For Forest and Stream.

OTHER DAYS.

BY MRS. EUNICE B. LAMBERTON.

COME sing to me of the sad sea waves
That sigh on a pebbly shore,
That foam and surge with a solemn wall
For days that will come no more.

Bring to mine ear as the night shades fall
Echoes from caverns so deep,
Under the sea, the beautiful sea,
Green dells where the mermaids sleep.

Twine me a wreath of the coral rare,
Branching like spray mid the wave,
Pure as crystals that gleam on the shores,
Shores that the wide waters lave.

Tell of the ships that go sailing on,
With canvass spread to the breeze,
The lonely wife and the sailor's bairns,
Ah! whisper me not of these.

For winds will howl and the breakers roar,
And sea gulls scream in affright;
God pities them when the fire burns low,
And the storm fiend walks the night.

Linger in dreams sweet airs of my youth,
Fragrant of spices that are fled,
Wafting sweet incense over the graves,
Low graves of the early dead.

Vision return of a sandy cliff,
A light-house towering high,
Of tangled moss and the tiny shells,
And boats that are stranded nigh.

Come chant again to the weary soul
Nature's melodious lays,
A silvery sound, an ocean's breath,
Sweet anthem of other days.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 21, 1874.

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

IT is generally taken for granted that we have none of our feathered friends left us when the wild winds of winter have sent the last of our songsters hurrying from our presence in town and city. The majority of city folk, ay, and of the country too, seem to think that our forests and fields are annually depopulated with the falling of leaves and the appearance of snow. That such is not the case only those who have studied the habits of birds in open air can testify. Our woods and fields are alive with a vast host, busily searching trees and shrubs, weeds and grass, for insects and seeds. Along our coast, however, are birds the most abundant, principally visitors from the north, to whom our winter winds are as balmy zephyrs, and our storms and ice but small inconvenience. From that vast "liquid magazine of nature," the Atlantic, they draw their food, and upon its surface assemble in noisy flocks.

March is a good month in which to take a review of the winter, that is, for us who are interested in birds, as in that month most of our winter birds depart for the north, and the first harbingers of spring put in appearance from the south. Of the three hundred species known to have been found in New England, about one hundred remain through the winter, some of them residing here throughout the year, but the majority coming from the north in autumn, departing in the spring. That the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may have a general acquaintance with them, I purpose to mention briefly the species, speaking chiefly from my own observation.

The robin is the best known of our early arrivals; the last of February brings a few from the south, but March sends a hundred for every one of February, and the air is vocal with their music by the last of that month. Though generally supposed to pass the winter in warmer climes, it can be found nearly every month in the year by a close observer. The last week of January I saw a flock of thirty-five flying high in the air. They frequent the woods in cold weather, subsisting upon such berries and grubs as they can find.

The blue bird, in his cerulean coat, and with his pleasing warble, is a welcome arrival about the same time as the robin. If there is any one bird that brings a blessing with it, 'tis the blue bird.

There is a little fellow who stays with us the year round, and who does a vast amount of good in his silent, unobtrusive way. I mean the chickadee, black cap. Titmouse is his proper name, but his well known name of chickadee is more simple and appropriate, as it is so called from his cheerful song. Almost any day in winter you may see him

gleaming among your apple trees, now hanging head down, now flying by the window with a glad chirp and a glance of his bright black eye. He is a merry fellow, this little downy chickadee, and winter would be dreary enough without him.

Another member of his family is here, the creeper, but not very often seen, though he and the nuthatches are busily at work upon the bark of the trees, dodging around them in their queer way, not letting a single obtainable grub escape.

If the month be very mild the white-bellied swallow sometimes, though erroneously called martin, will gladden us with his presence. He is the one with whom the blue birds have such comical squabbles over the possession of the martin houses.

It is rarely that the cedar bird leaves with us a single representative during winter, but he has been known to do so. Of course you know the bird, with its cinnamon-colored coat and yellow tipped tail, its wings with tips of red, like sealing wax.

Perhaps, if everything be favorable, his cousin, the wax-wing, may be seen, but it is hardly possible, as he is a rare bird and prefers the air of Greenland and Hudson's Bay to ours.

If you are an observer of birds, you may have noticed one about the size of the robin, though with a longer tail, of a gray color, and having a sharp, hooked bill, following the flocks of small birds and preying upon them. It is the shrike, or "butcher bird," sometimes called the "nine-killer," from an idea that he always kills just nine birds, beetles, etc., before eating any. Whether he does kill that exact number or not, I would not like to say; but he has one peculiarity that renders him especially noticeable; after killing anything he hangs it up to dry upon a thorn or whatever is convenient, leaving it until he feels like eating it. I know of one kept in a cage who retained this habit, always hanging up the raw meat given him on some part of the cage.

The pine grosbeak is sometimes found in spruce and fir thickets, some winters being of quite common occurrence, and others not arriving from the ice fields of the north at all. It subsists upon the seeds of the pine and other cones, and has a thick strong beak for the purpose of tearing them apart. The crossbills, however, beat the grosbeak in the manner of beaks, their mandibles crossing one another, and having a peculiar twist that enables them to extract the seeds in an admirable manner. There are two species of the latter, the red and the white winged, and they both stay when they come all winter. The red crossbill has been known to breed in Maine as early as February.

Some of the goldfinches remain with us, and the fields are often visited by great flocks of red poll linnets, who do a great deal of good, eating the seeds of the many noxious weeds.

Along the shore and in old fields are immense flocks of snow buntings, their plumage of blended white, black and gray, admirably suited to their haunts, the brown weed-stalks and the gravel of the beach.

That very rare bird, the Lapland longspur, is sometimes found in these flocks.

The shorelarks, or skylarks may be found upon the islands in our bays and upon the shores of our mainland. If I only had space here, I would like to give you Audubon's description of its nest, built in barren Labrador, but this article is not intended for description but enumeration of species. With the pen of even that great naturalist, Audubon, I could not give a sufficiently accurate description; the best way to obtain a good idea of any bird is to see it alive, or well preserved. The museum at Central Park is easily accessible, where will be found most of our birds with their names attached.

The little blue snow bird is a winter resident, and comes to us in October. Rare instances are known of their breeding south of Maine. I found a young bird unfledged on the Hoosac mountain, Mass., in July, 1873.

There are four species of sparrow here in winter, the song, tree, swamp and fox sparrow. The one we see oftenest is the song sparrow. Who can forget its melodious song when the fields are dead and bare?

Of course everybody knows that audacious corn thief the red wing blackbird; he has a bad name in some localities, but in New England he can't muster in sufficient force to do the damage he does in some places. Look for him the first of March, it is his time of arrival.

The purple grackle, or crow blackbird, and his near cousin, the rusty grackle, arrive somewhere from the first to the twentieth of March. The latter is rarely seen, but the former is well known, making his presence felt by his harsh notes and sailing through the air in large flocks.

Of all noisy birds, the blue jay is the noisiest at certain seasons. He lives with us the whole year, and we may suppose he has sore need—when the fields are covered with snow—of the boards of nuts, acorns and corn which he secretes during the autumn months. He and his hated neighbor the crow, are equally hated by the farmer, though, I think, without cause. Weighed in the balance, the good and evil they perform, I am confident the latter would kick the beam. The crows that winter here are probably from the north, our summer crow moving south as winter comes on, giving room to these. It's a hard living they get, when even the traditional "old horse" is frozen solid.

The last of March we hear the pewee or phebe, "phebe! phebe!" The wintry winds seem to lose some of their rigorous cold when these sweet simple notes are borne to

our ears. It is among the first of our birds to set up house-keeping in spring.

The rattle of the kingfisher is heard along our shore the last of the month.

There are two species of woodpeckers resident here, called the downy and hairy woodpeckers from the texture of their feathers. They are both black and white, the males with a scarlet crescent adorning the backs of their heads. The downy is the smaller species, being the smallest woodpecker we have. The three-toed woodpeckers sometimes occur, though rarely. The golden wing woodpecker is the most common as well as the handsomest of the family; he is best known by his local names, such as, "flicker," "yellow hammer," etc. Though a very few may winter here, March is as early as any are generally seen.

Of the eight or nine species of owls found in New England, probably the most common are the mottled and great horned*. The former is the "screech owl," so dreaded by the children who have heard it cry. The latter visits the farm and barn yards during the night, and takes as lawful prey such hens and chickens as he may find. The Acadian, or "saw-whet owl," is the smallest species we have, and in some localities the most plentiful. His cry resembles the filing of a saw. Along the coast, among the sand hills, may be found the snowy or arctic owl, the largest of the family and a rare prize.

If you live long enough and search diligently you may possibly find the golden eagle, for he sometimes comes down from his mountain fastnesses during winter. The white headed eagle, however, is not so rare and may be frequently seen on the coast during winter. He is a mean bird, with not half the noble qualities of the fish-hawk he so often robs. Now that his purveyor, the fish-hawk, is absent, he lives on dead fish and carrion; he may be easily induced to show himself for a dead horse left on the beach or in the pastures.

There are six species of hawks, any one of which is worth looking for. The most common are the red-tailed and red-shouldered, generally known as "hen hawks," from the havoc they commit in the poultry yards. They sometimes lay their eggs by the last of this month. Though rarely seen, the smallest of the family, the sparrow, and the next in size, the pigeon hawks, are residents in winter. The gos-hawk is abundant in some places, while the noble jer-falcon is so rare as to be considered an accidental visitor.

Who has not heard the whirr and drumming of the grouse in autumn? The ruffed grouse is the only representative left us, excepting a few, very few, of the pinnated grouse or "prairie chickens." It is a resident here all the year, and subsists in winter upon berries and leaves.

The little quail is becoming more plentiful every year, and if protected will soon be as abundant as twenty years ago, before the great snow storm buried so many of them.

Towards the last of March the wild geese are seen steering northward; high over head, in wedge-like columns, they cleave the air, speeding towards their summer homes in far off Labrador or Greenland. They have been known to breed in Massachusetts.

"Black duck," sprig-tail," "old wife," "golden eye," "dipper," "harlequin," and half a dozen others of the duck family, including the famous eider, pass the winter in our waters.

The "gannet" and cormorant are sometimes seen off the capes.

Of the plovers but one species, the "rock plover," or purple sandpiper, remains.

Six species of gulls, the vulture of the ocean, may be found, picturesque elements in a winter scene, upon our marshes, and about our rocky headlands.

"Mother Carey's chickens," or petrel, two species, play about our coast all winter.

The great northern diver, or loon, is an inhabitant of our waters throughout the year, but his startling, quavering cry is not heard at this season.

Two kinds of grebes, or "devil divers," exercise their arts to the discomfiture of gunners. They join the throng that hies to the north at the opening of spring. I wish I could include in the list that prince of divers, the great auk, but as he is supposed to be extinct, 'twill be best to omit him. He used to frequent our waters though. The puffins, guillemots and murre, and divers other divers, are well versed in the art of navigation, and visit our shores annually, when the ice fields north of Scotia get uncomfortably thick.

Our list closes with the last and least of the divers, the sea dove, or little auk, who is sometimes blown out of his latitude, and left to the mercy of the inhabitants of the coast.

This catalogue is necessarily meagre, covering as it does so much ground; but after this introduction, I hope to be able to present a fuller and more interesting account of the arrival and departure and time of nesting of our birds.

F. B.

*This owl lays his eggs in Massachusetts as early as February.

—St. Augustine, Florida, has on exhibition a remarkable fragment of stone, taken from the ruins of an ancient structure on Observation Island, in Lake Okkechobee. It is of immense weight and solidity, and, what is most remarkable, unlike any rock on this continent. It resembles granite more nearly than any other, and is of a remarkably beautiful appearance in its structure. It looks like granite granulated with innumerable particles of a glittering substance resembling gold. This fragment may develop something startling in the history of that part of the continent. The Indians have reported frequently that there were ruins of an ancient building on one of the islands of that lake, and this confirms it.

DRIVING A BUCK.

BY THE DOMINIE.

"DRIVING deer" is a very common expression in the Adirondacks, used by almost every body you meet, by some "knowingly," and by others for the sake of appearing "to be knowing. Many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, however, I suppose, do not know, and therefore will not resent it if I say, by way of explanation, that "driving deer" is usually understood to mean putting hounds on their track, and forcing them sooner or later to take to the water, in which they are sometimes killed and sometimes not. There are people who pretend to disclaim against this practice as being very "cruel," "unsportsman-like," &c.—for example: the Rev. Mr. Murray, who, however, does not hesitate in July to allow himself to be paddled up amid the thick darkness of night to deer feeding along the shore, and under the strong light of a "jack," take deadly aim, and kill and talk about it as quite a great achievement.

It is, however, in a particular and not general way that I am writing about "driving a buck," and a sight well worth seeing it was. On a certain morning, in September last, an early breakfast having been dispatched, we started down to the landing place to take our boats and row to the watch-grounds that had been agreed on the night before. There were four of us—the "Executive," "Jeemes," "Louis," and the writer. The Doctor, who had been with us, had fled that very morning at earliest dawn to Canada—forced away by superabundance of "tin." Quite an unusual experience—the scarcity of the article generally being the difficulty in extended tours. But he went, chanting, I have no doubt, according to Tennyson,

"Tin to the right of me,
Tin to the left of me."

I could tell you a good many stories about the Doctor—how he got caught in a gale on "Big Tupper," and in a dense fog on Saranac—but he fled on! on! never stopping until Montreal was reached; and there, at a hotel, in the middle of the night a committee waited on him, and waked him, worn out as he was, to ask permission to examine into his general health, that the cause of such unusual "bass" might be known and remedies applied. The Doctor looked at them in disgust, murmured tin, turned over and went to snoring again. I could tell other stories, but I forbear, for I must be after the buck we started for. The scene is on "Little Tupper"—the mists are driving away toward the east, before the first breathings of a northwester, that proved to us before night got around what a rumpus it would kick up! and what an angry fret "Little Tupper" could work itself into! The morning was not a poetic one, so I cannot stop to sigh and sparkle over it. On the contrary, it was intensely practical—chill and rough; it was a true harbinger of the cold, snowy, rainy, haily winter day that followed. "Jeemes" is to go to Stoney Pond, so he and "Ted" are first off. As their boat gets from under the lee of Sand Point, she pitches and jumps about in a way most lively and suggestive of a soaking; but "Jeemes" is a philosopher, and merely smokes the harder, while "Ted" pulls the harder, and away they dance like a cork across the lake. Louis and his solemn storytelling guide start for the foot of the lake. The "Executive's" man had crossed the lake to put out the dogs, so I invited the "Executive" to go with me on my watch ground, which was to be "Sand Island," or, as I shall always prefer to call it, "Cranberry Island," for here, when tired of watching, I relieved the tedium by crawling about, and picking cranberries, an abundance of which grew on the island. Cranberry Island lies well out in the lake, but is only a small heap of rock and sand, with a few scrubby bushes, and a single tree growing upon it. After a thorough shaking up on the lake our heavily laden boat got safely to the island, where after due preparation we proceeded to watch. It was perhaps 8 o'clock, a. m., when we began this interesting vigil. Will Moodie "went up a tree," and looked blue at the angry lake, but the lake did not seem to mind it. The "Executive" and I dug holes in the sand and spreading our rubber blankets watched with all our eyes, and with all the extra one we could muster. "Sparrowgrass" says that a "man is a good thing to have in the house." Well, the "Executive" is a good man to have with you on a watch. He never sleeps, has plenty of stories to tell and is generally lively. So he talked, and I, as became one of my profession, smoked, listened and meditated gravely—now and then crawling after cranberries. "Will" had said to me, as we landed, that as the lake was so very rough, if a deer came in at any considerable distance from the island, he would not be able to go after him with either of us in the boat; but he would go alone and try to drive it past the island, within shooting distance, if possible. The boat was pulled up on the sand, emptied of every thing except a rifle and the oars. And then we watched. What an endless number of names I traced on the sand that day! What canals I dug! What elaborate geometric and mathematical figures I marked out, and which the mimic waves washed out! What lines of poetry I composed! all now lost to posterity, for which I have no doubt posterity will be forever grateful. The "Executive" was, I think, in the midst of a discussion concerning the proper method of regularly opening a certain street at home, called fourth, in which, for various personal reasons, he was very much interested, when all at once he stopped. "I see a deer swimming," said he—(this was about 2 o'clock, p. m.)—I jumped, as one can, under such circumstances, and looked, but thought the "Executive" had seen a loon. We were discussing this difference of opinion, and looking first with nature's eyes, and then with

glasses, when we were started by a rush, a jump, and a surge behind us, and turned to see Will Moodie come down out of his perch "like an Indian in the wake of a scalp," as old Cap. would say. He rushed at the boat, and with a tremendous "send" pushed it out into the lake, jumping in himself with not a word to us! He quickly got his seat and his oars, and then, that light boat sped over the waves and right before the gale like a thing of life indeed! We guessed where the deer must be from the direction in which the boat had gone. But for some moments could see nothing. At length, rising upon a huge wave, I caught sight of a pair of horns more than a mile away. A buck! and a big one evidently, was trying to cross the lake, and had accomplished two-thirds the distance when "Will" caught sight of him. I watched the boat through a capital field glass. A hard job "Will" had to turn that buck so near to shore as he was, and to force him to swim right in the teeth of that gale and those waves to our island! But at length I saw the buck "coming for us," with the boat two or three lengths behind him, with Moodie taking it leisurely. As they came near enough to enable us to distinguish them clearly, what a sight it was! The buck (a five year old one, as he proved to be,) strong and active, with a magnificent pair of antlers, breasted the wind and sea most gallantly! He seemed to swim on the top of the crest of the waves as they rolled by him, blowing out the water from his nostrils in little clouds of mist! Glorious old buck! How he rose on the wave with proud shake of his head, striking out boldly for liberty. Little did he know what eyes on his death intent were watching and admiring him from the shore he was struggling so bravely to reach! The boat following him was equally interesting to watch; very light at either end, the waves as they rushed under the bow would lift it up, and almost stand it on its stern for an instant, and then would let it fall into a seething shower of spray! And this continued all the way as deer and man struggled up to us! The "Executive" had never shot a deer! And we needed the venison very much, for there was next to nothing in camp in the way of meat! I really felt badly that there was a necessity to kill that buck. If ever buck had earned an escape he had! But there is little time to moralize about the matter, for here he comes within shot, and 'tis settled the "Executive" is to shoot him. We stepped out from the cover, "E." in advance, and as the buck caught sight of him he stopped and stared at him, and I mentally introduced the strangers—"Mr. Executive—Mr. Buck; Mr. Buck—Mr. Executive." They eyed each other for a moment; and the deer turning to swim off, up went the gun—a sharp report followed—the proud, defiant head fell, and it was all over. The "Executive" had made a sure shot and killed his deer without murdering it. Soon "Will" rowed up and then we finished the work. There was no beating that deer to death—no "tailing" him, and then shooting him, as a Brooklyn artist did. We needed the meat, and we used it. I do not feel ashamed of the work under such circumstances, nor does the "Executive," who has since decorated his dining room with head and horns of his first buck!

Late in the afternoon we returned to camp. "Jeemes," as philosophical as ever, had just got in, but had not seen nor heard of deer or dog that day. Louis had seen a buck, and pursued him in his boat, had shot at and wounded him but had failed to get him. But I have no doubt Louis found comfort in paraphrasing to suit himself the couplet—
"Better to have loved and lost
Than not to have loved at all!"

Woodland, Lawn and Garden.

WINDOW OR PARLOR GARDENING.

NUMBER VI.—THE FINISHED BAY WINDOW.

"Bring orchis—bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's dainty blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fairy dew,
Laburnums, dropping walls of fire."

WE again take up the subject matter of our last paper—"No. 5; or, Box Culture in the Bay Window"—on a more elaborate and varied form, and in this design show how for a small outlay any one may surround himself with plants of varying and changing foliage, giving the most beautiful contrasts. Our aim in the filling and grouping of this second box is to present a harmonious, unique, and somewhat novel and picturesque arrangement of quite a number of our common and rare plants—to associate together the broad leaf of the subtropical plant with the quieter denizens of the woods and gardens, and by a proper adjustment of soils and atmosphere make our own little family perfectly at home in their several relations.

We do not expect you will be able to do so with a first or even a second effort, for there is, we frankly tell you, not only considerable knowledge, but much careful patience, necessary to perfect success. Our own attempts to organize and unite a "happy family" of plants succeeded only after numerous trials, attended at first with indifferent success; but we in the end produced a pleasing and quite satisfactory result. You can do the same, and in order to aid you in the cultivation of these plants we give you the best results of our patient study.

In the culture of the parlor plants, and the peculiar arrangement of the same, our German gardeners, in many points, excel in their *modus operandi* almost any other nation. In conversation with a great lover of flowers, a successful German cultivator, he said:—"We make in Germany a very pretty garden in our deep windows with the

very commonest flowers, yet we gain one very grand effect with the different kinds of high colored foliage." I found upon further conversation with my German friend that he placed "all the good work," as he called successful plant growing, in a competent knowledge of how to prepare the soils. "Soils," said he, "lime, is everything to the flower," and although he could not speak good English, I found him to be a proficient in German gardening.

I had acted in accordance with the plan of German authority, although without having had any previous knowledge of their style of plant arrangement other than my own self-taught experience. I could therefore go on in renewed confidence with my own plan of contrasting strong colors with each other, being only mindful of the harmony of colors as given in paper No. 5.

