



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE HON. SIDNEY PARKER.

PREPARING TO TRANSPORT THE GAME TO CAMP.

wounded, into a neighboring patch of jungle, and most of these charged and «got home» upon some elephant, springing in every case upon the animal's forehead, and being tossed off and shot while on the ground. Although tigers have been known to climb into the howdah, the danger to human life in this method of tiger-shooting is very small. There were elephants of various ages and sizes in the beating-line, and during the uproar that ensued when a tiger came close, some of the younger ones exhibited their fear by the oddest sounds—shrill squeaks and shrieks that seemed quite disproportionate issuing from so large an animal. When a tiger succeeded in breaking through, the line had to retire, reform, and begin again.

The bears that we got also showed a disinclination to being driven from cover. News of them was brought to camp in each case from some village near, where they had been committing depredations. The only other items in the bag which require notice are the wild buffaloes. These furnished fine trophies, many of the horns measuring about ten feet round the curve, those of the males being much more massive than those of the females. Most of them, when disturbed, blundered about through the jungle, and were tough customers, requiring many well-placed shots. Some showed great ferocity, charging and slightly goring some of the elephants, but doing no serious damage. Of the Indian bison we obtained only one.

H. W. Seton-Karr.

HUNTING THE JAGUAR IN VENEZUELA.

«SEÑOR! Señor!»
 «What do you want?»
 «It is half-past three.»

I rolled out of my blanket, and getting to my feet, stood shivering in the chill air of the tropical morning.

Terife Valdez, tiger-hunter, had shaken me gently by the shoulder, and my drowsy ques-

tion being asked and answered, with the instinct of an old camper I tumbled up without a moment's hesitation.

«Water, Terife,» said I, stepping through the doorway of the rude hut; «cold water.»

Terife caught up a gourd of cold spring-water, and overturned it above my head.

«Caramba!» said he. «Much cold, is it not?»

«Yes, it is much cold; but it is much good.»

Terife allowed the faintest sort of smile to wrinkle his brownish-yellow face, which could be taken to indicate that, while this kind of thing might be good for the white skin of the American, it was hardly proper treatment for the self-respecting person of a Guajira tiger-hunter.

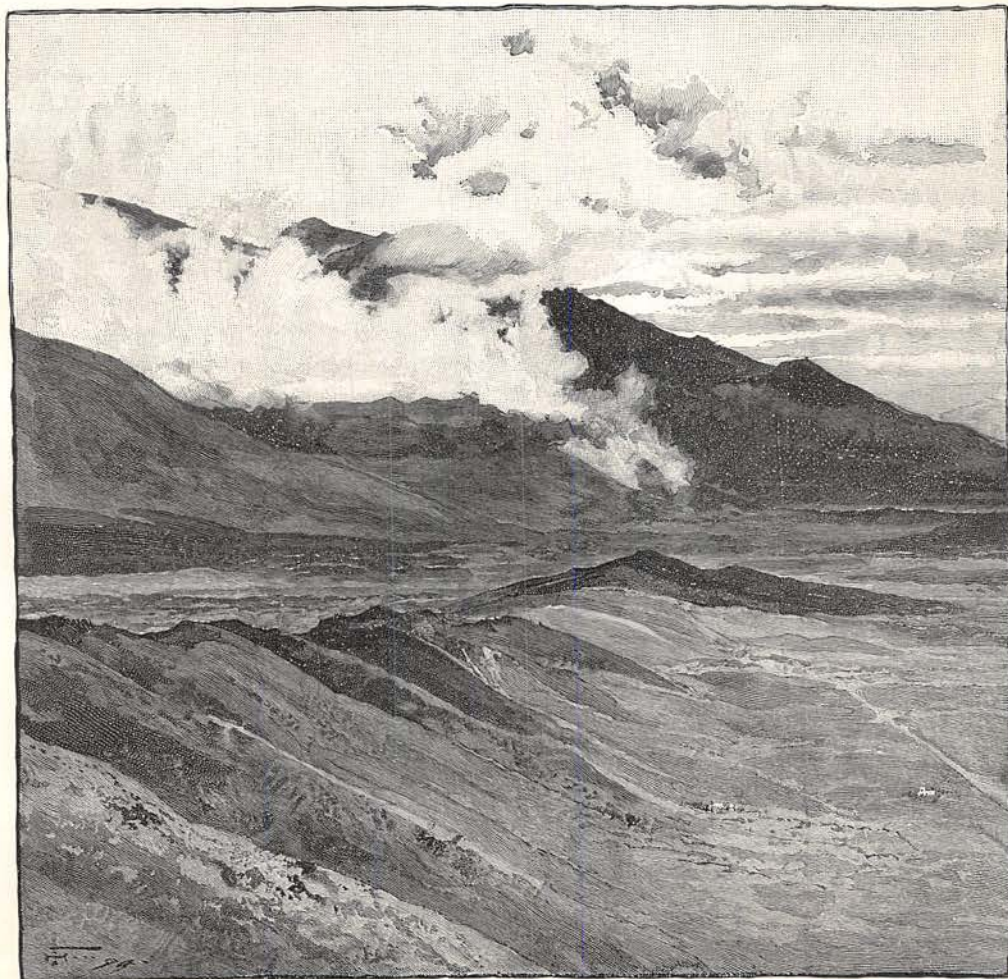
By the time that the common instincts of life came back to me, Terife had coffee and cassava smoking hot beside the handful of fire in front of the hut.

It was nearly four o'clock when we took up our hunting-spears, and looked out across the wooded valley of the Rio Arauca from the crest of its northern range of hills.

It had been a tedious journey. When I sailed from New York in the American steamship *Venezuela* I did not know how far I

should journey into the wilderness, nor how long I should remain there. The sea voyage was comfortable enough, even after I left the steamship company's floating hotel at dreamy Curaçao, the island where all things are forgotten, and took the branch steamship *Maracaibo* for the Venezuelan port of Maracaibo.

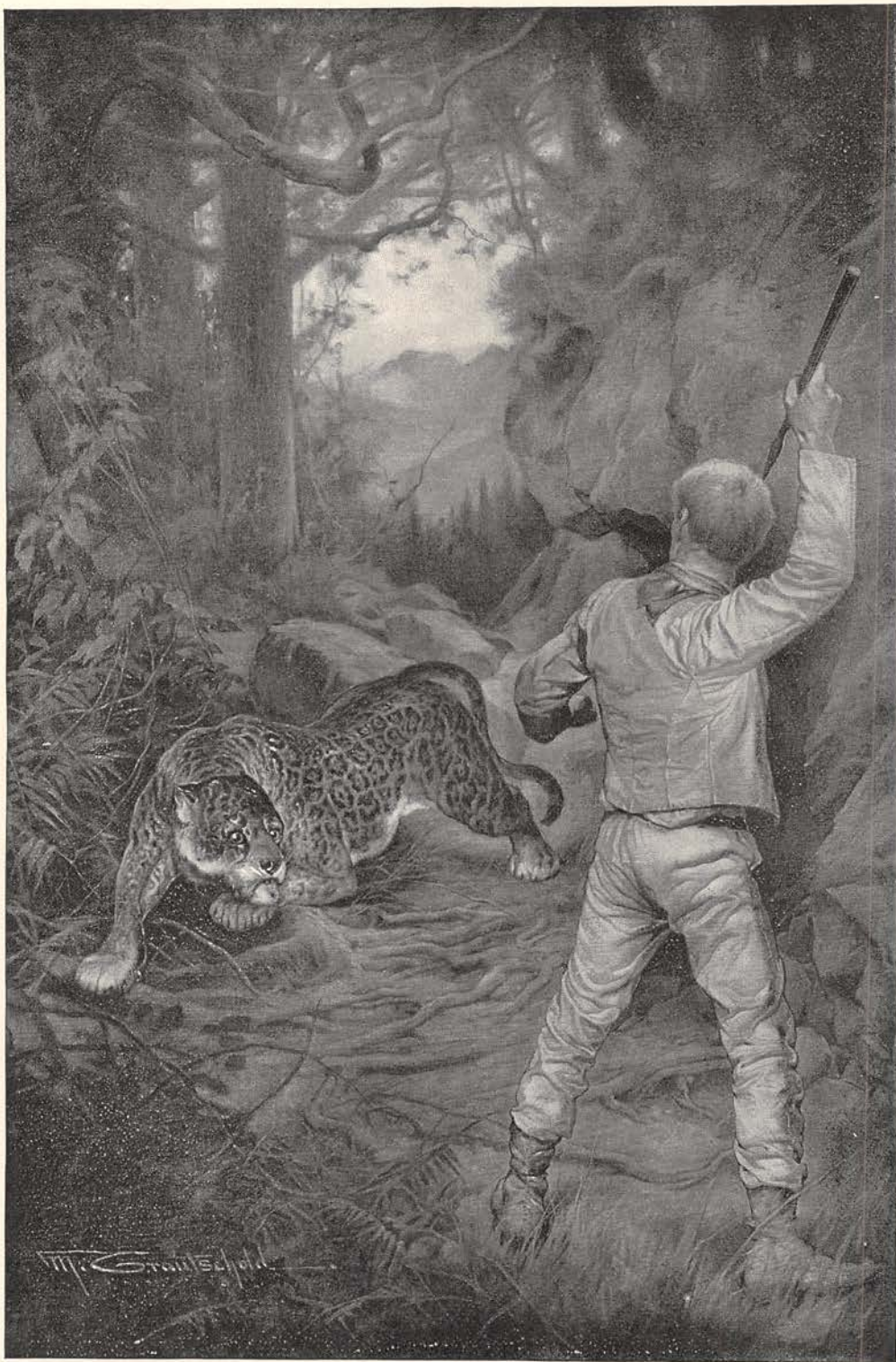
At Maracaibo, city of coffee, hides, and divi-divi, the hardships of the journey began. A friend who had promised to follow me to the end of the earth, if necessary, turned back the moment that he saw iguana served at dinner in place of chicken. He declared, with what was perhaps unnecessary vehemence, that he drew the line at lizard. I reluctantly parted with him on the gang-plank of the *Maracaibo*, feeling sure, at the same time, that it was the wisest thing to do, since no man was fitted for travel in the Cordilleras who turned his back upon the great lizard of the South.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MORNING IN THE CORDILLERAS.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

