

in all manner of unnatural and grotesque positions on ladies' head-gear. In vain Mr. Ruskin inveighed with characteristic denunciations on the bad taste of such adornments. In vain the kind-hearted Baroness Coutts and Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and others of like spirit, appealed to the finer feelings of their sex to be satisfied with ornaments which did not entail the slaughter of innocent and happy warblers. In vain even our gracious Queen intimated her strong disapproval of the practice. Fashion was more potent than even the "Empress of India" and Queen of England. The milliner had decreed that "birds should be worn," and hosts of women, gentle and tender-hearted, of all grades of society, meekly obeyed her mandate; and so the slaughter of the innocents went on. Women, who would have wept bitterly over the death of a pet canary, consented without remorse to the sacrifice—and often *cruel* sacrifice—of thousands of bird lives as innocent and happy. Most of them did not think about it at all. They only thought the birds "pretty," and were told they were "fashionable," and that settled the question. One lady, mentioned by Mrs. Celia Thaxter, wore on her bonnet "a mat woven of warblers' heads, spiked all over its surface with sharp beaks, set up on a bonnet and borne aloft by its possessor in pride!" Yet she would probably have shuddered at the barbarity of Spanish women who can be spectators of bull-fights! But

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

The destruction of birds in America, at all events, has attained such proportions that its results are becoming too clearly visible. Members of the American Ornithologists' Union observed with concern the rapid disappearance of many birds, and took the alarm, not merely for the lover of Nature, but for the farmer also, to whom the loss of the insectivorous birds would be a serious calamity. The result of their consideration, and that of other Nature lovers, was the formation, one year ago, of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds. In one year this society has obtained about twenty thousand members, of which number our Dominion supplies some six hundred, including five honorary vice-presidents, of whom four are ladies of prominent social position. This society has just published the first number of the *Audubon Magazine*, a tastefully got-up periodical, intended to inform and educate public opinion in this and other questions of humanity, towards the animal creation. It is sold at the low price of six cents per copy, or fifty cents per annum, being intended simply to help on this much-needed movement; and, undoubtedly, the amount of intelligent influence and unselfish activity enlisted will ensure success. A similar organisation in England, the Selborne Society, has done such good work that a leading dealer announces that, to meet the wishes of the advocates of bird protection, it has decided to handle only ostrich feathers and those of poultry or game birds in future. It is only by this means of educating public opinion that this evil can be stopped. So long as women will go on buying birds, so long will birds be sacrificed to supply them; and, as the fashion descends through all grades down to the very lowest, the demand becomes so enormous that, if continued, it must result in the eventual extinction of our most beautiful birds. And then, *horribile dictu*, there will be no more birds to kill for ladies' wear! Human greed generally overreaches itself, and kills its goose with the golden eggs. Even "fashionable women" would then have to admit that a few tons of old feathers were a poor exchange for the living presence of our joyous songsters.

How far this fear is justified may be seen from the following statement, made officially by the Audubon Society in the opening number of the *Audubon Magazine*:

"Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months' time. In New York one firm had on hand on February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months, from one auction room, 401,464 West Indian and Brazilian birds. In Paris, 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story, but it is a story which might be known without them. We may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

"The objections to this cruel and wanton destruction of bird-life are not sentimental only. If continued, it will not only deprive us of one of the most attractive features of rural life, but it will surely work a vast amount of harm to the farmers by removing one of the most efficient checks on the increase of insects. *Agricultural interests are at stake!*"

