

## HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.



fair correspondent, who has lately made a journey from the Western States, informs DIOGENES that on one of the railways there, she saw this notice:

"Gentlemen will not and others must not spit on the floor."

And the facetious conductor had on his checks the following, which is worthy of preservation in the Cynic's columns:

"Gentlemen who expect to rate among the ladies, will not expectorate upon the floor."

DIOGENES is asked to commend these notices to the attention of certain travellers on the Grand Trunk Railway.

MONTREAL, April 13th, 1869.

DEAR DIOGENES,

I do not think that it is possible to find in the whole range of literature two more truthful lines than those of the late Thomas Hood,—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

These words were lately brought to my recollection, when I was reading the names of the gentlemen who compose the newly-formed "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Amongst them are the names of several well-known sportsmen, and I could not help thinking whether any of these gentlemen had ever for one moment reflected on the fearful and unnecessary pain that they frequently cause in the course of their exciting sports. I am not about to inflict upon you a dirge-like discourse, which you would probably, O! Cynic! fling promptly into your waste-basket; but I claim a few minutes' attention to the words of two wise men, whose bodies are now mouldering in dust. The "Correspondence of Charles James Fox and Gilbert Wakefield in the years 1796-1801," was published by Cadell in 1813, with the sanction of Lord Holland; and I select a few extracts from this comparatively rare work for the benefit of your sporting readers. Fox, I must premise, had injured his hand by the bursting of a gun. Upon this occasion his friend Wakefield writes to him as follows:

"Am I, Sir, indecently presumptuous and free—am I guilty of too dictatorial an officiousness, in pronouncing those pleasures to misbecome a man of letters, which consist in mangling, maiming, and depriving of that irretrievable blessing,—its existence,—an inoffensive pensioner on the bounty of the common feeder and protector of all his offspring?"

To this appeal Fox makes the following reply:

"I think the question of how far field sports are innocent amusements is nearly connected with another, upon which I suspect you entertain opinions rather singular; for, if it is lawful to kill tame animals with which one has a sort of acquaintance, such as fowls, oxen, &c., it is still less repugnant to one's feelings to kill wild animals. But, then, to make a *pastime* of it? I am aware that there is something to be said upon this point. On the other hand, if example is allowed to be anything, there is nothing in which mankind, civilized or savage, have more agreed, than in making some sort of chase, (for fishing is of the same nature,) part of their business or amusement."

To this Wakefield answers in letter XXV:

"With your leave, the question of *animal food* is no more involved in that of *rural sports*, as commonly pursued, than the question of *racks and tortures* is, connected with that of *capital punishment*. I would not now state, is it lawful and expedient to kill animals at all? but, is it philosophical and humane to leave numbers of them to perish by pain and

hunger, or to occasion the remainder of their lives to be perilous and miserable? for such, I presume, are the inevitable consequences of *shooting*, in particular. As for *hunting*—to see a set of men exulting in the distresses of an inoffensive animal, with such intemperate and wild triumph, is to me the most irrational and degrading spectacle in the world."

Mr. Fox, *apparently run to earth*, then terminates the discussion in the following words:

"I believe I had best not continue the controversy about field sports; or, at least, if I do, I must have recourse, I believe to authority and precedent, rather than to argument; and content myself with excusing rather than justifying them."

This, O! Philosopher! is the old, old story, "Pleasant but wrong." "Video meliora proboque; Deteriora sequor." In a case where Fox failed to justify, I scarcely imagine that any Montreal sportsman can make a successful defence. "The words of the wise are as goads," and I make no apology for requesting the insertion of them in your columns. They are well worthy the attention of the Society's Secretary, if he has never before met with the discussion.

With the best wishes for the success of the Society, I remain, respected DIOGENES,

Yours, faithfully,

PHILOZOIST.

## A HAPPY FAMILY.

We have, most of us, seen those singular and incongruous collections of animals of diverse and opposite natures, instincts and habits,—cats, rats and mice; owls, hawks, sparrows and tomits; lambs and wolves; foxes and geese; &c., &c.,—that manage to live in unity and to get on very well together. But the most remarkable instance of this species of triumph over nature, that was ever known, is exhibited in the Cabinet of President Grant. There we find a Swedenborgian, a Dutch Reformer, a Unitarian, a Universalist, a Roman Catholic and two individuals of unknown creed; while the President himself, is a Methodist. Let any exhibitor beat this if he can! It is just possible the heterogeneous cluster may be amalgamated into unity. The age of miracles is not yet past. But Methodist as he is, the President must certainly have methods exclusively his own, to ensure its safe and certain fulfilment.

## THE BEGGAR AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

"Come buy without money and without price."

All day long by the door, weary,  
Door that I may not enter in,  
Here I watch through the Sabbath dreary,  
Until the shadows of night begin.

Your charity, kind sir!

Before you go in to pray,

For you know what the parsons say,

"Who gives to the poor he lends to God;"

It must be true, but it seems to me odd,

If He loves us so much, as the parsons say,—

His House has no place where the poor can pray!

List to their praise for wealth and gladness!

But such as I dare not venture in;

Bless him for hunger and pain? 'Twere madness;

Mock him by rags? It would be a sin.

Your charity, kind sir! &c.

Hark! we can come without price or paying:

Where? To the pew where the rich man prays?

'Twould cost me more for a Sunday's praying,

Than ever I'd beg to the end of my days!

Your charity, kind Sir! &c.