

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

THE PHILOSOPHIC ANGLER

How the lordly ghost of Izaak Walton must smile when he beholds the eager crowds which rush to the waters where the hustled trout gulp down the futile fly, amidst the piercing winds of April or under the brazen sky of August. Even Charon is probably growing over the disgraceful way in which the Styx is over-fished; eight out of every ten passengers armed with phantom rods and fitting on their tackle, ripae ulterius amore!

Many sympathetic hearts will boil as they read these simple words. The memories of Easter must still be fresh in many minds and yet need it be all pain and bitterness, this effort to fish at the crowded seasons of the year? Doubtless it depends on the moral fibre and temperament of the fishermen, of whom so many types are to be seen at any and all of our fishing hotels during the busy month of April. Go where you will, even to Ultima Thule, you will still find the same mixture of elements. There is the quiet and untrifled old gentleman who has outlived his illusions. No early rising for him; he is out for his holiday, and knows that the essence of a holiday is the absence of bustle and worry, combined with a late and leisurely breakfast. He has not come from any land where it is always afternoon; has it not rather seemed to be always 8 a.m., with a train to catch? Therefore he breakfasts at an easy 9, and lingers happily over his food. Also he enjoys the making of his own sandwiches, not a vast, but often a varied supply, and he concocts them with loving care. He is seldom on the water before 11, just when the day is warming, and the trout are beginning to rise, and he usually takes the pool nearest to the hotel, which has had a long rest by this time, even if it has not altogether escaped the hurried fogging of the early risers.

If you choose to watch him you will never see him in a hurry. He may, and often does, catch a trout very quickly, and he sits on the bank and looks at it—he lays it out carefully—he collects the greenest and the freshest grass to enfold its dainty form. Not until it is disposed of in perfect comfort and symmetry does he proceed to angle for another and the pool has had time to recover from the slight disturbance caused by the capture of his first victim.

So he goes on his peaceful way, sitting on the bank as often as standing in the water. Lunch time generally finds him within easy reach of the hotel, whither he will sometimes stroll for a glass of cider, should the day be unusually warm, to return not infrequently to the very pool on which he began the day. He has an eye for many things besides fish; for the daffodil nodding among the elder roots, for the golden saxifrage and the chance of the rarer variety, for the otter's trail on the patch of sand, for the first swallow of spring, and if he only brings home ten fish when another brings 20, what cares he? He is neither over-tired nor nerve-sore; you never hear him growling about the lack of fish or the superabundance of rods. If he has a complaint it is only that the water-bailiff was too busy to stop and talk for half an hour with him.

Contrast with him any one of the excitable and generally younger crowd. Such a one is out to catch fish—more fish, if possible, than anyone else—and regards loitering by the way a pure waste of time. He orders breakfast at 8 sharp, and on his arrival he finds his great rival already consuming bacon and eggs. However, he will be able to watch the fellow start, and fish about half a mile in front of him all day. Probably the aforesaid is also a wary man, who has altered his own route when safely out of sight, so that the two of them will arrive simultaneously on the same pool, or reach, and race and pass one another and others during the greater part of the day, till the river-bank quivers and the waters boil with envy, hatred and malice, and in the evening the smoking room and billiard room and bar, with their stuffed monsters and herons and otters, will re-echo with growls and roarings as of caged bears and lions.

Happy indeed are those to whom it is given to fish in private waters; reasonably, blessed also are those who can take their holiday in June or September; but not necessarily accorded are those who can fish only in April and August. There is surely a lower depth still reserved for those who, whether it be owing to some mental aberration or to lack of opportunity, never wet a line or dry a line at all. The one thing needful is the philosophic spirit—the power to take pleasure in fishing even if one does not catch fish. It is true that many days in April provide a rather severe test of our philosophy, especially on the top of Dartmoor, and that a hailstorm is apt to be the last straw; it is true that on Easter Monday you may count over 40 rods in a space of five miles, but it is equally true that the rocky course of the Upper Dart, as it drops down from pool to pool, is fair enough to charm the evil temper out of a bear; untrifled placidity beams from the face of every grey rock with its spangles of yellow lichen, and if you will risk a wetting and enjoy a little pleasurable excitement, you may jump hazily from rock to rock and sit enthroned with water running all round you and—watch—aye, and hear—the world go by, while peace, ineffable peace, steals down upon tired nerves.

If you have chosen a rock which commands and dominates a decent pool, you will see the little fishes steal out here and there, only to dart back again to cover, as a rod passes by; bolder and bolder they grow, as they begin to realize that no false lures are cast over them, until one may snatch a fly almost under your

dangling feet, and you will then learn the lesson, if you do not know it already, that he who would catch fish must indeed move slowly and cast slowly and do nothing to disturb his timid prey.—London Times.

KANGAROO AND EMU HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA

It was my good fortune recently to spend a month—a great part of which time was given over to sport—in that most delightful of winter resorts, the Riverina of Australia. What is known as Riverina is a vast tract of country in the south of New South Wales lying, roughly speaking, between the rivers Murray and Murrumbidgee; hence the name Riverina. It consists for the most part of enormous plains, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and interspersed with belts of sombre-looking Eucalypti globuli, locally known as gum trees. Situated near the rivers are marshes and lagoons, called billabongs, which swarm with many kinds of waterfowl.

Kangaroo, emu, and wild pigs inhabit the plains and outskirts of the timber belts. Apparently there are two or three varieties of kangaroo, known by such names as red fliers, grey fliers, forest kangaroos, and plain kangaroos, according to their color and their preference for cover or the open. However, there is some uncertainty about this preference, for we often found that our plans of campaign were upset by forest kangaroos showing a strong partiality for the plain, and vice versa.

fence, over which the kangaroo and dogs might go, but not so one's horse.

The horses are rarely trained to jump wire, and occasionally do not see it. The work they got through was surprising, for most of them were quite rough—rarely stabled and entirely grass fed. Furthermore, they are never taken the least care of, are ridden by anyone who happens to want a horse for anything on the station, and yet seldom ever seem sick or sorry. I must ascribe their constitutions to the "simple life" they lead and the extraordinary air of the Riverina. My host did not ride, but drove four such horses as I have described in a buggy, and that through and over most things. Our "master" was a clergyman, a sporting parson in the true sense of the word, who was famed far and wide for his dogs and their exploits in the field, and who was, though sporting, not of the port wine drinking school, some may be glad to hear.

The hounds used, or kangaroo dogs, as they are generally called, are of no particular breed—in fact, in the ordinary pack the blood of every kind of known canine seems to be represented—but, as speed and strength are qualities the most valued, the best dogs are usually a cross between the greyhound and the local breed of sheepdog. I am told, however, that the best hound is a cross between the greyhound and the deerhound crossed again with a greyhound. At all events, to hunt kangaroo with success one needs fleet horses and hounds of swiftness and ferocity.

Riding to cover we put up several foxes, but the runs they gave, though sweet, were all

the animals far away, but as soon as we had made sure of their whereabouts some of us rode forward, and, coming as near the kangaroos as possible, tried to drive them gently towards the pack. It is then best to decide on which one of the kangaroos is to be hunted, and to cut him out from his fellows.

The kangaroo runs (or rather leaps, for it propels itself with its tail, in which are muscles of astonishing strength and thickness) far faster than a fox. They sometimes attain to a great height (slight inaccuracy in regard to this lends thrill to their quest), and the larger the animal the slower it goes, yet the more difficult it is to capture, for while the smaller ones endeavor to make their escape good by trusting to their speed and simply have to be run down, the "old men," as the bigger ones are called, after hopping a short distance, will turn and show fight, and will seriously main the dogs, and men as well, should they come within reach of the kangaroo's fore paws, with which they both hug and rip. The creature, if he is not overbalanced by the dogs, must be hit on the head with a club or stirrup iron, and this must be accompanied either from behind or from one side, as the animal is unable to turn half round. The best way to dispatch him, however, is with a rifle.