It seems too hideous and unnatural an idea that *our birds*, so dear to every poet, every lover of Nature or of literature—and popularly supposed to be dear to every woman also—should perish in order to supply a superfluous addition—mistakenly supposed an ornament—for her bonnet, and a few dollars to those who find trading in murdered songsters an easy way of making money! But we are destroying our forests at the bidding of selfish interests as fast as we can; so in time, perhaps, we shall have neither birds nor trees for them to live in. However, we might do our best to retard this dreadful consummation, devoutly to be prayed against. As the Audubon Society has already become continental, all who wish to add

their influence to the movement can do so by sending in their names to the Secretary of the Society, 40 Park Row, New York; or, better still, by forming branch societies affiliated with it. Pledges are furnished in regard to buying or wearing birds; but those who object to pledges may become associate members. Teachers may do much to influence their pupils in this matter. Most of all we want a Canada Bird Law, similar to that recently passed for New York State, for the preservation of song and wild birds, which would prevent the reckless destruction that goes on every summer on the part of every thoughtless boy or man who wishes to amuse himself with a gun. A strong Canadian branch of the Audubon Society might prosecute this object as successfully as it has been done in New York, and so save yet the brightest attraction of our woods.

FIDELIS.

A MEMORY.

ONE evening fresh in the Autumn time
(It was just three years ago),
The air brought the breath of a softer clime,
And the golden sun lay low.
We turned our faces towards the West,
Where the radiant monarch was sinking to rest.

Our tongues were loose, and our hearts were light,
And our spirits fresh as May;
And there shone that crimson glory bright
In our faces like the day.
We said: "How sweet, could we only know
We might walk forever within the glow!"

The light was fading, and so we turned
To the gloomy, dark'ning East;
But our hearts no longer with gladness burned,
And our laughing talk had ceased.
Alas! my friend, we have lived to know
That we cannot always walk in the glow!

Now years have winged themselves past regret,
And thy face is turned away
To the light of that Sun that can never set,
Where He makes Eternal Day!
Thine eyes are gladdened before His smile—
But I must walk here in the gloom meanwhile!

Toronto.

ANIN TIREM.

EAST INDIAN ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH SPEECH.

COLONEL YULE'S "Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words," lately issued from the press of John Murray, of London, is an instance of how much we owe to the patient research of scholarly men, whose calling in life has given them special advantages in enriching literature with their labours, and who have made good use of their opportunities. While pursuing his profession in India, as an officer in the Royal Engineers, Colonel Yule has laudably turned aside to other avocations, and become eminent as an English geographer and philologist, with large and varied stores of information gathered during his long residence in the East. In his "Anglo-Indian Glossary," he undertakes, with rare enthusiasm, as well as with scholarly exactitude, to trace the etymology of a large class of words and phrases of Indian origin, a few of which have already been incorporated into the English language, and many others await European recognition. The words, which we can clearly trace to Hindu dialects, that have been admitted, as it were, to English citizenship, are by no means numerous. A few, such as *curry*, *loot*, *nabob*, *toddy*, *bungalow*, etc., will readily occur to the English student. The English colloquial phrases, however, that can claim Indian origin are not so well known, and their number will surprise those who may take up Colonel Yule's volume. Some doubt, as may readily be conceived, hangs over the origin of not a few of these phrases, in the case particularly of vulgar expressions, and the *argot* of the streets; but the source of many of them Colonel Yule traces, with a curious and oftentimes quaint erudition, to Hindu and Malay parentage. The now naturalised phrase, *To run a-muck*, for instance, Colonel Yule states, is clearly traceable to the Malabar Coast, where the phrase and the practice—*a-muk* meaning to tilt, to run against—are still familiar. The term *a-muk*, the compiler of the "Glossary" tells us, rarely occurs in any other than the verbal form, *mengamuk* meaning "to make a furious attack." Illustrations of its use are given in the volume from the habits and customs of certain desperadoes, called by old travellers *amuco* (presumably from *amar kkan*, a warrior), who were wont to infest the coast of Southern India. The slang phrase, "*That is the cheese!*" denoting anything good, genuine, first-rate in quality, we are told, comes also from the East, where the expression used to be common among young Anglo-Indians: "These cheroots are the real *chiz*," i.e., the real thing; *chiz* = "thing," having its probable source in a Hindu-Persian term. In the Hindu word *dam*, originally an actual copper coin, Colonel Yule discovers the source of the modern English phrase, which mistakenly has taken on a profane signification, "I don't care a damn!" or more euphemistically, "I don't care a brass farthing!"

Colonel Yule acknowledges to have found some difficulty in tracing definitely to India the source of many terms familiar to commerce, some