

the bundle from a limb by a rope, in the deep shade out of reach of prowling varmints, and proceeded on our way. Such trout and such fishing had only been dreamed of by us. Imagination may have pictured such waters, but this was the first full realization of those dreamy pictures and waking anticipations of trout and trout waters either of us had ever experienced. We need not have fished far, for a dozen pools would have furnished us with all the trout we wanted, but not knowing when another opportunity might offer for the investigation of the Upper Molalla, we pushed forward as rapidly as possible. None but anglers can appreciate with what intoxicating bliss we appropriated nature's hidden treasures. Enamored, infatuated with the weird stream, we could hardly resist the temptation to go on and look further into the secret recesses of nature's inner temple, even when night, sweet nature's dusky maid, had drawn her sable curtains down.

"Harry," said I, "let us take a tumble to ourselves and quit."

"All right; just wait until we get to the cascades in the bend," he replied. And soon we were at the designated spot making our last cast for the day. A bright fire soon crackled at the mouth of an unfinished cave, our coffee was boiling and our trout frying in the broiler, and our blankets hung near the camp fire to dry. Then we sat down and ate and chatted as only hungry, happy anglers can eat and chat after a hard day on the mountain stream. We cleaned our afternoon's catch, wrapped it in fern, and put it down on the cold rocks near the water and turned in. Of course the night was uncomfortably cool, but exhausted nature asserted her rights and we went to sleep. Several times I was awakened by old Mike, who seemed to be restless and watchful. It must have been shortly after midnight, when the dogs brought us both to our feet by their vicious growls. As we jumped up the dogs, emboldened and with hair bristling, dashed down toward the bundle of fish by the stream.

"A coon must be after our fish," said I.
"What's the matter with cougars and wildcats?" Harry suggested, and added, "The dogs wouldn't take on so over a coon."

An hour later Harry's opinion was emphasized by an infernal yell that rang out horribly somewhere on the mountain above and which was presently answered from near the stream below. We did not know whether it was a cougar matinee or a demon picnic, but I assure you we kept our camp fire roaring the balance of the night and on until it was broad daylight. Suspending our bundle of trout and caching our luggage we fished up the stream until noon and then retraced our steps to the camp of the previous night. Our trip had terminated at an enormous boulder that sat defiantly in the edge of a deep pool at the foot of a long rapid. Standing on the rock we lifted eight trout out of the pool, none of which weighed less than a pound; then, sadly turned our backs to the hidden wonders above, that appealed to us so alluringly. I believe that this was the only time in my life that I really wanted wings. But we had done as much as could be expected of mortals and we felt grateful for the rations of happiness which had been assigned to us.

Another night by the stream, another day with its rapids and pools and we were well down toward the forks. We had passed the place at which we had descended to the stream, hoping to find some easier way out, but none had presented itself, and here we were in the cul de sac of the gorge. It was a trying position to place two heavily laden, weary fishermen in. Through the gorge, a half mile would put us on the trail, while over the mountain—another wretched night, another day of weary toil.

"Let's try the gorge," said Harry, and I responded, "It's a go." So we repacked our fish and luggage; then we jumped up and down and yelled to loosen the suspended boulders that seemed to be curiously watching our preparations from above. Like two cats we crept along the narrow shelves, scarcely breathing for fear of awakening some sleeping boulder that might grind us to dust.

The trip through that gorge was the most entertaining to my nerves, for a short trip, in all my fishing experience.

But here we were again in the mellow haze of the open valley, listening to the evening carols of the happy birds, the mournful ditties of the sorrowing crickets and closing the last chapter of my trouting experience in the lovely Molalla country.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

"Judge Greene's Molalla letters are delightful," writes our contributor "Von W.," of Charlestown, N. H., "I wish I could be with him for a week this summer." The appreciation and the wish must have been shared by a host of readers, who have followed these happily told relations of an angler's outings in the Northwest.]

ANGLING NOTES.

