

## CRUEL AND UNSPORTSMANLIKE

A Washington, D.C., Midge has just decided that it is cruel to shoot pigeons from the trap, and has convicted and fined the offending members of a sportsman's club. His profound decision has been carried up to the Supreme Court of the District on appeal. We only hope that the matter will be properly argued with a full cognizance of fact and common sense, and by lawyers who know what lawful "sport" is and implies.

Mr. Bergh's crusade against all persons who in thought or deed, offend against his transcendental notions of humanitarian duty and morality, has brought his otherwise praiseworthy labors into contempt and disrepute. In any country, but especially in a free country, it is foolish for a public officer to strain his duty beyond the common consent and sympathy of the general public. The citizens will not lend themselves to the working of an unpopular law, or even to the unpopular working of a law in itself good. Public sentiment is a higher law. The law which enforces humanity in the treatment of the lower animals presupposes the power of man over those lower animals. Of this as a proposition in morals, no one has any doubt, but we refer to it only as a legal proposition. The duty carries the corollary of a right; without rights there are no duties.

It being admitted that man has sovereignty over the lower animals, Mr. Bergh and the humanitarian desire to restrain the exercise of that right—the limit has never been defined. The infliction of needless pain would be a very arbitrary limit; arbitrary because uncertain. The meaning of "needless" would depend so much on the views of the individual interpreter, and on the stress of particular circumstances. To make a horse useful he must be able to work. To use whip or spur or any kind of compulsory discipline, may be needless to one animal, needful to another. To kill animals for food would be needless and cruel in a vegetarian community. To kill animals for sport would be always needless and therefore cruel according to the view taken by moralists or physiologists on the lawfulness of hunting and fishing as modes of recreation, and as to the necessity of recreation itself. To bring animals to market in coops, as fowls, or on their backs, as turtles, for in tanks, as fish, or in cars as oxen, sheep and pigs, may be all a matter of cruelty if the consumption of animal food be an unnecessary waste of life—mere guttiness and luxury. There is, in fine, no act done by man towards the lower animals springing from the exercise of his right to dominate them which may not be brought within the definition of cruelty, when only the animal's side of the question is more prominent than the idea of man's necessity or convenience.

To descend from the general to the particular, it seems that a line is to be drawn at "pigeons." The Berghite who makes no objection to, but contrariwise rather likes, broiled squab, or pot pie, or roast pigeon, feels when he learns that the toothsome morsel has not been netted or snared, or knocked down with poles, or shot with a blunderbuss that kills one and maims a dozen—all these are legitimate modes of bringing the birds to table; but to have them killed from a trap spoils the flavor, since it savors of amusement at the cost of a creature that was meant for meat. There is an affection of humanity in this particular instance which reduces it to an absurdity. The birds are well kept, well fed, are, by reason of this very care the very best for market and table, and the only point is the manner of their taking off. Whether it is better to wring their necks, cut their heads off or despatch them by a hard-shooting gun, which, in a majority of cases, kills like a stroke of lightning, leaving nothing but a muscular action—the most complete and sudden death, for even the guillotine does not instantaneously annihilate nervous sensibility, while the shock of gunshot does, as every wounded soldier knows?

For those who argue that pigeons need not be killed, we have no words to waste. The same argument will apply to the death of any animal, from a frog to an elephant. In like manner we are not careful to open up a discussion on the utility of field sports. Mankind have settled that, through all the ages and for all times. All that we have to affirm just here is that the killing of pigeons with the gun and from the trap is a legitimate sport, and requires the same quick eye and steady nerve as any other form of sport. Its pursuit is pure matter of taste. It is certainly as humane as shooting summer woodcock or pulling out fingerlings, and vastly more rational; and while so many men, to whom no suspicion of intentional inhumanity can attach, follow it for pleasure, it is irrational to stigmatize this one form of sport as cruel and low, while others, having like objects in view are accepted as moral and high toned.

