OF FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

Dan Beard Gives a Picturesque Description of the Sport-How to Train a Hawk for Field Purposes-Our American Birds of

A rainbow hae been shattered by the hammer of Thor, and the fragments were scattered over the western sky; a bloodred highway ran in a straight line over the sea to the sun, which rested like a ball of molten metal upon the horizon. There was a sudden rushing sound, and a bolt from heaven struck into the midst of the sun path, scattering a shower of jewels that reflected back the sunset hues of the sky. An instant later an American osprey rose from the waves with his glistening prey in his talons. It was a noble sight—a grand plunge, an unerring aim, a skilful and quick recovery; and as I watched the bird



A MISUNERSTANDING WITH A "HAGGARD."

rise higher and higher over my boat, I thought what grand and artistic and intensely interesting sport it would be to discard our hooks and lines, our creeping and crawling and disgusting bait, and to substitute a ring or perch of ospreys, hooded and belled like the falcons of old. It was an enchanting fancy, and nothing but the grim necessity of being compelled to make a living has deterred me from carrying out

The ancient sport of falconry is about to be revived by a number of wealthy men in New Jersey, where, in the open country there are excellent opportunities for fun with hawk and dogs.

Falconry was introduced into England about the fourth century, and flourished during the middle ages and the Renaissance. From the peasant with his sparrowhawk to the crowned king with his gerfalcon, all were passionately fond of hawking. What were then considered vast fortunes were expended upon the cultivation of this sport. The grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem sent 12 falcons annually to the kings of France. A French knight of the order conveyed the the peculiar call, whatever it may be, by birds to his monarch, for which service he which you intend to summon the bird in received as a present his travelling ex- the future, when you wish it to resume its penses and money equivalent to \$15,000 a perch upon your wrist. It will by this year. Louis XIII. was daft on falconry, means learn to recognize the call and asand always went hawking before going to sociating the noise with food, and food with church. Albert de Luynes made a fortune its perch upon your gauntlet, will always by his scientific training and treatment of fly for your wrist when you call. Familiarthe birds. Baron de la Chastaigneraie, ize your charge with horses, dogs and chief falconer for Louis XIII., cared for strangers.



140 birds, and employed 100 men to assist him in their care.

England and Germany were enthusiastic on the subject of hawking. No lady or gentleman, noble or ecclesiastic, with any self-respect, would appear in public without a pet bird mounted upon the gauntleted wrist. The officiating clergy even took their birds to church with them, only leaving them perched upon the altar steps while engaged in the actual church service.

Formerly falcons were divided into two classes, noble and inferior. The gerfalcons were the nobility in the bird aristocracy; and the others, the falcon, the hobby, the merlin, etc., had to content themselves with riding on the gloved hands of esquires and people of small importance.

The United States is well supplied with birds of prey, none of which probably are not susceptible of being trained for the chase. That they can be trained I know, having as a lad reared many, and taught them to come at my call and to be gentle in their behaviour, not pinching my wrist when perching upon it. This is half the battle, and anyone with time and patience

can do the rest. In selecting a bird try to secure a brancher, that is, a bird that has been strikes the lure, allow it to take the meat long enough out of the nest to hop from when it has answered your call and returned self and supply his own wants, and is consequently independent, and, under re-

FALCONRY ONE OF THE DIVERSIONS | the most easily tamed and trained; but | signal; even if he be soaring high overaudacity of the brancher or the haggard.

The brancher may be caught by the lure of a pigeon or a quail, and the haggard by

You may now means of a decoy and a net. There is a lent decoy for his wild brothers.

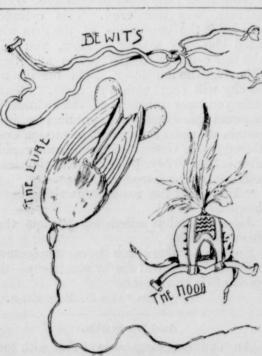
found within twenty minutes' journey by breaking your brancher. rail or ferry from New York city, and would hasten to supply the market with falcon, and on account of her great size, both the domestic and imported article; but if any of the readers of this paper seriously think of trying their hand at hawking, they will enjoy the sport the more and understand the birds the better if they rear and train them by their own hand.