STRIPED BASS are now being caught with nets in large numbers, but it will be some time before they can be taken with hook and line. Generally the first bass or "rock fish," as our Southern anglers call them, are taken about the middle of April in our waters, and I am surprised to learn from a Potomac angler that they do not take striped bass in that section before May 1. I am inclined to think that if they tried fishing for them a little earlier with patience and perseverance and proper bait, they might find the season open by the first or middle of April.

As to the question, "What is the proper bait to use?" I hardly know what to say. Striped bass will take artificial flies, phantom minnows, live minnows, shrimp, crabs, clams, fiddler crabs, lobster, menhaden, squid, young eels, etc., etc. So from this bill of fare the angler can select whichever he can best obtain. Large striped bass, I mean the big fellows that are taken along the Atlantic coast, prefer the menhaden to any other bait, though a lobster tail will answer when the mossbunker cannot be obtained. Near New York the favorite baits seem to be shedder-crab, shrimp and the red or white sandworm. One of the most successful ways of killing striped bass in our waters is to troll for them with a small gang well filled with sandworms, above which a small metal or mottled pearl spoon revolves as the fisherman rows slowly over the ground. No sinker is necessary, as the swivels are heavy enough.

Further south, the eel tail pulled over an 8-0 Sproat hook is used for trolling and is a very successful bait.

Small striped bass will take the fly very well at times in brackish water, and are very lively on a fly-rod. A shrimp cast in the same manner is also very taking.

Large bass are very shy and require light but very strong tackle. When chumming for these fish they will often rush up and take the small bits of menhaden in plain sight, but the next instant will turn away from the most tempting bit of bait on a hook. For this reason the bass fishermen of West and Pasque islands and other clubs along our coast prefer 9 or 12 thread lines, even if rather light for 50lbs. fish, experience having taught them that unless the water is discolored, larger lines show too plainly.

The rods used for this style of fishing should be made in one piece with a short removable butt for convenience in traveling, and, of course, the reels, to withstand the rush of these fish must be of the best quality. The knobbed O'Shaughnessy hooks are best for large bass, say Nos. 8-0 and 9-0, and for medium and small fish Nos. 4-0 to 6-0 sproat are generally preferred. Kirby bend hooks are not in favor among anglers for striped bass. On March 15 the anglers of Cleveland, at least those who are so fortunate as to belong to the club, will open the trout season at Castalia, near Sandusky, O. The writer expects to be there if the weather permits, for in the month of March the weather is a very important factor when it comes to fly-fishing, and there is no telling what we may have on that date. The members are overhauling their tackle and making great preparations for the occasion and fine sport is expected.

SCARLET-IRIS.

BOSTON PICKEREL FISHERMEN.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY might well be called pickerel day, in the New England States at least. It is not intended to intimate that the Father of His Country had anything like a pickerel in his nature, but rather that the tired merchants and professional gentlemen in the cities, as well as the farmers and country boys, are coming more and more to regard this as the holiday for fishing through the ice. Never has the day been more thoroughly devoted to this pastime by Boston anglers and sportsmen than this year. Preparations were made and parties made up days beforehand, and best of all, the weather was propitious.

The Loring party was one of about the best of the pickerel parties that went out from Boston the day before the 22d. It was made up of R. T. Loring, of the Chamber of Commerce grain trade; C. A. Loring, of the New York & New England Railroad freight department; E. Clement Holden, of the lumber trade, and G. H. Holden, of the clock trade. They went to Foster's Pond, in Andover, Mass., and a splendid day they had of it.

Before they went there was a deal of discussion as to the relative merits of tomcod or shiners for bait. But finally they decided on tomcod, and they came back well pleased with their decision. They found that the tomcod lived longer on the hooks, and that they made a tougher bait, the pickerel not generally succeeding in unbaiting the hook without getting caught. They obtained their bait of a man in Lowell, who makes a business of keeping live bait for sale. But they found that they were not alone on the pond. There were over 500 lines in the pond on that day, and the Loring boys express surprise as to where so many pickerel could come from, since nearly all of the fishermen had more or less of luck. The Loring party got 16 in all, and two of their large ones weighed 10lbs., the largest one being considerably over 5lbs. The boys were satisfied, as to numbers, and much pleased with their trip.