## "TIME-TAKEN BY BENSON'S CHRONOGRAPH."

This is carefully placed before each mention of the official time in English races by some of the papers. We perceive that Bell's life does not give any time at all in its recent reports, and this is much better than to publish the time announced by Benson's man and his chronograph. Nineteen times out of twenty it is wrong, and sometimes so egregiously erroneous that if the reporter knew half as much as they pretend to do they would reject it. In the Goodwood Stakes the "time taken by Benson's

## COLLEYS AND THEIR TRAINING

With the rapid growth of sheep-raising in this country, more particularly in Colorado, California, and New Mexico, anything relating to that most valuable of dogs, the colley, is of interest. In Great Britain regular field trials are held in which the shepherd's friend and assistant displays the most wonderful intelligence in penning and driving sheep, and by the publicity of their trials and the prizes awarded, great encouragement is given to breeding and training. An Englishman, Mr. W. Fothergill, has lately published a little book of twenty pages on the management and training of colleys, which gives some useful hints. The first lesson, he says, is to teach the whelp to lie down at command; then come this way or that, "always behind you." In a short time he will leap over a hedge at your bidding, stand still at command, or even walk backwards or forwards as you wish. All this may be done before even it sees a sheep, and indeed many whelps have been thoroughly trained before they have been called upon to work. The more general practice, however, is to take the young dog alone, when quite strong enough to keep a few sheep up in the corner of a field, and teach him to bring them after you short distances, and so make him handy at working to the right or left. He should never be allowed to run between his trainer and the sheep, for the great object ought to be to throw the dog well off so that he may run wide. There is a great boldness or dash in a colley so taught, and he does not harass the sheep nearly so much as one in the habit of running at or close after them. You may teach him to obey signs, or words, or a whistle, and for far distances on the mountain the last is the best. A dog so taught will gather miles of mountain bringing all the sheep to the shepherd's feet, and then by an alteration in the note will take them right back again. It should always be borne in mind that the sagacity, or sense if you may will, of the colley develops with his years; and therefore, if you are quiet and patient, and have plenty of work for him, he will teach himself rapidly without your worrying yourself every moon about him. It would be hard indeed for an intelligent man who had been working steadily upon the mountain with sheep dogs for a whole season, and day by day their shrewd cleverness, to declare that they do not reason. The dog that brought the shepherd's boots one by one up to his bedside from the room below, and tried to rouse the poor fellow from out of the fever in which he lay, to put them on, surely was guided by something higher than mere instinct. The great black colley that threw himself against the cottage door, to induce the inmates to come out and open the mountain gate, through which he was unable, without aid, to pass, as related in the Field last year, surely considered how he should act and obtain access from the pastures to the open mountains, and acted upon his thoughts.

In this country in the States and Territory we have mentioned, the colley has another duty to perform. He is not only guide and herdsman, but protector as well; for the sneaking coyote is to be kept away and if need be, fought; and sometimes a hungry bear with a taste for mutton, as well. According to Scottish superstition it is well to name your dog after a flowing river, "for then ye ken he will surely never gae mad."

## HOW TO DRIVE A FAST HORSE.

People talk about a steady bracing pull; but in my opinion, that is not the right way to drive a trotter. There's a great difference between letting go of your horse's head and in keeping up one dull, deadening pull at the time. The pull should be sufficient to feel the mouth, and give some support and assistance, so as to give the horse confidence to get up to his stride. More than that is mischievous. To keep the mouth alive, the bit must be shifted occasionally. But this is not to be done by a pull of the hand on the rein. A mere turn of the wrist, or less than half a turn, by which the thumb is elevated, and the little finger lowered, is sufficient to shift the bit, keep the mouth sensitive, and rouse the horse. The reins are to be steadily held with both hands while this play with the wrist is made; and it is, of course, only to be done with one wrist at a time. The hands should be well down; and the driver ought not to sit all of a heap, with his head forward. Neither should he lean back, with bodily weight on the reins; which, in that case, are made a sort of stay for him. He should be upright; and what pulling he has to do, should be done by the muscular force of the arms. The driver who depends upon the arms has command of the horse; he who substitutes bodily weight with the reins wrapped around his hands has not half command of the horse, or of himself, either; and, if the horse is a puller, he will soon take command of the driver. The reason of it is this: there is no intermission of the exertion, no let up either for the man or horse. Besides, in that way of driving, it is impossible to give those movements of the bit which seem to refresh and stimulate the horse so much. When a horse has been taught the significance of the movement of the bit, the shift by turn of the wrist, he will never fail to answer it, even though he should seem to be at the top of his speed. The moment he feels this little move of the bit in the sensitive mouth he will collect himself, and make another spurt, and the value of this way of driving is that the horse is not

