

A WISH.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

If I were a leaflet, whirled
By the eddying wind on high,
Which floats on the rolling wave,
Purued by the dreaming eye.

Fresh-torn from my parent stem,
I would joyously yield my will
To the Zephyr that blows from the West,
And the eastward flowing rill.

Beyond the swift river's roar,
And the gloom of yon woodland vast,
Beyond the deep mountain gorge,
I would speed on the rushing blast.

Beyond the she-wolf's dark cave,
The woods where the ring doves moan,
And the plain where the pilgrim finds
Three palms, and a fount of stone;

Past highlands which pour the rage
Of tempests over the corn,
Past the dismal lake o'erhung
By braunies tangled and torn;

Past the barren lands of the Moor—
That Chief with the pointant bright—
Whose brow has more wrinkles far
Than the sea on a stormy night;

I would bound with an arrow's speed
Over Arta's mirror blue,
And the mountain whose summit hides
Two towns from each other's view.

But at Mykos, the square-built town,
With its cupolas gay and bright,
Constrained by a magic charm
I would halt at the dawn of light.

I would fly to the good priest's home,
Where his daughter, a dark-eyed maid,
At morn, in her chamber sings,
At eve, in the portal's shade.

At length, a poor wandering leaf,
Obtaining my earnest prayer,
I would light on her forehead, and blend
With the curls of her auburn hair.

Like a parrot, with nimble feet,
Mid the yellow corn, I would be,
Or like fruit in a fairy bower,
Green fruit on a golden tree.

Did I rest but a moment's space
On her bending head, I vow
I would feel more pride than the dazzling gem
On a Sultan's stately brow!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

CRUELITIES TO FISH AND FOWL.

When a human being is put to unnecessary bodily suffering through the neglect or maliciousness of one of his own species, a great outcry is the result. He is enveloped in a cloud of sympathizing reporters, who describe with realistic minuteness every detail of his case. The sympathy of the whole community is his, and if the assailant be short of funds, or without political influence, he is quickly incarcerated and freely punished. Every day, however, tortments are heaped upon the unfortunate and unresisting denizens of the sea and air, and no voice is raised to mitigate or abridge their agony. In the larger towns an effort has been made to ameliorate the condition of the dumb animal—dumb to us, but undoubtedly in a more restricted but fully as expressive a vocabulary capable of conveying to his kind an expression of his torments and his sufferings. In the rural districts, where laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are not known or enforced, the bucolic Christian pursues his merciless practices unchecked and unrestrained. Doubtless he treats his domestic animals with care and kindness, but when he comes to deal with the unfortunate fish and fowl he gives full license to his greed, and knows no pity. It is the struggle for existence, and all the so-called civilization and theology of the age cannot soften or restrain the natural instinct to torture and destroy. Possibly it may be heedlessness—what the eye does not see, the heart does not feel.

A fisherman will sail out in a boat loaded with empty flour barrels. Into each, in his way of business, he will pack from three to five hundred crabs, all alive. These are possibly detained at his home for several hours, whence they are carried to the nearest railway station, possibly miles away, over a rugged road. At the station they are transferred to a freight train, which consumes several hours en route to a market. With all the modern conveniences of luxurious cars, we can all testify to the irksomeness of a lengthy journey by rail. What, consequently, must be the suffering of four or five hundred crabs, still alive, packed in a barrel, and jolted under a broiling sun, on a slow and tedious train? Were it possible for the lower layer of crabs in these barrels to express their views to some enterprising reporter for the press, they would unfold a tale compared to which the sufferings of William Lithgow by the Inquisition would be but a joyous and festive narrative. Fishing for crabs for the market is a perfectly legitimate occupation, which supports large numbers of men and their families. Moreover, crabs are a cheap and delicious article of diet—when one is perfectly certain of the locality from which they are procured, and of the food upon which they have been fed. No one from humanitarian motives would think of interfering with an industry so necessary and profitable. Nevertheless it is possible that with some scientific thought a means might be devised whereby the sufferings of this unfortunate crustacean could be abridged. It probably never occurs to the fisherman that he is engaged in other than the most philanthropic occupation. He possesses no means of communicating with his victims, consequently he is content to nurse his own petty troubles

without troubling himself about those incapable of a forcible expression.

