

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Thirty-Six Pages.

This number consists of thirty-six pages, four extra pages being added to make room for a very fully illustrated report of the New York dog show.

THE NEW YORK GAME BILL.

BY a piece of gross stupidity on the part of somebody in the post office, a special-delivery stamped copy of the New York Game Bill, mailed to us from Albany on Tuesday and plainly addressed, turns up at the last moment before we go to press. It bears the legend "Mis-sent." This was mailed to us fresh from the printer's hands, and we had hoped to give all the important sections in full to-day. Owing to the postal blunder, we are compelled to substitute for the full text a hasty summary. The sections relating to game, fish, birds and animals will be printed in our issue of March 10.

From the digest given on page 200 it will appear that the Assembly Committee has adopted many of the recommendations made by the Syracuse convention. There yet remain many of the original features, of which disapproval was then strongly expressed by the sportsmen of the State. For instance, while the general woodcock season is made to open Sept. 1 in certain favored counties, the date is put a month earlier, Aug. 1. The Syracuse convention asked for the entire abolition of spring shooting; the bill permits shooting to March 1, and on Long Island to May 1. The convention asked that robins should be protected at all times; the bill permits them to be killed; so with does.

On the other hand, very many and most important suggestions were adopted, and the Gould bill as reported by the committee is distinctly a more reasonable, adequate and effective measure as a direct result of the Syracuse meeting. So much a hasty examination discloses, not only in the outlined portion of the bill, but as well in the sections providing for prosecutions. The practical experience of such organizations as the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River and the Anglers' Association of Onondaga has demonstrated the strong and the weak points of this part of the law, and the Syracuse recommendations adopted by the committee are such as will render game and fish protection more effective when this bill shall become a law.

Next week we shall present a careful comparative analysis of the Gould bill and the existing statutes.

The Committee of Fifteen delegated by the Syracuse meeting to present the recommendations of that meeting before the Assembly committee were given a hearing on Wednesday evening of last week. There were present Messrs. MacGregor, Chase, Van Cleef, Hookway, Pond and Gavitt. Representatives were present from Long Island, Albany and elsewhere. Mr. MacGregor and his associates made a strong and forcible plea for the adoption of the changes urged by the convention, but were no less strenuous in asking for the adoption of the Gould bill even if its final form should be a compromise. They reflected in their addresses the spirit which animated the convention—protection, all practicable, for the general good.

"BOSS McLAUGHLIN SAYS SO."

THE Long Island game season provided by the Game Bill, as reported from committee, will open on Nov. 10. The adoption of that peculiar date has been explained to us by this little story:

At a recent hearing before the Assembly Committee on Game Laws, a certain well-known lawyer from New York city was arguing for Nov. 1 as the opening date on Long Island. He might as well have spent his breath on the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge. "Boss McLaughlin wants the season to open Nov. 10," said one of the committee, interrupting him, "and whatever Boss McLaughlin says is going to be done."

In theory game laws are founded upon the necessity of protecting wild creatures in their seasons of breeding, immaturity, weakness, helplessness or unfitness for the table. In practice, the sportsmen of Long Island have their game laws determined by the arbitrary and impudent dictation of a political "boss." Is not this a pretty kettle of fish?

CHEAP AMMUNITION.

IT sounds odd for any one having the least knowledge of rifle matters to suggest the use of two various sorts of ammunition for the same gun, one to act as a sort of practice firing, the other being reserved for real work. Yet this is just what the English rifle authorities are doing at present and against which there is a very proper protest on the part of some of the shooters. The Martini-Henry ammunition for the service arm is supposed to have 85 grains of powder behind a 490-grain ball, and yet when the London *Field* took 150 charges scattered over the official output of six years, from 1886 to 1891, it found but fifty-four with the standard powder charge, the others varying from 87 grains max. to 80 grains min. Of the bullets only twenty-eight were of exact weight, the others varying from 484 to 476 grains.