C. Claude Tarbox, also of the Boston grain trade, is a great lover of fishing. He had his pond all selected before the 22d and had his bait where he was sure he could "put his hand on it" in season. He went to Stetson's Pond in Boxford, with a friend or two, and they had fine sport.

Another most enthusiastic fisherman is Mr. A. W. Tompkins, of Waltham, with Foster, Weeks & Co., in the Boston grain and produce trade. Mr. Tompkins, with his friends in Waltham, supports a good camp a few miles up in the country, and they go there both for ice fishing and summer fishing, driving up with good teams, of which they are especially fond. On the 22d Mr. Tompkins, with A. S. Hartwell, J. A. Tolman and "Skipper" Some went to Herd's Pond, in Wayland. It ought to be mentioned right here that Mr. Some's front name is not "Skip" nor "Skipper," but so well is he known by the cognomen that his real name is neglected. This party had remarkably good luck. They took 38 pickerel and 2 black bass, one of which weighed 2lbs. and the other 2 1/2lbs. They used shiners for bait. They had the bait caught and saved beforehand. Last fall they caught 2,000 shiners at the Outlet, in Brighton, and they have had them in reserve for pickerel fishing. Mr. Tompkins says that they have used the last of them, however, and that is considerable bait for one winter. There were a great many lines in the pond, and all seemed to get fish.

On the Sudbury River, at different points, considerable fishing was done on the 22d. One party, including W. W. Hartwell and John Jemson, had excellent luck. They caught pickerel on nearly every line, and they had a good many lines out. Charley Nichols with a friend or two also had forty lines out on the Sudbury River. They took a great many fish. Charley, or "Nick," as he is better known, is one of the greatest fishermen in his neighborhood, and that is saying a good deal. He goes as often as occasion permits and his lines are among the most successful. Roberts Pond, or the old Cambridge reservoir, was lined with pickerel fishermen on the 22d, and some good hauls were made. One boy, I could not learn his name, came home to Boston by train that night. He had an enormous pickerel by the gills. It must have weighed six or seven pounds, and the boy's face was radiant. He will be very likely to visit the old reservoir again on the first opportunity.

The Commodore Club, at the head of Moose Lake, in Hartland, Me., has lately been visited by a delegation of some 30 of its members, with invited guests. The party went for fishing through the ice, and they had fine sport. The party included some of the best known lovers of the rod and line in Boston and vicinity. Several of the members of ex-Gov. Brackett's staff were in the party. Among them may be mentioned Col. H. T. Rockwell, Col. J. M. Hedges, Col. Buffington, Col. Fred M. Wellington, John A. Lowell, H. W. Tenney, Wm. Gray, Dr.

Carter, John Lakin, Arthur W. Pope and Francis Bachelor, and several others, all the above of Boston. In the party there was also Mayor Frank Harris of Pawtucket and Maj. Merrill, of Lawrence, State Insurance Commissioner. They found the Commodore club house commodious as ever, and hospitable enough for them all. These winter excursions to this famous club house are greatly enjoyed, and there are reports of good ice fishing, though the weather is very cold up there—almost always 19 or 20 degrees colder than in Boston, and perhaps 15 to 20 degrees colder than in New York. Another party of the club's members and friends is to start in a day or two, of which the FOREST AND STREAM shall have an account.

As a result of the fishing on the 22d a good many pickerel came into the Boston market, and yet not as many as last year, nor as many as might have been expected, since the day was a fine one for the sport of fishing through the ice. But there is naturally a dislike among sportsmen to ward seeing game fish in the markets, and hence few of the fish caught by the lovers of fishing for the sake of fishing find their way into the markets. There is also an antipathy among lovers of the rod and gun toward game and fish that find their way into market. This is well illustrated by an actual circumstance connected with pickerel fishing on Feb. 23. Mr. James L. Raybold, salesman at the commission house of Hyde & Wheeler, has probably sold many tons of pickerel, such as come to market. He would never think of carrying one home for his own table though reared in the neighborhood of the Adirondacks and as dear a lover of rod and gun as there is in the world. But a friend went on the 22d to a pond "down on the Cape." They put out some "night lines" and had a nice pickerel on nearly every line. The friend came back. He visited the house of Mr. Raybold, and not finding anybody in the kitchen, he helped himself to a platter on which he left a fine pickerel, nicely dressed. This he put into the refrigerator, and left without notifying the household. But in the morning the fish was cooked, and Mr. Raybold claims that it was one of the nicest fish he ever tasted.

