

SALMON SPAWNING WITHOUT GOING TO SEA.

THE note by Mr. Atkins in this number of FOREST AND STREAM, on the reproduction of migratory salmon which have never left fresh water, is a most interesting one. Until a few years ago it was denied that such spawning had occurred. Dr. Günther, in his recent "Introduction to the Study of Fishes," makes the following statement upon the subject:

The question whether any of the migratory species can be retained by artificial means in fresh water, and finally accommodate themselves to a permanent sojourn therein, must be negatived for the present. Several instances of successful experiments made for this purpose have been brought forward; but all these accounts are open to serious doubts, inasmuch as they do not afford us sufficient proof that the young fish introduced into ponds were really young migratory Salmonoids, or that the full-grown specimens were identical with those introduced, and not hybrids or non-migratory trout of a somewhat altered appearance in consequence of the change of their locality. We have seen the experiment tried at two places in South Wales, and in both cases the salmon [*Salmo salar*] and the pure seewin [*Salmo cambricus*] died when not allowed to return to the sea. On the other hand, hybrid fishes from the seewin and the trout [*Salmo ario*] survived the experiment, and continued to grow in a pond perfectly shut up from communication with the sea. In that locality neither those hybrids nor the trout spawn.

As early as 1857, among a lot of salmon 22 months old which had been kept in a pond in France, some females were found full of eggs which were artificially fertilized and were carried almost to the point of hatching.

In December, 1880, Sir James Maitland obtained some salmon eggs from the Teith river, Scotland. In March, 1881, the eggs were hatched and the fry were placed in a large pond at Howietoun through which 1,000,000 gallons of water flowed daily. On Oct. 10, 1883, a female under 1lb. in weight was found to contain comparatively large eggs, of a deep reddish color. On Nov. 29, 1883, a male 11½ in. long was seen to be full of ripe milt. On Oct. 4, 1884, a female 13 in. long, which jumped out of the pond, contained eggs ½ of an inch in diameter, which is that of mature eggs. On Nov. 7, 1884, a female weighing 1½ lbs. was found almost dead beside the pond. From it were taken 100 apparently ripe eggs, which were milted from a Loch Leven trout. On Jan. 23, 1885, eighteen of these eggs hatched and on Feb. 10 the young were remarkably healthy and vigorous. This was said by Dr. Day to have been the first successful attempt in Great Britain to raise young from salmon eggs, the parents of which had never descended to sea, but passed their entire existence in fresh water.

On Dec. 1, 1884, two females in the pond at Howietoun yielded 1500 eggs, about 400 of which were hatched Feb. 21, 1885. On Dec. 9 about 4000 eggs were obtained and 2200 of them hatched Feb. 27. In Nov., 1886, Dr. Day exhibited in London a parr 5½ in. long, taken from a fine shoal of salmon at Howietoun, which was hatched in 1885 from eggs and milt obtained from parents that had never gone to sea; the salmon was 20 months old and in excellent condition.

The experiment at Craig's Brook by the U. S. Fish Commission we think is the first successful one of the kind in the United States, and the development of the eggs now in Mr. Atkins's keeping will be watched with unusual interest. It would seem that landlocking can be safely and rapidly accomplished with the noblest of game fishes and most of the dangers to the species removed by man's watchfulness.

PISCATORIAL EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

FROM Feb. 18 to March 5 the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, was the scene of a most remarkable display of the appliances and trophies of the anglers of Great Britain. It is probable that the world has never seen a more elaborate and exhaustive exhibit of fish and angling apparatus, comprising collections for the proper installation of which the great building proved inadequate. The London and Provincial clubs entered heartily into the spirit of the exhibition. Upward of forty London associations contributed representative collections, and fine displays of fish were contributed from Brighton, Nottingham, Leeds, Bradford, Leicester, Sheffield, and other cities. Of the London clubs the Friendly Anglers, True Waltonians and the New Albion Piscatorials showed 301 cases. Many celebrated private collections were also sent to the exhibition, among them the singular Indian fishes belonging to the Prince of Wales and the beautiful display of Mr. R. L. Pugh. It has been stated officially that if the exhibition cases had been placed end to end they would have made a line 8 or 9 miles long, and yet many good collections were turned away for lack of floor space. The whole number of stuffed fish exhibited was 2,500, all of which had been caught with rod and line.

The mounted specimens were skillfully arranged and surrounded by reeds and rushes in imitation of their natural surroundings in the water, and it is certain that thousands of anglers who witnessed the display lived over again in memory many happy experiences on mountain brook and smooth-flowing river. There were pictures, too, in oil, water colors and crayon, and the tackle makers showed a very elaborate assortment of their goods, particularly in salmon and trout rods. In one portion of the building were exhibited the fowls, especially bred for the manufacture of artificial flies.