On certain portions of the coast, in the latter part of the month of May and first of June, the "limulus," or horse-foot crab, seeks the shallows of the sand-flats to deposit its eggs. The female on these occasions is accompanied by the male. On the first of the flood-tide they may be seen wading hither and thither in a foot or more water. This annual appearance of the horse-foot is a notable season for all classes on certain parts of the coast. All occupations are abandoned for the delirious sport of "horse-footing." Men armed with a small spear propel themselves here and there over the shoal water, and strike the crabs through the back as they seek to escape. One man may capture from one to twelve hundred on a single tide. These are crowded in the bottom of a small boat. They remain alive for several days. By some they are used to bait eel-pots, while others feed them to the barn-yard fowl. For some occult reason they are worshipped as a "fetich" for chickens. By the larger number of their captors they are used as manure. Thrown upon the fields, out of their natural element, and exposed to a hot sun, they may be seen moving slowly about, each bearing upon his back the mark of the cruel spear. The sufferings of this creature may be easily imagined. Naturally they die a slow and agonizing death, aggravated by a festering and inflamed wound, the agriculturist and his family gazing placidly on the scene. The pool of sewerage slops, with its coating of greasy greenish slime, encircling the curb-stone of this farmer's well, revenges the cruelties inflicted on the dumb and helpless limulus.

With the ignorant and superstitious it is a popular belief that the fish, being a cold-blooded animal—a recently exploded fallacy, or rather it has been discovered that the temperature of the blood of the fish is somewhat above that of the element in which he lives—is insensitive to pain. Most fishermen act on this presumption. Who has not seen a stalwart, heavy fellow, his legs encased in weighty sea-boots, trampling and crushing among the small live bait with which his boat is loaded? This man among his own is what in a theological way is called an "elder." With the profession of fisherman he combines that of farmer. In the latter capacity he is kind and humane; in the former he is a thoughtless and brutal ruffian.

If immediately upon his capture a fish be killed and bled, his delicacy and flavour are increased fifty-fold. All epicures understand this. This practice is universal among the Chinese. So soon as they take a fish he is instantly killed and bled. Suggest this to our free and enlightened fishermen, and quote a Chinaman as authority, and you will be surprised to hear how much novelty and invention can be evolved from a limited vocabulary of oaths. We are pleased to speak of the Chinese as "heathens," but they have the best of the retort when they brand us as barbarians.

A hundred examples of the brutality of man to the helpless denizens of the sea might be cited. Of what use? The abuses can not be rectified, and when the time shall come when mankind will recognize the fact that cruelty to fish is not far different from cruelty to any other form of animal life, under the present system of rapid extermination there will be no fish to be taken. Of the fish, so of the fowl.

The writer of this article is, has been, and shall continue to be a sportsman so long as he is able to indulge in the pursuit. He has no doubt, therefore, that in numberless instances, always without intention, he has been guilty of the very acts of barbarity and cruelty he condemns in others. A certain amount of cruelty is inseparable from every form of sport. It is not his purpose, therefore, to pose as a philanthropic hypocrite. "Cujus libet rei simulator atque dissimulatur." He merely wishes to show that much of the barbarity practiced by professional and amateur sportsmen may be avoided by a moderate degree of care and thoughtfulness.

It is to be presumed that the object in shooting at a bird is to kill it. He is the most skillful sportsman and best shot who succeeds the more frequently in attaining that end. Professor Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology of Hoboken, in a paper read before a body of scientists which recently met in Boston, gives the results of a very delicate and ingenious series of experiments, by a process of his own, as to the velocity of shot from a fowling-piece under varying conditions. A careful examination of this paper shows conclusively the fallacy of attempting to do effective shooting outside of a certain limited range. Now a bird when hit beyond this limit, while he may be mortally injured, is yet capable of flying a long distance; consequently he dies a slow and painful death. Those who have been wounded in action, or have witnessed the sufferings of others on similar occasions, will appreciate the miseries inflicted by careless or inexperienced sportsmen. Nowhere can the foolishness and barbarity of shooting at fowl at long distances be more distinctly seen and understood than by those who kill wild fowl over the ice in the winter season. While the ice is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of men and boats there will be numerous open holes in which decoys may be set. Numerous flocks will, of course, pass by a long gunshot off. If these could be allowed to pass unmolested, they would during the day return, and offer a fair shot. The gunner, however, is so greedy and rapacious that BBB and even back-shot are fired into these flocks, which continue on apparently unharmed. If, however, we walk over

