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- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

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GAME-BIRDS OF THE NORTH.*

WE have to thank our Manhattan *confrère* for an advance of this very interesting volume: a most fitting sequel to his celebrated sporting book, *The Game-Fish of the North*, previously reviewed by us, and in which the salmon rivers of Canada play such a conspicuous part. Mr. Roosevelt's work comprises eleven chapters, and purports to describe the game found on the sea shores and inland waters of the Northern States of North America. To say that it is written in a light, graphic, pleasant style, is merely to repeat the universal opinion we have heard expressed of all the author's sporting papers. The second chapter opens with a most elaborate dissertation on the specific merits of breach-loaders, compared to muzzle-loaders: the case is so clearly made out that no amount of opposite pleading can, we imagine, prevent the recording of a verdict in favour of breach-loaders: Lefauchaux must supersede Manton, even had we not before us the latest and most startling testimony of Podol Bridge—Prussian needle-rifles vs. the old Austrian brown Bess.

Chapter III. treats of "Bay Snipe Shooting" on the coast of Long Island. The Canadian sportsman, who wishes to understand fully the new terms and new names given to the game birds here described can refer to Chapter V. We had some trouble at first to recognise our old friend, the Golden Plover, in the Frost Bird; our *souvenirs* of the Golden Plover are not in the least connected with frost, although they may remind us of equinoctial gales, and high tides of September; nor can we associate the Turnstone with the American term Beach-Robin, nor the Red-breasted Sandpiper with that of Robin-Snipe; nor the Pectoral Sandpiper with the Krieker. We with difficulty knew the tell-tale Tatler, under the new appellation of Yelper. Under Mr. Roosevelt's magic wand, the Godwit is transformed into the Marlin; the Long-billed Curlew into the Sickle-bill; the Red-breasted Snipe into the Dowitch. The author of the *Game Birds of the North* had no doubt, in describing them, to use the *local* or vernacular names, in order to be understood. We, too, in Canada are blessed with sporting *patois*: it would afford us considerable pleasure to be able to eradicate it. Calling a sand-piper a snipe does grate most harshly on our ear.

The whole of that portion of the work relating to duck shooting is most attractive. Mr. Roosevelt has a happy manner of conveying information. His whole book abounds with sound practical advice—how to load, how to carry, how to buy, a gun. Decoys for duck and wild-geese shooting are old institutions with us; but the use of stools, that is, wooden or tin decoys, to shoot plover, and other small game, we never saw tried on the shores of the St. Lawrence, although we do not see why it should not succeed. Mr. Roosevelt's book is a work which must meet with the support of every true sportsman. Its inspiration is healthy; its aim, the preservation and multiplication of game. Although we, poor Canadians, did steal a march on our enlightened neighbors, and have already in operation a comprehensive system of legislation to prevent its destruction, and calculated to multiply the pleasures of the gunner, by throwing the shield of the law over the game during its period of incubation; our progressive friends 'other side of the line 45, are "heading on fast" in the same direction. Several States have already laws and clubs to protect game.

The diction is glowing, animated, thrilling. Witness some of his remarks on duck shooting: "It is a glorious sight to see a noble flock of ducks approach; to watch them with trembling alternations of fear and hope, as they waver in their course, as they crowd together or separate, as they swing first one flank of their array forward, then the other; as they draw nearer and nearer, breathlessly to wait the proper time, and, with quick eye and sure aim, select a pair, or

perhaps more, with each barrel. It is still more glorious to see them fall—doubled up, if killed dead—turning over and over, if shot in the head—and slanting down, if only wounded, driving up the spray in mimic fountains as they strike; and glorious, too, the chase after the wounded, with straining muscles to follow his rapid wake, and, when he dives, catching the first glimpse of his reappearance to plant the shot from the extra gun in a vital spot. Glorious to survey the prizes, glorious to think over and relate the successful event, and glorious to listen to the tales of others."

Mr. Roosevelt occasionally finds means to enliven his theme, with anecdotes and *traits, à la Paul de Kock*, such as the story about the Beautiful Sleeper, "who called out to Oscar to come quick." At other times, he hurls his thunders on the devoted heads of market gunners, pot hunters, and other rapsSCALLIONS, guilty of unsportsmanlike practices. We cannot conclude this short notice without quoting from his chapter on GAME AND ITS PROTECTION his excellent remarks; disclaiming with us any intention of engraving on our statute book the barbarous old game laws of Britain, where it was a greater crime to kill a hare than a man, he holds forth for sensible and protective legislation: "To the protection of this vast variety of game, it is the sportsman's duty to address himself, in spite of the opposition of the market-man and restaurateur, the mean-spirited poaching of the pot-hunter, and the lukewarmness of the farmer. The latter can be enlisted in the cause; he has indirectly the objects of the sportsman at heart; and, with proper enlightenment, will assist not merely to preserve his fields from ruthless injury, but to save from destruction his friends, the song-birds. As the true sportsman turns his attention only to legitimate sport, destroying those birds that are but little, if at all, useful to the farmer; and as at the same time, out of gratitude for the kindness with which the latter generally receives him, he is careful never to invade the high grass or the ripening grain: so also, from his innate love of nature, and of everything that makes nature more beautiful, he spares and defends the warblers of the woods, and the innocent worm-devourers that stand guardian over the trees and crops. The smaller birds destroy immense numbers of worms; cedar-birds have been known to eat hundreds of caterpillars, and in this city (New York) have cleared the public squares in a morning's visit of the disgusting measuring worms that were hanging by thousands pendant from the branches, and who has not heard the 'woodpecker tapping' all day long in pursuit of his prey! With the barbarous and senseless destruction of our small birds, the ravages of the worms have augmented, until we hear from all the densely-settled portions of the country loud complaints of their attacks. Peach trees perish; cherries are no longer the beautiful fruit they once were; apples are disfigured, and plums have almost ceased to exist. Worms appear on every vegetable thing; the worms dig their way beneath the bark of the trunk, and cut long alleys through the wood; weevils pierce the grain and eat out its pith; the leaf-eaters of various sorts punch out the delicate membrane by individual effort; or, collecting in bodies, throw their nets, like a spider-web, over the branches, and by combining attacks, deliberately devour every leaf. While these species are at work openly, and in full sight, others are at the roots, digging and destroying and multiplying, until the tree, that at first gave evidence of hardiness and promise of long utility to man, pauses in its growth, becomes delicate, fades, and finally dies. The destruction of these vermicular pests is a question of life or death to the farmer. He may attempt it either with his own labour, by tarring his trees, fastening obstructions on the trunks, or by killing individuals; or he may have it done for him free of expense, by innumerable flocks of the denizens of the air."

To all which we devoutly say AMEN. Let Mr. Roosevelt exchange for one season the sand-bars and marshes of Cape Cod, Nantucket, Montauk Point, Long Island, and New Jersey, for the Sorel Islands, Seal Rocks, Deschambeault

*The Game Birds of the North: 336 pages. By Rob. B. Roosevelt, Esq., author of *The Game Fish of the North*. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway.