

WITH HAWK AND DOG.

FALCONRY OF THE DIVERTIONS OF FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

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

A rainbow has been shattered by the hammer of Thor, and the fragments were scattered over the western sky; a blood-red highway ran in a straight line over the sea to the sun, which rested like a ball of molten metal upon the horizon.



A MISUNDERSTANDING 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.

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 goshawk, all were passionately fond of hawking.

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.



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 gauntlet wrist.

Formerly falcons were divided into two classes, noble and inferior. The goshawks 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.

strait, fierce and savage. Young birds that have just left their wild cradle on rock or treetop are called eyas, and are the most easily tamed and trained; but they are apt to lack the strength and audacity of the brancher or the haggard.

The brancher may be caught by the lure of a pigeon or a quail, and the haggard by means of a decoy and a net. There is a deadly enmity between the hawks and their nocturnal rivals, the owls, and hence an owl is frequently used as a decoy to induce the haggards to swoop down for the opportunity of a blow at their hated enemy.

In the early spring, hawks' nests can be found within twenty minutes' journey by rail or ferry from New York city, and young ones procured, which will prove interesting pets to those who care to bestow time upon them.

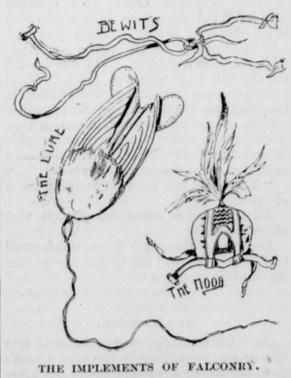
Hawks and falcons, being of wild and violent natures, are at first insensible to both punishment and caresses, hence with an intractable bird want of light and food is the only punishment that will affect it, and it is of the utmost importance that the same person should always administer its food and care for the bird's welfare.



The peculiar call, whatever it may be, by which you intend to summon the bird in the future, when you wish it to resume its perch upon your wrist. It will by this means learn to recognize the call and associate the noise with food, and food with the perch upon your wrist.

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strikes the lure, allow it to take the meat that it has answered your call and returned to your wrist. The string attached to the lure may be from 10 to more than 30 yards in length, and when the bird swoops down upon the lure at the full length of the string and will then obey the call, you are on the road to success and know that the bird recognizes the lure and knows that by answering your call it will be entitled to the meat for its reward.

you need no longer fear allowing your bird freedom, because at a moment's notice you can reclaim him with the call or signal; even if he be soaring high overhead, at the sound of the call he will descend to his accustomed perch upon the buckskin gauntlet.

You may now show your bird living game by letting the real animals or birds, represented by the lure, fly or run hand-capped by strings fastened by their legs. If your falcon takes these properly, binds the game well, and is obedient to the call, you are safe to take him to the field and try him on wild game, and if you are fond of field sports you will be more than repaid for your perseverance and trouble in breaking your brancher.

Although the word falcon is often used indiscriminately for any or all birds used to hunt, yet in the language of falconry there are many distinctions, according to Yarrell; for instance, the female peregrine was exclusively called the falcon, and on account of her great size.



power, and courage, was usually flown at herons and ducks; the male, often only two-thirds the size of his mate, was called tercel, tiercel and tierclet, and was flown at partridges and magpies.

Naturalists are as bad as the Normans or worse, and divide and sub-divide and quarrel over the subdivisions. In 1874 two 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.

The goshawk of United States is one of our handsomest birds of prey; the crown 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.

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 skillful 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 mistress.

The hopefulness and forelooking of the 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 luminous star of the French Revolution, that rose in the fancies of certain English poets before it was dimmed and almost quenched in blood.

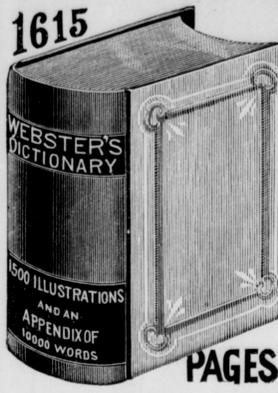
Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy! The poetry were the auxiliaries which then stood Upon our side, we who were strong in love! Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!

My Country smiles like a bride to receive the kiss of the Admiral, Fair doth she seem to the world, and God's blessing has strengthened the union; And His promise bidding them onward to gather Lights the way into the years that are coming. Noble and strong, the Nations usher their secon among them.

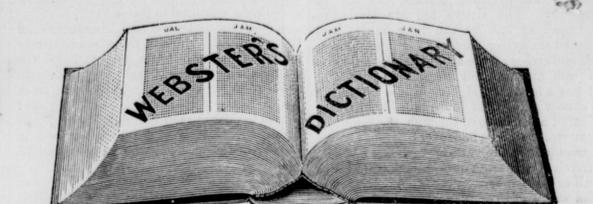
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Honor and wealth for a crown, and growth of her dearest ambition? Rank yet higher 'mid the nations of earth, and virtues rewards? I dare, with the knowledge of deeds that were, and of good that shall be.

Look for a perfect day, flooded with golden glory, I dare, when the grain leaves the liberal hand, look on to the harvest; Yea, now I may leap on the morn the whirl of the sickle. My heart beats strong at the sound of my Country's name and welfare.

