

sportsman; he pickled the fish and sent them to town." Two gentlemen, March 12, 1838, "took 28 trout in the creek at Islip, one fish weighing 2 pounds and one weighing 1 1/2 pounds." Messrs. H. and T. Floyd-Jones "fished a short distance from them, only took one that weighed 3 pounds 2 ounces.

The first record of fly-fishing appears in the journal under date of July 20, 1835, as follows: "Edward Floyd Jones killed with fly 24 trout near the reeds in T. Floyd Jones's creek." March 17, 1839, "Returned from Albany to fish in Islip; no fish. I will state what Mr. William Townsend told me, and it can be relied on, that he caught in Buckram Pond, belonging to Thomas Cox, one trout weighing 5 pounds. Capt. Nathaniel Smith took one east of Patchogue, Swan [?] Creek, which weighed 7 1/2 pounds. Mr. Smith is a gentleman that can be relied upon. William Buckner, of New York, killed a trout in Stump Pond, in 1816, that weighed 4 pounds 6 ounces, and in 1833 Mr. Kneeland took a trout in Islip Creek weighing 3 pounds 6 ounces; at the same time he took four fish that weighed 11 pounds. A trout was caught with a spear in the Forge River, Moriches, in 1833, weighing 4 1/2 pounds. Samuel Carman, now living, caught with a net, in 1828, a fish in his mill flume that was called by some a trout, but must have been a salmon, weighing 14 pounds. This fish may have been lost from some fishing smack on its way to New York or strayed from the Kennebeck of his own free will. William Onderdonk says his brother, Andrew, caught a trout at Hempstead Harbor, lower pond, that weighed 4 pounds. Mr. Seaton took, in Sam Carman's pond, a trout whose weight was 3 pounds 2 ounces. Mr. Ferris took a trout in Carman's River whose weight was 4 pounds 4 ounces: the place is called Ferris Hole. Andrew Glover took a trout in Carman's River whose weight was 4 pounds 2 ounces, in 1822. In 1819 Mr. Seaton took one weighing 3 pounds 14 ounces."

"In 1800, an English lady, Mrs. Crow, took a trout that weighed 4 pounds 6 ounces. This lady had the pleasure of taking the largest trout ever taken out of these waters. March 17, 1839, T. F.-J. and H. F.-J. took in Islip River seven fish, one of them, caught by H. Floyd Jones, the largest trout I have ever taken, although I have fished these waters for 40 years; it weighed 2 3/4 pounds. August, 1839, took 22 very fine fish in my creek with fly. Aug. 26, 1839, took 40 trout with fly in my creek. * * * In 1832, Mr. Hamlin took 24 trout in Carman's Creek weighing 88 pounds, one of three pounds 3 ounces, the largest he ever caught; 3 of them weighed 3 pounds each. In 1842, Charles Clinton took in Massapequa Lake, old brick house stream, at once fishing with minnows, 1 trout 2 1/2 pounds, and in all 17 fish weighing 18 3/4 pounds. Aug. 20, 1842, took 14 fish with fly in my creek, 3 of them where I could see the stars shining."

"In November, 1842, was taken in Moriches Bay in a gill-net, by John Raynor and Isaac Bishop, 4 salmon weighing 7 or 8 pounds; this is worthy of remark, as salmon have never been taken before in South Bay. 1843, H. Floyd-Jones and brother, at Fire Place, took 6 fish weighing 11 pounds 2 ounces, and on the 21st of April, I and E. Floyd-Jones took 12 fish in Massapequa Lake which weighed 20 pounds, one of 2 1/2 pounds and 2 fish of 2 pounds each."

"1850, went to Sam Carman's but did not wet my line; not many fish taken. Fine fishing this spring in my creek. Of those taken in Massapequa Lake, 1 weighed 2 pounds, 1 3/4, by T. F.-J. * * * Good fishing this year in the lake. 1850, 1 1/4 trout with fly in my creek."

REFLECTIONS ON THE CATFISH.

