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spare time to it. That fortunate ex-militaire has now few other foes to consider than the native cat (*dasyura*), the black cormorant, and the dingo.

It must be confessed that they give him more trouble than ever—in his youth—did the Queen's enemies. The cormorants eat his young fish, and when the captain extracted from the dead body of one of them no less than six infantine trout, the tears (so his grandson averred) came into his eyes. The partridges, even the gold and silver pheasants were not sacred from the native cat. An occasional dingo makes his appearance, wandering from Black Mountain (the doctor was always an indifferent 'poisoner,' says the parson), and a brace of gazelle fawns have never been sufficiently accounted for. But the exhibition of strychnine crystals provides a solution, and the land has peace.

On the whole, progress has been made. The furred, feathered, or finned emigrants are steadily increasing; fair shooting can soon be allowed, and extermination will be impossible.

Between ourselves, a leash of foxes were turned loose in the gibba-gunyahs, near which the first dingo was killed, by the Lake William hounds, and Jack Barker swore (only he 'stretches' so) that he saw the vixen feeding five cubs—one with a white tag to his brush (Jack is always circumstantial), with the biggest buck 'possum he ever saw.

The Lake William hounds have long been back in their kennels. John Hampden makes a point of attending the first meet, and O'Desmond (whose heart was not broken, or was at least successfully repaired by his subsequent marriage) is a steady supporter, as of yore.

But somehow the whole affair doesn't feel so jolly as when Argyll and Hamilton, Ardmillan and Forbes, Fred Churbett and Neil, Malahyde and Edward Belfield—all the 'Benmohr mob' in fact—were safe for every meet.

Perhaps, though with enthusiasts his steady march is disregarded, old Time may possibly have had something to do with the decrease of enthusiasm. Mrs. Wilfred does not approve of her husband riding so hard as in the brave days of old. She herself, from circumstances, is often absent, and scarcely enjoys lending Emigrant, still *nearly* as good as ever, to lady visitors. A heavy autumn shower, too, acted un-