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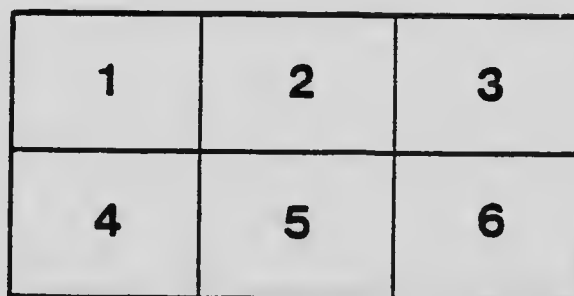
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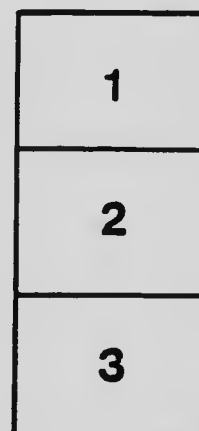
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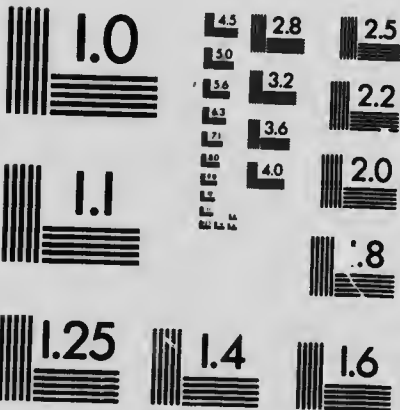
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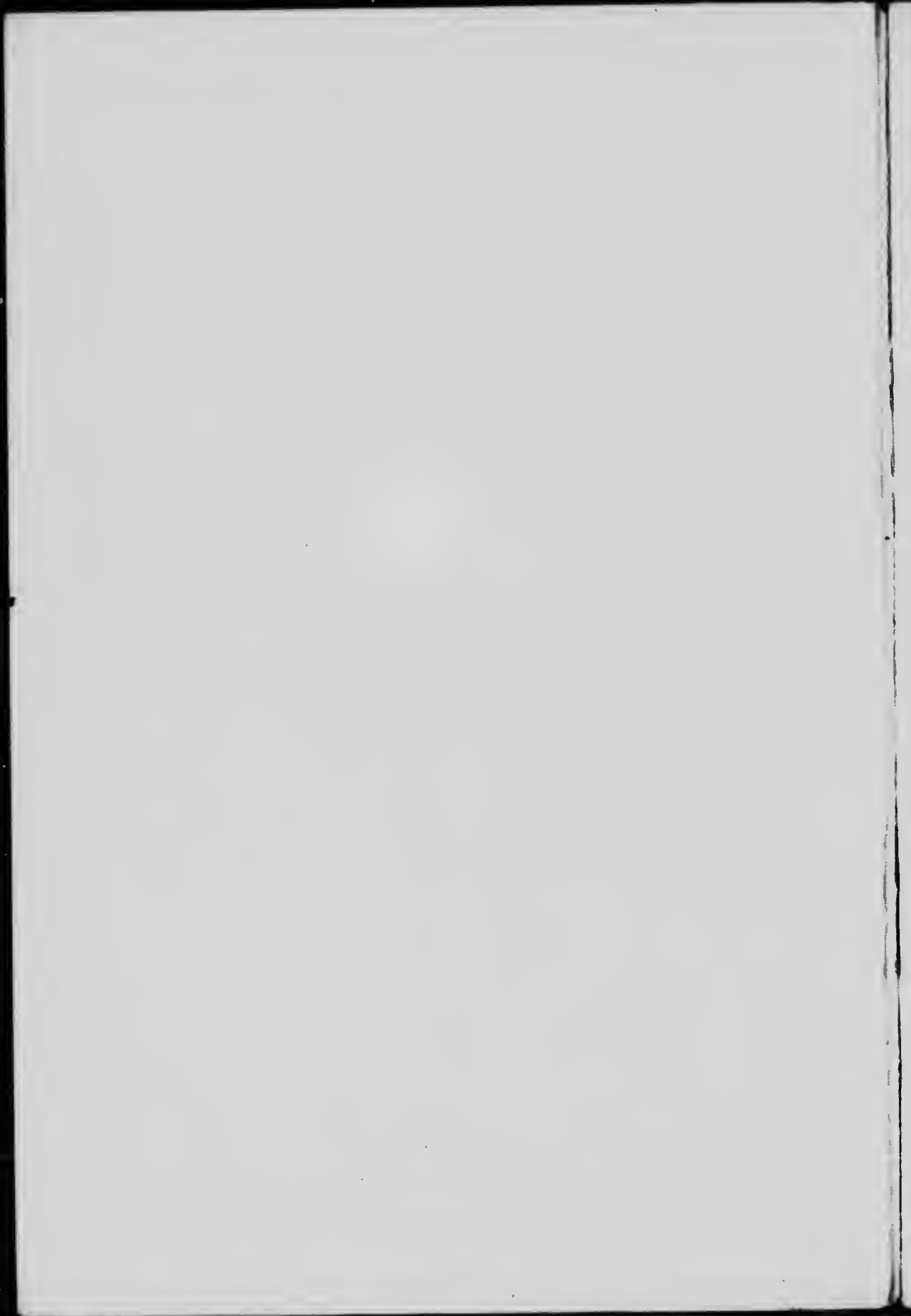
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1906?

**To The
Committee
On Fish and
Game and
Members
of The
Legislative
Assembly**



TO THE COMMITTEE ON FISH AND GAME
AND MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATIVE
ASSEMBLY.

An effort will doubtless be made at the present session of the Ontario Legislature to have the Fish and Game Committee recommend and the Members of the Assembly enact legislation prohibiting the use of the so-called automatic shotgun for bird shooting. This, gentlemen, is nothing more or less than the attempt of a discredited New York magazine publisher to use the Ontario Legislature to secure revenge on certain American manufacturers whom he has been fighting for three years because for good and sufficient reason they withdrew their advertising patronage from his magazine. For years he took the money of these same gun makers, published advertisements of magazine shotguns and printed columns of praise of guns he now condemns. Immediately upon the withdrawal of this advertising he started a crusade against his former benefactors and under the mask of game protection has endeavored to have the legislatures of over thirty states and territories grant him the revenge he seeks, by prohibiting the use of the so-called automatic shotgun. He even carried his raid into Congress of the United States and the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec, but not to be fooled by misrepresentation and lies and not willing to be used as a tool by this man to satisfy his revenge, each and every legislative body mentioned has promptly refused to pass his bill. Some fair-minded, well-meaning people have arrayed themselves against this type of gun, but investigation shows that in almost every case their knowledge of the so-called automatic shotgun is not based upon experience or observation, but acquired by reading the many false and misleading statements so industriously circulated during the past three years by the great originator of Game Protection to help his game — Geo. O. Shields, a man who in his writings sneers at Canadians: a man who, by his own writings, is branded as one of the most rapacious game hogs

that ever lived : a man who stands branded by the United States District Court as the giver of a false oath to conceal property, and branded as the perpetrator of "sham paper transactions" and a "fraudulent scheme" in dealing with the stock-holders of his Company. These are strong statements, gentlemen, but here is the uncontrovertible proof.

SNEERS AT CANADIANS :—(Extract from "Cruising in the Cascades" by Geo. O. Shields, describing a trip to British Columbia, page 55.) "My first object, therefore, was to find a guide to take me into the mountains, and although I found several pretended sportsmen, I could find no one who had killed even a goat except poor Hughes. * * * Several business men, of whom I asked information, inquired at once where I was from, and on learning that I was an American, said "I don't know," and were, or at least pretended to be, too busy to talk with me. They seemed to have no use for people from this side of the boundary line, and this same feeling toward my Nation (with a big N) was shown to me in other places and on various occasions while in the Province."

THE REAL AND ORIGINAL GAME HOG.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who is George O. Shields ("Coquina") ?

He is the man who is forever shouting "Game Hog."

Does Shields know a game hog when he sees one ? ...

He certainly should.

Why should he ?

Because he himself has shot great quantities of game simply for the satisfaction of killing it, and then has left it to rot.

How is this known ?

By his own brag stories of game slaughter.

Do people generally know this?
Many do not; but it has been pretty widely understood since a correspondent of "Forest and Stream," writing over the name of "Didymus," exposed him in the columns of that journal.

How did "Didymus" expose Shields?

By quoting from Shields' book what Shield had written about Shields.

Has Shields ever made any answer?

When you quote a man on himself in this way he cannot answer it. There is no answer. To quote Omar:

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

If you have not read Shields on Shields as "Didymus" shows him up, read it. As "Didymus" says, "it is an eye-opener."

I.

A BRAGGING SPORTSMAN.

Would You Propose Such an Individual as a Candidate
to Frame a Law for the Protection of Game?

From "Forest and Stream," June 10, 1899.

St. Augustine, Fla., May 29. Editor Forest and Stream: I observe what you were to say in your issue of May 27 in comment on the new Florida game law, which restricts the number of game a person may kill in a year and imposes a license fee of \$10 on the non-resident shooter.

Here is a growing impatience at the character of many of the shooters who invade the State from the North. Indeed, when one considers the abominable atrocities which have been perpetrated in Florida by game slaughterers of what I may call the "Coquina" type, one marvels at the indifference, not to say complacency, with which their bloody exploits have been permitted to go unpunished. I have used the expression "of the Coquina type" because the prac-

tices of game butchers of this sort have been so well set forth by Mr. George O. Shields (Coquina) in his narrative of his own personal exploits in Florida. I have just been looking over the story of his doings here as told by himself, and it is worth while to recur to it, because it is typical of one kind of "sportsmen" we have had to deal with.

Mr. Shields made a trip up the St. John's River and to the Gulf Coast. The story of the expedition is told in a volume which now lies before me, entitled "Hunting in the Great West (Rustling in the Rockies)." While the bulk of the volume is given up to the record of his slaughter of big game in the West, some chapters of it are devoted to an account of his Florida expedition.

From Jacksonville Mr. Shields took passage up the St. John's River on the steamboat *Georgæa*. Game, he tells us, was then abundant in all that vicinity—deer, turkeys, quail and alligators.

"On the morning of the 17th," he relates, "at 7 o'clock a.m. we were under way. Capt. Schoonmaker, master of the *Georgæa*, informed us that we would find plenty of game from this point up, so we brought out our guns—Dr. W. got his shotgun and I my rifle. We took up our positions on the quarterdeck ready for business."

And he was not long in getting to "business," for he relates :

"We had gone but a few miles when the ladies, who occupied seats in the pilot-house, shouted, 'There's an alligator ! ' We looked in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, was one of the gigantic saurians lazily swimming across the river, some 200 yards ahead of the boat. The Captain said they were wild, and that he would not let us come much closer, so I opened fire on him, and in quick succession landed three bullets in such close proximity to his eyes that he at once sank out of sight."

When the next alligator was seen, after carefully adjusting his sights our sportsman put a ball "through him just behind the shoulder. Then there was sport ! He gave us such a gymnastic exhibition as only a wounded 'gator can give.

He first tried to stand on his head, then he tried to stand on his tail. Then apparently tried to turn himself wrong side out. Finally, recovering temporarily from the shock, he reached the water and was lost to our sight forever."

The satisfaction manifested here appears to have been based on witnessing the contortions of the wounded and dying creature. This gleeful enjoyment of the death throes of his victims is manifested on other pages of the volume. To witness the convulsions of pain and death agonies appears to have been so pleasurable as to afford an adequate reward for the long journey from the North to Florida. Alligators, however, were not the only objects of this slaughter which Mr. Shields waged from the deck of the passing steamer. The beautiful plume birds we are now lamenting were conspicuous in those days and offered marks which received unremitting attention. Mr. Shields records :

"During the remainder of the day we had fine sport shooting blue herons, white egrets, blue and white ibises, ducks, cormorants, coot, etc.. but owing to the motion of the boat (she made about fifteen miles an hour) I made rather a poor score with the rifle. The Doctor with his shotgun did much better. Game is very abundant all along the river."

It is not so abundant now.

When Mr. Shields got to the Gulf Coast he found the wild birds there in a condition of blissful ignorance and unsuspecting security, which made easy the sport of doing them to death. Going through the pine woods out from Mantee, Mr. Shields came to some ponds. Of one, he records :

"We saw in it a dozen or more of the large water birds which are so numerous in this State. I brought out my rifle and bagged a beautiful white ibis. A mile further on we came to another pond. A large white egret sat near the centre of it, about 250 yards away. I drew a bead on him, let go, and he immediately sat down."

"We passed a dozen or more of these ponds during the day, and at each of them I got a shot, making a very handsome bag, considering that I was 'going somewhere' and not on a regular hunt."

Again, in a series of ponds in the open pine woods, he tells us, "We found plenty of the large water birds so numerous in this State. We took an occasional shot at them when one offered a tempting mark and bagged a large number during the day."

So much for the Florida plume birds, whose destruction we have all of us been making so much ado over and blaming the millinery hunters for exterminating.

There were alligators on the coast, too, and our sportsman reaps new honors in his warfare waged upon them. He appears to have come to Florida as a modern St. George, imbued with a ferocious determination to find here the Dragon worthy of his lead. "I was thirsting for the blood of a 'gator," he tells us. But he was not so thirsty for 'gator blood as to disdain a "fine young doe," upon which he drew a bead and "she doubled up." Nor were the garfish swimming in the creek beneath his attention. He tells us, "We saw large numbers of garfish sporting in the sunlight. We shot a few of them merely for pastime, and Florida, in its humble way, was trying to afford pastime."

But the alligators were the real "game" the expedition was after, and the saurians were found in the creek which was the destination of the hunting party.

"One of them stuck his head out of the water, whereupon Capt. S. gave him a charge of buckshot in the vicinity of the eye and ear. Helashed the water into a foam in his gyrations, and sank out of sight, probably mortally wounded. Presently another one puts his eye out of water to look at us. He was near the opposite shore, perhaps 50 yards from where we sat. I let go at him, and although I scored a palpable hit, did not kill him."

The actions of a wounded alligator are described vividly and with gusto. Mr. Shields gives us this lesson in the torture of reptiles :

"A 'gator always tells you, unerringly whether you have killed or only wounded 'im. If wounded, he plunges and thrashes around at a lively rate for a few seconds, and sinks out of sight ; but if killed dead he performs about the same series of evolutions, turns on his back and dies, remaining on top of the water."

And he goes on to tell about what happened when he got himself fairly in action :

"The smoke had hardly cleared away after my last shot, when a third 'gator looked up near us, and instantly caught a right fielder in his left eye that turned him over. We then supposed we had made it so warm for them that no others would show themselves for a while, so we started down the stream. The Captain and I had gone a little ahead, when Jack, who had not yet started, called to us, and said : 'Here's another 'gator.' I went back, and there, sure enough, was an old fellow swimming along down the creek as unconcernedly as though he had never heard the report of a gun in his life. I waited until he came within about 50 feet of me, and then gave him one in the leeward optic. He turned two or three somersaults, and stopped on his back with one forefoot sticking out of the water. We left him there as a warning to his kind."

"As we were now thoroughly sated with this class of sport," he concludes this interesting episode, "we returned home."

We Floridians are frequently accused of being indolent and lazy ; and when your true sportsman from the North came among us in those days he set us an example of energy and assiduity and industry which should have put us to shame. There are only twenty-four hours in a day here in Florida, as further North, and the short twilight gives quick place to a rapidly falling night. The days are not long enough for the activities of sportsmen of the Coquina stripe. Mr. Shields' book tells us that his nights were well employed. One night would be spent in fishing for sharks by means of set lines, hauling them in to butcher in the morning ; another night in fire-lighting for deer with buckshot ; another night in spearing fish by firelight.

But the main purpose of this expedition, if we may judge from the amount of space given to it, was the alligator. I quote again :

"Presently I saw two lying on a low grassy bank away up the creek, sunning themselves and looking like great black logs. I drew back again and proceeded as quietly as possible to a bend in the creek that would bring me within range of them. They heard me before I reached the point, however, and plunged into the water. I stepped behind a neighboring pine tree and waited a few minutes for them to come up. I did not have to wait long. One of them arose to the surface 100 yards below me. I did not molest him, for I thought I could do better. In a few minutes the other put his eyes out of the water near the opposite bank, not more than 50 yards away. I looked through my globe sight, saw his great black eye glisten in the sunlight and pulled. He doubled up, and his back came out of the water until he formed a great half circle. Then he went down, and next his head and tail came out approaching each other, until they almost met. Then he disappeared again, and at once re-appeared, doubled and twisted into an almost indistinguishable mass. When he unfolded himself this time he remained on top of the water, lying on his back, and then I knew that he was dead."