At one end of this second box, near the cactus gallery, I placed a strong, small, fine root of the *maurandia* climbing vine; this should be well trimmed, as should all vines previous to planting. In the other end place a good plant of the Mexican colea, or, if you prefer, a small English ivy. Both these vines you can train over wires, arranged on the sides of the window, with fine effect. The further aim being to still keep up the contrast, you can place *pelargoniums* and *heliotropes*, and if you would have a grand effect place in the centre of your box of earth a *calladium*, and at its sides lower sized plants. There can be no grander sight in a parlor window than a choice *calladium* in the centre, flanked on each side with a vigorous growing *calla lily*. This accomplished, you can still very much heighten the picturesque effect by adding to your collection a few of the low growing *zonal* geraniums. Of these I would recommend the *Azucena*, salmon color; *Cylister*, bright scarlet; *Snowball*, pure white; *Lady Cullum*, and *Mrs. Pollock*, zone of red. These six flowers I have used as I have named, and blossoming, as they did, at nearly the same time, under the broad, expanded leaves of the *calladium* and *callas*, the beautiful effect can scarcely be conceived without being seen.

You can add much to the fine effect of your window plants, as they now stand, by procuring and placing in the second background a fine healthy root of the *Papaver orientale* and the *Papaver rhoeas*, oriental and French poppies. The manner of procuring these plants of the poppy for the winter window will be best attained by planting the seeds in small pots in the latter part of summer and growing them until cold weather, occasionally thinning out the plants; they can then, with care, be placed in the pots where they are designed to grow.

The oriental poppy makes a very grand show, and with care can be grown in the window to perfection, sending up a goodly sized clean stock, and developing into a magnificent flower, this root can be procured of the florists in the fall, and should be obtained at that time, as it is impatient of transplanting, though a hardy plant.

The French poppy, though rather an article cultivated for the opium of commerce, is nevertheless a very showy plant. The whole tribe, of which there are many, and very diversified in color, have the highly narcotic quality of giving sleep in a greater or less degree. It is this peculiar quality of the plant to which Shakespeare refers when he says—

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

You will add the *Erimula chinensis* to your collection, or it will be incomplete. It is of all colors, and blossoms several months in the year. You will notice you are to keep the plants, all of them, in subordination to your middle, tall plants, as the *calladium* and *callas*. These should stand with their peculiar foliage above, and overtopping the whole of your box. Low plants, as the *sedum*, and a very pretty plant called "house lock" by the ladies, and all low creeping plants, can be used to good advantage in such positions, being always careful not to mass the plants in too great numbers, or have them all nearly of a height. Your window should allow you to look under the plants as upon their foliage. Here, just in this place, is where you will probably require the most care. If you fail, and the grouping does not suit your taste, try again, and if a second or third trial does not give you the desired satisfaction try again the fourth time, as it is a healthful sign that your taste for the beautiful and true is improving, and at last you must succeed, as you surely will. I could tell you how to produce a very pleasing effect at once, and you would do it undoubtedly, and then forget it immediately. It would not be desirable for me to make you a mere copyist when my desire is to make you a self-reliant florist.

Having filled to your satisfaction these two upper boxes, you can now proceed to place in the lower box, which we will suppose rests upon the floor, or but little raised from the same a larger class of plants, as monthly roses, azalias, and others, always putting the latter ones farthest from the front of the room, and the tallest of these you will in no instance permit to be of more than two feet four inches in height, so as not to cover up your plants from view in the second box. In this arrangement you can use the *lantanas* and some choice specimens of *carnation*. *Achyranthus* are, as a window garden decoration, a splendid addition to our green leaved plants. They are easily cultivated, thriving well at a temperature of from fifty to seventy-five degrees, and as your glass is always hanging at your window this is easily regulated. The *Linden* has the most splendid deep red foliage, each leaf being a study of itself, and there are few plants surpassing it in beauty.

You can now turn your attention, if you please, to the *Begonia* family, and here you may revel in a garden of de-

light. This may be called a wonderful combination of rare, curious, and unique flowers. They are of all kinds, shapes, and colors, and you have only to visit the florist to find ready potted for use any variety you may desire to place within your now nearly completed window garden. *Begonia rex* is the best variety grown in this country, being a very showy and picturesque plant, and is equally well grown in the parlor, conservatory, or greenhouse. Its leaves sometimes attain to a large size, and are beautifully marked with crimson. Some of them have broad, irregular silvery zones and curious spots, rendering them truly a most wonderful plant for the parlor, and worthy of all our care and attention.

In arranging this lower box much care must be had in keeping it open, so that you can let the very largest plants have ample room to develop themselves like trees in miniature, so that you can look under their leaves. If you wish to add in front some of the smaller plants, as violets and the like, you could probably find no finer study than the violets and mosses would yield you. Try it, and do not forget the rules of harmony of color, room, soils adapted to your plants, and untiring watchfulness.

In our next we will tell you something about sub-tropical plants and the aquarium as a study and an amusement.

OLLIPOD QUILL.

A GREAT CANAL.—The Grangers of California have devised a grand scheme of irrigation. It is proposed to construct a canal, commencing where the San Joaquin debouches from the Sierra Nevada, and carry it along the foothills, as high up as practicable, to Stockton. The object primarily to be obtained is the affording of a sufficiency of water to irrigate all the land intervening between the canal and the San Joaquin river, and at the same time to furnish a means of cheap transportation for the produce the large area of land will give to the country as a result of the irrigation. The great canal is proposed to be made 100 feet wide by as much as eight feet deep, large enough to carry boats of 100 tons capacity, and will be supplied with its waters from the following streams, which are situated as follows: 1. San Joaquin; 2. Fresno, about twenty miles; 3. Chowehilli, ten miles; 4. Mariposa, ten miles; 5. Bear Creek, eight miles; 6. Merced, fifteen miles; 7. Toulumne, twenty miles; 8. Stanislaus, nine miles; thence to Stockton, twenty miles—making 112 miles in all, though the actual distance is probably about 130 miles. Taking 130 miles as the length and twenty miles as the width, there would be 2,600 sections, or 1,644,000 acres, of nominally unproductive land, that would be rendered the most productive of any body of land in the world. The cost of the canal is estimated at \$13,000,000. The State will be asked to issue her bonds for the cost of construction, and the law providing for the canal will levy an annual tax of \$1 per acre on every acre of land within the above limits, also a tonnage duty of say twenty-five cents on every ton of produce passing through the canal, to save the State from expense. Each stream crossed by the canal shall be used as a feeder, and it is suggested that flume-feeders may be used, through which the timber, lumber, and wood bordering on those streams in the mountains can be floated to the canal, and thus reach a market otherwise impossible. As it is now, the crops being uncertain, the land of the entire district is probably not worth over \$5 per acre, certainly not more than \$10, whereas certainty of a crop every year, as irrigation would make it, would enhance it to \$30. This would make the actual enhancement of the value of the land \$16,440,000, more than the cost of the canal; and in less than ten years the productiveness of the land would enhance the value to \$70 or \$80 per acre.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE GAR PIKE.

—We are gratified to receive this prompt reply to the queries of Prof. Baird respecting the gar pike. Doctor E. will accept our thanks:—

LAKE CITY, Minnesota.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

For many years I have endeavored to study the fish in Lake Pepin; in many cases have been successful, while in others, have only been able to form theories. Thus with the gar pike, (*Esox belone*), I have never been able to discover for a certainty their spawning month, but I have arrived at facts satisfactory to myself, but which would not perhaps do to state as scientific truths. For instance, when we first begin our fishing in June, we frequently catch while seining for minnows, very small and young gar pike, say from two to three inches long. These, I have calculated, could not be over two months old. From this fact I am led to believe that they spawn in April, perhaps as early as March. Their spawning grounds are more difficult to determine. But in this, also, I am myself satisfied with my observations. It has been generally supposed that they spawned in sloughs or in the worst waters they could find. I do not believe this to be the case. For we get many of our minnows from the sloughs in the fishing season, and never get a single fingerling of the gar pike, as far as I have observed. I have observed the very young broods of almost all our fish, but I have never seen as a brood the gar or the shovel-nosed sturgeon. From all these observations I am persuaded that the gar, also the *accipenser* spawn on muddy bottoms in deep water.

I have repeatedly put the young gar into my aquarium, but have as often become disgusted with them, for if say six inches long, they will kill all my minnows. I once had in my aquarium a gar about six inches long. He was such a curiosity that I desired to keep him, but he soon began to destroy my other fish, and for the bad deeds he had done, I resolved to punish him, so taking a piece of very small silver wire, I tied his long jaws together, leaving them just enough apart so that he could breathe well. At this treat-

ment he was very much enraged, and would dart at every fish in the tank, and would nose and root them in every conceivable way—but they soon found out that their once dreaded enemy was now harmless. Thus I kept him fourteen weeks, when he passed in his checks, and young Mr. Gar was dead. There was now a regular jubilee among the other fish—they seemed to realize that their great enemy was dead, and such playing and frolicking I had never seen before among my finny beauties.

D. C. E., M.D.

WHY ALCOHOL CURES RATTLESNAKE BITES.—The experiments of Professor Binz, of Bonn, in regard to the effects of alcohol on animals, are exceedingly interesting, in as much as he seems to have discovered the reasons why alcoholic stimulants were so useful in cases of snake poisoning. He found that when decomposed blood was introduced into the veins of the living animal, all the symptoms of putrid fever were shown, the temperature increasing until death ensued. Alcohol reduced the heat, retarded the putrid process, increasing the action of the heart. This seems to be precisely the effect of alcoholic stimulants when administered in cases of rattlesnake poisoning.

A HINT TO ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTORS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

There are many collectors who work hard in the field and make large collections of animals, yet for mounting purposes many of their skins are worthless. When the skins are given to the taxidermist he has to soak them in a pickle until they are soft and pliable. If skins are not properly prepared, when subjected to the pickle the hair becomes loose and falls off when handled in mounting. It is essential that collectors should pay particular attention to preparing the skins of animals, particularly their heads. Many persons leave the whole fleshy parts of the lips on the skins when drying them. The result is the flesh first becomes putrid and then dries. When a skin is prepared in this manner it appears to be a good skin, but when it is soaked by the taxidermist the hair immediately falls off around the muzzle, eyes and ears, and it is impossible to replace it. To prevent such disastrous results, skin animals as soon as possible after being killed, and clean their pelts thoroughly. Those which feed on vegetable matter, such as animals belonging to the orders *Rodentia* and *Ruminantia*, should be dressed as soon as they are taken, and skinned as soon as an opportunity offers. During the summer months the coats of all animals are naturally loose, and every means should be employed to prevent the hair from parting with the skin. Animals of the genera *Felis*, *Lynx* and *Lepus*, have thin skins, which are quickly dried and preserved. But such animals as bears, wolverines, porcupines, large marmots and the *Cervus* family, need powerful preservatives, which will penetrate the skin quickly, thus preventing putrefaction. Small animals should be skinned below the eyes to the teeth, and have the lips split and rubbed well in pulverized saltpetre and alum, and have the feet and head primed with corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol or hot water, and the whole skin covered with dry arsenic. If the skins are to be mounted, allow them to dry in the open air as soon as possible. When turned inside out skins thus prepared look very poor to the collector, but the taxidermist would select them for mounting in preference to skins which had been returned, filled out and brushed up to a nicety. Large animals may be prepared in the same way, but should have the skull and leg bones removed from the skin, and the lean meat should be cut away from the lips, and the dark colored flesh on the margin of the lips be split and preserved. The preservatives should be crowded between the skin and bones, at the base of the hoofs, and should also be applied on the outer or fur side of the skin in similar places. The ears of large animals should be skinned half their length, the superfluous meat removed from the base of the gristly parts and be well primed with the preservatives. Pelts may be preserved successfully as above stated, in any climate or at any season; provided they are kept from being fly-blown.

J. H. BATTY, Collector,
U. S. G. Survey.

DR. F. V. HAYDEN In charge.

BALTIMORE, January 27, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Do quail withhold their scent? Among sportsmen of my acquaintance there is the greatest diversity of opinion. If they do, and I incline to that opinion, is it an act of will, or is it involuntary and caused by fright?

Last November, when hunting in Virginia, one of my dogs pointed a bevy of full-grown birds in some brush. I put them up, killing one with my right-hand barrel and missing with my left. However, as I marked them down in a grassy meadow, about three hundred yards off, the birds did not cause me any special unhappiness. Without any delay I walked to the spot, a solitary bush around which I had seen them drop, and hunted every yard of the ground, both dogs working carefully, and I walking it over; finally the bitch pointed, and I put up the bird within a yard of her nose. I killed that and four more, the dogs getting almost over them before pointing. At the last shot the rest of the bevy, about twelve birds got up from the ground I had been hunting over. It was not more than twenty yards square and covered with thick grass about a foot high.

Had the dogs been strangers to me I should have blamed them, but they are both good, and the bitch has a remarkably good nose.

Hoping to hear from you, I am truly yours,
G. H. M.

[After a bevy of quail have been once flushed they will fly say 150 yards or so and alight, huddling together, never moving, and scarcely breathing. The scent that comes from them is not perceptible even to the delicate nose of the finest dog; but let the same bevy rest awhile, recover their nervousness as it were, and begin to move about ever so carefully and they emit a strong scent. Mark down the bevy, and always wait a few minutes, keeping the dogs "to heel" before flushing them a second time. The scent is withheld, not from any will power, but because the birds are in a state of quiescence.—Ed.]

CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS,
NEW YORK, January 31, 1874.

Animals received at Central Park Menagerie for the week ending January 30:

One Toque Monkey, *Macacus pileatus*. Hab. Ceylon.
One Red-shouldered Hawk, *Buteo lineatus*. Captured in the park.
One Mottled Owl, *Scops asio*. Presented by Mr. M. I. Hoff.

W. A. CONKLIN.

FISH BREEDING AT BURGHLEY HOUSE.

YOU will be glad to hear that I have just received a good remittance of ova from Mr. Robert Roosevelt, New York, through the kindness of Sir Edward Thornton. The ova have arrived in first-rate order, and are safely deposited in my breeding-boxes. Four boxes contain the ova of the *Coregonus albus* (white-fish), four of *Salmo amethystus*

(salmon-trout), and four of *Salmo fontinalis*. The ova of the white-fish seem to travel the least well of the three kinds, as there are many dead amongst them, while the other two sorts have arrived in perfect order. I could have some "Black Bass" sent over, but am afraid of them, as Mr. Roosevelt says that "the Black Bass (*Grystes nigricans*) is a fighting American, and will swallow every British fish in your lakes. It is our champion fish, and it can whip all creation of the fish race." After this description, I think that you will advise me to have nothing to do with such a devil, if I want to get up trout and *Salmo fontinalis* in my ponds. The fish hatched from eggs sent me by Sir Edward Thornton last year are doing very well, and are growing rapidly. They are principally salmon, white and big lake trout, with a few white-fish. I hatched a good number of the latter, but, unfortunately, lost most of them, through their escaping down the waste-pipe of the lower large tank. I had a guard of perforated zinc; but the little white-fish seem to work themselves through everything, and they got away, despite all my care and that of my servant, who is a very good hand at fish-hatching. The trout appear to grow rapidly; I have taken out several over one and two pounds weight this summer, while shifting my fish from one pond to another; and one trout was nearly three pounds in weight. These fish had only been hatched a year, or a year and a-half at most. Amongst them, I took out about one dozen very pretty fish, as bright as salmon, but different in form. They are broader than salmon, flatter in the sides, and the head is of a different form from either the above-mentioned fish or the trout. The scales were like salmon scales, but rather coarser. I am sorry now that I did not take fuller particulars of the fish before turning them into the ponds, and I cannot get at them now. Not having seen a full-grown American white-fish, I am unable to say if these fish are the same; but not having any white-fish spawn sent me the year before last, I do not think that my friends can be the *Coregonus albus*. Anyhow, they are very handsome fish, and they came in the ova from the other side of the Atlantic, and were hatched in my boxes here.

Enclosed I send you the observations made by my valet (Deane), while attending to the hatching of the ova sent me from various parts. The ova from Switzerland generally turn out well; but the sender should be more careful about the packing of the ova, which are often sent in too crowded a state.

—Land & Water.

Seth Green, Esq., has kindly inclosed to us the above paragraph, remarking that "the strange fish mentioned in Lord Exeter's letter in the *Land & Water*, January 10th, as above, is a hybrid between the Great Lake Trout and White Fish. The spawn of the trout was impregnated with white-fish milt. I hope Lord Exeter will take great pains to raise them for scientific observations, and will give us a full description of what they are like through some paper."

—A large number of valuable papers on Natural History accumulated within the past fortnight, are necessarily deferred until next week.—Ed.]

Fish Culture.

PRACTICAL FISH CULTURE.—No. 4.

THE AINSWORTH SCREENS.

THIS admirable contrivance for taking spawn, in a natural manner, is the invention of the Hon. Stephen H. Ainsworth, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., who has been called the father of fish culture in America, as he was the first to engage in it, whose experiments were successful enough to attract attention. The screens were first used by him in the fall of 1868, and by the writer in the following season.

They are not patented, neither are any of the other inventions of this gentleman, who has devoted many years to studying the habits of fishes, simply from the love of it, as becomes a true angler, who, while he delights to kill his game, has an eye to its increase and protection; and it is to be regretted that his limited supply of water, and its distance from his residence, combined with his poor health, should have prevented him from further experiments for the past three years; but as I will have occasion to refer to his place again under the head of "Ponds and Water Supply," I will proceed with a description of the screens, their manufacture and mode of working.

The race is, of course, at the head of the pond and should have a flat bottom and square sides of either stone or plank; ours, at Honeoye Falls, have stone sides and a bottom of hemlock boards; the depth of water at the upper end is six, and at the lower eighteen inches. Whether this sloping bottom is of any advantage or not, I cannot say, but they were built so because some one recommended it as being the best arrangement for a race where fish of different sizes resorted to spawn, giving the small ones a chance in water too shoal to be frequented by the larger fish, which may be good in such a case, but our different sized fish are kept in separate ponds. I have noticed, however, that most of the spawn is deposited near the centre of the race.

Our races are four feet wide, and the frames for the bottom screens are made of strips of inch pine, two inches wide; the frame is made three feet long and the width of the race, with a strip in the middle dividing it lengthwise into two sections, each 32 inches by 21; these are covered with wire cloth of eight wires to the inch; three strips are then put on over the cloth, on the middle, and side strips, so that they do not interfere with a flow of water under the screens, and will not allow the screen to sag to the bottom of the race.

The upper screens are put on boxes made of inch stuff six inches wide; they are made so that two of them just cover one bottom screen, resting on the middle strip; they

are three by two feet, outside measurement; these require to be stronger as they have to sustain the weight of gravel; they are covered with cloth of four wires to the inch.

Before putting in the screens for the season the race is swept clean of sediment; then a bottom screen is put down and held in place by one person in the water, who puts his foot on it; the top screen is then lowered with its covering of clean gravel by means of iron hooks, this holds the bottom one down; its mate is then put beside it. It is well to have spaces cut in the ends of the upper boxes for the fish to pass through at the upper end of the race, where the water is so shallow that the top of the box is out of water.

The hooks for raising the top screens are made of an iron rod bent in the middle to form a handle, and the ends spread to hook into two holes in the ends of the box. It will be seen from the above description that this beautiful invention is simply an artificial nest, invitingly covered with clean gravel to attract the trout to deposit their spawn, as we make a nest for our hens where we wish them to lay by putting some nice straw in a box.

The wire cloth being on the bottom side of the lower screen there is only an inch space between the coarse and the fine wire. The trout readily accept this bed, and their spawn passes through the top screen and is caught on the lower one, where it is protected from all harm.

To gather the spawn requires two men, one of whom has on rubber boots that come to the thighs; the board covering is removed from the top of the race and one operator gets into the water below the screens; the other puts a board across the race to stand upon; they then put the hooks in each end of a box and raise it just out of water and give it a shove back to wash out any eggs that may remain caught in the gravel; it is then deposited on the top of the race; the man in the water now puts his foot on the lower screen to prevent its buoyancy from lifting it too suddenly, when the other top screen is removed.

The bottom screen is now allowed to rise so slowly as not to wash over any spawn that may lie upon it, which is collected by sweeping it with a feather from a turkey's wing into a cribble made with turned up edges like a dustpan with a few small holes in the back to allow some of the water to pass; this cribble need not be over four inches wide and three deep; it must set flat and have a handle about six inches long at right angles to the bottom; this handle should be of wood, and the iron handle of the hooks should be wound with cord for comfort on cold days. Sweep up the spawn dirt and all, for it has to be washed afterwards, no matter how particular you gather it. These screens are then replaced and the next set removed.

This is a description of the manner that I have always worked them as learned from my esteemed friend the inventor.

There has been a device patented to save the labor of lifting the gravel, which I have seen at work, but wish to investigate a little more closely before giving an opinion of its merits.

Mr. Stone, in his work, page 36, says:—"There is some difference of opinion as to the question which yields the most eggs, the artificial or the screen method, and the results of some experiments of Mr. F. Mather seem to be adverse to the Ainsworth plan." This is a mistake, either of my meaning, or a slip of the pen, for I have ever advocated the screen system.

The only known objection to the screens lies in the fact that the percentage of impregnated eggs is not so great as by the hand method; but this, in my opinion, is more than compensated for in the amount of fish that can be raised from the same number of eggs when the young are kept in confinement. I have taken spawn in both ways, and raised the young, and can therefore speak by the card. I do not pretend to say that eggs laid on screens and impregnated in a natural manner, are any better than those taken by hand, if the latter are fully ripe; but I know, from experience, that of a lot of twenty fish caught to-day, and which are ripe enough to allow the spawn to be taken, some would not have deposited it for at least three days, perhaps a longer time might elapse, but it can be taken three days ahead of time; these eggs will hatch, and seem to do well up to the time of the absorption of the sac; then those who, like Macduff, came into the world from the womb, "untimely ripped," will weaken; their stomachs do not seem to be sufficiently developed to take the food that we offer; perhaps if turned loose they might find food suited to their weak natures and in time become lusty fish; but when we confine a lot of delicate young trout just beginning to feed, and give them strange food, none but the most robust will survive. For my part, I would prefer 20,000 spawn laid in the natural manner to 50,000 taken in the ordinary way by hand—by the ordinary way, I mean taking all eggs from all fish that will strip. I believe a fish will be stronger if the egg is left until the female lays it, than if taken two, or even one day before.