All these objections, serious as they were, became emphasized in the coiled brass cartridge cases which are flimsy and easily twisted out of shape, leaving air spaces between the side of the shell and the chamber, and these are issued simply to save the cost of solid cases, which it is explained are reserved for use in actual warfare. This means that at Bisley, where experts gather in competition of skill, they are compelled to take pot luck with a lot of cartridges which are good for grouping shots on a 6ft. square target, while all the time there are waiting and wasting away by deterioration in the arsenals, and the moment a call is made to arms, the soldiers find themselves supplied with a different make of cartridge, and at once distrust their shooting with any uniformity alongside the scores already made with the practice ammunition.

The man who is practicing wants the very best charge going, in order to get the maximum record from his arm. The soldier before the enemy wants the very best charge in the very best arm if his morale is to be preserved; in other words, inferior charges may be set aside for Fourth of July burrahs, where noise is a requirement, or for crowd shooting in a cornfield, where noise plays a big part; but for an official body to countenance such a short-sighted bit of economy, as the use of a second-rate cheap cartridge to men who are working for records and expect that such practice is of the least value as preparation for real work with another ammunition, is the very extreme of absurdity, and is a penny wise, pound foolish policy, hardly fitting our notions of hard British common sense.

SPRING SHOOTING.

THE poet Whittier said the other day that if he were a young man he would enlist under the banner of some great moral reform, no matter how desperate the fortunes of that cause might now appear, and devote himself to laboring for its success. One of the younger generation of sportsmen now coming on to the stage might enroll himself on the side of the spring shooting abolitionists with perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of their principles. Nothing in the entire field of sportsmanship is more clearly demonstrated by passing events than that the sentiment against spring shooting is gaining strength. It is stronger to-day than it was ten and five years ago; it will be stronger five and ten years from now than it is to-day. It is gaining ground in a wider territory than ever before. No one who intelligently notes the trend of opinion in relation to such

affairs can fail to be convinced that this is the situation with respect to the shooting of wildfowl flying northward to their feeding grounds in the spring of the year.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE fish protectors on the lakes in Central New York have time and again been thwarted in their pursuit of illegal netters by the refusal of keepers of boat liveries to supply boats for their use. To overcome this, the Syracuse convention sought to have incorporated in the game bill a section requiring such boat keepers to furnish boats to the protectors, upon payment of the customary fee for hire. The section, however, the Assembly committee rejected as unconstitutional. This proposed remedy then has failed; but there must be some other, and no one who knows the temper of Mr. Henry Loftie of Syracuse and his associates in the Onondaga Anglers can doubt that they will discover a way to get ahead of the netters and all their allies.

We owe apologies to a large number of persons who have sent to this office asking for special numbers of the enlarged FOREST AND STREAM, and whose orders we have not been able to fill. Since the first of January we have been obliged each week to increase the number of copies of FOREST AND STREAM printed, and each week before the succeeding day for publication we have found ourselves without a single copy of the paper in the office. We have not been able to gauge the additional orders so as to keep the supply up to the demand. This week we are printing 1,300 copies more than last week, and we trust that this will enable us to fill all orders which we may receive before next Thursday.

We print to-day in advance of its official publication the current report of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission. The document is of added interest because it is the first report given of the Commission's work since the scope of that work was so widened as to comprise also the enforcement of the game laws. The limitations hampering protection in Minnesota are shown to be substantially those which govern elsewhere—public indifference; the greed of those who find profit in inciting to unlawful acts; the obstructions put in the way of the law by officers sworn to execute those laws.

The tarpon season has so far been moderately successful at St. James City, Fla. More fish have been taken at Fort Myers, the score there up to Feb. 23 counting thirty. A correspondent suggests that visiting anglers will do well to make their headquarters at St. James City, going thence by daily steamboat to Fort Myers, or engaging one of the many very good sloops, which will accommodate four, and living on the grounds.

Chief Game Protector Pond reports that the stories of destruction by the men employed in building Dr. Webb's new Adirondack railroad are without foundation; there has been no crust; the protector has employed special detectives for service in the North Woods; Dr. Webb has cooperated in this; and the tales of slaughter are declared to have been canards.