Our admiration is compelled by the thoroughness with which Mr. Shields quartered his ground—admiration or disgust ; it depends upon how we look at such things.

All was game that had life and lacked the sense to know that he "was loaded" and to keep out of range of him. Going through a tract of pine woods, he tells us, the "monotony was relieved by ponds scattered along the entire distance, at each of which we got a shot or two at the large water birds which always hover around them ;" (parenthically, they don't hover so much as they did before Coquina passed that way). "This is indeed the happy hunting ground—the sportsman's paradise," he tells us as he found it. There is not much paradise about it now except for an occasional turkey buzzard.

And even those nocturnal creatures which hide in caverns and hollows were not permitted to escape his keen scent for game. The party was encamped one evening, when :

"Jack started to the river to get water for our coffee, and as he passed the end of a large hollow log that lay a few feet from the fire he heard a slight noise in it, when he found there was 'something alive in it,' as Dundreary says of his hat. We put a bunch of dry moss in the opening and set fire to it. In a few minutes a 'possum came tumbling out through the fire, and Rover, who stood there waiting for him, made short work of him."

I shall always regard that picture of a burned 'possum tumbling out through the flames into the jaws of the dog as one of the finest things in the literature of true sport as it is here literatured by Mr. Shields.

That same night a great owl, all unsuspecting the explosive character of the strangers who had invaded his wilderness haunt, ventured to perch on a limb above the camp. It was his last perch. The owl went the way of the plume birds, alligators and 'possums.

The next day "while we were at supper, a large 'gator raised his head in the middle of the river opposite our tent. I sent a message from 'old reliable,' and in an instant more he was lashing the water into foam, minus an eye."

Judging from his own record, as given by himself in this account, Mr. Shields counted the success of a shooting trip by the amount of torture he was able to inflict upon his victims, and the success of a fire-fishing trip by the number of fish taken or the pounds they weighed. One night when he was fire-fishing with a party sticking fish with spears, he records with exultation, "We killed over 100 lbs. of fish during the two or three hours we were out." Again, "We returned to the house about 9 o'clock, having taken over 60 lbs. of fish." This Florida fishing, however, did not amount to much, compared with the scores made by Mr. Shields, which Mr. Fields here records

with exclamation marks, as having been made by himself and friends in Michigan, among them an "afternoon's catch 180 lbs. of fish." Again, "Total catch for the day weighed 210 lbs." Again, "They also brought in a fine string of bass, making the day's catch weight in all 240 lbs., and the grand total for the three days, 620 lbs."

While we are alluding to Michigan I may be permitted to quote an illuminating paragraph from his account, given in this same book, of a little excursion in that State. After having headed off a deer driven into the water by hounds, and killed it by a ball in the head as it was swimming for the shore, in the morning he went on board the little steamer Northern Belle to go to Cheboygan.

"The captain informed us," he writes, "that we would probably see plenty of ducks, loons, etc. on the trip, so we brought out the 'hunter's pet' rifle and enjoyed some very fine sport, shooting from the bow of the vessel. Several ducks were taught the folly of exposing themselves to the unerring aim of some of our crack shots. A small diver was killed by an unusually long shot, several on board pronouncing the distance at least 200 yards. A woodduck was cut down on the wing as he crossed the channel about 40 yards away. Several others were killed as they sat in the water, and all while the boat was in motion, making, altogether, a rather remarkable score for a morning's shooting with the rifle."

But to come back to our own Florida. I have not pretended to give all of the game slaughtering exploits here recounted, for I hesitate to trespass upon your space. It is evident from the widespread death and destruction which followed in his wake, and from the prodigious rain of ammunition erupted by him, so to speak, as he passed through our pine barren and hammocks and along our water courses, that Mr. Shields must have been heavily loaded with powder and ball and buckshot. He does not give us the details of his armament, but we may get some hint of it from the advice he gives intending Florida

tourists as to how they should fit themselves out before invading our devoted land. He writes :

"A shotgun and rifle will both be needed, though a cylinder-bore shotgun and supply of buckshot cartridges in addition to the supply of small shot may answer all purposes. The greater need of the rifle is for the larger game, which frequently offers long-range shots where a shot-gun is entirely useless, and if the sportsman be a clever rifle shot he should always provide himself with both.

"A large supply of ammunition should be provided for each, for there is such a great variety and such countless numbers of birds and animals constantly presenting themselves that although many of them be not game, still the temptation to shoot them is so strong that few resist it. For instance, there are cranes, pelicans, cormorants, water turkeys, alligators, etc., offering shots at all ranges, and affording such fine opportunities for practice that anyone is justifiable in improving these opportunities when not in localities where game is to be found. I estimate, from experience and observation, that an enthusiastic sportsman will shoot away 300 shells in each week that he may spend in Florida, and if he be provided with rifle and shotgun both, perhaps an equal division of this number between the two would not be far from the proper figure."

Heaven defend us !

Verily, if his name were not on the title page of this book, I would hesitate to believe that the Mr. Shields, whose personal doings in Florida and advice to other visitors are contained in this volume, is that very same Mr. Shields whose personal and iterated hue and cry of "game hog" is dealt out as generously to his fellow human beings as here in Florida he distributed his bullets and buckshot among the unwary brute creation. Methinks that if that alligator which Mr.

Shields "gave one in the leeward optic" could come to life again he would "wink the other eye."

