

WITH HAWK AND DOG.

FALCONRY ONE OF THE DIVERSIONS OF FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

Das Beard Gives a Pictorial 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.

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 birds to his monarch, for which service he received as a present his travelling expenses and money equivalent to \$15,000 a year.

Louis XIII. was deft on falconry, and always went hawking before going to church. Albert de Luynes made a fortune by his scientific training and treatment of the birds. Baron de la Chastaigneraie, chief falconer for Louis XIII., cared for

the peculiar call, whatever it may be, by which we intend to summon the bird to the future, when you wish it to resume its perch upon your wrist.

In a week or less the bird is tamed, and then you can commence with the training. Take the falcon out in your yard, or if you 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 no means allow it to partake of the meat until it has answered your call.

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

In selecting a bird try to secure a brancher, that is, a bird that has been long enough out of the nest to hop from limb to limb, but is as yet incapable of flight and consequently unable to provide for its own wants.

strait, fierce and savage. Young birds that have just left their wild cradle on rock or tree-top 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 hawk and its nocturnal rivals, the owls, and hence an owl is frequently used as a decoy to induce the haggard 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.

With an old army buckskin gaudlet protect your hand and wrist, place the bird upon your gaudlet and wrist, and carry it about with you night and day, giving it no opportunity for rest.

Soon after the Norman conquest the birds were regulated by law with nice distinctions; one style was for kings, as we have before stated, another for princes of the blood, still others for dukes and great lords—fifteen grades in all, which reached down to the knave.

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 artistic, arched range 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 bird.

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.

Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy! The mighty were the auxiliaries which stood upon our side, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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 gaudlet.

You may now show your bird living game by letting the real animals or birds, represented by the lure, fly or run handicapped 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 Carrell; for instance, the female peregrine was exclusively called the falcon, and on account of her great size.



YE OLDEN TIMES.

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

Soon after the Norman conquest the birds were regulated by law with nice distinctions; one style was for kings, as we have before stated, another for princes of the blood, still others for dukes and great lords—fifteen grades in all, which reached down to the knave.

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 artistic, arched range 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 bird.

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.

Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy! The mighty were the auxiliaries which stood upon our side, 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.

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

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

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

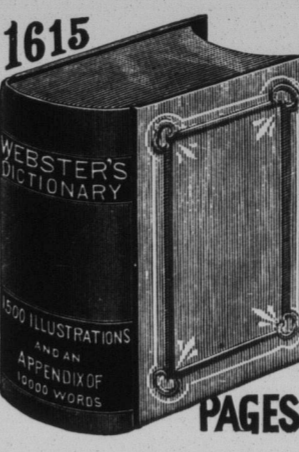
My Country smiles like a bride to receive the kiss of betrothal, Fair doth she seem to the world, and God's blessing And His promise bidding them onward to gather the good of fruition.

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

NOTHING COMES UP TO THIS.

THE 16-PAGE PROGRESS FOR ONE YEAR AND WEBSTER'S GREAT DICTIONARY, FOR ONLY \$3.75.

As one of the first great inducements to an even larger circulation than it has already, PROGRESS has secured the right to handle this magnificent edition of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, the copyright of PROGRESS for one year, dating from March 1st, for the low combination figure of \$3.75.



OLD SUBSCRIBERS whose subscriptions expired BEFORE FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and PROGRESS for another year for \$3.25.

Those who reside out of town can take advantage of this offer by remitting 15 cents additional for express charges. Remit by Post Office or Express Order, made payable to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

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

Following this is the "Appeal," the first line of which rings out: "Canadians! raise aloft your country's flag! 'Promote' reassures us with thought that Canada's time of opportunity is now: What fairer sky and lands than these? Promote a subject's well? What citizen more blessed of liberal earth?

In regard to the Canadian flag, as it is 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 any on earth.

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 Bartlett, and his cannibalism-inciting Jameson, will prove as futile as unwise and malicious.

Of Roberts' story in the Christmas Dominion Illustrated, "The wizar, and he has these pleasant words to say: "The story is admirable, brilliant and pleasing as a flawless jewel. Its construction, in perfect balance and harmony, is equal to the human, breathing elements that compose it. What a happy denouement! It strikes one like a shock of concentrated bliss from a celestial battery."

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

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

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 Cochrane is a synonym for that which is high and true in the poetic art, as the little collection of only seven pages evinces. The author has something to say or sing, and that something is to good purpose.

The Magazine of Poetry makes its tri-monthly appearance, with some new features. No retrospective 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 Phinney Baxter, though rather dark of line.

In regard to the Canadian flag, as it is 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 any on earth.

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 Bartlett, and his cannibalism-inciting Jameson, will prove as futile as unwise and malicious.

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

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

plication, the board of trade and the stock exchange, together with Blackstone, shall no longer be unbeneficially interfered 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 Haliburton, 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 Fort 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 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 Narraquagus 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 Lammman's verses fall as softly on the ear as the "Snow," a wings of, does upon the earth. "The Home Trip, Will Yosemite, Yellowstone, Niagara, exceed what we conceive of them. I ponder as I read articles in the Century, "Fire-side 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. Longer 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 Jefferies, such as "The Poet's Death Song"?

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

There's really not much harm in a large number of But these people did alarm a lot of records of his acts; So they'd squelch the music color, and to Students sophomoric They'd present as metaphoric 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 up to prove, sir, You bet he made Rome howl 'em, until he filled his date; With his music-laden ditty and a classic maiden pretty. He pointed up the sky, and Maccenas paid the freight!—Bygone Field.