

the time, and when showing himself would be on the move. To get another we have had to go about a full circle and got a shot just by the place where first started. Another sits erect, breast to the front, curious to know what sort of a fellow is tramping and banging about them, I suppose. Another is squat on a log and the full rays of the declining sun seem to be falling upon the place he must have chosen for an afternoon nap. Another starts from near my path and stops very soon only, a rod off. This is what the most do, so it is well to drop upon one knee ready for a shot. Well, two that P. M. were wounded, or during the week in which I took fourteen out of that same region, and made that human like cry which none of us like to hear—"too much like the crying child." Happy is the man who has a loaded second barrel to relieve misery then!

But it is no small task to get eight rabbits home, yet by putting four on each end of a small rope and throwing the four on one end over the shoulder how much easier you can make the task.

By dressing four at a time when you are home, you will have eight hind quarters for dinner if you will only put them in a tin side by side and bake them as you bake any meat. Then, if you do not care for the dish when served with vegetables it must be because you remember that it is "wild meat." However, I will not forget that many who are *in reality* hunters and sportsmen can tell me almost everything about how to cook. But this is the way one madam does the rabbit, and we are glad when another late autumn comes around, or there is a fall of damp snow so as to leave a perfect track. When such a snow comes in the night we have found the next day as good as a late autumn with no snow.

THE PARSON.

Charleston, Maine, 1892.

AN ORNITHOLOGISTS LETTER.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter received by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec, from Chas. Hughes, Esq., Montreal, which is valuable as being the result of personal observation. Mr. Hughes has been an ardent sportsman, and sporting articles from his pen descriptive—"of moving accidents by flood and field," in which he has been an active participation—will appear in future issues of this journal. He is a very observant student of nature and a life in the woods has given him a practical knowledge of the ornithology of Canada possessed by few. Those

interested in the *fauna* of this country will find his sketches most instructive and the information contained in them can be swallowed without the *grano salis* usually required in connection with hunting and fishing stories.

"Your paper, THE LAND WE LIVE IN was duly received, I have been getting it for some time past and have taken great interest in reading your letters on our bird. My profession of lumbering affords me little time in which to devote attention to animated nature, but I never lose an opportunity in searching into their habits: a most beautiful study. I am sorry to find it so little appreciated. I have given my sons every opportunity of pursuing the study in all its branches and they take pleasure vying with each other as to proficiency. They are good taxidermists, as I instructed them in much that I learned as a lad and nature must be studied to know the position of the bird. I have been very much annoyed with our newspapers in mutilating articles on our birds which I have sent them for publication and the terrible mistakes made at times, which must have given real ornithologists a very poor opinion of my knowledge and experience in the study.

I had the pleasure of addressing you some years since, with reference to a curious animal which my son shot at Lake Megantic. I have been ever since endeavouring to find out about it, and succeeded at last, in securing one. From all appearances it is a hybrid between the cat and the hare, as all its front quarters, head and feet are cat, and the hind quarters, legs and tail, are the hare. It was very ferocious and fought my dog most savagely. I am puzzled to know whether the cross is between a tom-cat and female hare, or a buck-hare and female cat.

I am now trying to find a shore lark's nest. As I mentioned to you, I found out that they breed in winter. If I succeed I will inform you. It is very certain that they do so, as I had the young ones three quarters fledged and found them 6th March, nested in the quarries outside the city. There was fully two feet of snow, still and very cold.

My experience in the forests of Canada extends to forty-two years. I have often followed the winter birds and studied their habits, especially the Blue Jay, Canada Jay, Chickadee, Wood peckers, Nut-hatches, Cross-bills, Gros beaks, the Shrike—which is a good mocking bird, and many others which keep to the forests, I have derived great pleasure in listening to their calls and notes.

I have seen several varieties of our migratory birds wintering with us this year and secured a Wax-wing. There was quite a flock of them. I saw no Bohemian Chatterers, this winter, but flocks of Gold-finches; also the Red-tailed Hawk, the American Goshawk, of which I secured one, I also saw a Song Sparrow Rosignol, in a friend's yard, where it is wintering. It sleeps in his hay loft but it must be an old bird that was too weak to migrate.

I wish to call your attention to a bird myself and sons shot last October, in the Snipe Grounds, below Sorel. There were five and we secured them all. They were the size, and make of the Wood-cock, with

head and beak, but black legs, and the exact plumage of the Snipe. They were feeding like Snipe, but their flight was slower. They were the fattest birds I ever saw, a perfect ball of fat, and about six to seven ounces each, in weight. I have been hunting up several Natural Histories, but can't find them described. They are the first of the kind I ever saw, and I have been shooting for forty-five years."

Montreal, 1892.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

PRESERVE THE OLD RECORDS!

BY A KANSAS CANADIAN.

Not many months since, an old friend whom I had not seen for twenty-five years, was visiting me out in my western home. He was one of the many Eaton boys who had sought homes and occupation elsewhere. Now when Dr. Hurd of Massachusetts, saw a copy of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, lying on my table, he casually turned over the leaves until his eye caught Cookshire, Eaton, Newport and the name of Hiram French, your aged and interesting correspondent. Devouring the names, incidents, localities, and dates of settlement by the early pioneers, of the land of his birth, &c., he went through all his letters as eagerly as I presume he would some newly reported surgical operation that had set all the doctors in the world, wondering.

"Yes," he said when he had gone through then, "I did not know this and that thing before. Here is where many of my relations and friends lived." The doctor had been away perhaps thirty years.

The present generation may not appreciate the value of these short home historical records, but coming generations when peradventure they find some old faded copy of this magazine amongst grandmother's papers in the garret, will feel as if they had discovered a treasure." Yes, present readers, save some of the condensed history of the land of your birth or adoption, and perhaps when you are three score and ten, and your little grand child shall guide your tottering limbs down by the old pasture, where you can point out the now shallow brook, the once splendid home of the speckled trout, the few remaining trees where you and your comrades gathered nuts when the leaves got brown and aere, or perhaps had a boy and dog chase after the squirrel that came to divide the spoil with you, and you shall return by the old well-worn cow-path home again once more, and lay your frail body down for an hour's rest, while little Ruth reads a story of the older home days; then shall the dim eyes kindle with life and memory once more seek its duplicate among the things long ago forgotten, yet never forgotten, only covered up with moth and rust."

How many of those condensed histories of Shipton published by the Rev. Edward Cleveland when principal of St. Francis College, a treasure to future generations, can now be found? Perhaps not a dozen copies. The carefully preserved copy among the volumes of his library, his son tells me has unaccountably disappeared.

I have now an old copy, dated 1834, of perhaps the first Eastern Township's school book, published by Ramsay, of