Now, I need not say that I am very far from having any intention of classifying all the northern sportsmen who have visited our land as being driven about by a restless spirit of destruction as was I by the gadfly. It would be a scandalous libel upon the craft of sportsmanship to picture it as made up of such lust for blood, such devilish cruelty, such fiendish enjoyment of the death agonies of inoffensive creatures as pervades the pages of the Florida "rustlings." But you must remember that such accounts as this given by Mr. Shields of his own doings in Florida are those which make the strongest impression and go furthest in forming public opinion about sportsmen and their character. This is very unfortunate but it is true. The guild of sportsmen has often suffered obliquy which was altogether unmerited because an ignoble part of it was thought to stand for the whole.

This Mr. Shields, I hear, is the president of a league of American sportsmen. If there are any members of the league who are ambitious in their humble way to emulate the exterminatory peregrinations of their president, we would do well to charge them double price or shut them out altogether.

Didymus.

II.

(To the foregoing expose of Shields a reply was printed in "Forest and Stream" of June 17, written by Mr. Arthur D. Rice, an employee of Shields. This reply, then, may be assumed to have come from Shields himself. It reads:)

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the readers of Forest and Stream would be apt to derive some very erroneous conclusions from the article entitled, "Exterminatory Peregrinations," and signed Didymus, in your last issue, I beg to reply to the same.

In the first place, the writer fails to state that the books from which he quotes were written by

Coquina many years ago when both the conditions and the sentiment regarding the killing of game were entirely different from those obtaining to-day. From the article referred to one might infer that the things Didymus reports occurred last year instead of twenty years ago, and this manifest unfairness leads me to think that Didymus has some ulterior motive in his attack on Mr. Shields. It is easy to take isolated sentences from the several books he has written and make out a plausible case against Mr. Shields; but when it is remembered that he made trips through the South and West years ago in the interest of sportsmen's papers and collectors of specimens, and that many of the birds and animals he shot were mounted and placed in various museums, it puts a different complexion of the experiences he chronicles. Then, too, in quoting the total catch of fish or the amount of game killed, it might be proper for Didymus to learn how much of the total should be charged up to Mr. Shields. Moreover, if hounding deer and spearing fish and killing 'possums, and even shooting alligators were at that time illegitimate features of sport, I fear many of the readers of Forest and Stream must also count themselves guilty.

I have no doubt—in fact I know—that, if given the opportunity now, Mr. Shields would shoot very little game, for he has been for several years a most ardent advocate of game protection and reasonable bags. It is said that the difference between a man and a mule is that the man can change his mind, but the mule can't, and if years ago, when the game supply seemed inexhaustible, Mr. Shields killed more than his share because of his opportunities and skill, that is not a reason for robbing him of the credit due him for the work he has done and is now doing on the other side of the proposition. "Remember not against me the sins of my youth," said King David; and so say most of us who have long hunted and fished.

I believe there is no man in New York to-day who spends more time and thought, and money,

too, in the interests of game protection than Geo. O. Shields, and most of the enemies he has made are those whom he has correctly branded as game hogs. Whether Didymus is one of these I do not know, but it is evident that he has some time stacked up against him, directly or indirectly, and gotten the worst of it.

Didymus is correct in saying that Mr. Shields is the president of the League of American Sportsmen, and those who have worked with him since the organization of the League know full well the amount of arduous, effective and unrequited work he has done in that connection. I know whereof I speak, and if Didymus or any other man hiding under a nom de plume, will take the trouble to learn and state the facts, he will discover in Mr. Shields a man who is giving a considerable portion of his time and substance in the effort to bring about the state of affairs which Didymus professes to desire.

"There is no defence against reproach but obscurity," and as Mr. Shields has come out into the open in respect to game protection and game hogs, it is to be expected that he will be subject to attack, even if his enemies have to go back a score of years to dig up an excuse for making it.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

Passaic, N. J., June 11.

(To this inspired reply Didymus made answer in the "Forest and Stream" of the following week, July 14, as follows:

THE GAME BUTCHER.

The Pleasure of Slaughter Only Limited by the Quantity of Ammunition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 10 I commented upon our new Florida game law, and spoke of the influences making for it, chief among them being the outrages perpetrated by game killers (of what I denominated "the Coquina type"), who have invaded our State and slaughtered our game and

wild life. What I wrote was thus intended to be explanatory of how we feel toward game butchers. That Mr. Shields (Coquina) happened to present himself to me as typical of the class under consideration was due to what I may term the accident of his having left on record in the book "Hunting in the Great West" a shameless account of his own exterminatory perigrinations here. I wrote of Mr. Shields precisely as any other person going by his record might have written of him; and what I wrote was strictly from an impersonal standpoint. I had no more personal animus against Mr. Shields than I would have against an automatic shotgun shooting sixty times a minute and to all the thirty-two points of the compass at once.

But now comes your correspondent, Mr. A. F. Rice, who, in your issue of June 17, professes to see in my communication the inspiration of an "ulterior motive." He thinks I must be one of those whom Mr. Shields "has correctly branded as game hogs."

Bless your heart, how deliciously characteristic that is. I quoted from Mr. Shields his own account of killing plumed birds from steamer decks, dropping water birds in the ponds as he passed by, shooting garfish "for pastime," putting out the eyes of alligators and torturing them in various and sundry ways, setting fire to live opossums—and I did this with the single purpose only to illustrate the influence which such disgusting practices have had upon our lawmakers—and I am, therefore, Mr. Rice sapiently concludes, one of those whom Mr. Shields has "branded as a game hog." To holler "game hog" is with these people "the whole thing." It does it all. I have often wondered in a mild way what formula Joshua used when he caused the sun to stand still. I know now.