I am aware that this is an unpopular idea among the practical fish culturists, and one that we have had sharp discussions over in the "American Fish Culturist's Association," where I have defended it alone, but I believe and practice it; and the fact of its being unpopular will not deter me from preaching it.

The proper food of a trout for the first month or two after the absorption of the sac, is small insects and aquatic larva, which we cannot supply in quantity, therefore, we try liver, kidney, blood, egg, &c., and keep them crowded in boxes or troughs and the weak ones must go under, and what I claim for the screens is that there are but few of these.

In the hand operation about 90 per cent. is a good working average of impregnation, that is, taking the season through, for there will sometimes be a lot lost for want of milt, or a batch that for some other reason falls below the average. In some cases there has been as high as 99½ per cent. reached, but I think about 90 will be found to be the average of a whole season. My average with the screens has been steadily increasing from 75 when I first commenced, to about 85.

We cannot, of course, count all eggs and keep a record of every unimpregnated egg, but we take a vial full of eggs and note the percentage, then take a couple more vials full out of the same lot, and so average the whole batch. Several persons have written me about my method of managing the screens and complaining that they could get few or no impregnated eggs, and these have been the rules I have given, which may be relied on as all that I know about it; never dealt in secrets, but have always been willing to impart anything that I might know that would tend to advance fish culture, at the same time taking care not to tell more:

First, have the space between the upper and lower screen as small as possible, then the milt has a better chance of contact with the eggs.

Second, make the upper screens in the form of boxes, that the current will be obstructed, and the milt will be held in an eddy and not swept away; in the streams the trout often choose an eddy below an obstruction.

Third, use gravel from the size of a black walnut to a hen's egg, according to the size of the fish, and only one layer of it, no matter if you can see the wires; the fish don't mind them, they will sweep the gravel all in one end of the box and spawn on the bare wires; this brings the male fish close to the eggs.

Fine gravel is hard for them to roll on wire cloth, it lodges in the spaces and two inches of it would hold many of the eggs. I often find the gravel all in one end of a box and the spawn all under it, with not an egg visible where the wire is bare. I do not use a water pail full of gravel in a box of the size described; and fourth, have a board running the length of the race on top of the boxes making two separate races, this prevents much fighting. All our screens were painted at first, but it fills wire cloths so much that it is objectionable; we now use tar from the gas works, thin it with spirits turpentine and apply with a paint brush; it is as effective in preventing rust, if not more so than paint; it flows nicely and is so thin that the wire screens are merely covered; it is better to do it before putting it on the frames, so that the portion covered by the wood, which is always the first to rust, will be coated; then roll the wire upon a stick and stretch it tightly upon the frames.

There is an advantage to the trout breeder in using the screens, other than stronger fry, this is; he is in no hurry if the weather is bad, while if he takes his spawn by hand he must handle some fish every day, or two at the farthest, or lose many eggs; and those who have shivered by the side of the race-way, holding a net with numb fingers, will acknowledge that it is a very disagreeable job.

We usually take spawn once a week, and have let it run ten days for a favorable time; a week is long enough for eggs to lay in as much sediment as is found on the bottom screens; and it would be altogether too long if the embryos were farther advanced, or the unimpregnated eggs had commenced to die and grow fungous.

Norris mentions a loss of eggs from some fish spawning in the night; if this be so, then it is another argument in favor of the screens. I have never observed anything to give me an idea that the brook trout ever spawns at night, as the salmon-trout does; still it is possible that some do, or Mr. Norris would not suggest it as a possible source of loss. There is yet another item of loss in taking spawn by hand, which is from some fish finding themselves continually disturbed in the race, seeking a more favorable spot in the pond to deposit their spawn. Therefore, taking these things all together, it is doubtful if there are many more fecundated eggs obtained by one system than the other.

FRED. MATHER.

—Large numbers of black bass have been taken from the Delaware River near Easton, Pennsylvania, within the last few days, chiefly in nets, weighing from one to three and a half pounds, and supposed to be the fish that were spawned in 1870. They were congregated at the mouth of a large spring that empties into the river, on account of the spring water at this season being so much warmer than the river water; as trout in summer gather there by reason of the spring water then being so much colder. Now that the time required by law for the protection of bass in the Delaware has expired, it may be hoped that the capture of these fish in nets will be forbidden. Indeed, it is intimated in the *Germantown Telegraph* that a law will be passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature this winter to this end. It is stated that these fish can be taken in nets only at night, or when the river is high and the water muddy. At other times they have the fashion of jumping over the cork line. This is a very sensible expedient, and we can only regret that the bass cannot see at night as well as in the day time. The *Telegraph* also notices that black bass have a wonderful tenacity of life. It says that some which were taken at ten o'clock in the morning "were carried two miles to town in a basket, sold and wrapped in paper, and then left in a warm room, and were alive at five o'clock in the afternoon. One man reports his were alive and kicking seven hours after being taken from the water, even after their entrails and gills were taken out! and what is more, that man

can be believed implicitly. The moral is, that these fish should be killed forthwith after being taken from the water from motives of humanity. Their flesh also would be improved in this way, rather than by allowing them to die a lingering death of many hours in the usual way."

—Young salmon have also been taken this month in the Delaware, probably of those planted in 1872. A useful bit of information may here be given to anglers who are not familiar with the appearance of these smolts, especially as so many streams have been lately stocked with salmon fry, which are liable to be caught by those angling for trout, and by them mistaken for trout. Smolt take a fly readily, and to a casual observer appear much like six inch trout, but a more careful scrutiny will show a marked difference in their livery, the smolt having a more metallic lustre, with spots of a more livid scarlet, while the minute scales are shed freely upon contact with the hand. The smolt is more slender than the trout, and the tail a trifle more forked. Old trout have tails nearly square. All smolts caught by the fisherman or angler should be immediately returned to the water if they be not too much injured to live.

—Only a short time since a Mr. Murray Hughes, of New Haven, Connecticut, while fishing with a net for frost fish near the steamboat dock, caught a young salmon about six inches long, and which probably hailed from the Connecticut. There can be little doubt that these instances, now quite frequent along the coast from the Penobscot to the Delaware, of young salmon being caught, are the initial results of the attempts to restock our rivers, and ought to not only encourage the Fish Commissioners, but convince the skeptical and obstinate who have ridiculed or directly opposed their efforts for so many years. In two or three years more we anticipate that the great and interesting problem will not only be solved, but that the living testimony will be overwhelming.

—Last August a black bass was taken near Easton which weighed seven pounds, and is supposed to be one of the originals from the Potomac.

A QUEER FISH.—The Revue Scientifique states that the aquarium of the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation has received a singular acquisition—a medusa (a sort of umbrella-shaped polypus, that swims with a stomach, mouth, and a number of tentacula under water), that had no sooner got into the compartment allotted to it, than it got rid of all its neighbors with wonderful rapidity. On analyzing the water, it was found to be impregnated with vinegar, which had caused the death of the inmates. The medusa in question, therefore, belongs to one of the rarest species in existence, which, owing to its faculty of secreting the acid in question, is called the "vinegar polypus." The curious point in the case is, that the animal in the first instance emits alcohol, which is only afterwards acidified, owing to its becoming diluted in contact with nitrogenized matter.

Answers To Correspondents.

[We shall endeavor in this department to impart and hope to receive such information as may be of service to amateur and professional sportsmen. We will cheerfully answer all reasonable questions that fall within the scope of this paper, designating localities for good hunting, fishing, and trapping, and giving advice and instructions as to outfits, implements, routes, distances, seasons, expenses, remedies, trails, species governing rules, etc. All branches of the sportsman's craft will receive attention. Anonymous Communications not Noticed.]

B. KING, Boston, Mass.—Write to W. Bonfield, Booneville, Oneida county, New York, enclosing your letter.

R. L., New York.—You do not state what kind of hunting you wish. For general shooting Warren and Elk counties, Pennsylvania. The expenses would be about \$3 50 a day, not including the car fare.

A. B. C.—I saw at 119 Main street, Brooklyn, on January 28th, two fine brook trout labelled "All the way from Maine." Were not these exposed for sale illegally? Ans. Yes; by the laws of both Maine and New York.

W. W., New York.—What are gun cases generally lined with? Where can the material be procured? What can I use so that it will adhere to the gun case? Ans. 1. Waterproof cloth of self color. 2. Any dry goods house. 3. Gum tragacanth.

JOHN C. C.—Will you kindly answer J. C. C. in your next issue of your valuable paper (the best in the country for a sportsman, not sporting man, to subscribe to) whether in playing draw poker a straight flush will beat four of a kind or not? Ans. Write to *Wilkes Spirit of the Times*.

W. E. T., Brooklyn.—Can you tell me where Rev. W. H. H. Murray resides? Ans. At Guilford, Conn., when not in Boston. Where can I get a correct list of provisions and the quantity required by two persons for two weeks? Ans. See "Sybilline Leaves" in *FOREST AND STREAM* Oct. 16. Where can I get a lantern suitable for jack or night shooting? Ans. Ask Mr. Murray; we are wholly opposed to the use of the jack. Will a conical bullet go farther than a round one, with the same amount of powder? Ans. It will. What is the cost of flies? Ans. From \$1 to \$5 per dozen.

C. W. A., Newark, N. J.—I have a pup, cross between a setter and a pointer. What do you think of the breed? Ans. They turn out well sometimes but will not stand the cold weather in the late fall. We trust that you crossed them for some special purposes, the pointer being deficient in some instinct that the setter possessed, or vice versa. Is it right to feed them with meal and food from the kitchen? Ans. You do not state age of the puppy. If it is weaned the food you mention will answer for the next three months; after that period it must be fed regularly, and with proper food. See *FOREST AND STREAM*. What is the best manner to train them? Do you approve of the plan set forth by correspondent "Homo"? Ans. Homo is good. Purchase "Stonehenge" and follow out his instructions.

WANDERER.—Can you give me any information about the sports by field and water in California? I get very conflicting reports. Some say that the salmon and trout there will not take the fly; others say they will. But I want to know when, where, and what fly. Some tell me there is famous shooting there; others that with the exception of water fowl and a few deer there is none. From some I hear that great sport can be had coursing hares; others say it is no such thing; that there is no sport there of any kind to warrant ones going prepared for it. Now I want to know what to expect and what to prepare for. Ans. Your questions cover too wide a range. California is a vast State, some parts of which are wholly destitute of game and river fish, and others abound in numberless varieties. Salmon and trout, in some parts lack game qualities, in others they are active and take the fly readily. In our next issue we shall print a most comprehensive article on this very subject, giving valuable information of the best game section of the State—information that we have never seen in print, though often asked for by anglers and naturalists.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUICATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY:

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Terms, Five Dollars a Year, Strictly in Advance.

A discount of twenty per cent. for five copies and upwards. Any person sending us two subscriptions and Ten Dollars will receive a copy of Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," postage free.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1874.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, whether relating to business or literary correspondence, must be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Personal letters only, to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be accompanied with real name, as a guaranty of good faith. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous contributions will be regarded.

Articles relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited. We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Ladies are especially invited to use our columns, which will be prepared with careful reference to their perusal and instruction.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions, as it is the aim of this paper to become a medium of useful and reliable information between gentlemen sportsmen from one end of the country to the other; and they will find our columns a desirable medium for advertising announcements.

The Publishers of FOREST AND STREAM aim to merit and secure the patronage and countenance of that portion of the community whose refined intelligence enables them to properly appreciate and enjoy all that is beautiful in Nature. It will pander to no depraved tastes, nor pervert the legitimate sports of land and water to those base uses which always tend to make them unpopular with the virtuous and good. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms; and nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for the dereliction of the mail service, if money remitted to us is lost.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

CHARLES HALLOCK,
Managing Editor.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

LETTER FROM MR. A. B. LEECH, OF THE IRISH TEAM—THE IRISH CHALLENGE TO THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

AT the annual meeting of the Amateur Rifle Club, in December last, the President, Col. George W. Wingate, was directed to address Mr. A. B. Leech, of Dublin, in regard to the challenge to American riflemen, published in the *Herald*, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Leech, requesting the particulars in regard to which the proposed match was designed to be carried out, and stating that it was the desire of the Amateur Club, not so much on behalf of themselves as on behalf of the riflemen of America, that a competition of this description should be had sometime during the fall at Creedmoor, at which American riflemen using American weapons should contend against an Irish team. In reply to this communication the following letter has been received:—

DUBLIN, No. 110 GRAFTON STREET,
THURSDAY, 16th January, 1874.
IRISH RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

DEAR SIR.—I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 20th ult., which I have submitted to friends who are co-operating with me, and I am authorized to say that a formal programme on the basis of the challenge already before you of the proposed International Rifle Match will be shortly prepared, which I will be happy to submit for approval of your association. In deference to your suggestion I will, if possible, waive the 1,100 yards range, although to do so will, I fear, detract somewhat from the great interest of the match.

When I addressed the challenge to the American nation, through the columns of the *New York Herald*, I was not aware that you had a National Rifle Association, which you will please accept as my apology for not having addressed it in the first instance. I am authorized to say that my friends are highly gratified at the flattering terms in which you write. I have always considered that we cannot know too much of one another, and that whichever side wins in this great trial of skill and judgment, we will have an agreeable opportunity of improving the acquaintance, if not securing the friendship, of those we may have the honor and pleasure of being for a time associated with in your great country. Pray accept my thanks for your courtesy. I have the honor to remain your very faithful

ARTHUR B. LEECH.

Geo. W. Wingate, Esq., Secretary National Rifle Association of America.

From reading Mr. Leech's most courteous letter, it would seem that Mr. Leech speaks of the communication addressed to him by Col. Wingate, as if it were written by him as Secretary of the National Rifle Association. This, we

think, is an error. The letter, to which Mr. Leech refers, was written by Colonel Wingate on behalf of the Amateur Rifle Club, in pursuance of a resolution passed at its annual meeting in December last, (published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of November 27th,) at which meeting Colonel Wingate, as its President, was directed to address Mr. Leech in regard to his challenge to "American riflemen," which originally appeared in the *Herald*, the National Rifle Association having taken no action in the matter.

In taking this step the Amateur Rifle Club did not by any means claim that in their members were included the best shots in America. On the contrary, it is their present intention, as soon as a definite programme is determined on, to publish a request soliciting the co-operation of marksmen throughout America, in order to secure a "team" fit to construct against the "Irish Eight," such "team" to be selected from the best shots that can be obtained, whether members of the Amateur Rifle Club or not.

It will be recollected that competitors—(under Mr. Leech's challenge)—must be native born Americans, and using rifles of American manufacture, weighing not over ten pounds, with a trigger pull of not less than three pounds, any sights being allowed but telescopic, the distances being 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The original challenge contemplated a match at 1,100 yards, also; but this was objected to, as our range at Creedmoor is limited to 1,000 yards.

From the great interest that has been manifested in this challenge throughout the whole country, there can be but little question but that a match can be made that will be National in all respects. Such a contest must bring together at Creedmoor during the fall a team of representative men who will, we trust, sustain the traditional reputation of America as being the home of the rifleman.

SEVENTH REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

IF the reports of the Commissioners of the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, conscientiously written by the proper officers, give a truthful but rather desponding aspect of affairs, expatiating fully on the wasteful and careless acts of the fishermen, and tacitly expressing a certain want of appreciation from the community in whose midst their labors are carried on, it is pleasant, when the reviewer concludes the examination of the Maine Report, to find that in this State much of the success the Commissioners have met with has been due to the *increased interest* taken by the people at large in the efforts of the State and Government to restore the former productiveness of the streams and lakes of Maine.

Messrs. E. M. Stilwell and Henry O. Stanley, the Fishery Commissioners of Maine, possess, it is true, certain advantages. In the first place they are not only admirable as to the theory of pisciculture, combining with it a sound knowledge of ichthyology, but what is a great desideratum, these gentlemen, being thoroughly acquainted with the use of all the devices employed for the capture of the trout and salmon, in a word consummate anglers, have evidently brought their skill into play. Something, in introducing novel measures into a community, depends more or less upon the personnel of the functionaries, and in the present instance, there is no doubt but that Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley have, by their presence and eloquence, done a great deal to teach people not only the usefulness but the necessity of their calling, and have thus gained the aid and confidence of the people in the State. We have frequently thought that it would be a great adjunct to the success of State measures tending to the preservation of fish if a series of simple monographs of the most elementary character were published and distributed gratuitously, describing fish with an illustration or so, and explaining the objects of the Fish Commissioners, and giving the figures, showing how the country was getting impoverished through want of the simplest care, and how it might be enriched by the slightest modicum of common sense. We believe that some thousands of loose sheets of this character, written in a popular and lively style, would reach home, and prepare the ground most thoroughly for the future works of the Commissioners. In Maine there appears a disposition on the part of mill owners, using water from streams capable of producing and rearing fish, not to throw unnecessary impediments in the way of the Commissioners, but rather to aid them. We note then, with pleasure, that owing to the prompt energy of the Cabot Manufacturing Company, a substantial stone fish way has been erected on the Kennebec, near Brunswick, and that other manufacturing companies have agreed to do the same work. In fact, from all the sites on the noble Kennebec and Penobscot, similar aid is promised, and already, in a great many cases, such fish ways been constructed, so that not only salmon, but the shad and alewives now have a chance of entering the rivers of Maine. Of course the refuse from cotton and paper mills is aserious detriment, as it pollutes the streams, but the Commissioners hope that some measures may be provided to keep this poison out of the rivers during the breeding season or that of the migration of fish. The information given to us in the report in regard to salmon is more than satisfactory. In Maine salmon have made their appearance in localities where they had been long considered as extinct. Salmon have been seen and captured last year as far up the Penobscot as Pleasant River. At Vanceboro', Mr. Stanley himself caught a salmon, and the Commissioners are well satisfied that a large number of salmon have succeeded in reaching the sources of the Penobscot and have spawned there. As far up

even as Chesuncook Lake—and even beyond it, smolt were taken in the second year. In the East Branch, last summer, as far as Grand Falls, yearling salmon were found, specimens of which were sent to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. Now just here would come in most usefully the information in the way of easy instruction which we have advanced—the distribution of some primary lessons about fish adapted to the use of ignorant people. About Grand Falls, the people were catching the young salmon and calling them trout. Perhaps the term ignorant is rather too strong a one, for it is not every individual, though he be educated, who can nicely discriminate between the various forms of that protean fish the salmon, whether he be as a parr, a smolt or a grilse.

The advent of the salmon so far inland, the Commissioners think, is due to the fact of there being good efficient wardens on the rivers, and quite as much because of the friendly sympathy and co-operation of mill owners, who have aided in keeping the fish-ways clear, and mostly because of an *improved state* of public opinion and an *increased interest* the people generally have taken in these subjects.

Between Bangor and Oldtown, last year, a number of fine salmon were captured; whole number up to July 23d, 1,984, with an average weight of 16 pounds. Total weight, 33,198, worth \$5,504. About the biggest fish weighed 32 pounds. On the Kennebec the accounts of the salmon are quite as reassuring, an increase in quantity and quality of fish having been noted. Barring some slight accidents to the salmon spawn, the hatching has been fairly good at the Bucksport Salmon Works, and some 300,000 salmon fry were divided between the waters of the Penobscot and Androscoggin Rivers. It is again pleasant to notice that railroad corporations have given the Commissioners their aid in distributing the small fish. Nothing can be more to the interests of railroads than to encourage in every way the movements of the Fish Commissioners. A good angling ground induces travel, and with care from small beginnings the salmon fisheries may undoubtedly in time assume a commercial aspect. Another incident worth recording is, that the Honorable W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and Mr. Deputy Curran, have given material aid to the labors of our Maine Commissioners.

The Commissioners, quite wisely, we think, have been chary of the indiscriminate permission to be allowed to all parties to take the spawn of landlocked salmon, and while desirous of aiding other States and the public all they can, they cannot entertain, for a moment, the idea that the fisheries are to be destroyed by unprincipled or ignorant people. A proposition was made to the United States Commissioners of Fisheries, and to the Commissioners of the New England States, to found an establishment for the propagation of fish at Sebec Lake similar to the one at Bucksport, and in August last it was decided, after a careful examination, that one should be made at Sebec, and everything is now in order for future work. Of course Maine, from her noble rivers and lakes, having within herself all the most choice places for salmon nurseries in the United States, must be the most conspicuous of the fish-raising States, and from thence fish-stock, we trust, will be had in plenty.

Consignments of the ova of California salmon have been received through Mr. Stone, a gift from Prof. Baird, and the fish will be placed in some lake or stream running into the Penobscot.

In the supplementary report of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, who has in charge the Bucksport Salmon Breeding Works, a most practical and simple exhibit is made how the salmon are stripped and the ova are treated, and in the paper can be found how the cost of ova has been reduced from \$44 per thousand in 1869 to not more than \$3.40 this last year. This establishment now ranks in its appointments, as in its productions, among the first in the world. Last December two millions and a quarter of eggs laid in the hatching troughs, and when put to their capacity they will contain over 4,000,000.

It is only this year that a thorough series of experiments in shad hatching were inaugurated, 100,000 young shad having been produced, and it is hoped that their introduction into the Kennebec, and about the same quantity into the Penobscot, will be attended with the best results.

The Commissioners write in the most sensible way in regard to the question of fish as food, as capable of provisioning a large portion of the State, and refer to the waste of animal life in Maine as a sufficient lesson of how improvident man is, and they state that "no good law, however popular, can ever be enforced without the sympathy and aid and interest of the whole people, and that the masses must assist or our laws will never be obeyed." They believe in the necessity of protection for both fur and fin, and ask the legislature to constitute Commissioners of Fisheries and Game. A most scathing rebuke can be found in the report, directed not to the lazy vagabonds, who, too indolent to work, exist by catching fish at improper times and when half grown, but written for the edification of those un-sportsmanlike people, far worse than pot hunters, who, when in a trout stream, keep on fishing until they have left not a fish in the stream. "Sir," said a guide, describing the soulless conduct of one of these parties, "at one time we buried more than 200 lbs. of trout that they had killed; they would have killed the last trout in the river if they had known where to find it." Of course no legislation can meet offences of this character, called by the indignant Commissioners "a shameless abuse of the hospitality of the State." The remedy lies in newspapers publishing the names of all such vulgar people capable of such malfaisance

and branding indiscriminate, insatiable fishermen as wanton destroyers.

