

them. The young birds were just ready to leave the nests. Almost every tree contained from five to fifty nests. We heard the sound of chopping and falling trees, and soon after found the cause. Here was a large force of Indians and boys at work, slashing down the timber and seizing the young birds as they fluttered from their nests. As soon as caught, the heads were jerked off the tender bodies with the hand, and the young dead birds tossed into heaps." Some knocked the young birds out of the nests with poles, while their associates, "with hands reeking with blood and feathers, tore the heads off the living birds and threw the bodies on the heap. Thousands of young birds lay among the ferns and leaves"—having been knocked out of the nests and lost in the woods, where they would die for want of care from the old birds who had been trapped by the netter. Thousands more were dead in the nests for the same reason. "Every available Indian and boy in the neighborhood," says this same eye-witness, "was in the employ of buyers, from whom they received one cent for each bird brought in. Every homesteader in the country who could hire a team was engaged in hauling birds to Petoskey for shipment, for which they received \$4 a load. Fully 50 teams were thus engaged." Small marvel that these gentle, cooing birds are gone. Nothing but grass-hoppers and flies could have survived such wholesale slaughter

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I call no more witnesses, though I might do so. From the beasts I might bring the Moose, the Deer, the Caribou (which latter are being slaughtered to-day in Newfoundland as recklessly as the deer were slaughtered a generation ago in Iowa). I might call from the fowl of the air the three or four specimens of stuffed Great Auks, which are all that remain in America to testify that in the day of Audubon these birds were so plentiful on the cliffs of the northern seas that the ledges where they nested were white with them as if from a heavy fall of snow. I might have them tell how they were wantonly destroyed—their eggs being taken for food and their feathers for clothing, till now they are extinct—the last one having been found dead on the shore of Labrador in November, 1870. I might bring the Wild Turkey (which has almost disappeared), the Prairie Chicken and the Partridge. I might tell the exciting story of the Wild Goose and the Wild Duck and have you wonder with myself, not that they are growing scarce, but that they live at all, with armies of market hunters on their paths, spring, winter, fall and summer, from Corpus Christi to Hudson's Bay and back again to Texas—one man some times killing thousands of birds in a year. I might call the Cod, the Lobster, the Oyster and the Salmon and have them testify to the short-sighted cruelty and greed of Man; or I might come nearer home and summon the Bass, the Pike