THIS is the way the London Saturday Review lifts up its hands in horror at the catfish: "Our institutions are indeed being Americanized. In some respects Britannia *capta* has even outrun her conqueror, and it is possible, though we hope improbable, that the land of the New York Herald may have to complain of the Anglicizing of her newspapers. But from one American institution our country is free—loug may it be untouched by the invaders! It seems almost incredible that any one should wish to introduce the accursed catfish to our native shores. Yet we read, with horror, that a consignment of catfish has been received by the National Fishculture Association from the Fish Commission of the United States." Is America to be allowed to export the paupers and criminals of her brooks and rivers into our innocent waters? If mere sport is the object of the National Fishculture Association, perhaps they intend to set a dogfish at the catfish, and enjoy the brutal pleasures of the one-sided conflict. The Council, according to the Field, "will not introduce these or any strange fish into English waters without full knowledge and consideration." This sounds too much like Mr. Gladstone's reserves about the House of Lords. The Council will think twice, or even thrice, before introducing catfish. Perish the thought! One might as well say that cholera, or pellagra, or the plague, or the Colorado beetle, or the man-eating tiger will not be introduced "without full knowledge and consideration."

"In the first place almost all of these acclimatizations are errors. People in charge of our rivers should be like hostesses who 'dout' introduce." Where trout exist you can do nothing but harm by bringing in *parvenus*. Some lunatics brought in pike in certain Scotch waters. The consequence is that trout are like the Palæolithic peoples after an irruption of men in the Bronze Age—that is to say all but exterminated. Even grayling should be left where they are natives. They have come into the Clyde, where they are despised and detested, more or less by the Caledonians, who indeed despite their hospitality, rarely receive such strangers gladly. And grayling, the ladies of the waters, are not to be compared to the hideous, voracious, plebeian, un-English catfish, whose very name condemns it. Even birds, beasts and insects comparatively harmless at home—sparrows, rabbits, and so forth—do inestimable mischief when planted in America, Australia or New Zealand. The catfish, the white catfish, is deperately ugly, 'a garbage-eating, bottom-feeder, ill-looking, of no consideration in the matter of sport, and not worthy of introducing where it would eat up the food of our own fishes,' and probably eat up our own fishes as well. From a passing notice in 'Huckleberry Finn,' we guess that the catfish may grow to about the size of a man of middle height. If this be so even bathing would be unsafe in rivers infested by catfish. From Mr. Frank Stockton's account in 'Rudder Grange,' of the capture of a catfish, we infer that the incident resembles the catching of a tartar. Of course, if the brute does not rise to fly, it will cause less annoyance to anglers of the right sort; but over here it might change its habits and acquire a passion for black gnats or March browns. As to its edible qualities, the catfish is said to resemble the eel, and that is saying enough. We have a sufficiency of eels, and need not reinforce our 'food stuffs' with catfish. 'At present they are

curiosities on view,' we wish that they could be exhibited stuffed. Perhaps a pair of catfish may escape from South Kensington through the waters with floating electric lights, may reach the Serpentine, may invade the river, may push their way into the Kennett, the Wandle, and so forth, and finally the kitten fish of the species may even get into the Tweed, and the melancholy mewing of the catfish will be heard where the swan on sweet St. Mary's Loch pitehes into the angler. There is, were it wanted, another proof of the folly of those acclimatizations. Because Wordsworth put a property swan on St. Mary's, impracticable real swans have been introduced, and, like the catfish, they are distinguished misnances."

Punch breaks out in rhyme as follows:

Oh, do not bring the catfish here;
The catfish is a name of fear.
Oh, spare each stream and spring.
The Kennet swift, the Wandle clear,
The lake, the loch, the broad, the mere,
From that detested thing!
The catfish is a hideous beast,
A bottom-feeder that doth feast
Upon unholy bait;
He's no addition to your meal,
He's rather richer than the eel,
And ranker than the skate!
His face is broad, and flat and glut;
He's like some monstrous miller's thumb;
He's bearded like the pard,
Beholding him, the grayling see,
The trout take refuge in the sea,
The gudgeons go on guard!

He grows into a startling size;
The British matron 'twould surprise,
And raise her burning blush.
To see white catfish, large as man,
Through what the birds call "waters wan"
Come with an ugly rush!

They say the catfish climbs the trees,
And robs the roosts, and, down the breeze,
Prolongs his catterwaul.
Ah, leave him in his Western flood;
Where Mississippi churns the mud;
Don't bring him here at all!