Occasionally trout are received from Anson and other towns in Maine, which find their way to New York, which have been caught out of season. It would be wise for the Commissioners to correspond with parties in this city, whom we have no doubt would do their best to find out who receives the fish here, and who would not hesitate for a moment in bringing the offenders up with a round turn. Smelt fishing, Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley think, require additional jurisdiction. After March 15th it is lawful to catch smelt with hook and dip net. It is suggested that the net be prohibited after March 1st. The lobster business (frequently referred to by the FOREST AND STREAM), is waning on the coasts of Maine, and the Commissioners propose restricting the catch as to time, especially in July and August, during which months, exactly, the critical period of lobster spawning takes place.

In concluding this most interesting report of the Maine Fishery Commissioners, it impresses us as the work of conscientious men, who have had their soul in the enterprise. We must express the pleasure its perusal has given us, and the satisfaction we feel, when we can assure our readers that it is to Maine that they may look for the true fish nurseries which must supply, in time, no considerable portion of the whole country, not only with excellent sport, but with solid and wholesome food.

A TERRIBLE WOLF.

NOTHING delighted Louis XV. so much as the chase. Besides being a huntsman of superior merit, combining the finest theory with absolute practice, Louis XV. gave to this noble art all those finer and more delicate shadings which those pompous times allowed. When not engrossed in the cares of state, or absolutely in the field, the music of the hunt, the study of those melodious sounds brought forth in the hunting horn, occupied his royal attention. Several calls of his composition are extant, and what is called "La Louise Royale" and "L'Azur," still sounded at hunting meets, owe their origin to Louis XV.

But the revolution destroyed all hunting in France. The mad thirst for blood went even so far that not only the noblest of hunters but their poor dogs were sacrificed. Some anecdotes of this period are most interesting. The republicans seized on every pack of hounds they could find and pitilessly killed them. In order to save some few of their choicest breeds their unfortunate masters cut the dogs' tails and lopped their ears, thus transmogrifying a stag hound into a watch dog. There was a certain pack of wolf hounds celebrated for their courage and speed during fully three centuries, which was almost totally destroyed by the *sans culotte*. Fortunately, two or three of these animals were saved, after being docked and cropped. On the return of their masters to France, in 1803, these solitary individuals of the canine race who had, during fully ten years, been forced to undergo the most degrading purposes, were discovered, and the race was miraculously preserved. From these dogs the famous pack of hounds belonging to the Count de Cantelau owes its origin. Occasionally an exception was made by the followers of Danton and Robespierre, for M. du Hallay barely escaped the guillotine from the fact of his having destroyed a thousand wolves.

There is a curious story about a terrible wolf, which is recorded among the hunting annals of France, which we see repeated in the columns of our French contemporary. All kinds of diabolical stories are told about wolves, which, strange enough, are repeated in all languages. Our own Indians love to tell stories of a certain terrible medicine wolf, and the Gallic *Loup Garrou*, and the Saxon Wier Wolf, all undoubtedly spring from one and the same origin.

All Avergne, in France, about one hundred and ten years ago, was ravaged by a wolf, who rejoiced in a particular name of his own, and was called the Terror of Gévaudan. Such was the havoc he made among shepherds and flocks that the Evêque of Mendl had a solemn service held in the cathedral, with prayers, imploring the Divine Mercy to spare the men and cattle in the country. The wolf was alleged to have killed and devoured no less than ninety-three people, and to have mutilated twice that number of human beings. Louis XV. instituted a grand hunt for this wolf's especial benefit, and twenty thousand wolf hunters are said to have been put upon his track. Huntsmen and hounds from Italy were added to the French contingent, and the princes of the blood Royal, Condé, Orleans, and Penthièvre sent all their hunting equipages. They chased and they ran this wonderful wolf for a whole month without success. Once he was wounded, and swam a river, but this only seemed to make him the more ravenous, for shortly afterwards (so says the chroniclers of the times) he recommenced gobbling up children, women, and sheep in the most wholesale way. At last, on the 20th of September, 1765, close to the royal abbey of Chazes stood the famous hunter, the Chevalier Antoine de Beauterne, the king's own rifle bearer, or *porte-arquebuse*, as that important functionary was then called. Antoine fired his blunderbuss at the wolf (so reads the French account), and down went the wolf, only to spring up again with redoubled fury, intent on making a Red Riding Hood out of the redoubtable Chevalier. As an oyster would he have been swallowed had it not been for a certain M. Reinhard, who came up just in the nick of time and killed the wolf outright with his gun.

So goes the story. We have before told our readers about the wolves which seem to abound in certain parts of France—perhaps the descendants of this classic wolf—who

took twenty thousand men to kill. Perhaps a few western hunters, armed with Remingtons or Sharpes or Burtons, might settle the business for the majority of these mutton eaters. We simply suggest this method to our most worthy French contemporary, *La Chasse Illustrée*.

THE KENNEL CLUB CODE OF RULES

IN printing the "code of rules for the guidance of field trials of sporting dogs, adopted by the Kennel Club in England," we do so simply as a guide for the benefit of all sportsmen's clubs throughout the country, and especially for the New York State Sportsmen's Association, and the Prairie Shooting Club of Chicago. These rules and regulations were determined on last fall, and if we are not mistaken the Kennel Club of England hold entire jurisdiction as regards making the laws for field trials, as to usage of guns, dogs, and *workers of dogs* in the field. These laws have nothing whatever to do with the formula that may be agreed upon by both parties in the Anglo-American field trial match.

We would suggest that, by all means, the sportsmen of America should form in New York an organization similar to the Kennel Club of England. The advantages of it are so numerous and so readily understood by all sportsmen that we do not think it necessary to expatiate upon it. We have already been in correspondence with several prominent gentlemen, owner of sportsmen's dogs, as to making the preliminary arrangements, and we have their entire support as to the founding of just such a kennel club in this country.

To return to the differences in marking the merits of dogs as advised by us, it will be noticed that *retrieving* is not taken into consideration in a field trial in England (see account of Mr. Price's shooting in Wales) as a distinctive feature, nor are there any points allowed, nor do the English sportsmen as a rule train or expect a dog to fetch his bird. Gamekeepers are frequently employed to hold retrievers in leash, who loose them when a bird is to be fetched. In the United States a setter that will not retrieve a snipe or woodcock, or fetch his bird or bring it in in good style, without mauling, would be considered by us as but half broken, and would deteriorate in price in the estimation of the purchaser fully 50 per cent. Almost the first question that is asked when a gentleman is about purchasing a setter in the United States is, "will he retrieve?" The answer generally is, "he retrieves first rate." To conclude our remarks on this important subject, trusting that our suggestions may be thought of use to the interests of our sportsmen, without any false braggadoecia on our part, we believe that an American bred setter taken out for a day's hard work has more bottom, and will last longer, and work stancher at the end of the day, and will be in a better condition for the next day's shooting, than an English bred setter. We are glad to see the New York *Herald* agrees with us on this point.

It has been proposed by us to allow ten points for retrieving in the Anglo American match, reducing the *pace and style of hunting* from 20 to 15 points, also the *styl and steadiness of pointing* from 15 to 10 points, for the reasons that will be read in our columns elsewhere, to which we would direct attention.

The gentlemen who have entered their dogs conditionally in the Anglo-American match will please state whether these alterations in the marks of excellence in the setter will suit the different clubs they represent. We feel satisfied that the English party will listen to almost anything in reason in the way of modification of their laws to accommodate American sportsmen, who will have to travel so far to test the merits of their pointers and setters in comparison with the English bred dogs.

CODE OF RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF FIELD TRIALS OF SPORTING DOGS, ADOPTED BY THE KENNEL CLUB, 1873.

1.—ELECTION OF JUDGES.—The Judge or Judges shall be elected by the Committee of the Meeting, and their names shall be announced simultaneously with the meeting. When a Judge, from ill health or any other unexpected cause, is prevented attending a meeting, or during a meeting finishing it, the Committee of the Meeting shall have the power of deciding what is to be done.

2.—DESCRIPTION OF ENTRY.—Every subscriber to a stake must name his dog at or before the Draw, and must give (if known) the name of the sire and dam of the dog entered. The Secretary shall publish on the card the names of those who are subscribers, but do not comply with these conditions. These nominations shall not be drawn but must be paid for. Any puppy whose pedigree, marks, or color shall be proved not to correspond with the entry given shall be disqualified and the whole of his stakes or winnings forfeited.

3.—ALTERATION OF NAME.—If any subscriber shall enter a dog by a different name from that in which it shall last have run, or been exhibited, without giving notice to the Secretary of the alteration at the time of entry, such dog shall be disqualified. The Secretary shall (if the conditions of the rule be complied with) enter on the card the late and present name of such dog.

4.—NOMINATIONS.—Any subscriber taking an entry in a stake, and not prefixing the word "names" to a dog which is not his own property, shall forfeit that dog's chance of the stake. He shall likewise be compelled to deliver in writing to the Secretary of the meeting the name of the *bona fide* owner of the dog named by him, and this communication shall be produced should any dispute arise in the matter.

5.—DEFAULTERS.—No person shall be allowed to enter or run a dog, in his own, or any other person's name, who is a defaulter for either entries or stakes.

6.—POWER TO REFUSE ENTRIES.—The Committee or Stewards of any meeting may reserve to themselves the right of refusing any entries that they may think fit to exclude, and no person, who has been proved to the satisfaction of the Committee to have misconducted himself in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows, or dog trials, will be allowed to compete in any trials that may be held under the Kennel Club Rules.

7.—OBJECTIONS.—An objection to a dog must be made to the Stewards or Committee of the meeting at any time before the stakes are paid over upon the objector lodging a sum of £5 in the hands of the Stewards, Committee, or the Secretary, which shall be forfeited if the objection prove frivolous. The owner of the dog objected to shall be compelled to deposit equally the sum of £5, and to prove the correctness of his entry. All expenses in consequence of the objection to fall upon the

party against whom the decision may ultimately be given. Should an objection be made which cannot at the time be substantiated or disproved the dog may be allowed to run under protest; but should the objection be afterwards substantiated, and the winnings have been paid over, the owner or nominator of the dog may be disqualified, shall return the money or prize, and shall be declared a defaulter.

POLLUTION OF RIVERS.—In the report of the Fishery Commissioners of Maine, it will be found that in certain cases the poisoning of the streams from mill refuse is exciting their attention. In England the River Pollution Commissioners, Prof. Frankland and Mr. J. C. Morton, have just furnished an interesting report, having made many thousand analyses, and having tested the refuse waters coming from chemical dye, print, paper, cotton, and paper mills. In England the pollution of rivers is rather a question as affecting the sources of drinking water than as to the detriment to fish, though this latter point is by no means overlooked. With the English commission the information sought had for its object the determining to what an extent purification can be pushed without detriment to the industry of the particular district where such manufactures are carried on. The English commissioners give certain standards as explaining what waters are to be designated as polluted, such data resting in the visible traces left by water, others attainable by chemical tests and analysis.

Questions of the pollution of rivers, and how to prevent it, are as serious as they are difficult to manage. To us, looking only to the possible destruction of the fish, we should suppose that establishments using chlorine for bleaching materials, as in cotton or paper mills, or employing dye stuffs, might in some cases during the fish breeding periods, or that of migration, store up their waste matters, and only allow them to flow into the rivers at times when such pollution would do no harm to the fish. Then, again, processes might be found by which the waste matters could be desiccated, and in solid bulk be placed in the earth and not in the water.

We frankly confess that as yet we do not see our way clearly in regard to this subject of the pollution of our rivers, and think, with *Nature*, that it is one of those questions of social economy most difficult of solution.

ENTERPRISE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—We learn from a correspondent, who is at this time located high up in the mountains at a place called Vilcomayo, 14,538 feet above the level of the sea, that "your paper, the FOREST AND STREAM, together with some others, lie cosily upon my table. I am rejoiced to greet your paper, and to read from the same your well known articles. I may give you an item by and by upon agriculture in the valleys and the mountains. We have here papers published at Puno, the *El Ciudadano*, and one at Cuzco, the *El Herald*. Both of these papers are well executed every way, and it may seem to you like an item of news, indeed, to know that both the news sheets are being published more than 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. These are by no means the highest aspirants for newspaper fame. At a place called Cerro de Pasco, 14,000 feet above the sea, a wide awake, clever gazette, devoted to the science of mining, matters and things in general, and the muses, is regularly issued." Speaking of a place, Vilcomayo by name, the writer says: "Here high up in the Andes is a genuine American hotel, two stories high, with a 'piazza,' and some forty rooms for the accommodation of tourists and the railroad people who come this way. Here are all the necessary requisites for the railroad, such as machine shop, engine houses, and laborers' cabins for the many hundred men employed upon the same. Just imagine that these are called the 'Yankees of South America.' There are Chilians, Bolivians, Peruvians, whites, Indians, ladrones, blacks, and once in a while the Chinaman."

INDEX.—The present issue—No. 26—completes the first volume of FOREST AND STREAM, and we are accordingly preparing an index of the same, to be mailed to our subscribers with the forthcoming No. 28. The index will be especially arranged with reference to classification of species, subjects, localities, characteristics, etc., and will constitute a key to a work of reference which must be greatly valued not only from the great variety of topics presented, but from the comparatively new ground covered, embracing, as it does, the entire geographical range of the United States and Canada, with other districts more remote. We should advise that the volume be bound immediately upon receipt of the index.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FISH CULTURISTS' ASSOCIATION will be held at No. 10 Warren street, this city, on the 10th of February instant, as already announced.

We are requested by Seth Green, Esq., to state, in view of the written desire of a large number of gentlemen to meet him here, that he will be found at the meeting as above, where all who wish to "talk fish" can not only button-hole him, but other leading pisciculturists; to their hearts' content.

—We have the best authority for stating that our most distinguished soldier, General Sherman, has expressed himself in the most complimentary way in regard to the National Rifle Association, and the management of Creedmoor, and as fully appreciating in a military point of view the advantages of the general rifle practice movement now commencing in the United States.

—Dr. Wm. B. Ball, of Chesterfield, Va., late Fish Commissioner of that State, died last month in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Sporting News from Abroad.

ONE cannot help animadverting with some regret to the character of the correspondence one sees in leading English papers devoted to the annals of field sports. The remark would be too sweeping should we state that a discussion in England on questions of dogs, or game, or guns always ends by being of an acrimonious character, but we are forced to declare that a simple difference of opinion in regard to the various sides a question may be viewed from, too frequently engenders an amount of re-creation which concludes with allusions of a personal kind somewhat coarse, and with a careless use of epithets which we cannot but regard as uncalled for. We must do our elder brethren the justice to state that assertions made by them are rarely or ever advanced without a good deal of reason, and it is safe to say that before making a statement of facts they are always most careful in regard to their authority. A Frenchman may make up his history of the camel from a visit to the Jardin des Plantes; a German eliminate one from his inner consciousness, but it is the Englishman who will go to Arabia or to Sahara and become a camel driver himself before he is ready to print the facts in regard to this animal. We have sometimes endeavored, and fruitlessly, to try and find out why Englishmen were so rough in print and quarrelled so savagely, just as soon as ink is spilt. We have a theory that your average Briton rarely sees himself in type, and that when he gets there he hardly knows how to behave himself. In the United States, where the columns of a newspaper are so easily accessible to every one, (where perhaps quite unfortunately people find themselves too often into print when they don't want to get there,) it is considered very much more of a common event, and the custom of the thing has taught contributors, when they advance opinions or differ from others, to do so in a courteous way. We may be rather uncouth in the *visa voce* way, but when we write, remembering that *scripta verba manent*, though we may think daggers, we are careful to put them in velvet sheaths, so that the readers can handle them without cutting their fingers. Of course men will differ in regard to a gun, a rod, a dog or a horse, or a fish, but without adopting the forced methods of super-Chinese civility; there can be no use in being vituperative about these matters or for calling hard names.

—Would any of our readers like to go to Unkomofiaze or to Limpopo? Of course everybody knows where those happy hunting realms are. It is the land of the elephant and the rhinoceros, where hippopotami, giraffes, lions, gnus, elands, koodocs and panthers abound, somewhere in Mid Africa. Such is the want of hunting opportunities in England that people advertise these unknown countries and get up parties to enjoy sport there. Perhaps the Messrs. Cook the great tourist guides will undertake pleasure trips of this character at some future period. Why cannot we be imitative to a certain extent? We think if a well known hunter (we could mention a score of such) knowing the ground well, would start at the proper season from New York an expedition of this character toward the Rocky Mountains with grizzly bears in prospective he might soon collect quite a number of enthusiastic sportsmen who, under his guidance, would see no end of sport, and have as an excitant the chance of a neat brush with the red men.

—We have several times noticed the tiger killing in India with its various English interpretations. So far we are pleased to state this correspondence has been of the most approved parliamentary character. "Smoothbore," the well known correspondent to the London *Field*, has an excellent communication on this subject. The writer is doubtful whether tigers kill more human beings now than they used to. Deer and pigs are, it is stated, the natural food of the tiger, "but," says "Smoothbore," "when by every means, fair and foul, in season and out of season, these are killed by the natives, the tiger is forced to fall back on the bullocks and buffaloes." Now when he kills the latter, which animal belongs to the natives, these stupid natives, says Smoothbore, have not even the sense to allow him to eat the carcass. The sequence now follows; tigers being driven away by the man, he tries to see what kind of a dinner a native will make, and finding much to his surprise and pleasure that a man is good eating, and not hard to kill, he becomes a *homophogist*, *i. e.*, a confirmed man eater. The whole question is a strange one in animal economy, and reminds one of the endeavors to carry across in the same boat the wolf, the goat and the cabbage. The same thorough authority states that the Coimbatore district is noted for its man-eating tigers. In 1870-'71 they ate five human beings and 1,258 cattle; but in 1872-'73, 108 human beings and 1,509 cattle. It seems to us the appetite increases in what it feeds on, and that the more cattle they eat the more men and women they devour. *A method proposed to get rid of these man-eating tigers is advanced by a Major Beddome. This gentleman advises raising companies of volunteers, armed with rifles and muskets, and opening a regular campaign against the animals, the tiger corps to be prepared in every way for field service with tents, baggage, supplies, &c.

—In *Land and Water* there is given the experiences of a gentleman who was attacked by a mad dog and the method he employed to cure certain animals which had been bitten by the dog. Three horses and a cow were bitten by the dog. Some were treated with nitrate of silver, and one with the nitrate acid of mercury. Two horses and a cow treated with lunar caustic (nitrate of silver) all died in the

most fearful agony, while a mare, the property of the gentleman who writes the account, which had had the nitrate acid of mercury applied to her wounds has so far suffered no inconvenience. A fact of this character is most worthy of notice, and we are glad to give it publicity. It might be fully worth while to give the nitrate acid of mercury to persons who might have been bitten by a dog supposed to have rabies. In the case noticed by us the dog was a Newfoundland. We are chary of Newfoundland dogs. From a careful study of this subject, notes of which we purpose to publish some day, in regard to the species of dogs most prone to have hydrophobia, we are forced to place this fine dog, the Newfoundland, in unfortunate prominence.

—Where is Stawell? Who knows where Stawell is? Stawell, where the Australians have played their Olympiad game of cricket, and where the Stawellians beat the Grace Eleven, making the second defeat the vaunted boatsmen and bowlers and fielders have met with on the Island Continent. But so it is, and cricket men all through England hold down their heads, and are listless and moody, and believe now in the New Zealander or Australian looking at the ruins of Lord's Grounds of London and the Waterloo Bridge. The news is brief; we give it in all its impressive brevity. Mr. W. G. Grace's Eleven vs. Twenty-Two of the Stawell club, which began on the 9th was completed on the the following day. The eleven went in first and scored 43 runs against 71 Stawell. Particulars of the second inning are wanting. The result, however, is stated to be in favor of Stawell, who won the match with ten wickets to spare. All Australia ought to hold a grand *corroboree* in approved native style. Our own clubs in New York had better profit by the example, for from the far West looms up a club which this season, we are inclined to think, will reap all the laurels. Of course, Missouri is not as far off as Australia.

—Dogs are dogs, and represent, when good ones, no small amount of money. A twenty-five hundred horse certainly means both beauty and speed, but a £500 setter stand for something canine worth almost his weight in silver. Yet the *Irish Times* says £500 was offered for the celebrated red and white setter, Dash. This dog hails from Ireland, and is the property of P. P. Stone, Esq., of Coleraine, County Derry.

—The exportation of English horses must be decreasing. The price at home evidently must meet the views of those wishing to dispose of their horses. In 1872 the value of such animals sent out of England was £180,082; for the last year it was not half of it, only £76,442.

The Kennel.

FIELD TRIAL RULES TO SUIT AMERICAN BRED SETTERS.

BEFORE our gentlemen sportsmen enter into competition with the English pointers and setters in a field trial in England, there are many matters of marked importance that we should wish to bring to the attention of our readers.

1st. We would suggest that a slight alteration be made in the marks of excellence as regards points.

2d. That the introduction of retrieving should receive special notice as being of great benefit to our sportsmen.

3d. That if a dog in a field trial retrieves a bird, having worked a long distance on his marked bird, it should be considered and allowed that this educated instinct in the setter is worthy of several points in a field trial.