Hawks and falcons, being of wild and violent natures, are at first insensible to both punishment and caresses, hence with an intractable bird want of light and food is the only punishment that will affect it, and it is of the utmost importance that the same person should always administer its food and care for the bird's welfare. Having secured a brancher, shackle its legs with the supple thongs of straps called bewits; the bewits usually terminate with bells. With an old army buckskin gauntlet protect your hand and wrist, place the bird upon your gauntleted wrist, and carry it about with you night and day, giving it no opportunity for rest. If your falcon or two-thirds the size of his mate, was called hawk tries to bite and fight you, douse his tercel, tiercel and tiercelet, and was flown head into a pail of cold water, and it will darkness. Three days and nights of this tinctions; one style was for kings, as we fluttering, fighting, or undue excitement | down to the knave. during its meal. Feed it with your hand



When the ruling classes wish to strengthen their power over their poorer brethren, they seek to make the poor dependent upon the bounty of the rich for their support, and by thus destroying the independence of the so-called lower classes, the ones in power retain their position. Now exactly the same policy must be pursued with a wayward or foolish bird that prefers its freedom and self-support to wearing a plumed hood and bewits on its legs With such a bird, excite its appetite by forcing it to swallow pellets of tow mixed with a little wormwood and garlie. This will increase its hunger, and thereby make it derives from the gratification of this artificial appetite, will attach it more closely to its master who feeds it.

In a week or less the bird is tamed, and then you can commence with the training. live in the city and have no back yard, seek a retired spot in the park. Put a piece of meat on your hand, and, calling the bird, teach it to hop on your hand. By until it has answered your call. Next said: fasten the meat to a lure made of a flat piece of wood and covered on both sides with the wings of the bird you intend to hunt or the skin of the animal you expect your hawk to pounce upon. Unhood your bird and show it the lure. If the bird



THE IMPLEMENTS OF FALCONRY.

limb to limb, but is as yet incapable of to your wrist. The string attached to the flight and consequently unable to provide | lure may be from 10 to more than 30 yards for its own wants. Paupers are always ser- in length, and when the bird swoops down vile, and as the young bird must live upon upon the lure at the full length of the your charity, he will be more easily tamed string and will then obey the call, you are than a haggard, that is, a full grown bird on the road to success and know that the that is perfectly competent to hunt for him- bird recognizes the lure and knows that by

WITH HAWK AND DOG. straint, fierce and savage. Young birds you need no longer fear allowing your that have just left their wild cradle on bird freedom, because at a moment's notice they are apt to lack the strength and head, at the sound of the call he will descend to his accustomed perch upon the

You may now show your bird living game by letting the real animals or birds, deadly enmity between the hawks and their represesented by the lure, fly or run handinocturnal rivals, the owls, and hence an capped by strings fastened by their legs. owl is frequently used as a decoy to induce If your falcon takes these properly, binds the haggards to swoop down for the oppor- | the game well, and is obedient to the call, tunity of a blow at their hated enemy. A you are safe to take him to the field and tame hawk or falcon also makes an excel- try him on wild game, and if you are fond of field sports you will be more than repaid In the early spring, hawks' nests can be for your perseverence and trouble in

Although the word falcon is often used young ones procured, which will prove in- indescriminately for any or all birds used teresting pets to those who care to bestow to hunt, yet in the language of falconry time upon them. Should a demand for there are many distinctions, accordyoung or trained birds arise, there are ing to Yarrell; for instance, the feplenty of dealers in birds and animals who male peregrine was exclusively called the



power, and courage, was usually flown at herons and duck; the male, often only at partridges and magpies.

quiet him, and then put on the leather bood, which will keep him in complete birds were regulated by law with nice diswill make the wildest bird inclined to be have before stated, another for princes of docile to a certain extent. Next teach the blood, still others for dukes and great bird to take its food quietly, allowing no lords-fifteen grades in all, which reached

Naturalists are as bad as the Normans or and never do so without whistling or giving worse, and divide and sub-divide and quarrel over the subdivisions. In 1874 two Yea, now I may hear on the morn the whirl of the well-known authorities published a list, one making six species of goshawks (Astur), and the other 31; the latter made only 23 sparrow-hawks and the former 45. According to the latest authority at hand, the hawks differ from true falcons in not hav- In the heart-throb of national feeling I hear but the ing a toothed or notched bill.

of his head is deep black and the upper parts bluish-slate, darker at the tail. There are no cross-bars on the throat, but each individual feather has an artistically arranged dot or dash of color. It has dark tinged wings, a tail of the same hue, with obscure bands across it. A broad white stripe with fine black penciling running from above and behind the eye adds expresssion and fierceness to the face. Audobon loved to watch this bird and describe its bold daring adventures as on strong wing it sailed over the American wilds that have since become populous towns and tarming districts. It would take a volume to describe each species and be unnecessary, as the only object of this article is to attract the attention of the sportsman to the grand possibilities for sport that would be opened by a revival for hawking.