WESTERN NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—A bill introduced at Albany by Senator Parsons, from the Cheaper Food Fish Association, of Rochester, incorporates Wm. H. Adams, of Cayuga; Wm. Rumsey, of Bath; W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons; John T. Little, of Lockport; E. Bloss Parson, of Sodus Point; John B. Sage, of Buffalo; Wm. Hamilton, of Caledonia; John H. White, of Albion; Wm. E. Holly, of Holly, and Geo. F. Danforth, Halbert S. Greenleaf, Hulbert H. Warner, Daniel W. Powers, Wm. Purcell, Charles H. Babcock, Lewis P. Ross, George Raines, Wm. F. Cogswell, Wm. S. Kimball, Charles S. Baker, Cornelius R. Parsons, Richard Curran, John A. Reynolds, Wm. F. Balkan, Nathaniel Foote, John R. Fanning and Frank J. Amnden, all of Rochester, and the Western New York Protective and Propagating Association for food and game fish and song and game birds, for the purpose of enforcing the laws relating to the taking and killing of fish and birds, and the promotion of the culture and propagation of fish and birds and the introduction of new species and varieties of fish and game, and the publishing and dissemination of information relating thereto.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A HUNTER'S SONG.

WHEN the icy breeze through the leafless trees
Whistles and shrieks amain,
And breaks their boughs in his wild carouse,
And laughs if they groan in pain;
Then it's oh! to be where he whistles free,
O'er the hollows and steep inclines,
And in bolsterous rout whirls the snow about
Where the deer lie under the pines.

There is music to some in the reel's shrill hum
As the line cuts the limpid tide,
And the peasant's whirr makes the cold blood stir
As he speeds from the brooklet's side;
But it's oh! to hear the echoes clear,
Through the forest's tangled lines,
When the rifle rings and the bullet sings
Where the deer lie under the pines.

When the morning breaks o'er the frozen lakes
And the stars shine pale and cold,
When the moon in the west sinks down to rest
And the night grows gray and old;
Then it's up and away in the breaking day
To the barrens' dim confines,
With pulses steady and rifle ready,
Where the deer lie under the pines.

Let them sing who may of the tropics gay,
Where flowers forever bloom,
And, cloudy or fair, the sultry air
Is heavy with rich perfume;
But it's oh! for the land where the Norways stand,
And through thickets and tangled vines,
The north wind howls and the gray wolf prowls,
And the deer lie under the pines.

ALLAN WOODRUFF.

IN THE MUSCALLUNGE COUNTRY.

[Continued from Page 170.]

ONE day I thought I would go down the river and try the deep holes again. The day promised well, but deceived me sorely. The sun was shining brightly when I started. With rod and camera I pointed my boat down stream. A patriarch of a pike tried conclusions with the No. 6 Skinner in the little lake below the dam, the troll coming out first best. The breeze ruffled the water just right. A better fishing day could not have been imagined. Rowing rapidly to reach a little lake further down and with only a few yards of line out, a 4lbs. small-mouth dashed at the spoon, which was being jerked with great speed through the water. How he fought! For a long time I could not see what I had. He kept up a steady, swift run round and round the boat. It was not a spasmodic fight, but he seemed to take the cold steel in his jaws with the determination to get away from it by a steady pull and fast swimming. The lance-wood tip was given all the strain I thought it would bear. The circus went on. That is what it seemed to be. I was ring-master, and the fish flew around the ring. But when he did give up he gave up all over. He suddenly came floating to the top with his spirit broken and his strength gone. He could hardly make a motion after that. About now the sky was cloudy and it began to drizzle. Reaching the lake where I had taken six muscallunge a few days before and had hooked as many more there did not seem to be a fish in the waters. The thunder or something else had sent them to the bottom or into the weeds or had frightened their appetites all away. I got out on the shore and stopped along in the wet grass looking for frogs, a few of which were captured for still-fishing and casting. But the rain came down now in a sharp shower. I drew my boat up under an overhanging pine tree. Near by was an old stub with the heart burned out for about 5ft. from the ground. It leaned away from the storm and made the coziest kind of a tent. In front of it I hastily built a fire and then sat down for an hour or two as comfortable in my narrow quarters as ever I was in my life.

