

perch. Ye gods! what a glorious meal! Ended. Our boat is quickly loaded. O'Neal takes the bow, pole in hand, at the end of which, swinging to three feet of line, is the glittering bait concealing his barbed hooks, with which he hopes to catch the unwary bass as we glide down, the swiftly flowing waters of the river. Myself seated in the stern, gun in hand, ready to send them death-dealing shot into any kind of game that dares to come under our vision. Our sable sailor seizes the oars, and with one stroke of his brassy arms sends the boat onward to the sea over the waters of the dark flowing river.

The scie, how beautiful! The sun is just rising from his home in the east. His unclouded rays are stealing as softly through the dark foliage of the forest trees that line each bank of the river as the footsteps of Time. In the tall oaks myriads of noisy crows are holding high carnival. The nimble squirrel laughs gaily at us from his hiding place in the merry green wood. Thousands of songsters of varied plumage herald the new-horn day with their sweetest notes, while high over head the graceful osprey swims the ambient air on easy wing, and screams indignantly at us as we glide over the bosom of the waters, whose finny tribes he deems his own. Graceful magnolias, bay trees, cabbage-palm-trees, with their long, waving, fan-like leaves; tall pines clustered around the long-limbed live oaks, whose wide, spreading branches stoop and softly kiss the murmuring waters sweeping by. But O'Neal has no eye for the beauties of nature just now. His gaze is firmly fixed on the glittering bauble gliding through the swift waters.

We round a bend of the river. Just as we sweep by comes with a rush a four pound bass, and plunges at the tempting bait, is impaled on the cruel steel, and is soon floundering in the bottom of the boat, while O'Neal's eyes beam with delight over his capture. Again the alluring bait is trolling through the waters; we noiselessly glide by an old treepole. O'Neal unguardedly looks at an old snarling swimmer carelessly ahead of us, when there came a strike—and such a strike! It sounded like an exploding bombshell. The monster misses the hooks, and the bait goes high in the air, accompanied by O'Neal's heels. The boat bottom catches him. Our shouts of laughter greet the creature as he regains his equilibrium. "Confound you! you couldn't have done better," he exclaimed. He tries again, and when we reach St. Marks, our destination, six bass, weighing from four to six pounds attest his success. Here we give them to our friends, hoist sail and speed away to the haunts of the cunning sheephead, wary channel-bass and voracious sea trout.

Arrived, get our bait, select a position and go to business. At our first cast each get a bite, hang our fish, and after a sharp struggle land two fine channel-bass. Then we take in four fine sheephead and three trout; when from some cause the finny fellows fail to observe we are fishing for them, and not a nibble awarded our exertions. We quit in disgust, and seek the banks and the friendly shelter of a lone tree of the marsh. Under it we rested while our sable friend prepared us a savory meal that the festive gods would not have disdained. Then homeward bound with spoon bait your writer managed the successful capture of ten fine bass. Reach home in time to have a good supper out of two of them. Smoked the pipe of peace, and then slept the quiet sleep of the truthful, righteous fisherman. O. G. GURLEY.

THE AFRICAN POMPAÑO.

YOUR New Orleans correspondent writes of pompano in that city of the weight of thirty-five and twenty-eight pounds, which sizes are so unusual, even unprecedented, for that fish, that one may perhaps be permitted to doubt the species—especially as the specimens do not appear to have been submitted to scientific examination.

The cavalli, or crevalle, *Cavalla defensor*, Cuv. DeKay—are allied species, so nearly resembles the pompano, *Trachurus novboracensis*, *Botheroleus pompanus*, Cuv., as to be easily mistaken for it by a casual observer. In the loose and confused way of naming different fishes in different places, the names pompano and cavalli are often confounded, and men talk of killing pompano in the Indian River with a fly, when what they have caught were cavalli.

The cavalli has the snout more pointed; its color is olive green and silvery above; golden yellow with blue and purple below. It goes in schools near the surface, takes any bait eagerly, is very rapacious in its habits, in this resembling the bluefish; weight from two to twenty pounds; a very game fish, but indifferent on the table, the fish being oily, and streaked with black and white like that of the mackerel.

The pompano has a truncated snout; color when first taken, blue and silver; afterward pale blue above and golden yellow beneath; first dorsal with six spines; second dorsal soft-rayed. Both species have small scales and deeply-forked tails, and similar brilliancy of color.

The pompano seldom exceeds three or four pounds in weight; is a bottom fish which feeds chiefly on mollusks, and very rarely takes a bait; it is usually taken on the ocean beach with the cast net.

Its great distinction is its value on the table, surpassing that of all other species in Southern waters; a combination of richness and delicacy difficult to describe but easy to remember. No one who has ever compared the above two species alive, or eaten of them when cooked, can ever confound them.

The supremely delicious pompano should not be degraded by having the rank-fished cavalli called by the same name. The name of the inferior fish, "cavalli," or horse, was given to it by the Spaniards in reference to the swiftness and agility of this ocean rover. Call the new giant African cavalli if you will, but confine the name pompano to the unapproachable sovereign of the seas.

Perhaps the attempt to induce people to call things by their right names is useless, and the names trout, bass and chub will continue to be used in different places for the same fish. In your last number, a writer discourses about catching fifteen mackerel, meaning, doubtless, bluefish, which again in Rhode Island is called horse mackerel. S. C. C.

MARLETTA, Ga.

A few years ago the U. S. Fish Commission received a single specimen of a fourteen pound pompano from Mr. Blackford, of Fulton market. It was found to be an African species, *Trachurus gervensis*, common about the Canary Islands. The next year several were caught and they are now not rare in the market of New York. We think the fish has come in some numbers, perhaps to stay, and, in the article alluded to, suggested that it be distinguished as the "African pompano." We do not doubt but the New Orleans specimens were the same fish, which is new to our coast now, as the bluefish was fifty years ago, but it is not the cavalli.

TENNESSEE ANGLING NOTES.

EVERYBODY has gone wild on the subject of angling. Fish are reported as more abundant than ever known before, and as business is rather dull, the banks of the streams in close proximity to Nashville, are lined with hundreds of persons of all colors, ages, and both sexes. Col. Akers and Ed. Horn went out this morning to wet their lines in Mill Creek, and as both are noted manipulators of the rod and reel, it will not surprise me to see them return with a handsome creel.

I regret to say, that among our well-to-do people there is a decided spirit of lawlessness existing, and many of them not a particle too "square" to indulge in sinning where they can do it on the sly. This is shameful, inasmuch as our protective laws are the most lenient passed in any State, and the increase of fish in our many beautiful streams depends entirely upon a cessation of wholesale slaughter for a few years. By the time the next General Assembly meets here, it is to be hoped that amendments will be offered and passed to the present bill, and those persons violating the law be severely punished. With our streams well stocked with game fish, and the forests with turkeys, deer, and quail, a great many Northern and Eastern sportsmen would be induced to pass a portion of the season, and enjoy our fine climate, and perhaps become investors in property down here. The FOREST AND STREAM, ever ready to aid in the cause of game and fish protection, must come to our assistance. The influence of such a journal, and the able manner with which it deals of such subjects can have but a most salutary effect. There are persons who argue that a fisherman's is a lazy life, but these would-be murderers of fish find it to be the very reverse, hence they wish to set nets, traps, and other contrivances, by which to catch unsuspecting creatures that they are too indolent to capture in a legitimate way. Since the introduction of the system of extra fast trains, we are getting many varieties of fish hitherto unknown here. Andy Meaders displayed hard and soft-shell crabs on his stall to-day; also shrimp and crayfish; fresh herring are brought to us from the Chesapeake, and even the noble salmon reaches this far.

NASHVILLE, April 1, 1882.

J. D. H.

TROUTING ON LONG ISLAND.

BOYS, let us not change the opening day for trout! All Pools' day is not a good one for trout and trappers combined. Last year our lines were frozen and this year the wind blew our flies off. I went a fishing on the two first days of April and only had two hours of good fishing. We left flies and leaders, too, on many a bush, and much of my good temper with them. Usually, it soothes our tempers to get a good, bright and enjoyable day on a stream which we know of on the south side of Long Island, which is without an oral dam. But we cannot keep our tempers down if we have such April openings.

Think of it! In two hours we killed six fish, weighing seven and one-quarter pounds, and on the remainder of the two days could not drop a fly or land a half-pounder. A saint could not stand such treatment. The weather was sour, the beauties sulky; our favorite flies would not tempt them. The favorite fly used in some localities we know of, was a big fat worm, and even the worms were so cold and wiggleless that they had to be warmed in the mouth to get sensibility enough in them to squirm on the hook.