The American regard for the "catty," often affectionately called bullhead, has been sung in prose by the Chicago News in this wise: The original bullhead is essentially a game fish, and it takes a native Missourian to cope with him successfully. Other men may catch him, but none as dextrously and swiftly as a Missourian. Six other men, with bamboo poles, silver plated reels, and fly-hooks, may beat a Missourian bayou from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. and not get a nibble; then a long-haired, flat-footed, loo-eared Missourian will happen along with a bob line, pin hook and an old-fashioned angleworm, and in less than half an hour will haul out a string of bullheads, each bullhead with horns on him like a series of Christmas-tree cornucopia, and a voice like one of the chorus singers in a Wagner opera. We wish our fish commission would invent some means of preserving in the imported bullheads those characteristics which distinguish the original species. The kind now spawned in Illinois waters are a degenerate race, and their flesh is as watery, insipid, and tasteless as their habits are effete. The Missouri bullhead, however—the good old originals caught up around St. Joe, or in Callaway county, or down in the old French district near Ste. Genevieve—has a flavor that is as rich and ripe as the grand old soil in which it buries itself when the cottonwood sheds her foliage and the storm-king comes riding o'er wold and weir.

FLY-FISHING FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nearly every married man thinks his wife, his dog and his razor are the best, and it is a fortunate dispensation of Providence that men do so think, or they might run away with the other man's wife, or steal his dog, or go to the barber's to be shaved, none of which ever occurs.

So, too, the fly-caster thinks that some particular fly is the *ne plus ultra*, the indispensable to his success, without which dry land would be equally prolific when he wants fish for breakfast.

Like all converts, whether it be to religion, or rearing of chickens, or any craze, the enthusiasm of the early fly-caster knows no limits until his book is filled with a variety of styles, hues and size, that combined resemble a bouquet of freshly-gathered flowers, enchanting to behold, but withering with time and disappearing with experience.

To assert that a certain kind of fly for certain kind of fish will be effective in all waters, is simple nonsense.

The statement a few years since of Dr. Estes in the FOREST AND STREAM, I think that what is known with him as the "Lake Pepin" fly—a pure yellow—was very successful, induced some of our dealers to order a supply, and your correspondent fell in line at once.

A thorough test proved that it was "N. G." in this section, and that fly to-day is part of my bouquet and of no other use, and other cases might be cited.

I am thoroughly satisfied that bass in different sections and in different water of same section, differ in their habits, as men born and reared in Massachusetts, or in New York or Indiana, for instance, although of the same race, differ more or less in their language and in many other ways.

The fly craze struck me only a few years since, but in that short time I have had it bad, and bought and bought, and given away and destroyed (in fact can hardly resist even now "just to try" some new fangled whim), until I have come to the conclusion that not to exceed six or seven varieties of fly are all that any black bass fisherman needs or can successfully use.

Be that as it may elsewhere, such has been my experience in Central New York. I am also inclined to think that the first fly that has been successful with the beginner, 'his first love,' so to speak, is very likely to continue his favorite, and will always be found in his book, ready for use, when flirting with others fails to fill the vacuum.

A knowledge of the habits of bass, their daily change of feeding ground, the condition of the waters, the temperature of the weather, the sunshine and the shadow, not forgetting your tackle, are of greater importance than variety of flies.

SYRACUSE.

"CAMP FLOTSAM."—Battersea, Ont.—I am close to the time of breaking camp. Once more Truthful James and I will return, "followed by glory like a shadow." The Canadian forests are daily adding new hues to their foliage, and the lake shores are resplendent in scarlet and gold, while all nature says stay. But our outing has died with the summer days, and though we suffer the same fate we go.—WAWAXANDA.

SHRIMP AS BAIT FOR BLACK BASS.—New York, Aug. 30.—Can you inform me if shrimp are a good bait for black bass, and whether bass will bite on shrimp if dead? Also whether shrimp come put up for keeping some time? After my experience last month fishing in Sullivan county, N. Y., I learned that nothing was to be despised as a bait. I was fishing in a boat during a thunder storm, and had taken several bass, but no large ones, and had used up everything in the shape of bait I had when I chanced to think of a large bull-frog I caught that morning and had put in my fish-box in the boat in a tomato can; no sooner thought of than done. I hooked the "bull," who was about four or five inches high through the lips, and cast him on the waters, expecting that if any returns were received they would be satisfactory. It had not been in the water more than two minutes before a strike was felt that meant business, and upon striking with my rod found he was fast. The bass immediately struck out for the deep water, taking out about thirty yards of line before he could be snubbed, which made him so mad that he jumped up out of the water about five feet. He then made two circles round my boat, each one smaller than the other, making four jumps. After about fifteen minutes I laid him flapping in the net in the bottom of my boat, satisfied that a three-pounder was as gamy as a larger fish.—C. E. B. [Shrimp are good bait for black bass and are best dead as they show better. They may be put up in salt. We see large Southern prawns at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market, which are put up in some preserving fluid. These should be good.]