## THE ADDEST OF SCHOONERS.

THE VESSEL THAT A NEW BRUNSWICK FARMER BUILT FOR A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

A queer craft is the Ada B, of New Brunswick, now lying at the foot of Beekman street. Jas. Draper, her builder and owner, lives at St. John, N.B. He formed a desire to go to Australia and try cattle farming, but his means were limited. Some of the neighbors wished to go, too, and he conceived the idea of building a vessel which would accommodate about twenty persons on the voyage. Although he had never seen a vessel on the stocks, six years ago he commenced building his boat. His farm was on the river, about 140 miles from St. John, and there he began work. He felled the trees himself, shaped them, put them together, and completed the boat alone. On the outside she looks something like between Noah's Ark and a log house. The bow is fairly sharp, but the stern looks, as one of the sailors expressed it, "as if she had been made by the mill and cut off in lengths to suit." She is schooner rigged, 55 feet keel, 18 feet beam, and 8 feet depth of hold. Rough wooden steps lead below, and the hatchway is almost large enough to drive a horse and wagon through. She registers 61 tons, but her timbers are strong enough for a vessel of 500 tons. She is built entirely of juniper wood; her sides are twenty-two inches thick at the keel, tapering off gradually to twelve inches thick at the rail. The mainmast is 40 feet high, the foremast 38 feet, and she carries no topmast. Her main boom is 30 feet, and bowsprit 12 feet. She carries a house on deck which looks like a sportsman's cabin in the woods, and is fitted up inside in a manner to correspond.

Coming from Providence here, with everything in her favor, the vessel made five knots an hour. Capt. W. H. Moody, an old seaman, has charge of her as sailing master. He says that she is the queerest boat he ever managed but that she is one of the strongest boats he ever saw. On board one is puzzled to know whether he is in an old-fashioned farm house or on a vessel, so curiously are the peculiarities of the two mixed. She will remain in this port about two weeks, then go to Philadelphia for exhibition. From thence she will return to New Brunswick, there take in stores, and then start for Australia.—N.Y. Sun.

## DEATH OF ANNIE KEMP BOWLER.

During the transformation scene of "The Black Crook" at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., on the evening of Aug. 16, Annie Kemp Bowler, who was acting the character of Saltacla, fell from a suspended bar to the stage, a distance of some twelve feet, and sustained severe injuries, her shoulder-blade and collar-bone being fractured, as at first reported; but she must have sustained other and more severe injuries, as a private telegram received at The Clipper office at five o'clock on Monday afternoon, August 21, informs us that she died at fifteen minutes past one o'clock, p.m., of that day. The deceased was a native of Boston, Mass., and a daughter of a well-known New York merchant—the late R. C. Kemp. She was an excellent contralto vocalist, and commenced her musical education when quite young, studying under such well-known teachers as Mrs. Seguin and Sig. Badiali of this city, and Sig. Schira, of London, Eng. Miss Kemp made her first appearance in public at a concert in this city, and was so successful that she was engaged to travel with the concert troupe which supported Thalberg and Viennetemps. In 1860 she joined the Cooper English Opera Troupe as contralto, and traveled with them one season. While with the company she was married in Kingston, Ont., April 24, 1860, to Brookhouse Bowler, the tenor of the troupe. In 1861 she went to England, where she remained pursuing her profession until 1866, when she returned to America, having been engaged to play Saltacla in "The Black Crook" when that spectacle was first acted on any stage, at Niblo's Garden, Sept. 12 of that year. During the season of 1869-70 she was with the Richings-English Opera Troupe as contralto. Since that time she has occasionally sung in concerts, acted in theatres, and for a brief time sang in some of the better class of variety theatres. The theatre in which she met the accident which caused her death was opened for the regular season upon that, to her, fatal night. Mrs. Bowler was well known throughout the country, and leaves her husband and a large circle of friends to mourn her sad fate.—Clipper.

## AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

Provincial Exhibition, Hamilton, September 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22.  
Western Fair, London, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29.  
Central Exhibition, Guelph, Oct. 3, 4, 5, and 6.  
South Riding Huron, Exeter, October 6 and 8.  
West Riding Huron, Smith's Hill, Sept. 27 and 28.  
East Riding Huron, Brussels, October 10

"Yes, but didn't have time," he replied. "Fell' come 'long in buggy, an' off I went. Ju ever she h-o-r-s-e race, Mary?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, she's big thing, tell you. I never saw such 'r magnificent sight my life. Now, just 'magine I am a h-o-r-s-e, and you are the string."

"I won't do it—I'm no string," she exclaimed.

"Well, alzer right. Spozen both of us are horses, then!"

"I won't do that either, I never saw you look and talk as you do to-night. I believe you have been drinking."

"That's so, Mary—drank shifty-four glasses lemonade. Well, all the horses got away in fine style. Noble sight, I tell you. I bet five hun'er'd dollars on head horse."

"That was sharp in you," she replied, mentally planning to have four blue, five brown, and five green silks.

"You bet it was," he went on. "Well, the head horse kept ahead, an' I won five hun'er'd dollars."

"Half of which, my duckey dear, you intend to give me?"

"Noz hardly, my dear."

"Why?"

"You doan' understand er rules of er race course, my darling," he explained. "Er rule is, if you win five hun'er'd dollars on first race you lose it all and two hun'er'd more on next one."

"And do you mean that you are two hundred dollars out of pocket?" she squeaked.

"Zaaa what I mean, my darling."

"Don't darling me, you old drunkard!" she howled; and the policeman under a tree across the way says the hat-rack went over, the door was kicked shut, and amid the groans and howls, he could hear a voice crying out:

"Les up on me, darling; les go my hair! I gave the fel'er my note for two hun'er'd dollars, an' he can't get a cent.—Detroit Free Press.

## BLACK BASS IN CANADA.

A correspondent of the Canada Farmer writing from Paris, Ontario, thus speaks of black bass as found in that part of the Dominion:—

"There is a great diversity in black bass as to shape and weight. Those caught in ponds and lakes in the counties of Brant and Oxford, to which localities the writer's experience is chiefly restricted, are much larger and thicker or 'chunkier' (to use an Americanism), than those found, say, in Grand River. Notwithstanding, where there are long, deep, still stretches of water formed by mill dams as at Galt or Paris, bass are often taken averaging in weight those taken in lakes. The Pine Pond, on the south edge of the township of Blandford and Blenheim, Oxford is, or was, a favorite fishing place for both black bass and pike. Here bass of three, four, and even six pounds weight are sometimes captured, the most alluring bait being a fresh, half-grown, green, or yellow frog. The bass here are remarkable for their thickness at the shoulders. So distinct is the figure and general configuration—especially as regards this latter quality—that we are inclined to believe the bass of Pine Pond and some other ponds to be nothing else than the 'Oswego Bass' of the American over the line. However, as regards bass, the truth holds the same as to trout and other fish, the feeding ground alone produces remarkable changes in size, color, and general condition.

The dams on the Grand River, with one exception at Caledonia, are now, we believe, all provided with fish slides or ladders. The tributaries, as Smith's and Horner's Creeks, are also similarly fixed at nearly all the mills along their courses, one of the most noted exceptions being Iry's mill on Horner's Creek, which is about ten or twelve feet deep in perpendicular height. This latter is a famous resort for fish, the deep hole below the dam, about eighteen feet at the deepest, being up till lately, furnished with a store of these fish. Black bass spawn naturally, that is, when the state of the river as to size admits, according to our present law, from the 15th May to the 15th June. The natural instinct of the fish would make this limit in the Grand River even later than the 15th June; but we believe the short close times for bass, as well as for pickerel (which is one month later on the list), are as well regulated as could be in a country of such large extent as our Dominion."