The best catches that I hear of are: Imbrie and Clerk, fishing at Green's Creek, Sayville, thirty-four; eighteen weighed ten and one-half pounds. Wilbur and Chapman, fishing the same stream, eighteen; largest one and three-quarters; six weighed seven and one-quarter pounds. John Ripper, near Glen Cove, two and one-quarter pounds. Mr. W. Holberton had excellent success somewhere on the south side. Very fine fish have been taken at the ponds of August Belmont. At Islip, Mr. P. Remsen took twenty-two pounds of trout in two hours, and a party of four are reported as having captured sixty-three pounds near Freeport.

It is said that President Arthur, who is an adept at casting the fly, and who has fished for a dozen years or more in the brooks of South Oyster Bay, on Long Island, will be the guest of William Floyd Jous during his visit this season.

X.

SOUTHERN FISHES IN 1775.

OUR valued correspondent, "S. C. C.," wrote us on this fish, and we printed it *tarpon*, after the manner of Al. Freese's spelling. Mr. C. objected to this, and we wrote him that it was an oversight in proof-reading, as it is spelled in different ways. We incidentally stated that we always had spelled it *tarpon*, having only the authority of Gill's Catalogue of the Fishes of the east coast of North America for such spelling. Our correspondent again writes:

As to Tarpon, I have written the word with an o, following one of the earliest writers on the Fishes of Florida, Capt. Bernard Romans, of the British Army, whose "Concise Natural History of East and West Florida," was published in New York, 1775. A very able and original writer was this captain of engineers, and had many ideas far in advance of his time. He writes: "The whole of the west coast of East Florida is covered with fishermen's huts and flakes; these are built by the Spanish fishermen from the Havana, who come annually on this coast to the number of thirty sail, and one or two visit Rio d'Ais or Indiau River, and other places on the east coast. The principal fish here, of which the Spaniards make up their cargo, is the red drum, called in East Florida a bass; this is here a fine fish, although in the northern provinces they are generally poor. They also salt a quantity of fish which they call "pampanos," for which they get a price three times as high as for other fish. A few sea trout and the roe of mullets and black drum, and some oil from the liver of muses and sharks is also carried to make up the cargo."

These "nueses" are a species of shark—a bottom fish, living on mollusks—of a sluggish disposition, and not ferocious or destructive, like their cousins. We sometimes book this species, while fishing for sheephead. P. H. Gosse, in his "Naturalist in Jamaica," describes it under the name of *Scyllium cirratum*, Cuv.

Capt. Romans gives the following list of species: "King-fish, barracotta, tarpon, bouita, cavallos, amberfish, pampus, silver-fish, juel-fish, groupers, rock-fish, porgys, murgate-fish, hog-fish, angel-fish, yellow-tails, red, grey, and black-snappers, mangrove-snappers, dog-snappers, parrot-fish, mutton fish, grunts, munny, mullets, sprats, red and black drum, bonefish, stingrays, sharks, and an immense variety of others, all excellent in their kinds."

Most of these we know under the same names: "Mutton-fish" are probably sheephead, "rockfish" are perhaps striped bass, which have been taken recently in St. John's

River, but what are "amberfish," "dog snappers," and "murray?" The "parrot-fish" is a West India species.

I found a copy of Roman's book in the Boston Athenaeum, from which I made extracts. S. C. C.

MARLETTA, Ga.

In our last volume, page 511, we gave a list of Southern Sea Fishes in 1675, by Captain Dampier, just one hundred years before Roman's, and the common name of *Megalops thersoides* was spelled, as in the present case, tarpon. Hence we will drop our orthography, and in future spell it as originally spelled.

TROUT AND SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IN your notice of the trout season, you give it as opening in N. H., April 1. Please correct this, as it opens May 1, the same as Maine and Vermont.

Your correspondent, "Hodge," speaks of salmon fishing in the Merrimac and Penicewasset, but your readers must bear in mind, that the prohibitory law does not expire till June 14, '82.

This will probably be as soon as any salmon get up the river, they not making their appearance at Lawrence usually much before the 1st of June.

The pools and eddies at Goff's Falls, four miles below Manchester, the large pool below Hooksett Falls, eight miles above Manchester, and the one below Garvin's Falls, five miles above Hooksett, would seem to be the most likely places to find them.