THE HERRINGS DESERT IRELAND.—The most capricious of all crops has this year proved unpropitious to Ireland. The herrings have left Dublin Bay, or rather, they have not come into it. The accustomed shoals have lost their geographical bearings. The Gulf Stream is possibly to blame. The herrings were generally constant to the bay, and year after year came and were caught with dispatch, regularity and profit. Other shoal fish showed a tendency to be erratic. The sardines were as capricious as ever they could be. You never knew where to find them. They abandoned the Breton coast, where the fishermen had for many years largely welcomed them, and turned up without rhyme or reason along the seashore by Rochelle, the inhabitants being quite unprepared for their reception, much of this "silver of the sea" being hopelessly lost. On another occasion they disappear altogether, and for the following year pilchards and sprats were largely tinned and consumed at breakfast under a flattering misnomer. But herrings seem, on the whole, to be a faithful fish, and in the average of years come and are caught with praiseworthy punctuality. This season they have altered their route, omitting Ireland from their programme. The Isle of Man and the southwest coast of Scotland are in favor, and at the present moment Dublin is actually supplied with herrings shipped over from the opposite coast.—*Pull Mall Gazette*, Aug. 11.

TORCH AND SPEAR.—Bainbridge, Ga., Aug. 23.—A few days ago J. S. Wigham at night paddled into Still Spring, emptying into Spring Creek, a stream abounding in every species of fresh-water fish. A blazing torch he carried disclosed hundreds of rock bass playing in the limpid depths of the spring. Seizing his gig and placing his torch where it would enable him to see his attractive prey, after many hours of solid fun he captured twenty enormous fish, weighing in the aggregate five hundred pounds. Coming to the city, he reported his find to our lovers of piscatorial venture, and a party of four was quickly organized, armed and equipped. They reached this spring, twenty-two miles distant, at 8 o'clock, finding twenty-five other gentlemen on the ground. A seine was stretched across the spring run, and five boats sped out to the work of death. Until midnight the exciting sport went on. Result: Judge O'Neal killed five; Chas. Eggerton, five; Rube Cloud, six; Tom Mock, four; H. Olivanti, two. The largest weighed fifty and the smallest twenty-four pounds. The next day Judge O'Neal killed a splendid buck. Turkey and deer are quite plentiful in our forests at present.—O. G. GUSLEY.

TROUT IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.—In a long article on the ascent of Mount Whitney, in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Mr. Thomas Magee says that the Whitney region is perhaps the very finest fishing region in the Sierra Nevada. They are not only numerous but "magnificent" in their coloring. Mr. Magee claims that they were never made to be eaten. We wish that he would send us a few pounds of them, in season of course, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, especially some of those he speaks of "in the Kern River and Kern Lake, large trout weighing one pound and a half to four pounds." If these are carefully packed in ice and sent in a refrigerator car, express paid, we will cheerfully give him our unpurchasable opinion on the question of their having been made to be eaten. By the way, we have a paper on angling in the Mt. Whitney country, and will publish it in an early number.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE USE OF THE THROWING-STICK BY ESQUIMAUX.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society by Prof. O. T. Mason.]

EVERYTHING that exists should have a reason for its existence; so I must tell you why I am before you to-day. Prof. Goode, the Assistant Director of this Museum, came up on my balcony the other day and asked me if I would not read a short paper to you on some one of my studies connected with fishing among the savage people of the world. So it is at Prof. Goode's request that I am here this afternoon to say a few words about the use of the instrument known as the throwing-stick by the Esquimaux in fishing.

In the east north range of the National Museum you will see many specimens of modern apparatus for capturing fish, and probably in the next case you will see the savage apparatus for the same purpose; and you will be astonished over and over again at the similarity between the modern and savage forms.

Scarcely a week passes in which some Patent Office Examiner does not come to the Museum to examine the collections to see whether that for which a patent has been claimed is not merely a duplicate of something invented years and years ago. Patents have been claimed for things used in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

One of the most interesting implements invented by savages is the little wooden instrument which I am now going to show and explain to you.