But Mr. Rice, if he will permit me to say it, is mistaken. I have never been branded by Mr. Shields—not that I know of. I have pursued my way as a sportsman for lo these many years without ever having been attacked, as so many others have been, by Mr. Shields because my catch of fish or game did not tally with what he decreed was the proper thing. I have never re-

ceived, as have others, from Mr. Shields impudent letters taking me to task because my sporting ways are not his ways. In none of these several ways in which other folks are "stacked up against," as Mr. Rice puts it, have I come in contact with him. Suppose I had been assailed with his blackguard epithet of "game hog," what would that show? You know that out in the Yellowstone Park there is a Mud Geyser, which year in and year out spouts mud. Go there any day of any year, or any night, and you'll find it—bub, glug, glub—spouting mud. If you come too close you'll have to dodge the blamed thing. But even if it spatters you, you don't get mad at it. Because you are a man and it is a natural curiosity. If you went on fighting a mud geyser, they'd say you were gone in your upper storey, and probably put you in the lockup of Mammoth Hot Springs.

Mr. Geo. O. Shields is to me, as I have said already, simply a type of the visiting shooter who has scourged Florida with his devilish exterminating forays. He presents himself to me as an impersonal phenomenon. His devastating crusade here was, to me, a manifestation of a phase of depraved human nature, rather than the exploits of an individual. I know him only as he describes himself and his deeds in his book. I go by his record as he himself made it and has recorded it and is to-day proclaiming it wherever he can get a dollar in trade for it. Being thus free and absolutely independent of any honest imputation of wrong motive, I claim my right to exercise it, to speak the word which it seems to me is right to speak. If the language in my letter printed in your issue of June 10 was in any particular intemperate, I am sincerely sorry for it; but I still am persuaded that I did not express a half of the abhorrence of Coquina's cruelties in Florida, and of the disgust at the coarseness of Mr. Shield's recital, which any man of average sensibility must feel who reads his book.

Mr. Rice insinuates that my quotations were not fair. I quoted literally. Mr. Rice thinks I

should have given the context of sentence as these :

"Capt. Schoonmaker informed that we would find plenty of game from this at up, so we brought out our guns—Dr. W. shot gun and I my rifle. We took up our positions on the quarterdeck ready for business.

"Then there was sport ! He gave us such a gymnastic exhibition as only a wounded 'gator can give. He first tried to stand on his head then he tried to stand on his tail. Then apparently tried to turn himself wrong side out finally, recovering temporarily from his shock, he reached the water, and was lost to our sight for ever."

"During the remainder of the day we did fine sport shooting blue herons, white egrets, blue and white ibises, ducks, cormorants, etc. but owing to the motion of the boat (made about fifteen miles an hour) I made rather poor score with the rifle."

(Mr. Rice avers that these birds shot from a passing steamer and left to rot were killed for "museum" purposes. I confess I hadn't thought of that. Mr. Shields perhaps meant to make a "museum" of all outdoors).

"I was thirsting for the blood of a 'gator."

"We saw large numbers of garfish sporting in the sunlight. We shot a few of them merely for pastime." (more "museum.")

"The smoke had scarcely cleared away after my last shot, when a third 'gator looked up near us, and instantly caught a right fielder in his left eye, that turned him over."

"I went back, and there, sure enough, was an old fellow swimming along down the creek as unconcerned as though he had never heard the report of a gun in his life. I waited until he came within about 50 feet of me, and then gave him one in the leeward optic. He turned two or three somersaults, and stopped on his back with one forefoot sticking out of the water. We left him there as a warning to his kind." (What "museum" is he in ?)

"We put a bunch of dry moss in the opening and set fire to it. In a few minutes a possum

came tumbling out through the fire, and old Rover, who stood there waiting for him made short work of him." (Old Rover, too, appears to have been working the "museum" racket.)

"While we were at supper, a large 'gator raised his head in the middle of the river opposite our tent. I sent a message from 'old reliable' and in an instant more he was lashing the water into a foam, minus an eye." (Any "museums" up your way, Mr. Forest and Stream, stocked with one-eyed alligators?)

"For instance, there are cranes, pelicans, cormorants, water turkeys, alligators, etc., offering shots at all ranges, and affording such fine opportunities for practice that anyone is justifiable in improving these opportunities when not in localities where game is to be found." (Let your "museum instinct have full play, as it were.)

Could a ton of context relieve these passages of their coarseness or prevent them from giving stamp and character to the book?

Mr. Rice says that in those days we all did such things. I envy Mr. Rice his manifest enjoyment of the blessing of youth with its credulousness and optimism; but I want to tell him that he has turned back upon the pole star of truth when he entertains the queer notion that we were all like the Florida butcher in those days. Why, there were plenty of sportsmen then. We sportsmen were not all born yesterday. Sportsmanship did not come into the world when Coquina established the L.A.S. as a business enterprise to advertise himself. But really it is hardly worth while to consider the implication made by Mr. Rice that in the days when Coquina shooting from steamer's deck, was killing plumed birds to rot on the shore, the practice was one indulged in or approved by sportsmen. There have always been among shooters individuals who are prompted by thirst for alligator blood, and lust for killing everything within sight, but we did not in those days, any more than we do now, call them sportsmen.

Mr. Rice tells us that these Florida atrocities were perpetrated when Mr. Shields was a youth.

I am sure I don't know just where Mr. Rice draws his mark between youth and adult manhood, but come what may, it does seem to me that when one has reached an age where he has assumed matrimonial obligations he ought to be expected to have fixed principles about the destruction of innocent creatures on the water or in the air.*

*When Shields was in Florida he was a grown man and had his wife along with him, as he tells us in a sentence which defies both grammar and delicacy. Had Didymus been discussing the youthful Shields he might have found in this same book some exceedingly suggestive material. In a chapter of "Recollections of Boyhood," Shields relates with gusto how he used to carry his pockets stuffed with stones for killing birds; how he used to slip-noose woodchucks for his dog to worry to death, always letting them "fight it out to the death"; and how he caught birds with fishhooks; and stirred up yellow jackets' nests and threw his dog into them. Thus in sundry ways he shows that in this case the boy truly was father to the man. The young Shields as here pictured was the same Shields who grew up to develop into a game butcher and game hog.