The fair sex would also have an opportunity, for "in days of old when knights were bold," the knight always paid his court to his fair one by his marked attention to the falcons. Using the greatest judgment in flying the bird at the proper moment, never losing sight of it, encouraging it by calls, following it and securing the prey from the death-dealing talons, and with a caress as a reward for the lucky or skilful work, the knight would slip the hood over the bird's head, and with all the grace he could assume place the falcon on the slender wrist of his and the bird's mis-DAN BEARD.

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

The hopefulness and forelooking of the it more dependent upon its master, and consequently more docile, and the pleasure truly Canadian spirit, is finding abundant expression in our current literature. Our poets are fully alive when they come to this theme, and a special lustre seems to play about it. It reminds one of the lumi-Take the falcon out in your yard, or if you nous star of the French Revolution, that rose in the fancies of certain English poets before it was dimmed and almost quenched in blood. Wordsworth, one of no means allow it to partake of the meat the enchanted and betrayed number,

Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy! The mighty were the auxilists which then stood Upon our side, we who were strong in love! Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!

Well, they had their hour of bliss, anyhow, however fortune afterwards turned the scale; and the hope and joy of these young ardent spirits of to-day-the brightest Canada has-are excellent while they last, and God grant they may last long. The words of one of them are here, in this neat little brochure, of only ten or twelve pages, printed by J. J. Anslow of Windsor, and late student at Acadia College. His wish and purpose are certainly laudable: "I trust, indeed, that my poor to Canadians as their well-wisher, is, I Canada," and all the others are similar in theme and spirit. The following citation will show that his patriotism can be practical:

My Country smiles like a bride to receive the kiss of betrothal, Fair doth she seem to the world, and God's blessing has strengthened the union;
And His promise bidding them onward to gather
the good of fruition

Lightens the way into the years that are coming. Noble and strong, the Nations usher their scion Teaching, yet taught by the youngest, of glory, love

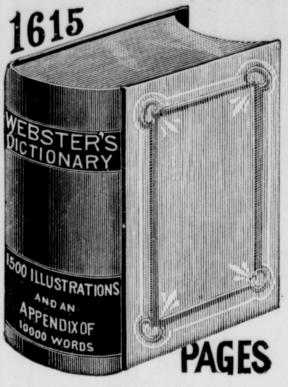
and ambition.

Fancy with strength of its daring turns into the future of years, Bold in the trial of deeds to track out the distant unknown, I portend for my land, before me,

straint, fierce and savage. Young birds that have just left their wild cradle on rock or treetop are called eysas, and are left their wild cradle on you can reclaim him with the call or

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Honor and wealth for a crown, and growth of her Rank yet higher 'mid the nations of earth, and virtues rewards? I dare, with the knowledge of deeds that were, and

of good that shall be. I dare when the silver of morn melts into the paling Look for a perfect day, flooded with golden glory. I dare, when the grain leaves the liberal hand, look

My heart beats strong at the sound of my Country's name and welfare,
Building, with proud nationality, fame in her sons
and her daughters;
Loosening aloft her flag, flung boldly to storms and

heart-beat of manhood, Firing the currents of life in the breast of a happy of our handsomest birds of prey; the crown And re-echoed in softening cadence, the souls of her

From thee, dear land, grandest and noblest theme, Comes, inspired with glory and truth from holiest Following this is the "Appeal," the first

ine of which rings out : Canadians! raise aloft your country's flag! "Promise" reassures us with thought

that Canada's time of opportunity is now: What fairer sky and lands than these Promote a subject's weal?
What clime more blessed of liberal earth
May other days reveal? What riper age, what fitter time

Can years present to willing men, Or favoring chance bestow In "War" he deprecates the ravage of our fair land with fire and blood, and in Unfinished" he points out our natural

On mountain-side the dark pines stately lift Their heavy branches to the changeful sky. On the last page are two sonnets. Union" and "Home," the latter of which pleasant to us from its sentiment:

My home, my loved, my free-embowered land, My home, my loved, my tree-embowered land,
So dear art thou I nevermore would stray;
Contented here to rest in joy alway,
Near by such loveliness of sea and strand.
Perfected Nature's sweet and mild command,
Full of the luxury of night and day,
And every season's bounty, all repay
This loving heart submitted to her hand.
Here would I die 'mid scenes that saw me born,
And filled my youthful eyes with happy things

And filled my youthful eyes with happy things;
That gave my spirit all the good of breath.

My happy day since life's short, joyful morn,
To this high noon has passed on golden wings:
May all its pleasant light shine on my death!