The springs and lakes, at head waters, are full this season, and we hope that the salmon may be more successful in their efforts to ascend the Merrimac, than they were last summer, when they were caught by low water in June.

The robins and bluebirds have been plenty here for a fortnight, and the "May-flower," *Epigaea repens*, is just beginning to show its pink buds. I picked quite a little bunch yesterday. But the winds hold cold from the north, and it froze sharply last night.

It is many years since I spent the early spring in a country village, and in wandering about over the hills, since the snow went off enough to make tramping possible, I am struck with the disappearance of the old familiar woods.

No wonder our streams dry up in the summer, and our trout are exterminated.

We shall have to get boards of forestry yet, in New England, to preserve our water-powers, for manufacturing purposes, for they are becoming more valuable yearly, as the timber is stripped off of the mountains. SAM WEBBER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

THE DEAD FISH.—Concerning the tile fish found on the borders of the Gulf stream the following report is made by Captain Ole Jorgensen, a Norwegian, to Secretary Wilcox, of the Boston fish bureau: "On March 14, in lat. 40deg., lon. 71deg., I commenced sailing at 1 o'clock in the afternoon through great quantities of dead fish, which I kept seeing until dark. They were from one to four feet in length, but mostly from one to two feet long. On March 15 there was a severe storm, with rain and snow, and I did not see any fish." The captain also states that his men tried to hook up some of them, but they did not succeed, as the wind was blowing very hard from the northwest. At the rate Captain Ole Jorgensen was sailing he must have seen the dead fish for forty or fifty miles. Other seamen must also have seen the same fish, since their statements agree as to the latitude and longitude and the date of seeing them. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, in a letter to the Boston fish bureau, desires all seamen who have come in contact with these dead fish to give all the facts they observed concerning them, either to the newspapers, to the fish bureau or to communicate with him personally. The object is to identify them, if possible, beyond a doubt. Prof. Baird at present has no doubt but what they were the tile fish—*Lopholatilus*—seen by his commission, both in 1880 and 1881, on the borders of the Gulf stream. Prof. Baird thinks they were rendered lifeless by some great natural cause, and hence they were seen in such great numbers. He is of the opinion that they might have been killed by the force of the recent gales which had previously prevailed. Other men of science are not inclined to this idea, since, they say, such wholesale destruction of a powerful fish as the tile fish is known to be, by the force of the waves alone, would have been simply impossible. They incline to the belief that some volcanic action of the ocean must have destroyed them. Their death could hardly have been the result of disease, since some of the captains report having taken one or two on board and having found them hard and nice, and to have enjoyed good dinners from them after cooking. The locality mentioned by Captain Ole Jorgensen N. lat. 40deg., W. lon. 71deg., corresponds almost exactly with where the *Lopholatilus* were found by the United States Fish Commission in the summers of 1880 and 1881. Any facts concerning the tile fish, either dead or alive, should be communicated to Prof. Baird. Prof. Baird is of the opinion that they exist in great numbers in and about the locality mentioned, and that in them exists one of the great food supplies of the ocean.

A COMPACT ANGLING ROD.—We were recently shown by Mr. W. Holberton, with Conroy & Bissett, almost complete and compact fishing rod. It is called the Holberton pattern split bamboo trout rod, and, with the exception of a short butt which can be carried in the pocket or in the creel, the whole thing goes inside of the landing-net handle. When the angler arrives at the stream, he takes the rod out of the bamboo landing-net handle, screws the folding ring in, puts the rod together and all is ready for business. As an extra rod to take along, it is very desirable, for, though not over ten feet long, it is powerful enough to kill a good sized black bass and to cover a cast of sixty feet in expert hands.

WHITEBAIT, Pawtucket, R. I., April 4.—I send you by this mail some fish which of late have been caught in small quantities in the Pawtucket River in tide water. Our fishermen are trying to sell them as "whitebait." I tell them that they are not whitebait, although I am not posted at all on fishes, but think such fish have been sold in your city by that name. Will you have the kindness to identify them for me, giving both common and scientific name? Any information which you may give about them will be appreciated by—SAMUEL F. DEXTER. [The fishes came to land. They are called "silver-sides" and "frier" along the coast. The systematic name is *Chirocentrus potteri*, Mitch. Gill. They are sometimes sold as whitebait in New York, but are not the genuine article. The true whitebait are the young of herring, alewives, etc. New York market men call them "spearing." They grow no larger than your specimens.]