We offer these suggestions for these reasons: Taking the setter as being undoubtedly the most useful dog over game birds for our country, the power of scenting game, or the strength of nose, in a pure and well bred setter is simply a question of inheritance, which no doubt may be slightly improved by patient and careful practice. The nose being the most prominent characteristic feature in the setter, the rules very justly give to "scent" the highest number of points, namely, 30. Pace and style of hunting are almost wholly embodied in Breaking, the style and staunchness in Pointing, and Drawing on game; these several grades of merit have already, by the rules and regulations of field trials, their average points allotted to them. Pace in ranging, and the style or manner in which the setter beats the ground, are inherent in the animal, and may be much improved by constant education and training. As for instance, take nine out of every ten dogs into the field of those which are commonly called *thoroughly broken*, and they will range or beat, and run over the ground in a most excited and erratic manner. Breaking and dropping to "word" or shot, is a matter which rests almost wholly with the master, and it depends upon the owner or dog trainer whether the animal is thoroughly taught or not. Backing is the bringing out of the dormant instinct while the dog is still in his youth. Take the puppy out in the field along with the mother and let him see the parent "stand on a point;" the little fellow will back her, that is stand on his parent's point alongside of her, simply because of his strong imitative powers, instinct, and also that he smells game. At Balla for this mark of excellence in a dog they allow 10 points, if perfect. Pointing again is also a question of a pure strain of a long line of ancestral blood or inheritance, and it depends solely on the careful selection in the cross of the different breeds of setters.

Therefore if a dog has a good nose, if his pace and style of hunting be excellent, and his breaking perfection, we might then with propriety reduce the pace and style of hunting and pointing 5 points each, which would then make room

for retrieving. To instruct a setter to retrieve, either on land or water is the easiest of all lessons which the animal has to be taught. Having explained this system fully in previous issues of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, we wish only to say that in shooting snipe or woodcock in a thick swamp, where the birds drop dead one hundred yards from the shooter in the almost impenetrable swamp grass and bog, which is not of uncommon occurrence, it is of vital importance that the setter should be able to fetch the bird, without one's having to go to the expense of procuring and the trouble of unleashing a "retriever" to gather the birds, as is the custom in field trials abroad.

We could write on this matter more fully, as the question is an interesting and novel one to our sportsmen. Any information we may gather or that we are in possession of, we shall be pleased to give to our readers verbally or by mail. The pointer we will treat in a later issue. By examining the table of points as in use in the field trials at Balla, England, issued in our last number, the differences suggested by us may be better appreciated. Appended are the alterations in value of points we would advise:

VALUE OF POINTS WHEN PERFECT.

	30	20	20	15	10	5	100
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ALTERATION IN MARKS OF EXCELLENCE FOR SETTERS.

Name of Dog	Nose.	Pace and style of Hunting.	Breaking.	Pointing (Style and Steadiness in)	Backing.	Retrievers.	Drawing on Game or Rounding.	Total.
Forest.	30	15	20	10	10	10	5	100

We shall be glad to hear from correspondents on this matter.

We publish another letter from Mr. Price, of Wales, on the International Pointers and Setters Challenge. We feel sure that it will be read with much interest, as it settles all disputes, and answers in a very proper manner the letters of English gentlemen to *Bell's Life* and other sporting papers. We cannot interfere on this side of the water with any unpleasantness or discussions that may arise in field trials or any other sports in Great Britain, as we have quite enough to do to attend to our own.

RHWILAS, BALA, NORTH WALES.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:—

I wrote to you some fortnight ago, stating that the choice of the English representatives, and the arrangement of details, would be, in case of the challenge being accepted, in the hands of the committee of the Kennel Club, our English Jockey Club, in shooting matters. I write to repeat that statement, seeing in *Bell's Life*, a letter from Mr. Llewellyn in which he challenges the right of Mr. Macdona and myself to call our dogs first class, and suggesting that his own are better. Mr. Macdona's "Ranger" and "Belle" won all their engagements last summer, and Mr. Whitehouse's "Pax" and Mr. Barclay Field's "Dick" also secured or divided all the stakes they ran for. I take it that these four dogs may be acknowledged to be the best in England at the present time; whether their owners will permit them to compete in the international match is another thing, and a question for the committee to decide. Mr. Llewellyn's "Countess," an undeniably first class animal, and one that has beaten "Belle" on the first occasion that they ever met, was beaten this year by both Mr. Macdona's "Ranger" and by "Belle." I write you this plain statement of facts, and beg to conclude with the assurance that should the challenge be accepted the best dogs will be selected by the Kennel Club for the match, or should they decline to interfere, which I do not anticipate, Mr. Macdona and myself will guarantee to find the dogs and the money for the contest. I am, dear sir, yours, truly,

R. I. LI. PRICE.

[We are in correspondence with the Kennel Club of England.—Ed.]

—Our correspondent, S. C. Clarke, in acknowledging receipt of pointer Belle's photograph, writes, and we think very justly, as follows:

"I am bound to say that I have seen handsomer specimens of the pointer, and which showed higher breeding. I think she appears too long in the legs, and somewhat coarse in those limbs, as well as in the tail. I can see that she may be an animal of great powers of ranging and endurance, and I am aware that to appreciate the points of a dog as well as of a horse you should see him move.

S. C. C.

RETRIEVERS.—I thought I knew something about shooting and the dogs necessary for the sports, but the notice of the day's sport at Rhiwlas Bala—three guns, with sixteen dogs, "retrievers," 103 head—has completely upset all my ideas on the subject. For what on earth could three gentlemen take sixteen retrievers out with them. I have always thought one retriever enough for his own particular business? If they used them for other purposes than their legitimate business, surely other breeds are more useful.—*London Field*.

—Mr. R. D. Purcell Llewellyn's letter to *Bell's Life in London*, which is copied in the *New York Herald* of February 2d, is answered by Mr. Price's letter in our issue of last week. Mr. Price and the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonna leave the Anglo-American challenge entirely in the hands of the Kennel Club of England.

—Strange that game should be so dear when the efforts of every sportsman are directed to "bring it down!"

Shot Gun and Rifle.

GAME IN SEASON FOR FEBRUARY.

Hares, Squirrels and Wild Fowl.

FOR FLORIDA.

Red Deer, *Caracus Virginianus*) Wild Turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo.*
Woodcock, *Philohela minor.*) Quail, *Ortyx Virginianus.*
Snipe, Plover, Curlew, etc., in great variety.

[Under the head of "Game, and Fish in Season" we can only specify in general terms the several varieties, because the laws of States vary so much that were we to attempt to particularize we could do no less than publish those entire sections that relate to the kinds of game in question. This would require a great amount of our space. In designating game we are guided by the laws of nature, upon which all legislation is founded, and our readers would do well to provide themselves with the laws of their respective States for constant reference. Otherwise, our attempts to assist them will only create confusion.]

—A correspondent in Hillsboro, Ohio, who is a veteran sportsman, sends the following extraordinary instance of "buck ague." Cases like this occur even with old hunters, but they merely indicate a peculiar exceptional nervous state of the system, which cannot be accounted for except on general principles. Some of our nervous friends may find sympathy or encouragement therein. The phenomenon is not more singular than that nervous condition which starts at the slam of a door or the snap of a twig while it remains unshaken by the peal of the thunder-clap or the rattle of musketry:—

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

Some thirty years ago the writer started out by daylight, "solitary and alone," for a deer hunt. He had made a horseback trip to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River, fifty miles from his home, to attend court, and on his way down left his rifle at a settler's cabin in the Sunfish Hills, then a very wild section, abounding in deer, intending to stop a day or two on his return.

It was December, and a ten inch snow had fallen during the night, and ground, bush, and bough were covered with the soft feathery crystals. The hunter had resorted to a common trick to beguile the game by putting on over his clothes a large white shirt, borrowed from the settler, and tying a linen handkerchief over his cap. Thus accoutred, like the ghost in Hamlet, he moved slowly, noiselessly, and almost invisibly along, often stopping to get sight of the quarry and steal unnoticed upon him. On turning a thicket a deer was discovered browsing in a fallen tree top not thirty yards off. He had not seen or heard or smelt the hunter, and kept munching away at his breakfast. There seemed a certainty of fine, fat venison, barring accidents, but no time was to be lost. The rifle was brought quickly to an aim, and the hunter pulled and pulled, harder and harder, but there was no report. It was a hair trigger, and should have gone at the weight of a grain. When taken down to examine, it was found that in the haste and excitement it had only been half cocked. This was soon corrected, but when the gun was again brought to the shoulder a film seemed creeping over the eyes, the atmosphere was filled with a gray mist, the outlines of the deer disappeared, and an anguish tremor ran through every bone and muscle.

This time the gun went off, and so did the deer, but it is very doubtful if even the tree top was hit, or whether if the object had been a Dutch barn it would not have been missed. The fog and the film, however, cleared away in season for the hunter to see the deer making 2:40 time over the hill, evidently unhurt. Thereupon the sportsman sat down upon a log and silently went through an argument whether it were better to throw away the gun and go home, or go ahead and perhaps be fooled again. But courage came with reflection, the rifle was reloaded, and the hunt renewed, and before noon a fine doe was hung up to a sapling. It was a clear and violent case of *buck ague*. Has the reader ever had like experience? VETERAN.

—Our Minnesota correspondent relates an experience in still hunting which has been alluded to in these columns more than once, proving that it is often wiser for the hunter to remain quiet after the deer has got the wind of him than to persist in industrious stalking:—

BRAINERD, MINN., December, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The sketch of my friend "Bedford," in number 19 of your paper, and your accompanying foot notes, prompt the following:—One day after a fresh fall of snow, we started to look after deer a mile east of town. While following a winding wood road, we got a glimpse of a buck about twenty rods away, head and tail down, sneaking away like a fox through the underbrush. We sent a ball after him, but the brush was too thick, and with a bound he was off like a rocket. Sticking another cartridge into the rifle, and taking a look at the compass, we were off, too, on the trail, quietly and cautiously taking note of everything. The lay of the ground, and the direction he was taking, told us he was making for a tamarack swamp a mile or so away. Knowing the ground thoroughly, we took a short cut, going pretty fast, and struck the swamp—a nearly circular patch of tamarack poles, tall grasses, and dead trees—bad ground for the hunter, but just the place for an old wily skulker like the five pronger we were after. We soon found his trail, where he had walked into the swamp, and noticed where, as he leisurely moved along, he had stopped to paw or nibble a sprig from a birch, as much as to say, "I've got into my stronghold now, and may as well take it easy; this moccasined hunter who scared me so cannot find me here." We followed him through the swamp, doing our finest work, and at the outer edge saw from his leap that he had discovered our presence, but trusting to his cover and sagacity he had disdained to take the timber and his heels for it, but began to circle the swamp, now under cover, then outside among the grass and rushes, now running and then walking. In one place he had walked towards us a few yards, then with a leap toward the right he had turned and gone on. Patiently, noiselessly, and ardently, as becomes the still hunter, we followed the devious windings of the trail till he had twice crossed the track we had made on entering the swamp. We were peering cautiously ahead, hoping earnestly for one more shot before dark, when a thought struck us, and wheeling about suddenly we found that we were being trailed instead of doing the trailing! For behind us, coming quietly and confidently along was the buck we supposed we were in pursuit of! We pitched the rifle up, but with a flirt of his body he "reversed motion" so quickly that we had no time to shoot.

For a few seconds we were nonplussed, but there was one more chance to take, and that was to race across the swamp, get in ahead of the deer, and trust a hunter's luck for the rest. So we took it, and plunged into the brush, jumping logs, dodging the spring holes, and struck the trail before the deer came along. Hastily getting behind a big tree we waited for him, and not in vain, for in about ten minutes (long enough to allow us to get our nerves in shooting condition after the brisk run) we saw his antlered head bobbing over the rushes as he came steadily along. Slowly raising our rifles and taking dead aim, we waited—waited coolly, for we knew he was our game. On he came slowly till within twenty rods, when, with a terrific leap, he bounded into the swamp and stood still for one instant, then mounted an old dead tree and commenced slowly pacing along it. When he reached the end he threw up his head, as if alarmed, and as he gathered himself for a jump the rifle cracked not a moment too soon, and the lordly buck, which had led us such a chase and fooled us so badly went "spread eagle" fashion into the snow. Yours truly, HAYLAND.

—The merited promotion of Colonel Wingate, new In-

spector-General on the staff of General J. B. Woodward, of the Second Division, is to be looked upon as fortunate for the interests of the rifle movement in the State. We may feel sure that Colonel Wingate, the former most energetic Secretary of the National Rifle Association, will instil into the men of his division, a proper idea of the advantages of rifle practice, and under his excellent method of instruction, undoubtedly many a soldier in the gallant second will compete successfully with other divisions at Creedmoor in future rifle contests.

A FEW HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

BALTIMORE, January 29, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I am glad to see that sportsmen are awaking to the idea that birds, fish and animals should be called by their right names. I think it would be a good plan to introduce into schools a hand-book of Natural History, and teach the growing ones at least what is correct. Here they call the quail a partridge (for this there is an excuse, as they quote Audubon; which is right?) they call a ruffed grouse a pheasant; the ruddy duck a coot and water partridge; the coot proper, a crow bill; the rail an ortolan; rabbits for hares, of course; Wilson's snipe a jack snipe; the weakfish sea trout; bluefish taylors; and speak of catching salmon in the Ohio river.

I ventured to remonstrate the other day about calling the ruddy duck a coot, and was told that men who had lived for twenty years on the shore called them coot, "and did I pretend to know more than they did?" Again I happened to say that it was a shame to kill robins (migratory thrush), and was told it was good sport, and besides, the robins ought to be killed, for they ate up the wheat. Whew! What do you think of that? It put me in mind of the old story of the farmer who kept missing his sheep, and at last found a fellow in the road that run by his place, cutting the throat of one of his sheep. He asked him what he meant, and he said that he would give him to understand that no man's sheep should come out and bite him. I expect to hear them say yet that the bluebirds carry off their chickens.

It is of no use to talk to them; they either think you are putting on airs, or look upon you with pity, and wonder how you can be so ignorant.

They stick to long barrels to their guns here, and small loads of powder with large loads of shot of large size. For instance, many of their guns of 10 or 8 bore, are 36 or 40 inches in the barrels, and they tell you the proper load for these is from 2½ to 3 dr. of powder, 2 to 2½ cz. of shot, size from No. 1 to B. B. We think that 32 in. 8 bore, or 30 in. 10 bore about right, and the load 5 or 4½ dr. powder to 1½ to 1¼ oz. of No. 4 shot for ducks (No. 6 early in the season), No. 1 for geese. Which do you think is right? Speaking of guns, they have a gun maker here that makes, to my notion, the best central fire breech-loader I have ever seen. For simplicity, strength and correct proportions I have never seen its equal, and I have seen many good ones. As he does not advertise in FOREST AND STREAM, I shall mention no names; but when he does may say more about his guns.

I am glad to see that there is a chance for a field trial between English and American dogs, and I trust that it may come off and that I may be there to see it. I agree with you about Western dogs. I have seen many a rough looking one out there that was a paragon, and I think they are better handled, less yelling and beating than in the East. Often I have seen the silky coated English or Eastern dogs put to shame by one that was hard to look on, at which the owners of the former had turned up their noses. WANDERER.

—The Brooklyn party shot a match at Dexter's last week. Dr. Aten and Mr. Hickock were matched against Messrs. Baylis and Birdseye. The match was shot under the English rules, that is, use of both barrels, and from five traps, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1½ oz. shot. The birds were poor. Mr. Baylis killed 10 out of 15; Mr. Birdseye killed 6, making 16 out of 30; Dr. Aten killed 10, and Mr. Hickock 9, making 19 out of 30, the latter winning by 3 birds. Capt. Elmendorf was the referee.

—The cold weather of last Friday did not prevent a goodly gathering of pigeon shooters at Deerfoot Park; the birds, as supplied by McMahon, were strong on the wing, and mostly driving birds. The shooting began with a sweepstakes of five birds each, \$5 entrance, Long Island rules to govern, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, and 1½ oz. shot. There were five entries, which resulted in a tie between Messrs. Townsend, Bohring and Ireland, when, it being shot off, the \$25 was divided by Messrs. Ireland and Bohring.

Charles Townsend—1, 0, 1, 1, 1—Killed, 4.
"Dr." Ireland—1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0—Killed, 4.
Mr. Bohring—1, 1, 0, 1, 1—Killed, 4.
Moses Chichester—1, 1, 0, 0—Killed, 3.
Thomas Broadway—0, 1, 0, 1, 1—Killed, 3.
The second sweepstakes of five birds, \$5 entrance; same rules and conditions.

"Dr." Ireland—1, 1, 1, 1, 1—Killed, 5.
Charles Townsend—1, 1, 1, 1, 0—Killed, 4.
Thomas Broadway—0, 1, 0, 1, 0—Killed, 2.
Mr. Van Dyke—1, 0, 0, 1—Killed, 2.
W. McFall—0, 1, 0, 0—Killed, 1.
Mr. Bohring—1, 0, 0—Killed, 1.
"Dr." Ireland took first money and Charles Townsend second.

Sweepstakes, five birds each, \$5 entrance; same rules and conditions.
Moses Chichester—1, 1, 1, 1, 1—Killed, 5.
Charles Townsend—1, 1, 1, 1, 0—Killed, 4.
Thomas Broadway—1, 0, 0, 1—Killed, 2.
Mr. Gildersleeve—0, 1, 1, 0—Killed, 2.
Mr. Van Dyke—1, 0, 0—Killed, 1.
"Dr." Ireland—0, 1, 0—Killed, 1.
Referee in all the sweeps, Mr. Wingate.

—A pigeon match took place at Dexter's Club Grounds, on the 29th, between four gentlemen amateurs of Brooklyn, 15 birds each, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundaay, from five traps. English rules to govern.

An. killed 10, missed 5.
L. C. killed 9, missed 6.
By. killed 10, missed 5.
Bs. killed 6, missed 4.

[We cannot publish any more initial letters, as if a match is worth printing at all, the full name or pigeon shooting name must be given. Ed.]

—The covert shooting on the estate of Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, (the owner of "Belle,") at Rhiwlas, Bala, North Wales, has been excellent. Mr. Price, accompanied by two gentlemen, killed on New Year's Day, using sixteen dogs, (retrievers,) cock pheasants, 53; hen pheasant, 1; partridge, 1; rabbits, 34; woodcocks, 13; snipe, 1; total—103.

SCRANTON, LUZERNE CO., PENN., January 30, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

A pigeon match was shot at Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Penn., on the 22d instant between Mr. Cox, of Schuylkill county, and Mr. Maddox, of this place, for the championship of the two counties and \$1,000 a side. Mr. Cox won the match by shooting 25 birds out of 36, Mr. Maddox killing but 19.

A sweepstake pigeon match was shot at Scranton, Penn., on January 29th between Alfred Evans and John Hughes for \$100 a side. The following is the result:—

Evans.....1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1—11
Hughes.....1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0—7
G. A. Dickson.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I send to your address by to-day's mail the score of a pigeon match between William Harris, of Alexandria, Va., and John Ferguson of Washington, at Riley's Coral on Saturday, January 24, at 25 birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards bound, for \$25. Harris gave up the match at the thirteenth bird; also the score of a match between Ferguson and Williams, same day and place, at 10 birds, same rules as above, for \$10. Each man handed and trapped for the other. Referee, A. Wardell; judges, Derrick and Smithson. Very respectfully and truly yours,

JAS. N. DAVIS, JR.

Ferguson.....1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—12
Harris.....0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—4
Williams.....1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 1—7
Ferguson.....1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9

RIFLE PRACTICE.

The following are the highest scores at Conlin's Gallery, up to February 3d.

- For the first prize seven consecutive bullets.
- For the second prize five consecutive bullets.
- For the third prize four consecutive bullets.
- For the fourth prize twelve in twenty shots.
- For the fifth prize eleven in fifteen shots.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

Pompano.	SOUTHERN WATERS.	Sheepshead.
Snapper.	Trout, (Black Bass.)	Tailorfish.
Grouper.	Drum, (two species.)	Sea Bass.
Rockfish.	Kingfish.	
	Striped Bass, Rockfish.	

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION held an important meeting on the 28th of January, in Boston, Dr. J. P. Orway, the President, in the chair. Twenty-eight new members were elected. Dr. A. L. Squires, now of Newport, accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary. The committee on trout submitted a report in which they stated that they have made a careful examination of the laws relating to trout fishing, and have also visited many places where trout were exposed for sale. We copy the report almost entire:

That the laws of Maine are daily violated, and to a great extent is apparent. Hardly a day that there are not exposed in the stalls of Quincy Market light-meated, dark-sided trout, whose spots and general appearance tell too plainly that the waters of the Kennebec and Cupsuptic were once lashed by their tails. Most of such Maine trout brought here for a winter market are in the worst possible condition—very soft and often so long out of water that they are utterly unfit for the table. And yet there is a demand for them.

Brook trout, also, from Vermont and Maine, are offered in the market in large quantities—poor, little, weak, puny things, not to be compared to the speckled beauties of next May. A blind man, with a copper-fastened stomach, and no reputation, might possibly be induced to admit that he had purchased and swallowed half a dozen such trout, but that a person in his right mind, with eyes, and knowing anything of the laws of health and digestion, could be found to admit as much is beyond the comprehension of this committee. Nature stamps their corruption with plain marks, and their sickly, unhealthy appearance outside and in would warn anybody except the keeper of a boarding house. But how are we to prevent these sales? Your committee find that the sum of all the periods in the different States during which trout are forbidden to be taken or sold amounts to nearly the whole year. The spawning season varies very much in the time of its commencement and ending, varying even in the same State in different localities.

There would then be an evident injustice in passing a law to prevent the exposure for sale in Boston of all trout caught outside the Commonwealth within the limits of time which, in this State, it is illegal to take them, as such trout may have been caught at a time when, where caught, it was perfectly legal to catch them, and may be in a perfectly good condition.