Fish-hatching apparatus was not shown in variety, but Mr. Andrews of Guildford exhibited a new form of box for the transportation of trout eggs; he also had trout in various stages of development.

It will be somewhat difficult for American anglers to share in the enthusiasm of their English brethren over the large mudd, roach, chub, dace, bream, carp and other members of the minnow family, because their representatives in the United States are so generally small, bony and good-for-nothing; but they will be interested in the great pike, trout and salmon. The champion pike, contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, weighed 42½ lbs., and there were other specimens weighing 38, 35, 33, 32½, 28½, 26 and 25½ lbs. A Geneva Lake trout of 40 lbs., caught on the Rhone with a spoon bait last year, two Norway salmon of 52 lbs., a Tay salmon of 40 lbs., a Thames trout of 14½ lbs., and a yellow perch of 4½ lbs. were among the famous fishes exhibited. The pike-perch of Germany, which is a near relative of and bears a striking resemblance to the fish of the same name in America, was in one of the private collections. The American black bass also lent a familiar charm to the scene.

But best of all was the friendly rivalry which made this great exhibition possible and the fraternal spirit animating those who contributed to its success. The same rivalry and the same friendly spirit should enable American anglers to assemble at the World's Fair an exhibit which shall excel in scope and execution the best the world has seen.

THE DELMONICO WOODCOCK CASE.

THE case of the People against Delmonico on the charge of having served woodcock in July of 1890 is to-day precisely where it was a month ago; and where, according to Assistant District Attorney Townsend, it may remain for five or six months to come. Meanwhile the evil effects of the scandalous delay in bringing this Fifth avenue summer woodcock purveyor to trial are widespread and serious, and growing more widespread and serious every day.

Responsibility for the delay rests entirely with District Attorney Nicoll. The People being the plaintiffs, this is a preferred case; were the District Attorney so disposed, he could move for trial at once.

Two explanations are possible of this public prosecutor's masterly inactivity: He may have the time, but lack willingness to act; or, he may be eager to try the case, but not have time.

If the first reason be the true one, there is a remedy which was found effectual in a similar instance with one of Mr. Nicoll's predecessors, and would probably prove equally potent again if resorted to by the Commissioners of Fisheries.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Nicoll wants to see this case expedited but has no time for it because his office is crowded with work, why does he not say as much, and let somebody else try it? He must know well enough that the statute provides for just such an emergency; and that no Fifth avenue purveyor of untimely woodcock need go untried, even when the District Attorney's office may be too pressed with business to attend to the matter. If Mr. Nicoll and his assistants are overworked, let him so advise Protector Kidd; then the protector, as authorized by the statute, may engage other counsel, and go ahead with No. 6941 in the City Circuit.

Whichever of the reasons may be the true one, the responsibility for delay rests with Mr. Nicoll.

PARK GRABS.

JUST as the rulers of New York State and city are bent upon seizing for the advantage of themselves and a few others the city's pleasure ground, which belongs to the whole body of its citizens, and in which the meanest has the same rights as the most influential, so, at Washington, lobbyists and schemers are constantly striving to induce Congress to pass laws which shall turn over to a few specially favored individuals the greater park which belongs to the nation. As the people of New York are protesting against the seizure of a city park, so the people of the country at large ought to protest against the various schemes for robbing them of the Yellowstone Park.

A public meeting is to be held on Friday next, and every citizen who is interested in the preservation of the Central Park, whether he be rich or poor, ought to attend this meeting and by his presence and his voice protest against this encroachment on the public rights.

H. P. UFFORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have felt no such sensation of sorrow, since the death of "Nessmuk," as I experienced on opening FOREST AND STREAM this morning, when the first thing that caught my eye was the announcement that "H. P. U." had also "passed over the dark river." Peace be with him. I never met either him or "Nessmuk," but I have long known both in spirit, by the words from their pens, and as "fellow rhymers" in a humble way, have been deeply drawn toward both of them. There was an essay, melodious flow to Ufford's verse that was perfectly delightful, and those "Southern Bird Notes" (I forget the exact name), which he sent to

FOREST AND STREAM, a year or two since, were as charming as were ever the original warblings. VON W. CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 18.

Casually taking up my FOREST AND STREAM this morning, the first paragraph to attract my eye was that containing a Southern paper's tribute to the late H. P. Ufford. And this was the first intimation that this bright and entertaining contributor had finished the unequal fight to which there can only be one and the same inevitable conclusion.

