

with a copy of all permits issued, that a ranger should accompany the collector at the latter's expense, that collectors' permits should be gazetted, but all of these requests have been refused, and the most the Department will do is summed up in the words:—

"It is considered that to gazette the issue of permits might do more harm than good. I might add that the necessity for restricting the taking of birds, particularly the rarer varieties, is fully recognised, but apart from giving an assurance that authorities will be issued very sparingly and only in such cases as I am satisfied the circumstances warrant, I regret that I am unable to comply with your request."

"Sparingly" is, however, an ambiguous term and may mean anything, especially when one noted private collector stated that the trouble with him had never been to get permits but to get the birds his permit authorised him to take. Further, a permit was recently issued to the Directors of a Zoological Park to take certain water fowl during the nesting season, including some rapidly decreasing species. This would mean that the parent birds were in captivity while the young were left to starve. Surely it would have occurred to anyone who had the welfare of the birds at heart to defer operations to a later period when the birds had finished nesting? There are legal as well as illegal collectors and besides this the requirements of five museums have to be met, and their toll has undoubtedly been a very heavy one as the skins of our rare birds have been extensively used to barter with foreign institutions of a similar nature. Museums are under the same Department as that which grants permits to private collectors.

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### CRUELTY IN SPORT.

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"It always surprises me to hear English people decrying the bull fight as being cruel while they hunt defenceless foxes with packs of dogs, buffaloes and lions with rifles, pheasants with shot-guns, and trout with fish-hooks. . . . Any pot-bellied draper who has made a fortune can arm himself with a rifle (an invincible weapon against any animal), and go out and bag his elephant, lion, tiger, rhino, then he returns as a hero with a few paragraphs in the gossip column. . . . Lord Dash and Lady Blank can go off and wound fifty antelopes, which, escaping, die in agony after several days. As regards the alleged 'cruelty' of bull fighting, any English pheasant-hunt provides a far worse shambles than the arena."—*Mr. Roy Campbell, the poet, in his book on bull fighting, "Taurine Provence."*