The storm passed, and a hundred yards down stream I caught three magnificent small-mouth bass. They would average 4lbs., big enough for superb sport. Going back there was an ugly rapid to be surmounted. I went at it sans cutthroat. The water was not cold but the air was, and the stones terribly sharp. The boat was remarkably perverse and it began to rain again. By the time the top of the rapids was reached I was wet to the skin, chilled to the marrow, and badly disgruntled. Why is it that a man does not take his death of cold under such circumstances? He is not likely to, though at home he gets the sniffles if a little draft strikes him.

While we were sitting at the breakfast table one morning the cooks stampeded from the kitchen. It was a little thing that had driven them out. As we cautiously peered in at the door we were not surprised that Charley and Johnnie the Jew had fled in holy terror. A pretty creature with a small body and lots of hair, glossy black slashed with white, was nosing about in the corners and soon began eating very composedly from the swill bucket. No one seemed inclined to disturb him. He seemed thoroughly at home. He had a certain confidence of bearing which commanded respect. When he got ready he went out, "Oh my! the Jew said he had seen five early that morning about the camp. I proposed that in the evening we tackle the litter. They had, nearly every night given some strong intimations of their proximity. Just at dusk one of them came into the "alley." As he went out and around to the warehouse I fired a charge of duck shot at him and missed. It did not seem to frighten the others, however. Going out at intervals during the evening we found and killed seven. I worked the shotgun and the cooks carried lamps with reflectors. It was snap shooting. There was not the best of light, and a moving mark in semi-darkness is not easy to cover, but I had the satisfaction of hitting oftener than I missed. Pity these beautifully marked cats smell so badly. The next morning the boys gathered up the fragments remains and had them laid out in a row on the grass. There was a placid look on the face of Johnnie the Jew, as much as to say, "I am not going to be run out of the kitchen by a skunk to day." There were no mourners for the dead. Their funeral rites were celebrated with rather more joy than sorrow.

With Jim Lawson for guide I went to Pappoose, some ten or twelve miles away. It is the prettiest lake in that region. The trees come close down to the water's edge. There are innumerable arms and bays cutting back into the timber to surprise and delight you as you troll along the shore. To reach it there is a three-mile carry. We had planned to leave our boat in Clear Lake and hire a man living on its shore to carry his birch bark over to Pappoose. This man is one of the characters of that region. He was once a locomotive engineer. Drink loosed him in his place on the footboard. He has a squaw, a strapping big wench, and a family of little half-breeds. As we came up to the man's clearing the children were on the shore, the oldest a pretty girl of perhaps fourteen, with a pappoose held upon her back by means of a shawl. They acted like frightened young partridges and edged off toward the bush. When we asked for the father they pointed along the shore. After much talk we made them understand that they were to go for him. Into the birch bark canoe they all tumbled, the baby dumped down in the middle, and you should have seen them paddle. If they had been in a race with the best blades of the country I believe they would have held their own. Their father came out of a swamp where they were cutting cedar for a roof house, and we were soon on our way on the trail. Jim had a good-sized pack and was ahead. The man came next with the birch bark canoe on his head. It was a good load for him. His squaw followed carrying a frying pan we had borrowed from her. We couldn't see what she came along for. We soon found out. About half way over, or near a mile and a half from where we started, the man saddled the canoe on the squaw. In about three minutes she swept around Jim and in ten minutes was out of sight down the trail. We couldn't keep up with her. She wasn't a female giant for nothing.

It was late in the afternoon when we put the birch into Pappoose Lake. We were after big muscallunge. Jim thought we would surely get a few good ones. The mellow sunshine of the autumn afternoon was lying across the beautiful sheet of water making it gleam like diamonds where the breeze ruffled it, and shining upon the distant tree-bordered shores that looked like banks of emerald. So wild and sequestered did the lake look that one could well believe, what is true, that besides the dusky-skinned Indians have ever launched their boats upon its waters. Under Jim's steady paddle the birch bark glided quietly along the lee shore, and the spoon spun like a bit of whirling sunshine in and out of the shadows cast by the thick standing pines and birches which formed so brilliant a setting for this jewel of a lake. The fish perhaps had caught the spirit of the dreamy, autumnal day. Possibly they were taking a siesta, swinging in grass hammocks down there in the crystal depths and too lazy to touch a troll. Certainly they did not betray their presence to us, save one old patriarch of a small-mouth bass, who found the barbed steel and silk line too much for even his long unmastered strength.