In Southwestern Greenland, the eastern part of Labrador,

mouth of McKenzie River, Pt. Barrow, Bristol Bay, Norton Sound and Kodiak Island this instrument is in use. From Sitka to Columbia River grow the great cedar trees, out of which these immense dugout canoes are made, in which the navigator carries a long spear twelve or fifteen feet in length, and on the end of that a harpoon used for whales.

The Eskimau almost lives in his kayak or skin boat and is so securely fastened in that any accident to the boat is certain death to him. Were he to use his spear alone in making a lunge he would overturn his boat and expose himself to great danger. So he is compelled to make use of some means which will both answer the purpose of giving the required force to his spear, and avoid the danger incurred without its use. He cannot use the bow in giving the required force to the spear, necessary in harpooning the seal. It is very difficult to use either a bow or firearm in a boat. So he is driven to the use of this invention, happily hitting upon the device of the throwing-stick.

The principle upon which the instrument is used is this: The fisher takes the throwing stick in his right hand usually, with the spear firmly pressed down in the groove of the stick with the fingers. He then brings it up, throwing it a little back over the right shoulder. There is a little hook, generally of ivory, at the upper end of the groove of the stick in which the spear rests, which fits in a notch made in the end of the spear. After getting the weapon in position, without moving his body, he gives a swift and abrupt motion forward, the spear darting from the throwing-stick with great rapidity, the fingers having been raised to allow its passage.

An interesting fact has grown out of the study of the throwing-stick, namely, that it is in use in only three different regions of the world. In Australia in a very simple form, with a hole for the fore finger; in South America and among the Eskimaux of North America; in those three localities alone is it used.

I shall give you a brief description of some individual specimens, and let you look at the others when I am through talking. We will commence with this one from Greenland (showing specimen). There is a groove for the spear, notches on opposite sides for thumb and forefinger, a small hole midway in the shaft of the spear. Instead of a hook at the opposite end there is an oblique hole in the ivory into which another peg near the end of the spear fits. The next is from Cumberland Gulf (showing specimen). Very clumsy and roughly made, a groove for the spear, a hole for the forefinger, a notch for the thumb, also three notches on opposite side for the fingers. A goose-spear is also used with this one, which when thrown at the goose just as likely hits the gander. Ungava Bay (showing specimen). Shaped very much like a fiddle-head, a hole for the forefinger. The bend is a great advantage to the hunter, as it increases the facility of launching the weapon, and a spear when used with this will go a great distance. Mouth of McKenzie River (showing specimen). Most primitive of all the collection; a very rude furrow for the spear, a hole for the forefinger.

The Anderson River is the dividing line between the eastern and western Eskimaux. From that line going westward and then southward the throwing-stick improves very rapidly. The form begins to greatly resemble the razor strip handle, with hook or peg at the end of the groove for catching the notch in the end of the spear, groove, hole for the forefinger, notch for the thumb, and in some instances ivory pegs are inserted, thus making spaces for the fingers, affording a better grasp.

In Alaska great headlands project out into the water, thus creating barriers among the people and causing sharp dividing lines and differences in the forms and degree of elaboration of the throwing-stick. After passing the island of Nunivak, the finger hole disappears, and is not again seen until we come to Kodiak Island toward the east. From one of the Aleutian Islands we have a left-handed throwing-stick with hole for the forefinger, and another left-handed specimen from Nunivak, razor strip handle, no hole for forefinger, thumb notch and pegs on opposite side making finger spaces.

I will not try to tell you how far back in the past this invention must have been made. References are made in old classical literature to one or two forms of contrivances for giving additional force to weapons used in throwing or darting, and I think probably this device is the descendant or offspring of something of that kind for giving additional momentum, rather than a transformation of the bow.

By using the throwing-stick with the spear the force is given to that weapon which the bow gives the arrow, or the sling to the missile thrown. So that this little instrument lends its aid in the three regions mentioned, supplying a great need, probably to be met by no other means.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

- Sept. 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association, John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.
- Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. E. Elben, Secretary.
- Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Confort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.
- Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.
- Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

- Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.
- Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.
- Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coester, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.
- November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.
- Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2833, New York. Number of entries already printed 2588.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—Philadelphia, Aug. 28, 1885.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Geo. Escherick has been elected treasurer of the Philadelphia Kennel Club in place of Mr. L. Shuster, Jr., resigned.—E. COMFORT, Secretary.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream: We telegraphed you yesterday that Col. W. E. Hughes, of Dallas, Texas; E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., and D. C. Bergundthall, of Indianapolis, Ind., had been appointed judges for this association's trials to be run at Abilene, Kan., the week beginning Nov. 9, 1885, which we now confirm. The prospects are very flattering for a successful meeting. The membership list is being lengthened daily, and we hope to see the association placed upon a firm basis for coming years. Let all of those interested send in their names. Thank your paper for the kind notices received. A. A. WHIPPLE, Secretary and Treasurer. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 26.