It may be possible to provide by statute that it shall be illegal to sell or have in one's possession in this State trout caught in another State contrary to the laws of such State or within the prohibited periods; and your Committee endeavor herewith to lay before you a bill for this purpose. There are also in this State laws relating to the inspection of food, from which the Committee hope to gain some aid for the objects of this Association. We can actively influence the appointment of inspectors—men open to conviction on the subject—and we can see that they are fully informed as to the quality of the trout coming into this market within the prohibited times. Under the provisions of 1872, chapter 231, such inspectors have the power to inspect all fish offered for sale, and when they find any that are unwholesome, from any cause, they may seize the same and have them destroyed. Another provision of the same statute is to the effect that whoever knowingly offers for sale unwholesome fish is to be punished by imprisonment in jail not exceeding sixty days, or by fine not exceeding \$100.

Your committee think that it will be in the power of the Association, availing themselves of this statute by proper publications, to greatly discourage the sale of trout illegally caught.

The association can do much more in another direction. It is painful to have to admit, as we must, that reputed sportsmen often leave word with the farmers and guides who live near the ponds and brooks that furnished them their summer sport, that they would like a few large ones during the winter. The bribe is greedily taken, and the boors, only too familiar with the spawning grounds, and eager to please their summer boarder, think nothing of killing the great mother trout with their millions of eggs, and so depopulating the streams. This Association can make it very uncomfortable for such pseudo sportsmen. And it will be easy to start a similar association in every State in New England. Each member to become a live detective and report to the brotherhood of sportsmen all violators of the law. A few published notices of such characters would diminish their numbers. Such associations, corresponding with one another, would soon make their influence felt, and in high places.

One of your committee reports through us an experience which shows the necessity of such influence, an experience which shows that *wicked violations* of the law in sister States have been duly and carefully brought to the notice of persons in authority, and whose official position enabled them to do something about it, and no proper notice was taken of it by them. Persons guilty of spearing, grappling and netting trout in the spawning season, contrary to the State law, were excused on the ground of personal friendship. No trial justice, nor fish commissioner, nor inspector of provisions, would dare be guilty of such conduct in this State now, when he knows that an association of such numbers and influence as ours would have his name reported to them, and his conduct discussed, and an effort immediately made and persistently kept up to have him dismissed from his office.

To sum up then, your committee are of opinion that the Association can do something for the protection of trout in the following ways:

- 1st. By influencing public opinion, procuring similar associations to be formed in other sister States, and co-operating with them for the purpose.
- 2d. By calling the attention of the community to the existing provisions of the fish law and of the laws for the inspection of fish as food, and doing all we can to secure their enforcement in this State, and for this purpose offering rewards for detection and conviction of offenders.
- 3d. By specially teaching that the killing or taking of trout on their spawning beds by any process is not merely stealing but worse, as it destroys the source of property.
- 4th. By procuring the enactment of a law which shall make it unlawful to expose for sale in our Massachusetts markets fish illegally taken in other States within the periods for which their taking is prohibited in such States. Respectfully,

SIMON W. HATHEWAY,
SOLOMON HOVEY, JR., } Committee.
J. H. C. CAMPBELL,

The draft of a bill for the protection of trout accompanied this report, of a very stringent nature, which will be presented by the Association through their committee to the Legislative Committee on Fisheries.

The President in this connection read several letters from Mr. J. H. Kimball, one of the Maine Fish Commissioners, endorsing the work of the society, and favoring the passage of similar laws in all of the New England States, relating to the catching and sale of trout.

TABULAR STATEMENT of the Catch of Salmon by Messrs. John W. Nicholson and R. C. Boxall, during portions of the months of July and August, 1873, on the Nepisquit River, New Brunswick, leased by John W. Nicholson of St. Johns, N. B., from the Dominion of Canada, for the purpose of Angling for Salmon with the Fly.

1873.

CATCH BY JOHN W. NICHOLSON.				CATCH BY RICHARD C. BOXALL.			
Date.	Salmon	Grilse	Remarks	Date.	Salmon	Grilse	Remarks.
"	"	"	Arr'vd on river 12 J'y	July 7	3	4	Arrived on river 7th J'y
"	"	"	"	" 8	2	4	"
"	"	"	"	" 9	2	5	"
"	"	"	"	" 10	1	5	"
"	"	"	"	" 11	0	7	"
July 12	9	0	"	" 12	10	6	"
" 13	"	"	Sunday.	" 13	"	"	Sunday.
" 14	12	0	"	" 14	6	1	"
" 15	8	4	"	" 15	9	3	"
" 16	10	1	"	" 16	7	3	"
" 17	8	3	"	" 17	4	2	"
" 18	13	0	"	" 18	7	3	"
" 19	12	1	"	" 19	0	3	"
" 20	"	"	Sunday.	" 20	"	"	Sunday.
" 21	9	1	"	" 21	0	1	"
" 22	6	2	"	" 22	1	0	"
" 23	14	6	"	" 23	3	0	"
" 24	17	3	"	" 24	4	7	"
" 25	27	5	"	" 25	6	5	"
" 26	18	6	"	" 26	8	5	"
" 27	"	"	Sunday.	" 27	"	"	Sunday.
" 28	11	2	"	" 28	3	11	"
" 29	5	1	"	" 29	7	2	"
" 30	6	2	"	" 30	8	1	"
" 31	7	4	"	" 31	5	5	"
Aug. 1	5	3	"	" 1	10	4	"
" 2	4	1	Left river.	Aug. 2	4	2	Left river.
Total	202	45	For 20 days' Fishing.	Total	110	89	For 25 days' Fishing.
	av'e daily catch				av'e daily catch		
	Salmon	Grilse			Salmon	Grilse	
	10 1-10	2 1/2			4 2-5	3 1/2	
	Average weight				Average weight		
	Salmon	Grilse			Salmon	Grilse	
	15 lb.	4 1/2 lb.			15 lb.	4 1/2 lb.	

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, 7th January, 1874
—Dr. Fowler, of Syracuse, has placed anglers under obligations by giving them a newly invented reel, made of hard rubber, which for the simple quality of lightness makes it a great desideratum. It has been difficult to combine this requisite with the strength necessary to support the sometimes complicated machinery of the reel, and all anglers who use the finest tackle will appreciate Fowler's improvement. There are other new features in his patent which are worthy of attention. Andrew Clerk, of Maiden Lane, is the sole agent for their sale. See advertisement elsewhere.

—Our correspondent "Fern Fly" shows how trout can be caught that will not cost "a dollar per pound"—this being the estimated average when travelling expenses and outfit are taken into account. He writes:

"We planned a pedestrian trip from Rondout to Callicoon on the Delaware river, a distance of about one hundred miles. Accordingly we left New York one evening by boat for Rondout, and the following morning we went up the Rondout and Oswego Railroad to Big Injun Station, and from there began our tramp up the Big Injun Creek to its head; then over the mountain to the west branch of the Neversink, down this stream to its junction with the east branch at the little tannery village of Dewittsville, and from there twelve miles through the woods to Balsam Lake and the headwaters of the far-famed Beaverkill. Then down the latter to Westfield Flats, where we took stage for Callicoon, and from here a few hours' ride on the Erie Railway brought us back to New York, after an absence of two weeks, ten times stronger and dirtier than when we left it. The expenses of such a trip will not cost anywhere near the proverbial dollar a pound.

Two are enough to make such a trip as this. It will be necessary for the sportsman to carry blankets, woolen and rubber, cooking utensils, and other appliances for camping, but pork, bread, butter, &c., can be obtained at the log cabins which are scattered all through this region, and if the party are accustomed to camp life they can find an abundance of real solid enjoyment. The Coachman, Beaverkill, Brown Hen, Alder and Grizzly King are some of the best flies for this country.

FERN FLY.

These pedestrian excursions are often most enjoyable, and are frequently undertaken by students of New England colleges with pleasure and profit.

208 WEST LOGAN SQUARE,
Philadelphia, Feb. 2, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The private letter which states that I am "presently to start a large fishing tackle and rod factory at Philadelphia," does so in error. I have for some years been making fine fly rods and tackle and furnishing such outfits, but the rods, from but to top, including ferules, also trout and salmon flies, are all of my handiwork. Consequently the production of my workshop is not very large, although I am kept constantly busy. I do make fine bait and trolling rods when ordered, but my work is almost exclusively fine fly-fishing tackle.

THADDEUS NORRIS.

Yachting and Boating.

All communications from Secretaries and friends should be mailed not later than Monday in each week.

HIGH WATER, FOR THE WEEK.

DATE.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	CHARLESTON
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
Feb. 5	2 14	10 56	10 34
Feb. 6	2 49	11 33	10 49
Feb. 7	3 26	eve. 11	11 26
Feb. 8	4 6	0 53	eve. 6
Feb. 9	4 55	1 42	0 55
Feb. 10	5 50	2 36	1 50
Feb. 11	6 53	3 38	2 55

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting of this well-known Club was held in their rooms, in Court Street, Brooklyn, on the evening of the 28th of January; heretofore this meeting has taken place during the month of April, but, considering that month too near the opening of the season, in order to give them more time, they changed it to the above date.

The business before the meeting was the discussion of matters of interest to the Club and the annual election of officers. The business "behind the meeting," (as the Dutchman said,) was the discussion of a most brilliant champagne "feed," in honor of the birthday of the Club, and, as yachts are always called "her" and "she," being gallantly inclined, we won't give the age, (fact is, we don't know it.) Of the supper more anon.

As showing the unanimity and good fellowship existing in the Club, *most all* of the officers of the past year were unanimously re-elected, with the exceptions of "Happy," John Oakey as Judge Advocate, in place of Henry A. Mott, Esq., whom Stuart of Winter Garden fame used to call "Bon. Mott," and J. A. Brawan, Esq., in place of J. Varnum Mott, M. D., on the Regatta Committee.

The members then, whose appetites had been growing from the "sound of preparations" and the smell of "sundry hot things" from an adjoining room, shaped their course for that room and soon fell too, as yachtsmen only can.

After doing ample justice to the Steward's "fixtures," the "feast of reason" commenced; the following are some of the toasts and responses, not in order, it may be, as this is from memory alone:—

"Our past;" responded to by Mr. G. L. Haight, of the Genia. Add an "I" to the name of his yacht, and you have the man, and the same may be said of the speech.

"The New York Yacht Club, the parent organization;" responded to by Chris. Gunther, Esq.

"Sister Clubs;" responded to by the ex-mayor of Detroit, Mr. Smith.

"Woman;" by John Oakey.

"Our future;" by Dr. Hall.

"The navigators of the Sound;" responded to in a sound manner by Rear-Commodore Dillon, whose yacht, like all "Kates," is pretty and graceful.

"Our officers and ex-officers;" by ex-Commodore J. S. Dickerson, of the Fleur-de-Lis.

After some charming singing, they rose from the table at eight bells sharp, all satisfied with themselves, the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and everything and everybody.

Among other well-known yachtsmen the following were present:—Commodore Voorhis, Captain; "Joe" Ellsworth, P. McGiehan, John Sawyer, of the "Mystic;" Commodore Langley, Captain Waterman, of the "Quickstep;" J. T. Pierson, of the fast beauty, "Jeannette," carrying the pennant of the Bayonne Yacht Club, and many others.

The Club contemplate moving from their present quarters to the new building at the corner of Montague and Court Streets, and by another birthday, hope to spread themselves in more roomy and elegant shape.

The Measurer, Mr. J. M. Sawyer, reports that there were

seventeen schooners, forty-four sloops, and five steamers enrolled on the books, and that there were several more building, which would be added to the fleet in the spring.

The following are the list of officers for the year 1874:—

- Commodore—Jacob Voorhis, Jr.
- Vice-Commodore—John S. Dickerson.
- Rear Commodore—Robert Dillon.
- President—P. W. Ostrander.
- Secretary—W. T. Lee.
- Treasurer—Chauncey M. Felt.
- Assistant Secretary—George G. Dunning.
- Measurer—John M. Sawyer.
- Fleet Surgeon—Samuel Hall, M.D.
- Judge Advocate—John Oakey.
- Trustees—G. L. Haight, J. J. Treadwell, J. H. Dimon, H. S. Wood, Rufus Hatch, W. B. Nicholls, John T. Barnard.
- Committee on Membership—Charles L. Franklin, W. M. Ringwood, Thomas Fry, M. D.
- Regatta Committee—H. Baragwanath, J. A. Breman, Ernst Wendt, M. T. Davidson, Dr. Samuel Hall.

—Mr. A. E. Smith, proprietor of the marine railways at Islip, has on the stocks a first-rate yacht of forty-five feet keel for parties in Albany; a twenty-five feet keel cat-boat for Mr. Van Vorst, of New York, to be finished in hard wood; a twenty-two feet keel cat-boat for parties in Islip, and has contracted to build a schooner-yacht of eighty-two feet keel, twenty-two feet beam, and five and a half feet hold, for Wm. H. Langley, of Brooklyn, to be finished in time for the usual June regattas.

—The following is a list of the officers of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club, of Charlestown, Mass., for the ensuing year:—J. H. Pitman, Commodore; A. A. Lawrence, Vice-Commodore; P. Lobdell, Fleet Captain; Warren Ferrin, Secretary; George Melvin, Treasurer; P. J. Henchy, Financial Secretary; William R. Cooper, C. H. Hatch, E. Cutter, Trustees; R. B. Brown, J. G. Lovell, Measurers; W. McLaughlin, Steward. Ex-Commodore Daniel R. Beckford, of this club, has purchased a fine residence in Marblehead, and will soon move thither. He has negotiated for a new schooner yacht, which will be thirty feet long and about twenty-five tons burden.

—At the annual meeting of the Madison, Wisconsin, Yacht Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Commodore, Myron T. Bailey; Vice Commodore, S. C. Cabanne; Recording Secretary, N. P. Jones; Corresponding Secretary, Charles G. Mayers; Treasurer, George A. Patterson; Measurer, John Gallagher; Collector, Charles K. Kenney; Steward, John W. Rudd. Regatta Committee, C. G. Mayers, George S. Case and William G. Pitman. The Club is in a flourishing condition.

—The "Yacht Mercury" of the South Boston Yacht Club will carry the Commodore's Flag the coming season, she having lately been purchased by Commodore J. N. Roberts, who will put her in first-rate order, and make her worthy of the prominent position she will occupy in the fleet.

Boston, January 29, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I see in the last number a question by J. E. W., regarding the whereabouts of the yacht Julia, mentioned by "E. M.," which he says he saw in Narragansett Bay in 1871.

I think there must be some mistake about the date, as the Julia mentioned by E. M. was at that time in Eastern waters. She was built by Mr. Waterbury, is 77 feet in length and 20 in breadth; she was sold into Eastern waters in 1861 or 1862, and there changed to a centre-board schooner. Afterwards she was sold to New York, and from there to a gentleman living on Narragansett Bay, who changed her to a keel schooner. She remained there till the fall of 1870 or the early spring of 1871, when she was sold to a member of the Eastern Yacht Club. At any rate she arrived in time to participate in the annual regatta of the E. Y. C. held at Marblehead July 14th, 1871, and I feel sure did not go round the cape afterwards. In 1871 and '72 she sailed in several regattas of the E. Y. C., being re-changed to a centre-board in the spring of 1872. Last season she flew the Vice Commodore's flag, and led the fleet on the annual cruise to Mt. Desert; she also sailed in the regattas of the club, barely missing the prize on the 23th of June. I would refer you to the N. Y. Y. C. books of 1863 and 1870 and the E. Y. C. books of 1871, '72, and '73. "E. M." also speaks of other yachts of which I can give him some information. The America is no longer owned by Uncle Sam, as E. M. would have seen if he had read the FOREST AND STREAM for November 13. She was purchased last August by a Boston gentleman and sailed over the course in the E. Y. C. regatta of the 4th of September, when she was badly beaten by the Halcyon; the Silvie also beat her one minute by allowance. It is, however, only fair to state that it was blowing very hard and puffy, and that her rigging was in a fearful condition, as she lost her boat, sprung her jibboom and main-topmast, &c.; but on the other hand, the Halcyon lost her flying-jib and the Silvie her jib-boom.

The Rebecca also was mentioned by E. M. She was changed to a schooner and has been for several years in Eastern waters, being flagship of the E. Y. C. for three years. She is now owned by a member of the club.

The Narragansett also belonged to the E. Y. C., and is now owned at Boston.

The Una is now a pleasure boat at the Boston wharves, while the Haswell raced the Sadie of the E. Y. C. in 1871. Yours truly,

BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

—That was a good example which Mr. Thomas Brassey, M. P., for the venerable borough of Hastings, England, lately set our venerable yachtsmen. Not content with mere amateur proficiency in nautical knowledge, Mr. Brassey, has passed the Hastings Marine Board, and obtained his certificate of proficiency as a master in the mercantile marine. Mr. Brassey has the honor of being the first amateur sailor who has obtained such certificate, which is only granted upon the candidate displaying a thorough knowledge of practical navigation.

—Capt. Dana, of the Harvard crew, and a delegate to the recent convention of rowing associations, has sent a letter to Mayor Waller, of New London, Conn., in which he asserts that Harvard boatmen are strongly opposed to the proposed College regatta at Saratoga, and intimates that another convention will probably be soon called. He thinks New London would be a suitable place for the regatta, provided certain conditions can be complied with by the authorities of that city.

—With regard to the withdrawal of Amherst College from the Saratoga regatta, the Amherst Student of January 31st says:—

"It is a great source of regret amongst us that we feel obliged to take the step we have taken. If the Convention had selected New London or any other respectable place we would most gladly have entered. Indeed, we may say that if the evil results which we anticipate at Saratoga do not follow, and it proves to be all that it is claimed to be, we shall be willing to row there, if ever another regatta should be held there. But until this has been demonstrated by actual experiment we prefer to stand aloof.

"We still favor the idea of 'A New England Association,' and we firmly believe there is no safer way to preserve 'The College Regatta' from the corrupting and contaminating influences to which it is now recklessly exposed than to form an association of our own New England colleges, select the best water in New England, and harmoniously and independently enjoy amongst ourselves the pleasures and the triumphs of the inter-collegiate contest."

At a mass meeting of the Amherst Boating Association, to take into consideration the action of the Hartford delegates, it was argued that "we have nothing to fear from not being represented in the coming regatta, as the rivalry between the different classes was sufficient to keep boating alive and the men in good training." The following resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice:—

WHEREAS, By vote of the Rowing Association of Colleges Saratoga has secured the coming regatta; and

WHEREAS, In the popular judgment Saratoga and its amusements are controlled by professional gentlemen, whose superintendence and assistance would be deemed contaminating; and

WHEREAS, The College Regatta has owed its past popularity and usefulness to its honest spirit of emulation and its independence of such outside manipulations as are supposed to reign supreme at Saratoga,

Resolved, That Amherst is opposed to a College Regatta at Saratoga as hostile to the welfare of the Rowing Association of colleges in general and Amherst in particular.

Resolved, That Amherst will not row in Saratoga waters.

Resolved, That the officers of this College Boat Club be directed to arrange for a class regatta at Hatfield commencement week.

After the business of the meeting was transacted, Dr. Edward Hitchcock said that he was glad that the students had taken this manly stand, and he was sure that they would meet with the full sympathy and support of the Alumni.

ORANGE, N. J., January 26, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The decision of the college oarsmen to row in July next on Saratoga Lake, it seems to me, is likely to prove a source of regret to those who, like yourself, are anxious to promote the best interests of athletic sports, and especially of rowing, among American gentlemen. I desire to call attention to some points wherein their action seems premature, ill-advised, and likely to prove prejudicial.

To begin with, the disregard of their own rules is ominous. According to the constitution, all applications for admission to the Rowing Association, all constitutional amendments, the question of when and where the regatta shall be rowed, could not be finally acted upon until the annual convention on the 25th of next March. The interval from then till July would afford ample time for the most elaborate regatta arrangements. The precipitation in forcing a decision, the evident aversion of the Saratoga claimants to a deliberate and full discussion by the college and public press of the different places proposed, and the report that, notwithstanding the association reiterated last week its vote of last spring, not to allow the employment of professional trainers, a crew well to the front in the last race has already engaged a professional, all seem to indicate that the constitution is hardly worth the printing. The representations of the Saratogians are most attractive, their promises truly profuse, and their offers are generous and seemingly disinterested. But even admitting their claim that the Saratoga course, *per se*, is the "best in the world," it is by no means certain that it is the best place, in New York even, for the young men of our best and oldest colleges to row their friendly races on. The character, reputation, and associations of the place must be considered. Saratoga bears the reputation, and thrives under it, of being the "summer capital of the fancy;" it is the stronghold of gamblers and betting men. The landlords and the real estate brokers, and therefore Morrissey, longed for the college regatta as a new sensation. They have got their desire. The Rowing Association is willing "to defy public opinion," if need be, to please itself and Saratoga. "In order to satisfy public opinion," if possible, it will accept no prizes nor favors from Saratoga, and from such as may be included under the term "hospitalities." The next regatta surely bids fair to be most brilliant. Doubtless it will be witnessed by a greater concourse of spectators than ever before. I believe that Saratoga is so far away from the principal colleges, and the expense of getting there and staying there so great, that very many collegians will be prevented from witnessing the races. But the gamblers and blacklegs will flock to the regatta.