We pitched our tent at night on a point covered with huge pines. A good fire was soon roaring in front of the tent, driving shafts of flickering light among the grim old giants of the forest. How Jim did snore that night! He would have lifted the tent from its stakes if the whole front had not been left open. This let the roaring noise out, and no great harm was done except that I slept little. Aside from Jim's nasal performance the night was peacefully still. No breath of wind stirred the mighty pines. Some wild thing, perhaps a porcupine stealing about stealthily in the brush, could be heard distinctly. The wood in the dying fire would snap and fall with a noise that sounded strangely loud in the stillness. The loon's lone note came like a lost soul's cry through the darkness.

Before the sun could get a look over the treetops the coffeepot was boiling and the bacon frying. We were not long in getting ready to tempt the warriors of the waters in combat. But they were not in a fighting mood. In and out of the coves and bays went the birch bark. Along the shore was many a fallen treetop where it seemed the fish might lurk. Casting about them with all the skill I could muster, I failed to get a rise. Toward noon we had worked around the long shore line to the islands near where we first entered the lake. Here we began to find some fairly good small-mouths. On my light split-bamboo they made great sport. Until this morning, I had never used anything but a heavier jointed Japanese cane rod. I had brought along a split-bamboo, quite light, but feared it would prove too frail in hands unused to its lighter weight. But I will never go back again to the heavier rod. In trolling the fish are less likely to hook themselves on the light rod, there can be no doubt about this. But the heavy rod is more likely to be all on the side of the lighter weapon. Going around one of the islands there came a strike which made me think of the grandfather of all the fish in the lake had tackled my spoon. For many minutes he surged about the boat. He would not come close enough to the top of the water to show what he was. Pappoose Lake has some big pike in it, and, from the way in which he kept out of sight, this fish must have been a monster pike. Whatever he was, when he had tired the angler's arm he went his way without asking leave to. The total catch that day was not enormous. A dozen or fifteen bass, that would average 3lbs., was all. No, this was not all, for as we tramped back over the trail that afternoon I remember the hours on that beautiful lake as among the happiest of my outing. The mental pictures which one carries home from the lakes and forests are the most abiding treasures. The day before in Clear Lake we had caught a score or more of pike still-fishing, so that though we did not get the big muscallunge we had gone after, we did not go back empty-handed to the dam.

The very best fish that were caught by the writer and others fishing at the dam at the same time, were taken near at hand. One muscallunge weighing a little less than 20lbs., was taken within a 100yds. of where we left our boats. Every fisherman had rowed past that point twice every day, and hardly thought it worth while to try for anything there. I caught several 'lunge in this lake when I did not want to go to any camp, and they were the best I got, averaging about 8lbs. Mud Lake, a little despised sheet of water, lying between Clear and Stone, and connected with both, is a good place for everything but pike. I took a number of big-mouth bass there, and can confirm what your correspondent S. W. S. said last week about the big-mouths fight-

ing qualities. In clear cool water he is vigorous and gamy. It would be impossible for any man to tell which species of bass he had hooked until the fish breaks water. Both will tug like a broncho on the line, leap gamely from the water, and viciously shake the head while in the air until the spoon rattles like castanets in the effort to throw out the hook from the jaws.

The day came at length for unjoining the rods for the last time. It is a melancholy tune when the sport has been good and the appetite for it yet unsatisfied. We bade the boys good-bye, climbed into the wagon and started for the station. In the hope of seeing a partridge on the way, I slipped cartridges into my gun. About half way to the railroad a bird went whirring out from beside a log, presenting a splendid shot. The log lay on the slope of the river bank not more than ten feet away. He went straight away, but, alas, right across the river. What was the use in shooting a bird only to have him fall in the water where I could not hope to get him? And then what happened? As we sat there at least a dozen birds followed the first one, going one at a time. I could not see them until they started to fly and then a few strokes of their wings put them over the swift current. I could look down on their backs and for at least fifty yards they were in plain view, with not a bush or tree branch to get in the way of a sure aim. It took self denial not to pull trigger on them. But I have always made it a rule to shoot nothing merely for the sake of killing, and I could not have retrieved one of those birds under the circumstances. It seems to me that if I go back to that country again I have earned the right to have a chance at the broods those birds may raise next summer. Going back again? Who ever turned away from a successful fishing trip without intending some day to go back and catch the "biggest fellow that got away."