STANDARD REVISION.

Editor Forest and Stream: Can any of the gentlemen lately appointed to revise the standard of the English greyhound kindly inform the writer how long this breed of dog has been bred in Great Britain and how long since the race has been at all prominent here, and if it is possible that the dog has been used in America for coursing to such an extent as to warrant any change in construction of his physical makeup? Will one of the committee on harriers state how many purely bred dogs of this strain he has seen in the United States? I refer to the pure English harrier, not the mongrel foxhound and beagle cross commonly termed harrier here. Further, will any sportsman in the United States not on such committee answer the same question? Can any of the gentlemen on any of the terrier standard changing committees inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM why it is that as these breeds have all originated in Great Britain and attained their high standard of excellence, we should not accept the present points for judging laid down? BOND.

SHOW DISTEMPER.

Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Aug. 27 Mr. J. M. Fronefeld, Jr., denies that Glench Elcho had distemper at the Philadelphia show last May, and hastens to contradict me, for fear that my charge will be the means of keeping exhibitors away from the coming Philadelphia show. I am sorry I did not mark the Irish setter that did have distemper, in the catalogue. And I don't think that Mr. Fronefeld will deny that there was an Irish setter in the puppy class down with distemper during the last three days of the show. I am sorry that my article appeared in A. K. R. as it was not sent for publication, and I say so requested, for I would be one of the last ones to do or say ought that would injure the Philadelphia show. I am under obligations to the management of the late show for favors shown me while there. But I think it the duty of the veterinarian to have removed at once any subjects of distemper. I was appealed to by the owner of this Irish setter to enter a protest against his remaining, as he, the owner of the dog, had requested the privilege of removing him and had been refused to do so. The dog was benched the third or fourth dog north of my Flora H. I may be wrong as to name, but in subject I am correct. Was it not Gerald? If this article meets the eye of the owner of the dog that was afflicted with distemper and that made the request to me I ask him to corroborate my statement. I don't suppose there ever was a dog show without its after results of distemper, and I don't doubt for one moment that those in charge of the Philadelphia show were any more negligent than the management of other dog shows. In conclusion I wish to say I don't court any paper controversy on the subject, but will ask Mr. Fronefeld to say am I right or wrong in saying there was a red Irish setter down with distemper? I say there was such a subject, if I am wrong as to name of dog. J. R. HOUSEL, WATSONTOWN, Pa., Aug. 28.

WITH ST. BERNARDS AT THE HOSPICE.