Harry Ufford was a college friend of the writer in the pleasant university town of Delaware, of this State, during the years that immediately followed the war. The son of a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, he had a fine literary taste, both by inheritance and acquirement, and some of his poems and sketches written during his college days would have done credit to a futurist mind. After the breaking up of college life I lost sight of him for many years, and finally discovered his whereabouts through his first letters to FOREST AND STREAM, which bore date in Minnesota. At this time I hastened to recall myself to him, receiving a prompt and cordial reply, in which he expressed his surprise and gratification at learning that the "Jay Beebe" of his favorite paper should prove his old college friend. Later on I found an added enjoyment in his entertaining studies of outdoor life in Louisiana, to whose balmy climate he went in his unavailing flight from the dread specter of pulmonary disease that lurked ever in his rear. His was an original mind, keen, observant, analytic and mellowed with a ripened culture which made his letters among the most delightful contributions to your paper. But he has gone ahead upon the trail to join "Nessmuk" and "Hal of the Dakotas," who with a host of kindred spirits are resting in the land where there is no more night. To his memory, peace. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., March 19, 1892.

THE CALF ON THE LAWN.

I'm goin to hitch this 'ere young caff out here in my front lawn, He'll stay right here an' chaw the grass till the hull thing it is chawn, He'll chew the corner off to-day until he's eat it bare, To-morrow I will move his stake and he'll chaw over there.

Looks bad, yer say, to see a caff out in a man's front yard An' blating like a barnyard on this stylish boolevard, But that air caff shall eat that grass until I get him fat And if he feels like blating w'y I reckon he will blat.

W'en I fust took my farm out here this wuz a country road, Across the way wuz parstchure lan' ware huckleberries growed. My caff wuz then hitched in my yard for the hull town's inspection An' no darn enterprising dood cum roun' to make objection.

W'en this road growed a village street my caff wuz in the yard A'n now the street it swells 'ith style—a city boolevard— But I will hitch this 'ere young caff out here in my front lawn; He'll stay right here an' chew the grass till the hull thing it is chawn.

You say the way I carry on makes the whole city laff. Well, let 'em laff; this 'ere's my lawn an' this 'ere is my caff. An' things hez reached the purtiest pass the worl' hez ever sawn Ef an' ol' duff can't let his caff chaw grass on his own lawn.

Wall, let 'em laff; this 'ere young caff shall stay here anyhow, An' if I hear 'em laff too hard I'll trot out the old cow. I'll hitch 'em both to the same stake right here in my front lawn An' let 'em stay an' chew the grass till the hull thing is chawn! —S. W. Bloss in Yankee Blade.

Let him chaw the grass till all is chawn.

And blart his blart and soil the lawn,

Grow heavy in beef and long in horn.

He's built tu du it; we 'knowledge the corn.

BOSTON.

REIGNOLDS.

'Twon't hurt nob'dy 'f they du some folks laugh 'T see a nat'ral mower in shape of a calf. 'F he's a fawn-colored Jersey jest cut off his tail And call him a deer or a hare. 'F he's black the plan needn't fall For then you c'n swear he's a bear. So tony a critter 'ud shet up the blower An' though less of calf there'd still be the mower. An' if some folks object's to his voice you can say Your dear, hare or bear allus hollus that way.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

AWAHOOSE.

He'll mek me laugh, me, 'Sene Le Blanc, to tink dose Yankee peop's She'll picquet out dose bouf p'ti, hees house biffore, lak sheeps! Prob'ly he'll don't some patatoes got? So dass was mos' so worse!

He mek dose bouf p'ti gahn starf, while he was hwrite dose verse!

LAKE CHARLES, La.

H. P. U.

The farmer talks about his lawn.

Also about his caff.

The jee of a farmer's lawn

'S enough to fetch a laugh.

A little blithesome silvery laugh,

A ha! ha! ho! ho!

A farmer's lawn! Where timothy

And dock and plantain grow

And all the walk and go to seed

'Till all the country round

Is filled with all the sorts of weeds

That ever crossed the ground.

The idea of a farmer's lawn

Feedin' a farmer's caff

Is calculated to projooce

A reverberatin' laff.

NEWTOWN, Pa.

O. O. S.

Now if the grass upon that lawn is all he gets for rations, That calf will stand a right smart chance of dying of starvation, And if, as likely, he will be a very lively bull It's more than probable that he his picket pin will pull And open-mouthed, with ears erect and meteoric tail, He'll go careering round the town, in spite of fence or rail He'll ramble through the flower beds and bust the early peas, Tread down the vines, upset the hives and liberate the bees, Who'll join him in his pilgrimage and hurry up his flight, And make that bumptious "bullyvard" "the devil's own delight." Till the man who thinks he owns him will a tender sorrow feel To think he hadn't "slartered" him and sold his hide and veal "You bet your life," as certainly as ever you were born, That calf is bound to be "the boss" if staked upon the lawn. CHARLESTOWN, N. H. VON W.