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

WILDFOWL IN TEXAS.—II.

IT will not do to leave the river without introducing you to our driver, who, I am afraid, was too much like a typical native; that is, "born rather tired," but with a great deal of curiosity and native shrewdness. We living some distance from the river, and made inquiries about the "raft" and possibility of getting around it, or means of portage, and Zach came down to our camp just as supper was ready. He excused himself from joining us, having just eaten before leaving home, and besides, "didn't hanker after ducks anyway, liked pork better."

His curiosity, like that of others in this region, was much aroused in regard to our motives in coming down in this section of country, and credulity was shown in his expression (probably justified by our personal appearance after a long boating trip), if not in his speech, on receiving negative answers to his questions of whether we were fishin', trappin' or huntin' ducks for their feathers. He stated, however, on getting better acquainted, that he didn't think we were "low down enough to be fishin'."

After cautious investigation of us and our outfit, he made proposals for the hauling, qualified with the remark, "I reckon that you have got money enough to pay me," and being satisfied on that important point the bargain was closed.

After meeting Zach the next morning at a ferry some three miles below, loading up boat and baggage on a rather dilapidated wagon, drawn by a light team, to say the least about the horses, the twenty-mile portage was undertaken, and there was our opportunity for learning something concerning our jehu.

He claimed to be a genuine cowboy, ruined, so far as his legitimate profession was concerned, by the fencing of pastures during the past few years. He had tried fishing the river and succeeded admirably at that, "but it was a too-low-down business," (and too much hard work, probably), so he had changed to buying chickens, eggs and butter and trading in tin ware for a season, and now had been farming for a couple of years.

Zach freely acknowledged he did not like the business and was not very successful, having to buy corn thus early in December, but then he was going to put in twelve or thirteen acres next season. His experiences in farming were amusing enough, yet pitiable, for without doubt no more fertile land or propitious climate can be found in the United States; and energy and practical knowledge are the only requisites for success.

Maat-fattened hogs are plenty on the lower Colorado, however, and our friend Zach will get along all right, and any reader who may take a trip to Elliott's ferry will find him ready and willing to act as guide or furnish transportation.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 6, we launched our boat in the bayou at Matagorda, after the twenty-mile portage over a smooth prairie of very fine land for the most part, given up mostly to grazing. Several visitors came down to see us and our boat, we agreeing, however, that the boat was too small to navigate the bay, and predicting discomfort if not disaster. One good Samaritan informed us where we could find wood and water up the bayou, and then led us to his boat and pointed out a pile of oysters, telling us to help ourselves. Nothing loth, we thanked him and pitched in, taking off the keen edge of an up-country appetite for oysters and carrying a small cargo to our camping place for a later feast. Matagorda Bay oysters are regarded as the best found on the Gulf coast, and some recent shipments to New York have been successful, showing my taste, cultivated on "Rockaways" in my youth, has not become vitiated when I pronounce the Matagorda equal to any oyster I have ever tasted.

A heavy norther had accompanied us on our portage, and on Monday was blowing nearly a gale, precluding any start and allowing us plenty of time to hunt up water keg, anchor, and other requisites, besides interviewing some of the resident salts in regard to courses and distances on the bays, of which we were perfectly ignorant. We received plenty of advice and directions, for which we were thankful, but which were at once forgotten, and our trip was really made on a dubious course of south and west, stopping where we felt inclined and sometimes where we were forced by stress of weather. Matagorda, so important a point in the early history of the State, has recently fallen from its former prosperity, for the bay is continually shallowing, while railroads have provided other markets. Still it would be a grand point for hunter or angler if not so inconvenient to reach.

Tuesday morning, with a moderate wind, we sailed out into the open bay, bound for the oyster reefs, and during