HAVING returned from a delightful visit to the Hospice but a week before the Crystal Palace show, I naturally often compared, in my own mind, the St. Bernards as they are in their old mountain home, with the St. Bernards as they appeared before me in the show ring. The few thoughts suggested to me by the comparison may not be out of place in your columns. I do not give them with the view, on my part, of introducing debatable matter, neither do I give them in a dogmatic manner, but simply as the thoughts pressed on me by the coincidences of seeing the best specimens of the St. Bernard at home and abroad, practically, at the same time. First of all let me say a word about The Hospice du Grand St. Bernard and the Holy Fathers there. Though fatiguing early in the season, it is nevertheless best to make the visit before the snows melt. You see everything as it usually is. The idea given by a visit—say in August—is not more correct than would that be to a traveler from the Alps of the Trossachs seen in the depth of winter and covered with snow. Leaving the mules about half a mile from the Cantine de Proz, after a long tramp, we were greeted on arrival, good humoredly, by the dogs. I need not describe The Hospice; many of your readers know it as well as I do. Suffice it to say we were received most kindly by the monks. The wants of the inner man—and outer man, too, for we were wet through—were even luxuriously attended to; after which we were invited to have a look at the dogs. Thus, with agreeable conversation and information readily given, the evening was passed. It was very cold, and it was hard to realize it was midsummer; but after a warm at the fire, a good night's rest closed the day. The five o'clock bell for mass woke everybody. I will not attempt to describe the scene. Readers can imagine the snow-clad Alps with the morning sun shining in full splendor. After mass and breakfast the dogs were let out for our gratification, and off they went over the snow in the most business-like manner, as if on errands of mercy bent, appearing quite disappointed when they found the monks were not following, and that their day's work was not to begin just yet. There is a tradition and religious halo surrounding these dogs; but I know there is also a certain amount of incredulity with many people who do not hesitate to brand the religious part of it as superstition, and the traditions as false; but that the Holy Fathers do a good work, and that their dogs help in it, there can be no question. I have heard people say—"What! fifteen monks and seven or eight dogs living at the highest permanent inhabited spot in Europe doing good! What is their sphere of usefulness?" It is not my object to write what can be read in the guide books, but the Pass of the Great St. Bernard is historical as the highway into Italy. Travellers who can afford it, can now rush by railway along the Gotthard route—but for poor travellers this pass is still the best way. They cannot afford guides, and those of us who, with guides, know what a false step may do, can easily understand how many slip—to be found no more alive—or to be rescued. Who rescues? or if the poor traveler perishes, who finds his body? and in a reverent way carries it and takes care of it until—the chance of identification gone—the melting of the snow in the valleys allows decent sepulture. The rescued, of course, go about their business; those found too late to rescue during this past winter numbers thirty-seven, men and women. At my request one of the fathers took us to the morgue, where, true enough, I counted that number. The quantities of human bones found from time to time tell the tale of those lost—that are never found again, dead or alive. One St. Bernard dog—not belonging, however, to the Hospice du Grand St. Bernard—had, I was informed more than once, saved this winter, somewhere in the Rhone Glacier district, seventeen travelers. I have said this much to show there is enough evidence, well authenticated, to justify me in saying there is a religious halo

still round the St. Bernard dog; it is not superstition; the traditions of him are not false, and he comes to us with a prestige. However, if any man desires further proof, let him spend a winter at the Hospice. If he survives it, let him write his experiences in the Live Stock Journal.

Somewhat or other there is an idea that the monks have no good dogs, as we should call them. I use the word "good" in the way an English breeder and exhibitor would use it. This was an error. I was agreeably surprised. I think I may safely say there is no one kennel in England that can turn out seven or eight full-grown dogs to match this number at The Hospice. They are so full of quality—and no other word conveys the meaning. It seems to me the life they lead, the work they do, the intelligence they are constantly called upon to exercise, give them an expression which is very, very rare in England. Is this far fetched when we consider that the one dog bred, born, reared and trained at The Hospice, and the other too often bred among dog shows taken to this show and that during puppyhood, and in after years, should he survive, alternating between forcing foods, dog shows, cezema and phisic? I was more than ever forcibly struck with the fact that a St. Bernard is not a dog to be kept shut up in a kennel, and it reminded me of one of my own dogs which I usually take in my rambles; he was twice the dog for intelligence after an excursion among the Welsh mountains and Snowdon, and now knows as well as I do when we are off, and selects his railway carriage with as much judgment as any other gentleman. But this by the way.

Their pups are born and partly reared in the valley, and come up to their future home in the warmer weather, and so gradually get acclimatized for the winter. The monks keep the best. The greater proportion of those they sell, they told me, go to Russia. Perhaps some of your readers can inform us whether they are there kept and bred pure, and, if so, what a Russian St. Bernard is like, or whether they cross them? I am inclined to think the latter.

As everybody knows, the short-coated is what the monks like best on account of the work the dogs have to do, though—probably owing to the climate, their short coat is longer than our short coat—not so mastiff-like. They do not condemn the long-coated; they had one in their kennel, but more for fancy than anything else. Many were nicely marked, as we should call them. One of the most valuable was brindle. I soon saw their opinion of him when I asked if they would sell him; another was all white, except a patch, on ear, I think. There was a good deal of white. All bad single or double dew claws; and I was answered by the monks, when asking their opinion of a dog without dew claws, "not good." They appear to place equal value on single as on double dew claws, and I often received the reply "not the true race" when I elsewhere asked an opinion as to no dew claws. They attach an importance to the carriage of the tail, but they have the same difficulty with the ears that we have. The dogs at The Hospice are not so large as some of our largest, though, omitting these, up to our average—but their bitches are fully up to ours. I saw one bitch, I think quite as big as any bitch in England. Judging from the quality of their dogs and the size and quality of their bitches, I should say they are cultivating their breed, and the next time I go I shall expect to see larger dogs. With all their exercise and isolation they sometimes lose a valuable dog. I received a letter from The Hospice only yesterday saying a dog was dying which I had hoped soon to have seen in my kennels. From what they told me their dogs are longer coming to maturity, their growth not stopping so soon as ours by several months. This is probably owing to their pups being less forced than ours are.