That this young man has written well, and promises to write better, we will admit. If he will labor and condense, we

predict his success. Our genial correspondent, Geo. Martin, writes: "Your estimate of Stanley coincides entirely with my own views. I have read his books, How I Found Livingstone, Through the Dark Continent, Up the Congo, and his latest, In Darkest Africa; all are familiar to me. The record of his noble task in the rescue of the ungrateful and vacillating Emin Pacha adds to the glory of his tormer achievements, and all attempts to detract from his merits by the relatives and friends of the impetuous Barttellot, and hi cannabalism-inciting Jameson, will prove as futile as unwise and malicious. I have followed the steps of Stanley-in imagination—through all his travels, like his own shadow, and the endurance, forbearance, wisdom and heroism of the man, under the ordeal of manifold perils, in the shadow of death a thousand times, place him, in my humble judgment, at a moral altitude too high to be marred by the smoke which a few enemies have raised in hopes to obscure his splendor." He does not, however, think that Stanley possesses the requisites to successful lecturing other than his prestige and literary fame, and regrets that speculators get men of reputation to appear on the platform irrespective of their adaptation. But this is one phase of the

in great reputations, to the ultimate detriment of the reputations. Of Roberts' story in the Christmas Dominion Illustrated, "The Tantramar," he efforts (?) may not be wholly in vain to has these pleasant words to say: "The help along the good cause. To be known story is admirable, brilliant and pleasing as a flawless jewel. Its construction, in think, worth striving for." Let us open perfect balance and harmony, is equal to this clean little pamphlet, and inspect the the human, breathing elements that combliss from a celestial battery." He pictures the laden roofs, and icicles pendent from sports-tobogganing, snowshoeing, and, have the field to themselves, and the multi-

Many a young man in this community has no longer be tunefully interfered with. come to an early grave by excessive en-

of entertaining writers. Success to it.

The racy life of Butler's Journal does not run low. He writes with freshness, and has the courage of his convictions. If ever a rouge has troubled the editor he will find himself in the appropriate gallery, as is fitting; nor is a true friend there forgotten. The name of Hugh Cochran is a synonym for that which is high and true in the poetic pages evinces. The author has something to say or sing, and that something is to rives. 'The Song Unsung' is his hope, and the mark of earthly labor is futility." still more worthily.

The Magazine of Poetry makes its trimonthly appearance, with some new features. No retrogression is noticeable in bids fair to become a standard. For frontispiece it has an exquisitely engraved rather dark of line.

In regard to the Canadian flag, as it called . . . we don't know what is meant by it. We have never seen it .-Butler's Journal.

The Youth's Companion gives the advice of a friendly publisher (who visited the father of an incipient poet) for the cure of that dread mental disease which, perhaps, breeds more conceit and hallucination than

"Have you a wall in your house?" asked the great man. "Yes, sir," replied the father, in some

A hard wall?" "Well, it's stone."

"That will do nicely. Well, when John writes his next piece of poetry, take him out and bump his head against the wall. Bump it pretty hard. Repeat the operation, increasing the dose in violent cases, and I will guarantee a cure.'

His bardship being within hearing, anxious for his folly's encouragement, and then in the condition of producing sonnet, ballade, rondeau, ode, epic with dangerous rapidity, was suddenly and completely extinguished-"snuffed out" by less than "an article," as Byron would say. Hence-forth he avoided, may be loathed, Parnassus, and attained the summit of success, haven't counted me in: I received ten which by common consent is in law and money greed, and it is the age of trading | not in poetry. Doubtless in his case, as in many others, the world lost little by the exchange; but is the rule of universal application? What an admirable scheme would not this have been for squelching the old masters, and Dr. Watts into the bargain, whom the switch could not tame! So would the world have been spared considerable mystification, and a sea of renowned and splendid nonsense. We can contents. We shall find it distinctively patriotic, for the very first poem is entitled patriotic, for the very first poem is entitled strikes one like a shock of concentrated though the only one likely to suffer financially is the many who gave the advice. the abundance of snow, now in Montreal, Poets notoriously make no money out of their verses; and if anybody does it may eaves that warn pedestrians to look out for be inferred that it is the publisher. But their skulls. He has this, anent, winter bumps are doubtless effectual! What will sports: "The craze for tobogganing and do for the peepers and chitterlings will sports: The craze for toboggaining and do for the peepers and chitterings will alive! snowshoeing, that prevailed here during also suffice for swans and nightingales, if And the wisest of us know him as his Lydia verses past winters has subsided, and the young only administered, as the gentleman said, people indulge in more rational and quiet in heavy and repeated doses. Poetry is pastimes. . . I think there are some responsible for considerable dreaming and signs of a growing disposition on the part | dawdling about the world—a world which of the more thoughtful portion of our is sadly lacking in industry. We want You bet he made Rome howl , sir, until he filled his juniors to bestow more attention on intel- practical exemplars. When the birds, ac- With a massic-laden ditty and a classic maiden lectual matters. Physical exercise is need- cording to an ancient decree, are all killed ful and commendable; but our Canadian off, then shall the toads and grasshoppers

chief of all, lacrosse-have had too large a | plication, the board of trade and the stock share of time and attention given them. exchance, together with Blackstone, shall