## SERPEANT AND SQUIRREL.

## A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

The recent ignominious defeat of a ferocious young lioness by an humble and ugly donkey in our Zoological Garden has a curious parallel in the result of a deadly combat Wednesday evening between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel during the snake exhibition over the Rains, at 522 Vine street. The snake was one of the largest of its species, six feet and a half in length, and having been without food for months was inclined to act on the offensive; the squirrel was inexperienced in serpent-warfare, but

slightly, very slightly, with the tension of the squirrel's muscles. Suddenly a sickly gleam of livid white shot across the cage, and struck the squirrel below the neck, once, twice, with the rapidity of an electric flash. The spectators ceased to laugh and whisper: the sight was too horrible. But the brave little squirrel did not shrink, or drop. He sprang forward to meet his terrible foe, and caught the whirling tail between his keen teeth. There was a crackling sound like the crushing of chicken-bones, a hideously shrill hiss, an agonized wriggle through the long speckled body, and the next instant the squirrel was wrapped in the coils of the serpent, while the fragments of the bony rattles fell on the floor of the cage, crushed into tiny slivers, but the squirrel still showed no fear, although the many-colored folds tightened upon him, and the awful triangular head approached with wide open jaws and needle-sharp fangs, and eyes in which the yellow iris-circle seemed transformed to flame. There was another sickly flash of white, as the livid serpent-belly turned upward with the effort of the last venomous stroke. The fangs never reached the squirrel. He caught the speckled neck between his keen teeth, an inch below the deadly head with its horrible eyes; and the horrible eyes started out under the pressure. There was another crackling sound, another series of ghastly convulsions, and the horrible fanged mouth opened for the last time. The squirrel shook the reptile between his strong jaws until; the olfactory coils dropped from about him; and then flung the whole squirming mass from him. It writhed once or twice, half coiled and lay still. It was dead.

The squirrel immediately after became very sick, and dropped into a state of apparent coma, thus giving the impression that it was dead. But it revived a little yesterday, and may possibly recover. Certainly every care should be taken of it, for a braver fight has never been made by so helpless an animal against so deadly an enemy. The snake will be stuffed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## AN ACTRESS'S LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS.

Have you heard that Mlle. Lasseng (I am sure you remember this piquant actress of the Palais Royal) came as near being burnt as it is possible for an iceberg to be burned? I instance the conflagration in Mlle. Lasseng's rooms just to let you see the insolent luxury in which these creatures live. You know as an actress she is tenth-rate, as a beauty she is seventh-rate. And yet her furniture cost over \$100,000! She had a dressing-gown of Mechlin lace and embroidery which cost \$4,000; \$8,000 worth of furs; thirty dresses, the cheapest of which cost \$400, gold; all her silks were of lace; her sheets were so fine you could have run them through a bride's ring, and the embroidery on them more than doubled the cost of the linen. Her bedchamber was in the Revival style, and was lined, walls and ceiling, with red damask silk, wadded and hand embroidered. Her bed was 7 feet long by 6 feet wide, was placed on a platform of palissandre, covered with Smyrna carpets. The bed curtains were lace. Costly pictures, bronzes, statuettes, carved ivory, Chinese and Japanese curiosities, Rouen and Sevres earthenware, Lemoges enamels, Sevres and Saxony porcelain, Gobelins, and Beauvais tapestry were to be found everywhere. The ceiling of the boudoir was a piece of embroidery representing Aoto's Triumph; it cost \$4,000. The dining-room was of old oak and Genoese velvet.

## HOW A CRICKET SAVED A SHIP.

In Southey's "History of Brazil" he tells how Ceber de Vaca was in a great ship, going to South America with 400 men and 80 horses, and after they had crossed the equator the commander discovered that there was only three casks of water left. He gave orders to make for the nearest land, and for three days they sailed for the coast. A poor sick soldier, who had left Cadiz with them, brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him, thinking its cheerful voice would amuse him on the long, dreary, voyage. But to his great disappointment the little insect was perfectly silent the whole way. The fourth morning after they had changed the ship's course, the cricket, who knew what she was about, set up her shrillest note. The soldier at once gave warning to the officer in charge of the vessel, and they soon saw high, jagged rocks just ahead of them. The watch had been careless, and the great ship in a few moments would have dashed to pieces on the ledge if this puny creature had not scented the land, and told them of their danger. Then they cruised along for some days, and the cricket sang for them every night just as cheerfully as if she had been in far-off Spain, till they got to