Emu hunting proved—to me at least—even more exciting and perilous than kangaroo hunting. One day when we were in search of kangaroos the dogs put up emu instead, and two dogs having attached themselves to one particularly large bird, I deserted the rest of the party and galloped after it. I ran it into a

host, driving up at that moment, advised letting the emu out of the tank and hunting it in the open, but, alas! the bird had regained its wind while wading in the tank, and once out of it speedily showed signs of outrunning horseman and hounds. In vain did I cheer on the dogs and spur on the horse in the hope either of throwing the emu down by riding on to it or getting near enough to hit it with a waddy I was carrying. Despite the vexatious feeling that it was outrunning me, there was something ludicrous in the idea of hunting a bird, which looked for all the world like some huge mechanical toy, on horseback with dogs across the plains. Finally, after two attempts to bring it down, once by hitting it on the back and once on the back, neither of which blows seemed to have the least effect, when I was leaning over my horse's neck to try a third time the emu kicked out sideways and struck my horse, who jumped aside and unhorsed me. From a recumbent position on the plain, with an aching shoulder, I watched that emu scamper away, bitterly regretting the splendid pair of candlesticks I had intended to have made of its legs.

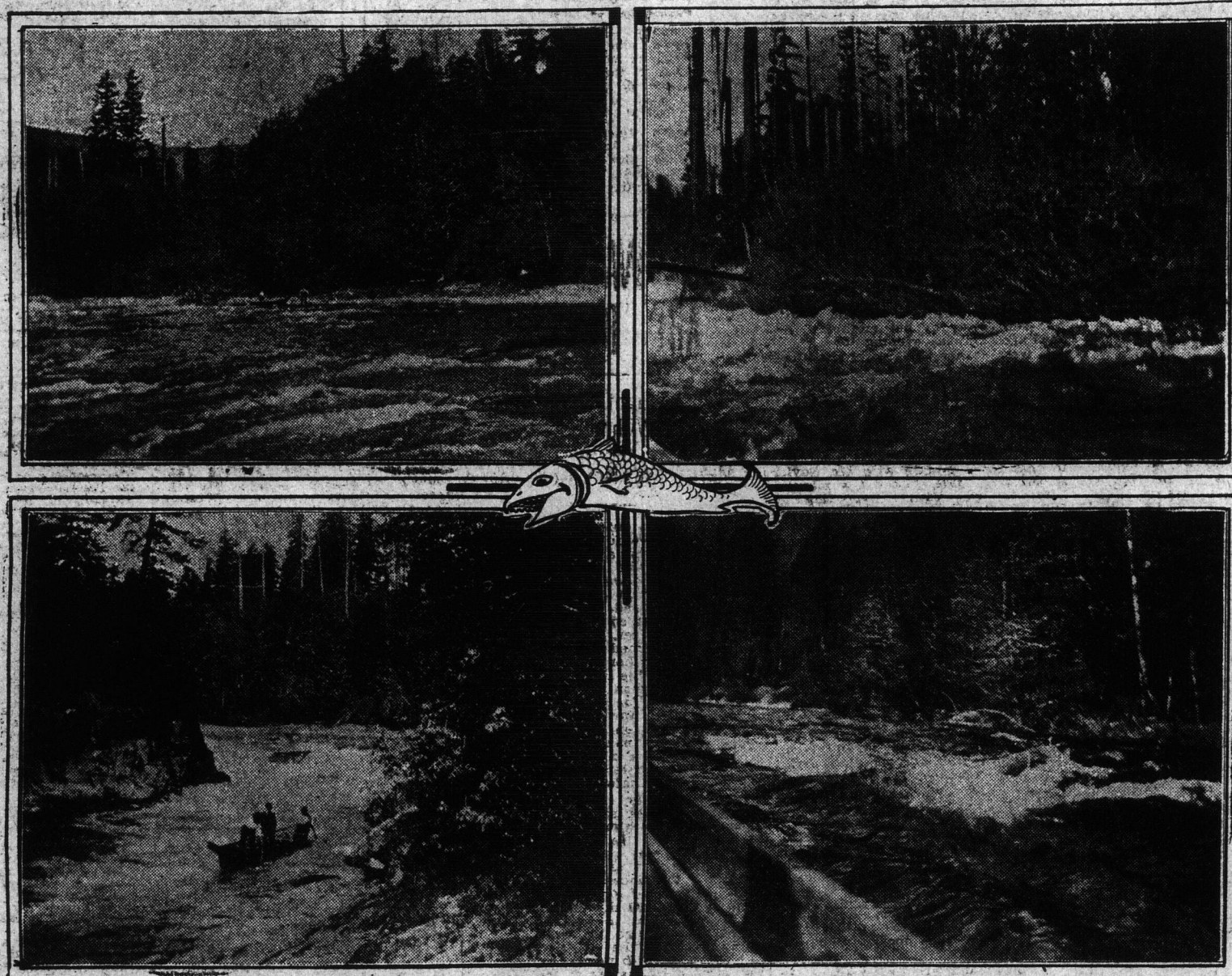
There is no doubt that both kangaroo and emu hunting is splendid sport, and it is all the more to be valued as nowhere save in Australia are either creatures found, while probably in another fifty years or so they may exist only in a few places in that country. In many localities of Australia both kangaroo and emu are protected all the year round to save them from extinction, for they no longer exist in such quantities as to be a nuisance to pastoralists, though once they were to be found in such numbers that they devoured far too much of the unhappily sometimes too scanty grass, and destroyed fences by leaping into them. The emu wrought havoc among flocks of sheep by kicking, and the kick of an emu, though not to be feared so much as that of an ostrich, is, nevertheless, a thing to be remembered. But some day I mean to go back and get the legs of one to make into candlesticks.