the ice in the line of flight of these passing birds, we shall see the surface profusely covered with drops of blood. While none have been killed outright, a number have been struck with sufficient force to cause serious wounds, and ultimate death many miles beyond the locality in which they were crippled.

Unless some flying-machine be soon invented, which will enable us to follow the birds through the air, this system of long-distance shooting will render the birds utterly unattainable by the methods now in use. Doubtless many persons have happened to stumble on the retreats and secluded nooks where these wounded birds seek refuge, either to die or convalesce. These spots resemble nothing so much as the dead-house of the hospital on the Mount St. Bernard, where human remains may be seen in every stage of dissolution.

The penuriousness of the professional gunner is also an incentive to unnecessary cruelty to water-fowl. To save a charge of ammunition he will chase a crippled bird for a mile or more on the water, or so long as the setting-pole of his shooting-boat will reach bottom. The sensation of the wounded bird thus pursued must be similar to that of the condemned man who, with a rope about his neck, witnesses the erection of the gallows on which he is to be executed. It may be argued that wild fowl have not the finer sensitiveness and reasoning power of a human being. They certainly have many qualities in common. For example, when a he-duck, accompanied by the female, is shot down, the latter, if untouched, immediately deserts him; the male, on the contrary, when a similar fate befalls the female, returns again and again in search of her, and often falls a victim to his constancy and devotion.

From time to time an outcry is raised, on the ground of inhumanity, against the practice of shooting pigeons from traps. In point of fact no form of sport is more humane than this. As a money consideration is involved in trap-shooting, its followers must be more or less expert. Moreover, the birds are released at a distance which is positively indicated, and within easy range; consequently, if hit, they are usually killed outright, or so severely wounded as to fall within a limit whence they may be speedily retrieved. It will be found that those which escape entirely do so unharmed. Pigeons which return to the dove-cote in a crippled condition are probably the victims of others than those engaged in trap-shooting. If fowl in the field could be killed with the same certainty as over traps, a vast amount of suffering might be spared the feathered race.

As these lines are being written, the report of fire-arms may be heard. Off the meadow points of the bay, opposite the residence of the writer, duck decoys are glistening in the sun. By watching carefully with a powerful glass, flocks of ducks may from time to time be seen glancing by these decoys, considerably out of gunshot. From two to five guns are discharged at each flock with no apparent effect; but if, as a bunch continues its flight, we keep it within the focus of the glass, we shall see now one and then another of the birds composing it leave their companions, spread their wings, and settle disabled to the surface of the water. In the evening, if the opposite shore from these meadow points be searched, a number of cripples will be driven from their hiding-places, and painfully attempt to reach the water. If one is captured, it will be seen that he has been struck with the largest-size shot. As this has occurred two weeks before the opening of the close season for duck—October 1—it may be readily imagined what will be the chances to kill birds on and after that date, when so early in the season they have been harried at long distances, and with such heavy shot.

GASTON FAY.

VARIETIES.

SMELLING OR KISSING.—In the expression of affection the sense of smell, there is reason to believe, is older in use and dignity than that of taste or touch. Of a Mongol father a traveller writes: "He smelled from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usual among the Mongols instead of embracing." In the Philippine Islands, we are told, "the sense of smell is developed to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling at the pocket-handkerchief, to tell to which person they belong; and lovers at parting exchange pieces of the linen they may be wearing, and, during their separation, inhale the odor of the beloved being." Among the Cittaogong Hill people it is said "the manner of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing lip to lip they place the nose and mouth upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly. Their form of speech is not 'Give me a kiss,' but 'Smell me.'" In the same way, according to another traveller, "The Burmese do not kiss each other in the Western fashion, but apply the lips and nose to the cheek and make a strong inhalation." Moreover, the Samoans salute by "juxtaposition of noses, accompanied not by a rub, but by a hearty smell." There is scriptural precedent for such customs. When blind Isaac was in doubt whether the son who came to him was Jacob or not, "he smelt the smell of his raiment, and blessed him."

