

of the day's work. Wet leaded nets are very heavy things, and I could see that sometimes the labourers with us could hardly get along with them. Haul No. 2 produced fine two-year-old fish, all males, and bright. We then walked across the meadows to a stream where I had had good luck three years ago. "Confound it!" I said, "the place is weeded up, the spawning bed is gone; nevertheless let us try." So we put the net across, and we walked it carefully down, and caught at this haul, No. 3, one cock only.

While this was going on, I observed there was a watercress bed, which looked very promising, so I determined to explore it. When I go out on these expeditions I always wear a flannel shirt, the sleeves of which are cut right off, as wet flannel sleeves are a great nuisance, especially when one is catching trout in rat-holes or under mud banks, or among roots of trees, &c. I find I can work better with bare arms, though thorns and briars are decidedly objectionable, and make nasty scratches. I also wear a sealskin cap that I can pull right over my face when I want to push it into the middle of a bush to catch a trout in a hole. If a watercress-bed is to be thoroughly hunted I go on my hands and knees. The hand must always be brought from above downwards; you must not sweep with it, or you will not get the fish. I drew the first watercress-bed blank. A yard or two above there was a large trout's nest, as though a navvy had been turning up the gravel with a spade. Just above the nest were two trout hovering over it. They instantly bolted, of course; but I marked them both down among the watercresses. At the first attempt I touched one of the fish, and I missed him. "Ah!" I said to myself, "out of practice—bad; this won't do," so I tried again. Now, if you want to catch trout with your hands you must never, if you touch him once, take your hand or finger away, and if you are in a most uncomfortable position you must nevertheless make the best of it, but *never take your hand away*, or the fish will bolt. There is also a great art in holding fish under water without *injuring* them. Well, I got this pair of fish all right, but the eggs had been deposited in the nest they had just left. I thought of digging up the nest and taking the eggs, but it is a long job, as the eggs are generally from a foot to eighteen inches in the gravel, and they fly away down stream like thistle-down in a high wind. The worst of hunting watercress-beds is that one's uncovered arms and hands get so fearfully marble cold. As long as they are *in* the water it does not matter; but if there is any wind the moment I come out I feel as if I had no hands or arms at all. I always carry a bottle of scented hair-oil, which I use as a kind of varnish, and I find this an excellent plan to mitigate the evil.

To our intense delight the omnibus then appeared with the luncheon, and we did not leave a scrap of it (cold mutton and bread-and-cheese) in the basket. Out again into the wet and cold—we then had three more hauls, as usual no females, all cocks; so I crawled under a wooden bridge, and hunted the great banks of weeds collected round the posts. I had hold of a very large fish, I should say at least three pounds; but I did not bring him to the surface as I found he was a cock-fish, and not worth taking. Our quarter of an hour at luncheon in the fly had spoiled the day, as sitting down had made us all feel chattery about the teeth and stiff about the joints, like cab-horses must feel on the rank on a wet day; besides which it was beginning to get dark, so we agreed to sound a retreat, I fancy to the great delight of the water-bailiff and labourers, who looked thoroughly done up. We quickly piled the wet nets up alongside the coachman, and trotted away to the station. We managed somehow or other to change. I never was so wet in my life before, everything being saturated, and, with the exception of feeling very stiff next morning, I have not experienced the least ill effects. I am happy also to say that Mr. Bartlett (who worked like a horse all day) tells me he is none the worse. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed the day's outing, and only wish I was going at it again to-morrow.

P.S.—The following is the *résumé* of our day's netting:—Cocks, 48; hens ripe, 5; hens done spawning, 7; bright fish, 8: total, 68. This extraordinary predominance of cock-fish is according to my general experience both with salmon and trout. The above figures show that the proportion of hens is as one to four cocks. My former experiences have averaged as about one to six: this is a point on which I shall hope to dilate at another opportunity.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

#### *Ova of Salmonidæ from Canada and Cumberland.*

Mr. John Parnaby, of Troutdale Fishery, Keswick, was kind enough, on Wednesday last, to bring me from Leeds, with his own hands, a most interesting and valuable collection of ova and fry of salmonidæ. Mr. Parnaby has lately returned from Canada; he undertook the voyage across the Atlantic, from Liverpool and back, simply for the purpose to make arrangements for the importation, on a considerable scale, of living American fish to this country, and is now in direct communication with the following eminent American pisciculturists:—Mr. Samuel Wilmot, Newcastle, Ontario; Mr. Seth Green, Rochester, New York; Mr. Slack, Troutdale Fishery, New Jersey; Mr. Stone, Charleston, New Hampshire. On his return, Mr. Parnaby brought back several thousand of ova of the *Salmo Fontinalis*, or American brook trout; they have hatched out in Cumberland most successfully, and the fry which he gave me (about the size of very small minnows) arrived in London quite safely. Mr. Parnaby also gave me some ova of the silver char (*Salmo alpinus*); the Welsh char or *Torgoch*, and Cumberland river trout; also three living Cumberland char, eighteen months old, these about the length of a common cedar pencil; these are lovely little fish. All these fish and ova are now to be seen in the hatching troughs of my "Museum of Economic Fish-Culture, South Kensington," next door to the armour collection. In my troughs can also be examined salmon ova from the Wye and the Tyne; bull trout ova from the Coquet, trout ova from the Wye and Hampshire; also ova of the "roie" or char, from Mr. Bennett, of Christiania. I am sorry to say the rest of the Norway salmon, sea trout, lake trout, &c., hatched out on the voyage. It gives me great pleasure to report that *Salmo Fontinalis* is admirably suited to English waters. The fish nursery at my museum now contains several specimens of these handsome speckled coloured fish, from one to three pounds in weight; these were reared from eggs sent me three years ago by Mr. Seth Green, who has done so much for fish culture in America. These are the first specimens of American fish acclimatized in England. Mr. Parnaby proposes to take another trip shortly to America, and bring back with him living fry of the black bass, a handsome fish, "good to eat," and affording excellent sport to the angler; also fry of the white fish or Attihawmeg