—E. E. M., in the Field.

When handling your dog at any time, and anywhere, don't think, because you know what you wish done, that the dog can grasp the meaning offhand and without an effort on your part. It will be necessary for you to get first to understand what you want, and then enforce the order. Be careful, though, in the matter of giving orders—one at a time only, and never conflicting. Dogs are intelligent creatures and soon learn the meaning of an order given in the slightest manner, but they are not clairvoyants.—Outdoor Life.

IN THE SPRING

When the April showers are falling,
Making mud, and pastures greet,
And the bobolink is singing
Where the meadow lark is queen;
Then there comes a sort of itching,
One that won't be satisfied
Till we've jointed up the fish rod
And the line and reel is tried.
Thrilled with keen anticipation,
On you wander down the stream,
Looking here and there for eddies
Where the speckled beauties gleam.
How the sluggish pulse does quicken
When the jerk comes on the line,
And the tug of battle deepens
With the reel click beating time.
And that little touch of "cough cure"
That you carry on your hip,
Don't it taste the finest ever
When you put it to your lip?
And that pipe of sweet tobacco,
Never knew the like before—
Funny how one's palate changes
When he's wandering out of door.
You have not forgotten, either,
When conditions were not right,
How you whipped the stream till evening
And the devils wouldn't bite.
How you struck for home defeated,
Disappointed, wet and sore,
And, for fear the boys would gey you,
Sneaked in through the kitchen door.



When the animal took to the plain one might expect a straight run for miles, but if, on the other hand, refuge was sought in the bush, the kangaroo ran more or less in circles, and the chase became dangerous in one's efforts to avoid tree trunks and overhanging branches, to say nothing of running suddenly into a wire

too short; they proved no match for the kangaroo dogs, and in their deaths the pageantry and etiquette of the English hunting field was conspicuously lacking. As soon as we arrived where we expected kangaroo would be we searched all round us with field glasses. It is difficult to the unpracticed eye to distinguish

tank—that is, a dug-out water hole—in which however, the dogs failed to pull it down, as I had hoped, as it repulsed each attack with violent kicks, and an emu's toes are as dangerous as a kangaroo's paws. It was impossible for me to ride or wade into the tank by reason of the silt, into which I should have sunk. My

When the Tables Groaned---The Menus Provided for Our Ancestors

The tables now only groan in fiction, since custom and the waiters ordain that dishes be served from behind the chairs, but within the memory of diners the tables did groan; and we have before us a design of a table covered with 114 dishes and 83 hors-d'oeuvres to serve 120 persons. This is from "The Compleat Court-book," and old book published in 1716, written by Mr. Patrick Lamb, for "near fifty years master cook to their late Majesties King Charles II, King James II, King William and Queen Mary and Queen Anne." The book calf-bound and in excellent preservation, was picked up in Cape Town amid a litter of books from an old scholar's shelves, and serves as a matchless record of the robust appetites of the people of those stirring times. Mr. Patrick Lamb saw the revelry at the Restoration, served up special dainties for Lady Frances Stewart, for Sweet Nell, probably for Samuel Pepys; the loves of the court of Charles left him unmoved; he saw Mommouth rise and fall, saw Jeffreys in all his arrogance; saw James shrink at the news from Torbay and sink off; saw William, Mary, the Great Marlborough and the masterful Duchess; saw all the statesmen, wits and beauties, and through it all kept on the ever tenor of his cook-