There is an expression, character, and nobility of head among the dogs not easily forgotten; and as you come away you feel inclined, involuntarily, to raise your hat to the old Patriarchs among them; and as for the Holy Fathers—well, you feel a regret at leaving—a regret that time should so fast have flown. You come away with an affection for them, and reverence for their abode.

I saw a few good dogs elsewhere in Switzerland—names are invidious—but the position of one gentleman in the St. Bernard world, as the re-founder of the race, to whom we are all indebted, almost demands I should mention by name. I refer to Mr. Heinrich Schumacher. He is as courteous as ever, and a long life of St. Bernard breeding has not damped his enthusiasm.

Now, after all this, what about St. Bernards in England? I contend we must either adopt the historic, traditional—and religious if you like—St. Bernard with all his prestige, and having adopted him, breed up to the same points as are considered to be correct by the best breeders in his native land. Or alter the points as you like—breed to the altered points—but call him the English St. Bernard. We must adopt him in his entirety, or let ours be a rival. No doubt much of the interest and popularity attaching to the dog in this country exists on account of his connection with the Hospice and the noble work he has done for centuries; in fact, his nobility and prestige. The St. Bernard minus this, would, notwithstanding his magnificent proportions, not be the dog he now is. I say stick to the old type. Let them be as big as possible, but we must not sacrifice quality for size. On the grounds I have given, dew claws are, to say the least of it, very important. In color we need not be frightened at white; there is no doubt that too much white is better than too little. I think we ought to encourage more than we do, the smooth-coated. The rough are equally pure, but inasmuch as the smooth-coated are the favorites at the Hospice, to maintain the complete unity of type between the dogs at The Hospice and ours in England, we hear of every pup of a litter being "enormous," "sure prize-taker," etc.; as if every dog, any more than every child, is born to fame; and a very brisk trade is therefore done anywhere within the reach of the Great St. Bernard or a snow-capped mountain, in pups. Many come through England on their way to America I was told.

I now revert to dew-claws, because I know many who, if they have read so far, will have said: "Why! the old Barry had none." It sounds a weak case to say he had, but that they were cut off by the artist who stuffed him. Such, however was the fact. I know I am on debatable ground, so quote *verbatim* from a letter received a few days since: "Barry, qui se trouve au Musée de Berne, n'a point de 'dew-claws,' mais je suppose que l'artiste qui la dépourlé, ne connaissait pas l'importance de 'double claws,' et qu'il les a coupés par ignorance. Les Conventuels qui ont anéanti Barry vivent. A 1815 de l'Hospice jusqu'à Berne m'ont assuré en 1866 qu'il avait 'double claws,' et le Prieur, le Clavendier, et tout ces messieurs, m'ont rassuré en 1866, 1868, et 1869, qu'ils n'étaient point, de chiens qui n'ont pas 'double claws.'"

I have not given the name of my informant out of courtesy, as it was a private letter; but I may say he is known personally to some St. Bernard men, and by name and reputation to all. Be this as it may, there is no question Schumacher's Barry had single dew claws, and there is no doubt whatever that no breeder of any standing would now breed from a dog deficient in these, and from the latter I have quoted this was the case twenty years since. If any of your readers are at Berne, and have an hour or two to spare at the station, I should advise them to walk to the museum and see the old Barry, and then take a cab and drive over to Hollingen and see Schumacher's Barry—that is, all that remains of them.

There are epochs in the histories of nations and individuals, and there are epochs in the history of the St. Bernard dog. The snowstorm of 1812 was an epoch; the revival of the breed by Schumacher was an epoch; the introduction into England was an epoch; the Crystal Palace show of 1855 was an epoch, by virtue of the sale of Plinlimmon for something like 800 gs., for, after all, it was not a fancy price, simply market price, plus enterprise. English St. Bernard breeders must now halt and take stock; our American cousins are in earnest. When will be the next