

renders "Teal's" strictures more uncalled for. The concluding stanza of Longfellow's poem runs thus:

"And that bird is called the Crossbill,
Covered all with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear."

"Strange" indeed! Did anyone ever hear a Crossbill sing? Wilson says that they have "a loud, sharp, and not unmusical note and chatter as they fly." This scarcely carries out the Poet's description. But Bechstein tells us that it utters harsh, shrill, notes with but little melody. One bird will try to surpass the other: and those are the most esteemed by the fancier which repeat frequently a sound like *reits* or *croits*, and which is called the crowing of the Crossbill." How does this account, the correct one, tally with Mr. Longfellow's "songs"?

With regard to the destruction of the American Robin, advocated by "Teal," I may remark that that bird is not much of an insectivorous bird, that I do not purpose, in future, to urge any plea in favour of its immunity, inasmuch as during my absence from home in September a number of Robins played sad havoc with my grape-vines, devouring nearly all the fruit. But, as to the "Winter sport" of "shooting Black-birds Thrushes, Larks, Redwings and Fieldfares," I desire to add that I myself enjoyed such "hedge-popping" sport *when a boy*, in England; and as "Teal" appears fond of poetry I will quote the following stanzas from an old sporting song:

"When I was but a little boy,
And scarce could lift a gun,
I oft would leave each childish toy,
And to the fields would run.

With pistol for my fowling-piece,
I thought myself a man;
And thus improving by degrees,
A sportsman's life began.

At Lark and Redwing and Fieldfare
My skill I first did try;
At every bird that wings the air
I quickly did let fly."

There, sir, is "Teal to a T." But I, when I became a man, put away such childish sport:

"When older grown a gun I got,
A pointer, too, I bought;
And being now a decent shot
The stubble-field I sought;"

aye, and the bogs and mountains of Kerry too, where, year by year, before leaving old England for this my adopted country, I enjoyed sport worthy the name of sport, the enjoyment

much enhanced by the hard work necessitated in its prosecution. Now, "Teal" when he writes about the pleasure of shooting Black-birds, Larks, &c., and of indulging in the "good pie they make" must be very hard up for genuine sport, or he must be too greatly addicted to the Lucullus like luxuries of the table. We have read of dishes of Nightingales' tongues, of the more expensive, but not less-to-be-deprecated African draught of liquified pearls; but I scarcely expected to find the shooting of Blackbirds Thrushes, and Larks, for pies dignified with the term "Sport?" in the pages of your Journal.

VINCENT CLEMENTI.

Peterboro, November 19. 1881.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST:

SIR,—Three friends and myself left Montreal on the 4th November, bound on a duck-shooting trip to Lake St. Francis. We anticipated some good sport, but were doomed to disappointment, as, on arriving at the lake next day, very few ducks could be seen. We tried several of the best-known places, on the lake, for four days, but very few ducks came to our decoys. So, we packed up our traps, and left Lancaster, sadder, but wiser men. We shot about 30 ducks, most of them being Scoters, and Buffle-heads. I shot a long-eared owl, (*Otus Wilsonianus*) on Ross' Island, which may interest ornithologists. A gentleman informed me that he was shooting on Lake St. Francis, about the middle of October, and, at that time, Red-heads and Blue-bills, were plentiful. He had some good sport, killing thirty of the above-named ducks in one day. Large Yellow-legs and Jack-snipe were abundant, but as the ducks afforded him such good sport, he did not go after the former. An American steam yacht arrived on the lake the day he left. I was informed that these Americans slaughtered several hundred ducks in a week, and one day killed 127 ducks, shooting out of a sink-boat anchored out in the lake, and having about 200 decoys out. I cannot understand how it is, that the Canadian authorities do not put a stop to these pot-hunters slaughtering our game to supply American markets. If Canadian sportsmen went on United States grounds in pursuit of game, they would very soon be arrested, fined, and their guns confiscated. Therefore, we should retaliate on them. I notice that the Fall ducks vary in their arrival and departure from our lakes, and would advise sportsmen