The Acadian land, and indeed all the deavor to win glory in some of these popular | Provinces of the Dominion, have become more and more the theme of literature since the days of Haliburton, Howe, and Our contemporary in Maine, The Eastern | DeMille; and since Longfellow and Whit-State, published at Dexter, and edited by tier, Warner, etc., commenced to celebrate Thos. H. Pierce, devotes considerable their charms. Much of the writing of space and attention to literature and liter- Roberts, Carman, Duvar, and others, ary matters. Among its attractions are, makes beautifully familiar scenes we have "Books in Brief," or works of fiction from long loved and known. The journals of the best authors in a condensed form. the United States are rife with the same. They are well executed, and meet with The Youth's Companion has lately given a approval. It is gathering a constituency story of the old French Port Royal, and a nautical story by Roberts, heard and told while on the heaving bosom of Fundy in the old *Empress*.

Still give us your summer literature for an agreeable contrast. Must we never read "Snow Bound" in July, for the sake of an imaginative shiver? The colors of spring never glow so bewitchingly as on art, as the little collection of only eleven the sallow dullness of November. Sweet in December are June reminiscences. A good purpose. The Ideal and Other Poems | humming-bird or bee were noticeable in (Montreal, Waters Brothers) associates our faded bowers. . . . We had a purity and spiritual earnestness with beauty. poem shot mentally through us by the 'The writer," affirms the Week, "has a snow's arrival. Yesterday it was russet; high moral purpose, and the title of the but we awake to see all white, from the first poem . . . indicates the spirit by brow of yonder slope to the river-margin, which the whole is pervaded. Upwards and over all the farther reaches. The and onwards is the author's motto. To dawn adheres to the erst wet brushes, and so him the hour of self-satisfaction never ar- Narraquaqus gleam through silken willowy whiteness. The black-knotted plum-trees that border the path to our door show their Mr. Cochrane may be well expected to do deformities bepearled. A few feathery particles shimmer in the air with wavering intertexture. . . No more favorite musing time to me than when the shades of these early evenings are falling. Then to linger by the window, to tramp over any of the departments, and this periodical the hill, or loiter by the riverside seem pleasantest things to do. No vembers like the past stir my spirit; they portrait of James Phinney Baxter, though have clean neutral pages for fancy's painting. . . . Roberts' sonnet on the "Old Barn" brings one's youth back, and Lampman's verses fall as softly on the ear as the "Snow," he sings of, does upon the earth. . A Western Trip, Will Yosemite, Yellowstone, Niagara, exceed what we conceive of them. I ponder as I read articles in the Century. "Fireside Travels" are the ones I mostly enjoy. To travel comfortably I must carry leisure and quiet with me. Let me loiter when at Stratford or Westminster. Large excursion parties would be undesirable. I would need to go as a missionary, to make regulation trips profitable. . . That is well of Miss A—, to have her near in spirit and good will. You say truly "She always seems near, and that is better than to have her in the house; it would seem far away—as she never could." A friendship is the better for having a poetic or platonic tinct, though rather thin, if all platonism. . . .

Inclusive.

Have you read the verse of Richard Scalf,

such as "The Poet's Death Song"?

The Rev. Peter Swunn (rubbing his hands) .- Well, my dear, I have made eleven hearts beat happily to-night; I have married five couples.

PASTOR FELIX.

Mrs. Swunn.-Eleven? How can that be five couples? Mr. Swunn.-Oh, you dollars from each bridegroom.—Puck

The Truth About Horace.

It is very aggravating to hear the solemn prating Of the fossils who are stating that old Horace was a When we know that with the ladies he was always raising Hades,
And with many an escapade his best productions

There's really not much harm in a large number of They'd present as metaphoric what old Horace

We have always thought 'em lazy; now we adjudge 'em crazy! Why, Horace was a daisy that was very much show him,— Go, read that virile poem,—it is No. 25.

meant for facts.

He was a very owl, sir, and starting out to prowl, He painted up the city, and Maccenas paid the -Eugene Field.