COLOUR IN SCULPTURE.—At first sight, to those who have given no special attention to the subject, the idea of laying colour on the virgin purity of Pentelic marble is certainly repugnant. But a little consideration, and a little more

faith in such perfect masters of artistic taste as the Greeks have otherwise shown themselves to be, may modify this first impression. In the first place, the delicate ornamentation in which, at any rate, the Ionic buildings abound, would, without the aid of colour, be in many cases lost upon an observer standing below; while, without such aid, elaborate compositions, like the frieze of the Parthenon, must, in the situation selected for them, have lost greatly in value. But there is another point which at once strikes the traveller who stands beneath an Attic sky, and is brought face to face for the first time with the actual conditions under which the Greeks worked. This is, that the intense clearness, one might say radiance, of the air makes it impossible even to look at a white glittering substance like marble, except through some medium, such as smoked glass. What, then, would have been the use of a Greek sculptor lavishing his skill and invention upon works of which, when exposed in open air and to public view, only the general effect could be appreciated, while the grace and delicacy of design and execution upon which he prided himself were lost in the glare of sunlight? If the Greeks were an artistic nation, they were also an eminently practical one; and I can hardly think that they would have been content with such disproportion of means to ends, of labour to the result produced. Need we wonder, then, that they took the most obvious means of overcoming this difficulty? Let any one walk in the glare of noonday pass some of the new houses which the Albanians of to-day have decorated with bare marble, and say whether these men or their ancestors of twenty centuries ago best understood the proprieties.

As many as 170 of the Peers in the House of Lords have been created during the present reign, and owe their fortune to no accident of birth, but to their distinction in the law, the army, or politics.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES has been well received everywhere. The directors of the Mechanics' Institute, Halifax, netted a handsome sum as the result of their enterprise in engaging the famous journalist. His greatest surprise was in New Glasgow, N.S., a small town, where he was met by an immense audience, though the weather was unpleasant.

BRITISH song-birds and wild fowl will be protected from their enemies for at least five months in the year. By the new Act which comes into force on the 1st of January, any person taking or killing, or attempting to take or kill any of the birds named in the schedule, between the 1st of March and the 1st of August, will be liable to a fine for each bird.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MEN are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

WOMAN has always been more than a match for a man. Adam held the best cards, but didn't know how to play them well.

SAID old Jenkins, "I never knew a woman that gave anybody a piece of her mind, that hadn't lots of pieces left."

A COUNTRY paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of fifty-seven years. "Another Old Landmark Gone."

THE wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from dying off into space.

"ONLY twenty!" "Yes," she explained. "George made me promise when we were married that I would never change. I was twenty then, and I mean to keep my promise."

A WOMAN accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it was a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

"No, William," she mournfully uttered, still allowing him to retain her hand, "no, William, I can't marry you. I don't believe you can provide a wife with butter on your present salary, and I can't eat oleomargarine."

"KIND words can never die." How bitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kindest words he ever used in his life staring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.

"DICK, did you ever see the church bell that hangs in the tower?" "No, James, but I have often seen the church bells that sit in the right-hand front pew."

LILLIE had the toothache, and cried. Her mother tried to pacify her. "I am ashamed of you; I wouldn't be such a baby before everybody." "Oh, yes, it's all very well for you." "Why?" "Because if your teeth ache you can take them out."

MEN admire, respect, adore, but never flatter in love. That is reserved for the benefit of those for whom they have but little feeling and regard, and with whom they can afford to make free, whose esteem is not felt and valued, and whose love is neither appreciated nor desired.

"WHAT do you mean by humbugging, madam?" asked an ugly barrister of an old lady he was cross-examining. "I don't know as I can exactly say, sir; but if a lady was to say to you that you're a handsome man, that would be what I'd call humbugging."

ABOUT A DOOMED ONE.—"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," rejoined the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "these are his last wishes."

"LIES! BIG LIES!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that you have raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.