SPECIAL.

THE MIGRATION OF EELS.

M. R. H. C. FIELD, in the *New Zealand Journal of Science* for November, 1891, gives some interesting notes upon the migration of eels in New Zealand. He says: "These fish come up from the sea in large shoals about the months of October and November, only about two inches long and as thick as a straw, and work their way up the tributary streams to very high elevations, large numbers living in swamps. They surmount the waterfalls by wriggling upwards among the wet moss beside the falls; the Maoris assert that each fish takes hold of the tail of the one in front of him with his mouth, so that they all help each other to ascend. This much is certain: If the head of the column is dislodged, the whole fall down; and the Maoris take advantage of this to catch large quantities of these 'tuna riki' (little eels), by holding flax baskets below a column and then detaching them. They then dry them for winter food, just as they do the whitebait, and the little eyeless fish of the volcanic springs at the head of the Roto-aire Lake. I know streams, tributaries of the Mangawhero and Wanganu rivers, which swarm with eels that have surmounted falls 200 feet to 600 feet high. Again on the west side of the Wanganu river, near the heads, there was formerly a large swamp, the surplus water of which trickled into the river over a flat of sand, several chains in width. In the autumn of 1856 or thereabouts, a gentleman who had been to the Station, was returning late in the evening, found a great number of large eels wriggling their way across the sand from the swamp to the river, and brought a string of them as large as he could carry, back to town with him. For several nights afterwards, several of us visited the spot and secured a large number. The migration lasted for about a week. The Maoris are perfectly well aware that the large eels migrate to the sea with the first autumn rains, and catch great numbers of them with traps at that season. The rain, no doubt, causes the water of the streams and lakes to rise, and so increases the pressure as to warn the fish to migrate. It was probably in this way that the eels of the Chatham Island lagoon, mentioned by Mr. Smith, knew that their way to the sea was open."

There are several lakes near here in which there are no eels, and any Maori would at once tell you this is because these lakes do not communicate with the sea. Up to 1855 or 1856 there were no eels in Virginia lake. The main road was then constructed northwards from Wanganu, and to enable it to be carried along the southern margin of the lake a trench was dug through the lowest adjacent ground and the water was lowered three feet or so. In the following spring, it is said, eels ascended to the lake in considerable numbers, although they had to surmount a fall of about twenty feet in height. Several years later this trench was deepened in order to increase the supply of water in dry weather. After this more eels found their way up to the lake, and the runs of eels continued until the lake was utilized as a source of water supply for the town about 1873, when the outlet was closed. It was soon found that the lake could not be relied on as a source of water supply as it drains no appreciable area of land, and therefore pipes were laid to bring into it water from another larger lake two miles distant. This lake is connected with the sea and contains eels, and every autumn some of the large ones endeavoring to migrate seawards, come through the pipes into the Virginia lake. This is known for certain, as the eels sometimes stick fast in the pipes and cause a stoppage of the water.

The presence of eels in Virginia Lake is no mystery and and they are certainly not bred there, as the young are never found in the lake. Very few are caught and they are all of a size worth taking, never under 2lbs. weight, and as high as seven.

THE OPAH IN CALIFORNIA.—In our issue of Oct. 31, 1889, we announced the capture of the first recognized specimen of the opah in California waters. The fish remained unknown to those who saw it, or a copy of the photograph made from it, until its identification by FOREST AND STREAM. This example, weighing 70 or 80lbs., was taken in October, 1888, in Bolinas Bay. Mr. C. H. Townsend has sent us a photograph of a second specimen, weighing 70lbs., which was captured by fishermen at Monterey. The opah from Bolinas Bay was sent to Redding, Cal., where it was cut into steaks and pronounced a good food fish. A description of this remarkably handsome species