ings with the comforting philosophy of the Vicar of Bray. Those splendid courtiers, those ardent lovers, those wayward beauties, wits and soldiers could eat, and their Majesty's master cook could serve them with dishes suited to their needs.

Then we have the plan of the King's dinner at Lord Ranelagh's on May 20, 1700. The first course consisted of pottage of 2 ducklings ham and chickings, patty of squabs, beef a la royale, pottage of pullets, shoulder of mutton in blood and stakes, flanked on the right by peaches, 2 geese, oils terrayn, rabbits first, pudding, beans and bacon, mackrel and masht loaves; and on the left by carps stewed, brisque of pigeons, veal royale, chicken fricacy, pulpatons and flounders. That appears substantial enough, but the second course was necessary to fill up the gaps, and consisted of 2 pheasants, 6 partridges, salad, sliced tongue, cold lamb and chickens, Dutch beef, 3 rabbits, 6 chickens flanked on the right by crawfish buttered, 12 quails chirry tarts, lambs stones, rankins, mushrooms, peas, crabs buttered and boiled, and on the left by cold lobsters, to turkeys, artichokes, mossels, cream puffs, sweetbreads, machroons, and sourd salmon. No wonder they sat for hours over their meals, and then after drinking the complementary wines, sank under the table.

The good living was not the privilege of the men, and there is an appetising menu of The Lady's Table at an instalment Windsor, 1704. Here there was an attempt at refinement, for in the centre of the table are 9 dishes of fruit with venison pastry at the top and gammon and chickens at the bottom, flanked on the right by sweetbreads and endive, fricacy of chickens, pottage sante, 7 roasted gees, mutton a la royale, pudding, pottage of gees, haunch of venison, mutton in blood, and cheyn of veal; and on the left by spinnage and eggs, pottage 4 gees, surloin, of beef, frupton of apples, stewed veal, stump pie, pottage a la royale and 7 roasted gees. There were, it will be seen, no less than 18 gees, beside pottages of the same fat bird so that the fair dames did not do so badly. There are also plans of the Coronation dinner, the Duke of Newcastle's dinner; but we may content ourselves with the dainty menu at My Lady Arran's Daughter's Wedding Supper, June 6, 1699. In the centre was a fine dish of turbot Westphalia ham, dried tongues, Dutch beef and cold chickens, supported by rabbits fricacy, jellies of all sorts, mullets stewed, cheeses, cakes and custards, carps carbullion, pulpaton of sweetbreads, green peas and 2 ducklings, venison rolled and colored, 4 turkey pouts, pottage crawfish, 3 ca-

pons a la royale, 4 pheasants, flanked on the right by buttered chickens, 10 quails, patty of green gees, artichokes, breast of veal colored, wild ducks, rabbits fricando, bolsters; and on the left by beans and bacon, peas, pulpaton of pigeons, buttered crabs, philet of beef larded with collops, green gees, putty of squabs, tanzie, buttered chickens and squabs pigeons. If only there were such wedding suppers now men would take quite an absorbing interest in love affairs.

The recipes are naturally based on generous proportions not quite suited to these sparing times; but as quails will be with us in September we give the following hints for making a "brisque" or "soop in ragon" of the bird: "Brisque your quail, and toss them up in a stew-pan till they are of a fine brown color. Then put them in a little pot with good broth, barbs of bacon, a bunch of sweet herbs, some cloves, and other spices, with a good slice of beef well beaten, another of bean bacon, and two or three of lemon, and boil altogether over a gentle fire. Garnish your brisque with veal sweetbreads, artichoke bottoms, mushrooms, truffes, fricandaux, and cockscombs, with the finest of which last make a rim round your brisque and pour a little veal-cullis upon it." We regret to leave Patrick Lamb and his Court-book, but may return to the feast again.