The boating element in our colleges can ill afford to please and conciliate sports and the riff raff, for by so doing it will inevitably alienate the better class of undergraduates and the alumni. The disapproval and hostility of the professors and the "governors" will follow. If the oarsmen can command neither the sinews of war from their fathers and classmates, nor the moral support of their teachers and friends, they may as well give up the battle. In view of the fact that there is still a large and influential class in the community of those who are skeptical, to say the least, as to the benefits of boat racing; that there is a decided feeling against Saratoga as a gathering place for young men; that the Amherst College boat club has unanimously voted not to send any crew to row at Saratoga, and that other clubs are greatly dissatisfied with the decision of the Convention, I can but feel that, with the Hudson and the Connecticut rivers at their disposal, the Association made a serious if not fatal mistake in voting to row on Saratoga Lake. H.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, January 26, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

The Convention is a thing of the past. The next College Regatta is to be rowed at Saratoga Lake, on July 16th, and Amherst has withdrawn, while Harvard and Bowdoin are said to be contemplating the same step. But, if they are not willing to row a fair race on an honest course, let them go. There will be enough without them to make the regatta of '74 the greatest event in the history of American colleges. I wonder what objections these irritable gentlemen have to Saratoga. No one denies its advantages in the matters of a fair course, good accommodations, and comparative easiness of access. In every particular it is superior to Springfield, which, in the opinion of students, is merely a synonym for extortion and fraud. "But what of John Morrissey and Gin Mills?" says some pious deacon. I don't intend to defend Morrissey but he will not hurt you if you leave him alone. And concerning Gin Mills, all I care to say is, that the Saratoga bars will not sell more than was sold in Springfield, and it will be better liquor and cheaper at that. Last summer there was a bar not one hundred yards from the Massasoit House, that was crowded day and night, and sold its villainous mixtures without even a pretence of secrecy, and no attempt was made to close it.

The action of the Convention in refusing the liberal offers of the Saratoga Club has effectually silenced the slanders that they were to be bought by generous offers of prizes and financial assistance; and to all such proposals we say that we go to Saratoga to row a race for the championship of American colleges, and care for no other prize if we cannot win that, and we intend to send a crew that will make the winners work if they come in ahead of us. B. F. Rees, stroke of our crew last year, is captain and stroke this year, and we can find a crew that is worthy to row behind him, which is saying enough; so if you go to Saratoga next July, as I have no doubt you will, look out for the "dashing white and blue" among the first.

Our New England friends were on the right track when they proposed to make some limit to the membership of the association, but their proposal was slightly too selfish. What we need is to confine this contest to the real universities of the country, and not leave it open to every high school or mushroom college, and we must decide upon some standard by which to measure each applicant. A great university cannot be created in a moment by any one man. The nearest approach to this is Cornell, but then Cornell is *sui generis*, and we are not likely to see another such for some time, and we may almost say that it requires at least a century to clothe a college with that garment of tradition and learning which is the great essential of a true university. But to descend from the abstract. We are having dull times at Columbia; football is over and forgotten till next fall again revives it, and boating will not engage much attention until spring brings softer breezes and milder weather. A.

—We are requested by the Saratoga Rowing Association to print the following card:

SARATOGA ROWING ASSOCIATION.

It is necessary for the Saratoga Rowing Association to have the address of every amateur rowing club of good standing in the United States and Canada. The Association propose to issue soon its circulars concerning its annual regatta, which will be given some time in August. Therefore it is to be hoped that all rowing clubs will send their address, giving name of President and Secretary, so that none may be overlooked, nor fail to receive circulars. Address

SARATOGA ROWING ASSOCIATION,
Saratoga Springs, New York.

Rational Pastimes.

Will our University correspondents kindly send us their most recent catalogues

—There was a grand gathering of gentlemen athletes at Wood's Gymnasium, Twenty-eighth street, on January 31st to witness a wrestling, fencing, and sparring exhibition. The gymnasium was crowded by the pupils of Professor Wood, and the members of the athletic clubs of New Jersey, Chicago, and Brooklyn, who believe in the exercising of the various muscles in order to bring themselves into a state of athletic perfection. The sparring match between Fred. J. Engelhardt, of the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, and J. E. Russell was particularly effective. Mr. Pennell's display of what a gentleman may do with judicious exercise and careful training was astonishing. He lifted, in fifteen minutes, dumb bells from 45 to 180 pounds, and finally succeeded in putting up 201 pounds. This was the most successful gathering of indoor sports that we have had this winter.

—We are gratified to learn, from personal interview with leading members of the "Athletic Club" of Philadelphia, that this pioneer of professional Base Ball clubs in the United States, is moving earnestly in the cause of reform, and that it is its earnest purpose to squelch the spirit of gambling out of the fraternity and its pastimes, and to remove any unpleasant taint that may attach itself to professional contests in the field. This ancient and honorable club have very select quarters in Philadelphia, and their rooms embrace an elegant parlor furnished with piano, paintings, &c., a billiard room and a chess room, showing that the members devote attention to the aesthetic, as well as to physical culture in the professional arena.

PRINCETON, N. J., January 26, 1874.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—

I have noticed in various sporting papers articles written in direct antagonism to the recent organization of the National Amateur Association of Base Ball players, and urging the calling of a convention of college organizations to frame a constitution and code of rules, which shall be binding upon all amateur organizations throughout the United States.

The only argument which the author has endeavored to advance, and in our mind we are very much averse to giving it the dignified name of argument, is "that a full representation of all amateur clubs cannot be had, and therefore no set of amateur organizations ought to assume the responsibility of codifying rules binding upon all other clubs without this association." If we do not organize a National Amateur Association, what are we going to do in the matter? This writer says "Why, call a convention of college clubs, wherein all may be represented, and where the best legislation may be secured." Now, the author of this lame suggestion is one who, from the experience which he has had in base ball matters certainly ought to know that in the first place no country would issue a call for a convention of that nature, and in the second that the amateur clubs throughout the United States would not subject themselves to the legislation of such a body. The point made that all amateur clubs cannot be represented in the present association, is equally unsound, for no restrictions are placed upon membership, and any and every club so desirous has the right to send, and can send delegates who may represent their special interests.

Having shown wherein the author of the article referred to has most egregiously erred in regard to non-representation, and still further, where

he has committed a double error of judgment in imagining that either any college would be so disposed to undertake his proposed measures, or that the amateur clubs would willingly submit to any such unauthorized convention to legislate for them.

However, before long there will be a convention of college clubs called, when legislation will be entered upon, which shall be binding upon college organizations only, and that for purposes effecting a national tournament of colleges to be held at Saratoga this summer on the occasion of the annual college regatta.

We think that the present Association of Base Ball players is on such a basis that articles of this nature have no deleterious effect upon it, but only go to prove that its opponents are actuated by anything but the best interests of amateur clubs. CHAMPION.

CURLING.

—The grand match, North vs. South, which took place at Central Park the day we went to press, viz., January 20, resulted in the success of the Southern players by a score of 416 to 317. Seventeen Rinks took part in the match, including members of the clubs of New York, Brooklyn, Paterson, Jersey City, Yonkers, &c. The Caledonian Club of this city bore off the honors and Mr. Templeton's Rink lead the score.

SOUTH.			NORTH.		
Rink.	Skip.	Shots.	Rink.	Skip.	Shots.
1. J. Templeton	36	W. Crawford	8
2. M. Baxter	22	R. Downie	32
3. R. Russell	28	A. Robertson	17
4. P. Kirkwood	21	H. L. Butler	29
5. James Nichols	28	C. McKenzie	19
6. D. Reid	33	A. Phillips	16
7. A. McKnight	9	G. Frazer	23
8. James Peacock	33	W. Brander	8
9. J. Kellock	19	John Thompson	24
10. J. Smith	33	D. Foulis	12
11. G. Clemison	31	James Stewart	13
12. G. Grieves	29	P. Scott	21
13. A. Dalrymple	23	S. McIntyre	21
14. G. Everett	22	James Dingwall	10
15. D. Dunlop	19	K. McPherson	26
16. J. Dunlop	21	J. W. Thompson	16
17. W. Hogg	9	R. A. McKnight	12
Total	416	Total	317

Mr. A. Hoagland presented the medal to Mr. J. L. Hamilton, who received it on the part of the Grand National Curling Club.

—The grand match in playing "points," which took place at the Central Park Curling Lake, on Monday, Feb. 2d., was participated in by the Caledonian, New York and Burns Clubs, of New York; the Thistle, of Brooklyn, and the Paterson Club, and the several prizes won were as follows:—

First prize, J. R. Smith, of Paterson Club, eight points.

Second prize, James Anderson, of Burns Club, seven points.

Third prize, G. T. Addison, of Caledonian Club, six points.

Referee, D. Faulis, of Caledonian Club.

—The Caledonian Club, of Brooklyn, played a match with the New York Club at Central Park on Feb. 2d., which they won by the score of 37 to 34. Two rinks on each side were played, Andrew Kellock's rink of Brooklyn, taking the lead. Mr. G. Everett acted as referee.

—The Central Park Lakes were all crowded to excess with skaters of both sexes on Feb. 2d., but at night the heavy snow storm drove all off the Lakes. There was also grand skating at the Prospect Park and Capitoline Lakes, Brooklyn, on the same day, and at the latter resort on February 3d.

BILLIARDS.

—The two great French artistes, Garnier and Ubassy played a match game at billiards on January 30th, in Tammany Hall, for \$2,000, the champion cup, and the championship of the world at the three ball carom game. The number of points was 600. The table used was a 5 by 10 carom standard American, with Collender's combination cushion. Joe Dion acted as umpire for Ubassy, Mr. Newhall, of Boston, for Garnier; C. B. Hubbell, the ex-champion of Connecticut, was selected as referee, and Mr. G. Stone marked the game. The playing on both sides was brilliant in the extreme, but as we have before remarked, Ubassy seems just a little too sure of his shots, and the astonishment depicted on his countenance when he misses a shot is one of irritability and surprise. Both players have their admirers, and the applause at Garnier's *massés* and Ubassy's inimitable draw shots amounted to amazement. There was certainly an ebullition of feeling on the part of the auditory which must have been very gratifying to the brilliant experts. It was quite noticeable that when the audience became tired of applauding, and in order to show their surprise at the marvellous play the audience, one and all, laughed outright. The following is the score:—

GARNIER—0, 19, 2, 1, 0, 14, 30, 0, 1, 9, 1, 1, 7, 25, 0, 2, 40, 33, 3, 4, 3, 0, 0, 4, 5, 14, 1, 0, 47, 1, 0, 47, 6, 5, 3, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 11, 17, 108, 7, 1, 0, 0, 17, 0, 0, 5, 22, 1, 7, 0, 0, 49, 24, 0, 11, 0, 1, 3, 23, 1, 0, 1, 19, 1—600.

UBASSY—2, 7, 0, 2, 7, 0, 30, 3, 0, 0, 7, 5, 4, 1, 0, 0, 9, 0, 2, 2, 15, 5, 0, 4, 1, 1, 6, 13, 2, 20, 24, 4, 5, 4, 1, 0, 2, 0, 21, 12, 2, 3, 10, 0, 0, 1, 0, 2, 4, 11, 0, 22, 12, 0, 9, 50, 15, 16, 7, 0, 0, 20, 35, 0, 4, 2, 13—459.

Average of winner, 8 48-69.

Time of game, three hours and twenty minutes.

—Daly & Larry's Spingler House Billiard Room has just been improved by having its tables thoroughly repaired, new cloths, cushions, balls, cues, &c. Daly, in conjunction with Dudley Kavanagh and K. E. Willmarth, will give exhibitions every Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

—Cyrille Dion and Maurice Daly have made a match at French caroms, 600 points up for \$2,000, to be played within thirty days in this city; the game will probably be played in public.

—David Pulsifer, a Boston expert, who was on here to witness the championship match, offered a purse of \$250 as an inducement to Garnier and Ubassy to give an exhibition in that city.

—A. W. Merriam, of New Orleans, has lately returned from Europe, and thoroughly refitted his room, besides adding a spacious and elegant club room to his establishment. He is one of the most enterprising men in his business in the South.

—A large number of billiard celebrities were here to witness the championship match, among whom was the veteran "Chris." Bird, of Philadelphia, his first appearance here for eleven years; Albert Garnier, champion, is anxious to match himself and Maurice Daly against any two players in the world at French billiards.

—Peter Tracy, the Stamford billiardist, was in town Friday, and reports business there flourishing.

—Cyrille Dion, Maurice Daly, Joseph Dion, Ubassy, and Garnier, will visit Philadelphia this week to give an exhibition for the benefit of E. J. Plunket, who is suffering from a paralytic stroke.

—John Deery is still in New York; A. P. Rudolph, at last accounts, in Havana.

—Maurice Daly has challenged M. Garnier. The time, date, and place will be arranged some day this week.

—American tourists are familiar with the sturdy mountaineers who act as guides over the rocky ways which divide France from Spain. *La Chasse Illustrée* tells of one of these guides, Orteig by name, who on December 21st started on foot from Pau for Paris, and arrived in Paris on the 1st of January. As the distance is 880 kilometres, or 450 miles as the crow flies, it is a good tramp. It must be remembered that for the first sixty miles it was mountain travel, that the days were short, and that by the roads it was fully 550 miles. Orteig's feat is justly worthy of mention.

The Horse and the Course.

—The Agricultural Association of La Salle, Ill., will hold a four day's race meeting on the 1st. of July, and three following days. The first two days will be trotting and the other two running. Eight thousand dollars will be given in purses for competition—\$4,000 for trotters and \$4,000 for runners.

—Harry Bassett will not be trained this year, but will be placed in the stud at Princeton, N. J., for Colonel McDaniel's exclusive service.

—The Trainers' and Drivers' Protective Association passed a set of resolutions at a late meeting as an acknowledgment of the kindness and attention shown to members of their association by the members of the different trotting associations visited by them as trainers and drivers during the season of 1873. These resolutions were addressed to Buffalo, Hampden, Beacon, Catskill, Point Breeze, Fleetwood, Prospect Park, Goshen, Plainville and Cleveland Club Park associations. The resolutions have been handsomely printed and a copy sent to each of the above trotting parks.

—The Savannah Joekey Club have been obliged to postpone the races until to-day owing to the inclement weather. Savannah is quite full of people, and the races promise to be the most successful held in the South since the war.

—The Chestnut colt Tom Aiken, four years old, by John Aiken, dam Likeness, belonging to the stables of L. A. Hitchcock, died suddenly, in Savannah, on Tuesday last. At the time Tom Aiken had been ridden around the track, when he stopped suddenly, reeled, fell to the ground and expired in less than two minutes, his rider barely alighting on the ground before the colt was down. His death was caused by congestion of the lungs.

—It is stated by the Louisville *Ledger* that R. Ten Broeck, has recently shipped six head of race horses to Europe.

—There are at present \$60,000 worth of thorough-breds on the Nashville Course under training.

In South Durham, Vermont, is to be found one of the oldest horses in the United States. This equine Methuselah is in his forty-second year, and is still lusty. Some time, years ago, we saw an English horse near St. Catharines in Canada, whose age was thirty-eight, he was as neat looking and as full of fire as a two-year-old. A list of equine longevities well authenticated, with attention paid to the kind and breed of horse, and character of work, would be not only interesting, but useful. Will some of our friends give us information in regard to this subject? In Africa, we have seen barbs of twenty and twenty-five years old, with Arabs on them, scouring the plains of Algiers, as fresh and gay as colts. In the United States we use up horse flesh too quickly.

—At a recent sale of heavy cart horses in Liverpool, the amounts realized were from \$271, the lowest price, up to \$528, the highest. The animals were from five to six years old, in fine order, and would weigh on an average 2,000 pounds each, and reach seventeen hands in height.

How to DRIVE.—There is a point of prime importance in driving any horse, but especially a young one; it is the way you handle the reins. Most drivers overdrive. They attempt too much; and, in so doing, distract or hamper the horse. Now and then you find a horse with such a vicious gait that his speed is got from him by the most artificial process, but such horses are fortunately rare, and hence the style of management required cannot become general. The true way is to let the horse drive himself, the driver doing little but directing him, and giving him that confidence which alone gets in himself when he feels that a guide and a friend is back of him. The most vicious and inexcusable style of driving is that which so many drivers adopt, viz., wrapping the lines around either hand, and pulling the horse backward with all their might and main,

so that the horse, in point of fact, pulls the weight back of him with his mouth, and not with his breast and shoulders. This they do under the impression that such a dead pull is needed to "steady" the horse. This method of driving I regard as radically and superlatively wrong. It would tax the ingenuity of a hundred fools to invent a worse one. The fact is, with rare exceptions there should never be any pull put upon the horse at all. A steady pressure is allowable; but anything beyond this has no justification in nature or reason; for nature suggests the utmost possible freedom of action of head, body, and limbs that the animal may attain the highest rate of speed; and reason certainly forbids the supposition that by the bits and not the breast collar the horse is to draw the weight attached to it. In speeding my horse I very seldom grasp the lines with both hands when the road is straight and free from obstructions. The lines are rarely steadily taut, but held in easy pliancy, and used chiefly to shift the the bit in the animal's mouth, and by this motion communicate confidence to him. I find that by this method my horses break less and go much faster than when driven by men who put the old fashioned steady pull upon them.—*Murray's Perfect Horse.*

NEW LEGISLATION FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—At Albany, on the 29th of last month, Mr. Wagstaff's bill conferring additional powers on the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was favorably received. The new additions to the former laws are as follows:

Section 3 provides that any officer, agent or member of said society may lawfully interfere to prevent the perpetration of any act of cruelty to any animal in his presence, and any person who shall interfere with, or obstruct any such officer, agent or member, in the discharge of his duty, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

The fourth and fifth sections are as follows:

4. Any agent or officer of said society may lawfully destroy or cause to be destroyed, any animal found abandoned and not properly cared for, appearing, in the judgment of two reputable citizens called by him to view the same in his presence, to be glandered, injured or diseased past recovery for any useful purpose.

5. When any person arrested is at the time of such arrest in charge of any vehicle drawn by or containing any animal, any agent of said society may take charge of such animal, and of such vehicle and its contents, and deposit the same in a place of safe custody, or deliver the same into the possession of the police or sheriff of the county or place wherein such arrest was made, who shall thereupon assume the custody thereof.

—We acknowledge the following polite note from the President of the Blooming Grove Park Association, and congratulate the Club upon this new and valuable accession to its Kennel. The gift of Mr. Sartori is deserving of highest appreciation:—

NEW YORK, January 30, 1874.

CHAS. HALLOCK, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—On behalf of our Club, I have just received a very valuable addition to our Kennels at the Park; a splendid pair of beagle hound pups of a rare strain, presented by Mr. John B. Sartori of Philadelphia, who is one of the Directors. This breed of hounds is specially good for white hare hunting; they are very musical and tractable, and can be trained so that they will follow nothing else.

I hope you will enjoy many a hunt listening to the music of a pack of their descendants, among the thousands of hares in which our grounds abound. Very truly yours,

F. S. GILES,

President Blooming Grove Park.

[Beagles are not fast enough to follow the white hare, nor can they trail, track or travel through snow, which is the season the hare changes his coat. The harrier, or a small breed of fox hound is the proper breed of dog for the white hare.—ED.]

New Publications.

[Publications sent to this office, treating upon subjects that come within the scope of the paper, will receive special attention. The receipt of all books delivered at our Editorial Rooms will be promptly acknowledged in the next issue. Publishers will confer a favor by promptly advising us of any omission in this respect. Prices of books inserted when desired.]

ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

Among the recent new publications designed for the use of the different classes of our public schools, we notice, as worthy of especial attention, one called "The School Stage." Such a work has long been wanted. This new collection of juvenile plays for schools and home exhibitions contains twenty seven new short dialogues and plays for juveniles. It is handsomely illustrated, with full directions for stage management, properties, costumes, &c., in connection with the whole art of stage business, which makes it a desirable work for all who engage in such amusements. These plays, dramas, &c., are by W. H. Venable, and the book is furnished at the price of \$1 25. Contents unexceptionable.

GOOD MORALS AND GENTLE MANNERS. By Alex. M. Grow. A. N.

This is a work designed for the use of schools as a text book on Moral and Social Law. Price \$1 25. This work goes into the very essence of school teaching, especially upon the much neglected subjects, which will be found highly useful in every school and family. No one can fail to receive much useful information and profit from a careful reading of it.

Next we have "Thalheimer's Ancient History." A complete manual of ancient history from the very earliest times to the fall of the Western Empire. M. E. Thalheimer, formerly of the Packer Collegiate Institute, has done a good service to the cause of education. This work is the fruit of much careful research among the ancient temples and other historical objects. Illustrated with drawings and charts of the same, all of which may be relied upon as accurate delineations of the text. A complete index and pronouncing vocabulary adds to its value. As a manual, the work will, we think, be regarded as near perfect as any work of the kind before the public. The whole of the rich, glowing, highly oriental style of historic thought, of historical facts and traditions, are admirably blended in one perfect whole. We think it is a work that should have a prominent place in every town library that has an historical shelf within its niches. As a whole, concise, reliable history, we feel we do only justice to a well written work. If we were to give a strictly critical analysis of this work we might not pass over all its points without calling attention to some minor errors which, in a second edition, will doubtless be corrected.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES. By A. Gallengo. Author of "Country Life in Piedmont." London: Chapman & Hall. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. pp. 202. \$2.25.

This book is the written experience of the author while on a visit to the island of Cuba, and contains much interesting and very reliable matter concerning this pleasant locality. In this work the extent and resources of the island are spoken of. He speaks of the Cuba of years ago when in the full tide of experimental slave labor; of the form of government; of the state of society and resources of the island previous to the war for the abolition of American slavery. When we had abolished slavery and were casting about anxiously as to what we should do with our freedmen, the Spanish Antilles were in a state of quietude, left on their own, in the enjoyment of a full monopoly of its advantages and disadvantages. The author carries his readers through all the exciting topics and vicissitudes incident upon all its changes, up to the

year 1868, when the death of Isabella united the two contending factions. Of the Spanish Government he says: "One feeling, however, Spaniards and Creoles may be said to have in common, and this is hatred for the Spanish Government and its officials. The Spaniards find it for their interest to identify themselves with the Mother Country and with its rulers, so long as in their name they contrive to have both the Government and the native population at their discretion, and so long as under the name of the Spanish Crown they can manage to defy or to baffle the intimations of foreign powers, and the outcry of public opinion for negro emancipation."