Mr. Rice intimates that the author of the book has repudiated its teachings. If the record showed this to be a fact I would be the first to welcome it, but on the contrary the circumstances oppose any such conclusion. The edition of "Hunting in the Great West," from which I have quoted, was printed in 1890—not so long ago. The fact is, moreover, that the book is now, to-day, advertised and sold by Mr. Shields. So that now, at the present time, Mr. Shields is making public boast of how he killed our plume birds to rot on the river banks, and of how he mutilated our wild creatures for fun.

How this fits in with Mr. Rice's theory of a humble and contrite heart, for the life of me I cannot see. It appears to my feeble understanding that one evidence of contrition and regeneration would be the suppression of this roster of one-eyed alligators whose leeward optics have been bored out by Mr. Shields, this catalogue of the plume birds of North America killed from the

steamer decks by Coquina here in Florida. It is a book, which, it seems to me, any right-thinking man would call in and suppress, instead of trying to find new readers for the braggart self-revelation contained in it. If I were a reformed game butcher with this "Hunting in the Great West" in my record, I'd let a contract for sackcloth and ashes, and I'd bury the book so deep that you'd have to sink a shaft deeper than our deepest St. Augustine artesian well to resurrect it. For let me assure you of one thing, such a book is an eye-opener as to the "sportsmanship" record of the man who wrote it.

And just here a word to revert to Mr. Rice's ingenious way of concluding the whole matter by the cheerful theory that I have been "stacked up against a game hog." I will say confidentially to Mr. Rice that I don't take much stock in the noisy reiteration of that objurgation by his president. It sounds to me too much like the strident shouting of the convert, who is not quite certain of his own conversion, nor any the more dead-sure that others are wholly convinced of it, but means to persuade them by lustily damning the sinners. In fact to my mind, this besmearing of other folks with opprobrious epithets, discharged from the safe vantage of his official position, is all of a piece with shooting birds from a steamer's deck; that is to say in spirit the two are identical. It does not appear to me to indicate a changed heart, but only to be a changed manifestation of the same old heart.

And I don't see how, by holding in one hand a megaphone through which to shout "game hog," and selling from the other to "who'll have another one?" the "Hunting in the Great West" with its practical lessons in cruelty, the president of the L.A.S. can be expected to restore the plumed birds to our rivers, or to our one-eyed alligators the "leeward optics" he and his kind have shot out. I don't suppose he himself expects to. I do suppose that he will sell his book so long as he can get a dollar for it, and holler "game hog" so long as that brings in the dollars too.

Didymus.

St. Augustine, Florida, June 17, 1899.

To appreciate the continued monumental hypocrisy of this man Shields, it is but necessary to turn to the advertising section of the current issue of Shields' Magazine, published by him, and there you will find him offering "Hunting in the Great West" as a premium for two new subscribers to his magazine. As "Didymus" aptly put it, Shields will sell the record of his disgusting slaughter as long as he can get a dollar for it, and holler game protection so long as he can beguile subscriptions from the unsuspecting for his "war fund."

A FALSE OATH AND A SHAM PAPER TRANSACTION:—Shields, having been forced into bankruptcy by one of his creditors whom he owed over \$20,000.00, applied for a discharge. The creditors objected, among the grounds for their objections being "Concealment of Property and False Oath" because Shields did not schedule all his property in his assets. Special Master Nathaniel S. Smith, of the District Court of the United States, Southern District of New York, who heard the matter, handed down his report February 6th, 1906, in which he upheld these specifications. The following is an extract from his report: "It having been found that this property belonged to the bankrupt (Geo. A. Shields) the omission to schedule the same, must be held, it seems to me under the facts of this case, to have been a concealment knowingly and fraudulently done. He must be deemed to have known that the property belonged to him, hence he knowingly omitted the same and it seems to me to be a clear inference from the evidence that he did so intentionally.

Having found that the concealment of this property was knowingly and fraudulently done, I think it must be held, that in swearing to his schedules, in which no mention was made of this property, the bankrupt has taken a false oath, which the statute condemns. I have therefore come to the conclusion that the specifications numbered II. and III. should be sustained, and the bankrupt refused his discharge."

The report of Referee Smith was confirmed by Judge Holt, who condemned Shields manipulation of the corporation he controlled in the following terms :

FINDING OF JUDGE HOLT IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK :—"I think that the organization of the corporation and the execution of the bill of sale to it were sham paper transactions done in order to make it possible to claim that all liabilities of the business were the corporations while Shields retained all the assets and profits. The business was never in fact transferred to or carried on by the corporation. If Shields or his counsel thought that as a matter of law the property belonged to the corporation it was sufficiently doubtful to make it necessary to put the facts in the schedules. The omission to do so was merely carrying out the fraudulent scheme which led to the filing of the certificate.

"Referee's Report confirmed, and discharge refused. March 26, 1906."

Is a man with such a record worthy of belief? Is he a man who should be listened to by your Ministers and your Legislators as to the kind of game laws to pass? Are you going to permit him under the guise of game protection to use the Legislature of Ontario for his own personal convenience? The sportsmen who are interested in real game protection do not believe that you will, or that you will let this man impose upon you in any way.

The opponents of the so-called automatic shotgun say that this "weapon is on the market solely because it is the most murderous bird weapon ever made," and that "It owes its existence to the fact that as a machine for wholesale slaughter it is more rapid and more deadly than any other gun." These claims are at great variance with the truth. The automatic shotgun is on the market for the same reason that double barrel

breech loading guns supplanted muzzle loading guns; for the reason that electric cars have taken the place of busses and horse cars—because of progress—progress which has been made in the art of gun-making.