Following this is the "Appeal," the first line 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 To make a nation grow, 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 heritage:

On the last page are two sonnets, "Union" and "Home," the latter of which is pleasant to us from its sentiment:

My home, my loved, my free-embowered land, So dear art thou I ne'ermore would stray; Contented here to rest in joy abey, 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; 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 Livingston, 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 former achievements, and all attempts to detract from his merits by the relatives and friends of the impetuous Barttelot, and by cannibalism-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."

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 efforts (?) may not be wholly in vain to help along the good cause. To be known to Canadians as their well-wisher, is, I think, worth striving for." Let us open this clean little pamphlet, and inspect the contents. We shall find it distinctively patriotic, for the very first poem is entitled "Canada," and all the others are similar in theme and spirit.

The Rev. Peter Swann (rubbing his hands)—Well, my dear, I have made eleven hearts beat happily to-night; I have married five couples. Mrs. Swann.—Eleven? How can that be five couples? Mr. Swann.—Oh, you haven't counted me in: I received ten dollars from each bridegroom.—Puck.

chief of all, lacrosse—have had too large a share of time and attention given them. Many a young man in this community has come to an early grave by excessive endeavor to win glory in some of these popular exhibitions."

Our contemporary in Maine, *The Eastern State*, published at Dexter, and edited by Thos. H. Pierce, devotes considerable space and attention to literature and literary matters. Among its attractions are, "Books in Brief," or works of fiction from the best authors in a condensed form. They are well executed, and meet with approval. It is gathering a constituency 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 art, as the little collection of only eleven pages evinces. The author has something to say or sing, and that something is to good purpose. *The Ideal and Other Poems* (Montreal, Waters Brothers) associates purity and spiritual earnestness with beauty. "The writer," affirms the *Week*, "has a high moral purpose, and the title of the first poem . . . indicates the spirit by which the whole is pervaded. Upwards and onwards is the author's motto. To him the hour of self-satisfaction never arrives. 'The Song Unsung' is his hope, and the mark of earthly labor is futility." Mr. Cochran may be well expected to do still more worthily.

The *Magazine of Poetry* makes its tri-monthly appearance, with some new features. No retrogression is noticeable in any of the departments, and this periodical bids fair to become a standard. For frontispiece it has an exquisitely engraved portrait of James Plimney Baxter, though rather dark of line.

In regard to the Canadian flag, as it is called . . . we don't know what it means 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 any on earth.

"Have you a wall in your house?" asked the great man. "Yes, sir," replied the father, in some surprise. "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, and anxious for his folly's encouragement, and then in the condition of producing sonnet, ballad, rondeau, ode, epic with dangerous rapidity, was suddenly and completely extinguished—"snuffed out" by less than "an article," as Byron would say. Henceforth he avoided, may be loathed, harness, and attained the summit of success, which by common consent is in law and 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 now proceed to carry out the suggestion, though the only one likely to suffer advantage is the man who gave the advice. Poets notoriously make no money out of their verses; and if anybody does it may be inferred that it is the publisher. But bumps are doubtless effectual! What will do for the peepers and chatteringlings will also suffice for swans and nightingales, if only administered, as the gentleman said, in heavy and repeated doses. Poetry is responsible for considerable dreaming and dawdling about the world—a world which is sadly lacking in industry. We want practical exemplars. When the birds, according to an ancient decree, are all killed off, then shall the toads and grasshoppers have the field to themselves, and the multi-

plication, the board of trade and the stock exchange, together with Blackstone, shall no longer be tunelessly interferred with.

The Acadian land, and indeed all the Provinces of the Dominion, have become more and more the theme of literature since the days of Halliburton, Howe, and DeMille; and since Longfellow and Whittier, Warner, etc., commenced to celebrate their charms. Much of the writing of Roberts, Carman, Duvar, and others, makes beautifully familiar scenes we have long loved and known. The journals of the United States are rife with the same. The *Youth's Companion* has lately given a 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 glow? The colors of spring never shiver so bewitchingly as on the sallow dullness of November. Sweet in December are June reminiscences. A humming-bird or bee were noticeable in our faded bowers. . . . We had a poem shot mentally through us by the snow's arrival. Yesterday it was russet; but we awake to see all white, from the brow of yonder slope to the river-margin, and over all the farther reaches. The dawn adheres to the erst wet brushes, and so Narraquague gleam through silken willow whiteness. The black-knotted plum-trees that border the path to our door show their deformities bepeared. 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 the hill, or loiter by the river-side seem pleasant things to do. No members like the past stir my spirit; they 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. . . . Have you read the verse of Richard Salf, such as "The Poet's Death Song"?

PASTOR FELIX.

Inclusive. The Rev. Peter Swann (rubbing his hands)—Well, my dear, I have made eleven hearts beat happily to-night; I have married five couples. Mrs. Swann.—Eleven? How can that be five couples? Mr. Swann.—Oh, you haven't counted me in: I received ten dollars from each bridegroom.—Puck.

There's really not much harm in a large number of his carmina, But those people find alarm in a few records of his acts; So they'd squelch the muse caroric, and to Students sophomoric They'd present as metaphorical what old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy; now we adjudge 'em crazy! Why, Horace was a daisy that was very much alive! And the wisest of us know him as his Lydia verses show him— Go, read that virile poem,—it is No. 25. He was a very odd, sir, and starting out to prowl, You bet he made Rome howl 'sir, until he filled his date; With a maniac-laden ditty and a classic maiden pretty, He painted up the city, and Maecenas paid the freight! —Eugene Field.