THE WETHEREL AFFAIR. By J. W. De Forest. Author of "Overland," "Kate Beaumont," &c. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This is one of the class of books that will hold in quiet many of our lady readers. It is of the sensational kind of novels, yet only moderately so; it carries along with the theory of the affair not by any means an intricate plot, as any one used to this class of reading would have divined the end of the beginning before he or she had reached the middle of the book. The character of the Heir at Law is quite a natural character of many young men of the present day who, like Wetherel the heir disinherited, have a desire to be called "fast young men," and yet who like him, in after life, have not grace enough left to repent and like him become good members of society. Almost too many characters introduced makes the work somewhat profuse; yet after examining its faults—as there are certainly faults within its pages—we feel upon the whole to commend it. There are many men of to-day whom the portrait of Judge Wetherel would just suit, and so of the female characters, some of whom we love, and as soon as we know them we feel a deep interest in them. Nestora is a well drawn character. She will find in her lady readers many sympathetic friends. Of the Count Paloski we think him a very small rascal, and we are the least pleased with the etchings of his character than with any one in the book. We like the moral tone of this book—Tupper's quotations and all.

MAGAZINES.

Among the horticultural catalogues of the month we would notice with much favor "Vicks Floral Guide." To the uninitiated in the language of flowers this is the golden key, the *open sesame* to the whole flower world. We cannot do our lady friends and all who love the bright and beautiful flowers of earth, a better service than to recommend them to purchase this Guide. You cannot invest at a better interest a twenty-four cent stamp than to send it in a letter to Vick and see what you receive in return.

Oliver Optic's Magazine for February. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We open this truly boys' and girls' magazine, and find it filled to overflowing with the good stories and lively chat of the month. We can only promise our young readers a treat from the following table of contents. They will know in what fields to dig for enduring treasures. We say to them, "Go dig, and be learned and wise."

"The Coming Wave," Chap. iv and v. "Your Valentines," "The Lily and the Cross," chap. v to ix. "Running to Waste," "Riderless," a poem; "The Homespun Club," "Minot's Ledge Light House," "The Camp in the Gulch," and a variety of other interesting original papers.

Durfee & Foxcraft subscription managers, 151 Washington street.

Popular Science Monthly for February. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Among the many papers of this number particularly deserving careful attention, we would place before our readers this extract as having a direct bearing upon one of the great questions of the day: "First, as regards public Schools, I would make provision for simple instruction in the elements of Physiology and Hygiene, either by the use of some short and plain text-book, or, what is still better, by lectures from some competent resident physician. I confess that I greatly prefer the latter method. Not only theory, but experience, leads me to prefer it. Were it not that we have made a very great mistake in our systems of public instruction, by severing our common school instruction from advanced instruction, we should by this time have a body of teachers in our common schools abundantly able to lecture to the pupils without a text-book. I trust the time will come when provision will be made just as thoroughly for advanced instruction as for primary and common school instruction, when all will be connected together; when the present logical separation that exists, under which primary and common school education is provided for by the State, and advanced education is left very inadequately provided by various religious denominations, will be done away with. But at present we have comparatively few teachers in our public schools who are competent without text-books to teach a subject of this kind; therefore it is that I would have provision made, in our larger schools especially, for lectures by resident physicians. That the interest of pupils can be roused in this way I know, for I have seen it fully tried. It is one of those subjects in which, with a little care, the great body of school children can be greatly interested, and this without the slightest detriment to other subjects. The very change of method will make them come back to other subjects of study with renewed vigor."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE DEBATABLE LAND, Between this World and the Next. By Robert Dale Owen.

A book for the scholar, the sceptic, the believer, the scientist and the novel reader. A book denounced by the *Catholic World* as leading to the devil, and praised by the *Independent* as leading to a greater faith, reverence and love of Christianity." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

MODERN OMBRE. Boston: A. Williams & Co. have just published an old Spanish game under this title, with full rules and directions for playing the same, both for beginners and the more advanced players. It is said to be "very good indeed;" how good that is we will tell you when we have read it.

SCHEM'S STATISTICS OF THE WORLD. We have received from the publisher, G. J. Moulton, of 103 Fulton street, the work with the above title, where may be found in convenient form the various statistical points in regard to all countries, so necessary for the literary man or the student, and which take up so much time to find, compressed in a single volume. The book in neat form is a very perfect statistical compendium, and will be found most useful.

GEOLOGICAL STORIES. A series of autobiographies in chronological order, by J. E. Taylor, F. L. S., F. G. S. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF NAVIGATION. By Henry Evers, L.L. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

HALF HOURS WITH THE MICROSCOPE. Being a popular guide to the use of the microscope as a means of amusement and study. Illustrated. Edwin Lankester, M. D. New York: Putnam's Sons. 1874.

—Pedro C. Armijo, or Pete Armijo, as he was better known to his numerous American friends, the well-known sheep-king of Albuquerque, New Mexico, committed suicide by shooting himself on Jan. 7th, the cause, it is said, being a disappointment in love.

—Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system.

—Naugatuck is the only town in Connecticut bearing an Indian name.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE REMINGTON WORKS



FIRE ARMS!
AND
SEWING MACHINES!

New Double Barrelled BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS. Snap and Positive Action, with patent Joint Check, a marvel of beauty, finish, and cheapness; celebrated REMINGTON RIFLES—adopted by NINE DIFFERENT GOVERNMENTS, and renowned throughout the world for military, hunting, and target purposes; PISTOLS, RIFLE CANES, METALLIC CARTRIDGES, &c.

Also Manufacturers of the new
REMINGTON SEWING MACHINE,
To which was awarded the
"MEDAL OF PROGRESS"

the highest order of medal awarded at the late Vienna Exposition; also received the FIRST and only premium over all other machines at the great Central New York Fair, at Utica, 1873. This machine has sprung rapidly into favor, as the BEST MADE MACHINE in the world, and possessing the best COMBINATION of good qualities, namely, light running, smooth, noiseless, rapid, durable, with perfect lock stitch.

Send for Circulars.
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ILION, N. Y.
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E. H. MADISON
DEALER IN

Guns and Gunning Material,
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Sporting Goods
BOUGHT, SOLD, EXCHANGED, AND
ON HIRE. Special attention paid to Fine Guns and
Breach-Loaders, &c. Repairing of every description
a specialty.
Goods sent everywhere by express, marked
C. O. D.

Established 1837.
J. B. Crook & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

FISHING TACKLE,
50 Fulton St., N. Y.
Green Hart, Split Bamboo, Log Wood, Fly
and Salmon Rods, a Specialty.

ESTABLISHED IN 1835.
PRITCHARD BROS.,
No. 94 Fulton St., N.Y.
ALL KINDS OF

Fishing Tackle
Made and repaired with the utmost despatch.
ALSO, CONSTANTLY ON HAND
THE BEST SELECTION OF TROUT AND SALMON
RODS, REELS, LINES AND FLIES.
Medals awarded at the World's Fair and American
Institute for our superior Artificial Flies.

KRUG & CO.'S
CHAMPAGNE,
A WINE OF UNRIVALLED EXCELLENCE
AND PURITY,
A. ROCHEREAU & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
No. 8 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET.
To be had of all family grocers.

J. H. BATTY,
DEALER IN
OBJECTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.



N. A. Birds and eggs for collections, and Buck's heads, and Game Birds for Sportsmen a specialty.
Taxidermist's tools, eyes and materials. Also quaria, cement, gold-fish, mocking-bird food, &c.
Taxidermy practiced in all its branches.
Address,
New Utrecht, New York.

HAVANA LOTTERY.
Important Notice.
For the coming drawings, commencing January 8th, we have reduced the price of tickets as follows:
Wholes \$20, \$10, \$5, 1-5 \$4, 1-10 \$2, 1-20 \$1
We are prepared to fill all orders. Circulars sent upon application. Highest price paid for Spanish Bank Bills, Governments, Etc.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,
111 Wall Street, N. Y.

Hotels.

St. John's Hotel,
PALATKA, E. FLA.,
P. & H. PETERMANN, PROPRIETORS.
This well-known resort for Winter has been newly
urnished throughout, combining first-class table with
every convenience and comfort to guests.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
—CORNER OF—
Fulton, Water and Pearl Sts.,
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G. L. PEABODY, }

Sportsmen's Goods.
ALBERT C. KUCK,
(SUCCESSOR TO N. J. PLUMB.)
No. 32 PARK ROW,
Opposite New P. O. NEW YORK.

IMPORTER OF
Needles & Fish-Hooks,
AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FISHING TACKLE, GUNS,
REVOLVERS,
Skates & Sporting Goods.

GAIL BORDEN'S
Canned Goods.

GAIL BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CON-
DENSED MILK.
BORDEN'S EXTRACT OF COFFEE,
Combined with Refined Sugar and Condensed Milk
BORDEN'S PURE COCOA,
BORDEN'S ROAST BEEF,
BORDEN'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

This Extract is especially useful for making Soup
enriching Hashes, Gravies, Stews, Oyster Stews, etc
Bullion may be made in a minute's time by mingling
this extract with salt and hot water.
These goods are for sale at all the principal Grocers
and Druggists.

Grand Medal of Merit, Vienna, 1873,
AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.'S
(ROCHESTER, N. Y.)
PEERLESS & PLAIN
FINE CUT CHEWING,
Vanity Fair
Cut Cavendish Smoking.
Ask your Dealer, or send direct to our
works for a supply of PURE Tobacco.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, Nov. 30, 1873.
Messrs. Wm. S. Kimball & Co.:

SIR—A friend of mine sent me, with a transport
of Indian Skulls, two pounds of "Vanity Fair," which I declare
to be the best Tobacco I ever smoked. We have very good
tobacco in Vienna—Turkish and Hungarian, but "Vanity Fair"
is the King of all, by its aromatic flavor and the right sort of
strength. My friend in New York got an appointment in
California, by that reason I apply immediately to you, begging
you to send me for the enclosed ten dollars, a supply of "Vanity
Fair," and send with the next steamer to Germany. If there
is a German firm that sells your excellent "Vanity Fair," I
beg you to enclose me the address.

Dr. Jos. Hyrtl,
Professor of Anatomy in the University of Vienna.

TO SPORTSMEN.
CHAMPION POINTER
"BELLE."

The artistic portrait of this REMARKABLE
ANIMAL, the champion field dog of England has
been enlarged by a celebrated animal painter of
this city, and cut on stone, and also Photographed
by Frederick, of Broadway, and is now ready for deli-
very. The size of the dog is 6x4 inches, mounted
on superior card board. The Pedigree and points
made in the late great field trials for all aged Pointers
and Setters is also given.

Price One Dollar per pair by Mail. Discount to the
Trade.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
Thomas Sparks,
Shot & Bar Lead
Manufacturer,
[Established 1808]
Office, No. 121 Walnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Paper Shell Creaser.
NEW, SIMPLE and EFFECTIVE. It fastens the
shot wad firmly, lessens recoil, and improves the pat-
tern. Can also be used as a loader, and is easily car-
ried in the pocket.
FOR SALE BY ALL GUN DEALERS.
Sent by mail for \$3.50, in ordering give size of shell.
Address
W. B. HALL, Lancaster, Penn.
25-57

Miscellaneous Advertisements.



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DEOBSTRUENT
CURE FOR
COUGH COLDS
INFLAMMATION
RUB IN
TRADE MARK
ASTHMA
CROUP

Cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Neuralgia,
Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, Rheu-
matism, Chillsains, Strains, &c.
A SPECIFIC FOR BITES OF INSECTS.
The Deobstruent allays Inflammation, removes the
obstructions, reopens and stimulates the circulation,
cleanses, soothes and heals more rapidly than any
other known preparation. For sale by all Druggists.
Samples Free! Ask for it! Test it!
Ward, Russell & Co.,
28 AND 30 FULTON ST., N. Y.

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
ALL KINDS OF
BIRDS, ANIMALS
And Fowls,
Mocking Bird Food, &c.,
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3d door from N. William. NEW YORK.

WE GIVE THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR LIVE
SPECIMENS OF THE
BEAVER, OTTER,
BEAR, WILD CAT,
MOOSE, ELK,
ANTELOPE,
AND ALL KINDS OF WILD AMERICAN ANI-
MALS AND BIRDS.
CHAS. REICHE. HENRY REICHE.
11-63

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SUCCESSOR TO PHELAN & COLLENDER,


MANUFACTURERS OF THE
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BILLIARD TABLES,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES
No. 738 BROADWAY,
ANDREW CLERK & CO.
48 Maiden Lane N. Y.,
Importers, Manufacturers and
Dealers in
FISHING TACKLE.

On hand the largest and best assortment ever ex-
hibited in the United States. They particularly call
attention to their
TROUT, SALMON AND BASS RODS.
Every variety of Salmon and Trout Flies, and Hooks
on Gut. Cutty Hunk and Pasque Islands Bass Lines,
waterproof Braided Silk Lines, every size and quality of
SILK, LINEN AND COTTON LINES,
And every Variety and Style of
FISH HOOKS.
Parties fitted out with appropriate Tackle for the
Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast, Canada, Maine,
the Adirondacks, &c., &c.
Split Bamboo, Trout and Salmon Rods and Reels
a Specialty.
Agents for the St. Lawrence Fishing Co. Sole Im-
porters of Warrin's Celebrated Drilled
Eyed Needles.

One of the "FOREST AND STREAM" staff bought a
Hat for \$5.00 in a Broadway hatter's and found out he
could get the same hat, by the same maker for, \$3.50 at
TURNBULL'S
The Great Hatter,
81 FULTON STREET,
BROOKLYN. 13-26

KELLOGG & DECKER,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS.
Fine Military, Masonic
Society, and Presentation
Badges and Medals.
28 Bond Street, New York.

J. WALLACE,
Naturalist & Taxidermist
IMPORTER OF
FOREIGN BIRD SKINS AND ARTIFI-
CIAL EYES,
19 N. William Street, New York.
10-62

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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WINE, CHOP ROOM & RESTAURANT,
Supplied with the Choicest English Delicacies.
JUGGED HARE. WELSH RAREBIT. TRIPE SUP-
PERS.
Everything served in BEST LONDON STYLE. Un-
rivalled accommodations for Supper Parties. Open
all night. **GEORGE PARKINS, Proprietor.**

SALMON SPAWN
FOR SALE.
For the purpose of accommodating private parties
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am authorized by the U. S. Commission of Fish and
Fisheries to offer for sale a limited quantity of SAL-
MON SPAWN at
\$5 PER THOUSAND EGGS.
Warranted to be in good condition. The time for
distribution is rapidly approaching, and parties wish-
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Billiard Balls, Cloth, Cues, &c. Ten Pin Balls and
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Opposite Post Office, NEW YORK.
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SHIRT MAKER,
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FINE SHIRTS, COLLARS AND
CUFFS TO ORDER,
—AT POPULAR PRICES—
Fashionable Furnishing Goods in great variety
8-20

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ESTABLISHMENT.
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MANUFACTURING
STATIONERS,
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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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BREECH LOADING GUNS
A SPECIALTY.



We would call the attention of the public to our large assortment of

Breech-Loading Shot Guns,
Manufactured by the following celebrated makers: Messrs. W. & C. SCOTT & SONS (winners at the International Gun Trial of 1873); P. WEBLEY & SON, W. W. GREENER, WESTLEY RICHARDS, J. HOLLIS & SONS, and other makers.

A full line of fine
PISTOLS AND RIFLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
DIXONS & HAWKLEY'S SHOOTING TACKLE.
To insure good shooting from Breech-loading Guns, we would recommend the use of the

STURTEVANT BRASS SHOT SHELLS,
manufactured by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn. These shells are the cheapest and best in the market, can be easily re-capped with ordinary caps, without the use of the implements necessary in priming all other styles of shells.
BUSSEY'S PATENT GYRO PIGEON AND TRAP,
WITH CASE, AND 100 BIRDS.

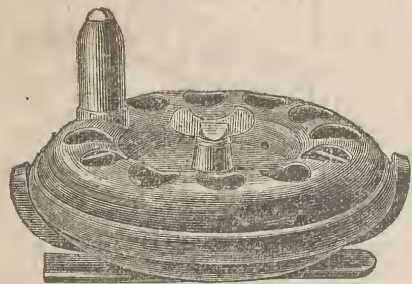
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Union Metallic Cartridge Com-
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WARRANTED THE BEST IN THE MARKET.
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EAGLE BRAND

DROP SHOT,
ALSO
Compressed Shot
AND
BAR LEAD.
Jan. 25 -50

**DR. FOWLER'S PATENT
HARD RUBBER REEL.**
"The Gem."



Imperishable, Light as a Feather, and
not Liable to Get Out of Order.

Numerous letters of recommendation have been received from the most experienced anglers in America, highly approving of this Reel, prominent among which are Mr. Seth Green and the Hon. Robt. Roosevelt.

This Reel, the latest contribution to the angler's outfit has now been before the public for one year, and we have yet to hear of the first complaint from the many hundreds who have used it.

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How to shoe Horses
IN THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MANNER.
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EXPLOSIVE BULLET CARTRIDGE.**
For Sharpe's, Remington, Government, Winchester, Spencer, Ballard and all other rifles. Smith & Wesson's No. 3 Revolver, &c., &c.,
SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE.

All sizes constantly on hand and for sale by
JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS,
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Send for Circular.

Sportsmen's Goods.



This Rifle, after being tested in the severest manner by the late Board of U. S. Officers, appointed by the Government to select the best arm for the service; and after examining over one hundred different systems, including the best guns of Europe, say of it, "that it is the best rifle they have seen, or of which they have any knowledge. They therefore recommend it for trial in the hands of the troops. A seven pound carbine on this plan, with coarse military sights, has made better targets at Creedmoor the past summer, than the best English and American target Rifles weighing 10 pounds and having peep and globe sights.

We are now making these guns to supply the numerous demands, and will soon have them in the market.

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SPECIAL MAGAZINE RIFLE for large game, carrying from 3 to 8 cartridges, 70 to 85 grs. of powder, 350 to 400 grs. of lead, 8 to 10 lbs. weight, \$60.00 and upwards, according to finish.

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SINGLE BREECH LOADERS for long range Creedmoor shooting, 90 grs. powder; lead, 480 grs., from \$60.00 and upwards.

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The calibre of all our rifles, unless otherwise ordered, will be .45-100.

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BETHEL BURTON,
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**Solid
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Our Own Manufacture
Exclusively.

Cups for Races, Regattas, Pigeon Matches, Rifle Shooting, &c. Also Presentation Services for public or private use, in stock or made to order. Drawings and Estimates furnished when desired.

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"ELECTRIC," in 1 lb. canisters.
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"KENTUCKY RIFLE," PFFG and PFG and "SEA SHOOTING" FG in kegs of 25, 12 1/2, and 6 1/2 lbs. and canisters of 5 lbs.

Superior Mining and Blasting Powder.

The above well-known Gunpowders are supplied by the company's agents in every prominent city, and in the various mining districts of the United States and by all dealers in Guns and Sporting materials, or wholesale at the office of the Company,

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A. G. HAZARD, President.
Thos. S. POPE, Secretary.

NO QUININE. NO QUININE.
WOODWARD'S CHARM,
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One thing is positive, that a certain, permanent cure can be relied upon in all miasmatic or bilious disorders. The proprietor has given it to many hundreds in the last fifteen years, and has yet to hear of a single case where it has failed to do good with its extraordinary virtues. Sent by mail anywhere on receipt of one dollar. Address
WOODWARD'S CHARM,
P. O. BOX 2832 NEW YORK CITY.

25-29

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REMINGTON'S
Sporting, Hunting and Target
Breech-Loading
Rifles and Shot Guns.

Long Range Match Rifles for "Creedmoor" Shooting, now ready. The same as won the "Turf, Field and Farm" Badge, Aug. 2, and "Amateur Rifle Club" Badge, Aug. 9. See reports. Unequaled for accuracy by either Breech or Muzzle-Loaders of other makers.

For simplicity of mechanism, ease of manipulation, quality of workmanship and material, accuracy of range, and penetration, WITHOUT COMPARISON. "It is a noteworthy fact that though many different kinds of rifles were used in the several matches, including the converted Springfield, Remington, Mcford, Ballard and Ward Burton Rifle, every prize in all the matches was won by those who fired with the Remington rifle, except the last."—From N. Y. Times, June 22, 1873.—(See full report.)

The Remington Rifle won Twenty-two out of Twenty-three Prizes at the Creedmoor Meeting, June 21, 1873.

Also, Revolving, Repeating, Deringer, and Vest Pocket

PISTOLS & RIFLE CANES.
—OUR—
Double Barrel Breech Loading Gun

IS NOW READY.
The best ever offered, containing all the most desirable features of the best imported, together with some valuable improvements peculiar only to this gun. Top Snap action, half-cocked, breech opened and shells extracted by one motion.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
281 and 283 Broadway, N. Y.
OR, ARMORY, ILION, N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

**Breech-Loading Double
GUNS**

OF ALL THE BEST MAKERS.
Fishing Tackle
—AND—
SPORTSMEN'S GOODS.

IMPORTED AND FOR SALE BY
BARTON, ALEXANDER & WALLER,
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Agents for the United States Arms Company's Repeating Pistols.

Established 1847.
LEATHER GOODS.

KID, BUCK, DOGSKIN AND FUR GLOVES AND GAUNTLETS.
RIDING AND SHOOTING LEGGINS,
LEATHER UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.
BUCKSKIN RIDING AND HUNTING SUITS.
BOXING GLOVES. MOCCASINS, LEATHER LIVERY BREECHES, &c., &c., &c.

Skins dressed and made up as may be desired.

C. Field & Co.
IMPORTERS and MANUFACTURERS.
735 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—That really desirable house, 239 Gates avenue, adjoining the residence of the subscriber, beautifully frescoed and finished; lot 23x100. Price \$9,000. Cash \$3,750, balance can remain. Apply to CHAS. HALLOCK, Office of Forest and Stream.

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