The automatic shotgun is no more destructive of game than the double barrel gun. In fact, experienced shooters familiar with both types of guns will affirm that they can kill more birds in a given number of shots with a double barrel gun than with an automatic. The reason for this is that the line of recoil of the automatic shotgun is so high that it throws the muzzle up at each shot and destroys the aim. The truth of this statement has been corroborated on many occasions at the trap by expert shots, paid to show the automatic shotgun, being forced to give up their automatics and use double barrel guns in shooting doubles—two targets thrown at the same time—in order to maintain their averages. In other words, experts, whose occupation is shooting, could not compete successfully at "doubles" when using automatic shotguns. The only reason why automatic shotguns are on the market is because the American inventors are not content to allow foreigners to distance them in new ideas in guns. This and its novelty, not its deadliness, account for the introduction of the automatic shotgun. To intelligent sportsmen who are familiar with the limitations of the automatic shotgun, this hysteria about its deadliness and destructiveness is absurd, and when such claims are urged by a certain favored class who use two breech loading automatic ejector guns in a duck blind and have their "gun carrier" with an extra gun at hand when field shooting, it is the rankest kind of hypocrisy.

The opponents of the automatic shotgun in the literature they have been flooding the Legislatures with, state among other things that this gun is "in the same class with the old-fashioned punt gun for water fowl and the stick of dynamite—no less. This is a fair sample of the untruthfulness and misrepresentation by which the entire crusade exists. An analysis of the above claim best shows its wild inaccuracy. The punt gun (really

a small cannon) was loaded with a large quantity of powder and shot and fired into a flock of water fowl while at rest. The shot might kill one duck or it might annihilate the whole flock—the number could not be told by the party using the gun, and was beyond his control. The same principle applies to the use of dynamite in a trout brook. The explosion may kill a few or a great many fish but the number cannot be controlled or determined in advance.

Now consider the automatic shotgun which is likened to the above means of destruction: It does not shoot any more shot, load for load, than any other 12 gauge gun. For each shot fired the trigger must be pulled, and it is under the entire control of the operator at all times, and therefore, no more destructive of game than any other shotgun.

The fairest and best way to protect the game was long ago decided, and that is by limiting the bag that can be killed in a day or season. By such a restriction the owner of no particular type or gauge of gun is discriminated against, and yet the game is protected. While such a law accomplishes all that can be accomplished for game protection, unless shooting be stopped entirely, it does not satisfy the originator of the automatic shotgun crusade because it does not hurt the gun making industry, and that is what he is more anxious to accomplish than he is to protect the birds. The organ of this body has the following criticism to make of the bag limit law, which is worked so successfully in many states: "The defenders of the automatic shotgun may talk all they please about limiting the bag, but they will deceive no one who knows anything about the enforcement of game laws. Any man who knows anything on that subject knows that unless a game warden is sent out each day with each party or individual hunter there is no such thing as limiting the bag on any game smaller than deer." The above is not only untrue but advances the absurd proposition that one game law cannot be enforced as well as another. Further, it is an insult to every honest sportsman in the country as it claims that unless watched he will break

the law every time opportunity presents. There are thousands upon thousands of sportsmen in the country who stop shooting every time they have killed the bag limit. They are the men who have honest game protection at heart and are not injuring the cause by trying to use it for their own benefit and for other ulterior purposes.

The opponents of the automatic shotgun plead for the song and insectivorous birds and paint a pathetic word picture of their annihilation if this gun is not prohibited. This is doubtless done to quicken contributions to the "war fund." It is not sincere, and these people know it. The song and insectivorous birds are protected already. It is unlawful to shoot them with any kind of a gun, so the automatic shotgun has nothing whatsoever to do with it. Notwithstanding this fact those who are behind the movement have circulated figures estimating that something over a million song and insectivorous birds would be killed if the automatic gun is not prohibited. There is no possible foundation for such a statement and no reason for it except the desire to bolster up a weak cause by gross misrepresentation. Another statement circulated by the agitators is this, "The decent sportsmen are in opposition to its (the automatic shotgun) use in the fields." This is another misrepresentation. As a matter of fact it was the decent sportsmen who defeated over thirty similar bills in the various legislatures last year, which were inspired by the man whose animus is behind this entire agitation. It might be said that the real sportsmen are a unit against this man, who is doing game protection a positive injury in his vain desire to use the cause for his own convenience.

Another misrepresentation being circulated against the automatic shotgun is this: "In Europe, where a careful balance has been maintained between propagation and destruction, it has been found necessary to prohibit the use of all repeating rifles and guns." Large numbers of repeating rifles and guns are used in Europe, and foreign gun makers are being encouraged to make improvements, particularly in automatic firearms.

But wholly aside from other considerations which enter into this movement is the fact that when a similar law was tested in the United States Circuit Court of the Northern District of California, Judge Ross decided that it was unconstitutional to prohibit the use of any kind of gun which was under the perfect control of the operator. This decision has been reviewed by the Attorney Generals of several states and held to be good law. A mere superficial examination of the proposed bill shows that it is unnecessary as well as unconstitutional, and, as there is an animus of a personal character at the bottom of it, its submission to the Assembly of this Province—after having been discredited elsewhere—should relegate it to obscurity. The gun makers have the protection and preservation of game at heart far more than the individual sportsman for the reason that the continuation of field shooting is of vital importance to their business. If it should be deemed necessary by the legislators and sportsmen to prohibit all shooting for a number of years, the gun makers would not interpose the slightest objection. They do object, however, to laws which discriminate in favor of one type of gun as against another.