«THE TIGER DREW NEARER, A STEP AT A TIME.»

From Maracaibo I journeyed southward the entire length of the great lake of Maracaibo, and eventually took a railway-train that landed me in the fever-flushed city of San José de Cucuta, an outpost of civilization on the border-land of Colombia.

I had a letter to a Venezuelan general who was staying temporarily in Cucuta for the benefit of his health, and the incidental protection of his neck, and through him I fell in with Terife Valdez.

During the revolution which had caused the general's retirement to Cucuta, Terife had acted as chief guide to a party of troops, and had by his loyalty, his obedience, and his skill won the genuine regard of the commanding officer, which was unusual, since Terife was only a Guajira Indian, and a half-breed at that, and the general was about as proud a man, even in defeat and exile, as one would expect to find on the frontiers of savagery.

The general regretted that an unhealed wound in his left arm would not permit him to go with me, much as he desired to; but he assured me, with something of the touch of old Castile, that he gave me a better man in the person of Terife Valdez, the most skilled tiger-hunter on the Colombian border. Possibly the general's cousin, twice removed, would have died, or his brother-in-law's father would have taken the fever, if the unhealed wound had not been convenient; so I accepted Terife with thanks, and plunged into that unknown wilderness which stretches away south to the equator, and no man knows how far beyond.

After many days of perilous and toilsome wanderings over the Cordilleras, we settled down on a ridge of the Arauca valley to wait for tigers. Certain signs told Terife that tigers crossed the valley, not far away, on their journeys from the wilderness to those isolated outcroppings of civilization which now and then gave them young animal food for the taking.

We picketed the mules in a patch of grass on the hillside, and knocked together a few boughs and tropical leaves by the side of a spring, and called it a cabin. By nightfall the little camp was finished, and I turned in just as the last glow died out of the western sky.

How Terife knew that it was half-past three when he roused me next morning I am unable to say; I can only state the fact that by my watch it was just thirty-one minutes past three. Terife had no watch, and no visible means of telling the time; yet his guesses at the hour were never more than five or ten minutes out of the way. He even went so far as to suggest that while I was with him it would

be wise to stop my watch in order to save the wear and tear on the works.

"It is four; let us go," said Terife, after our glance over the valley, and straightway disappeared.

I made the best of my way after him; but it was dark, the ground was rough, and the vines and branches were wet and suggestive of reptiles. More than once during the next half-hour Terife paused, held up a warning finger, and said, "Quiet."

I was as quiet as I could be; yet I did not seem to come up to his ideas of quiet. I explained to him frankly that I was flesh and blood, and that I had not been accustomed to get up in the middle of the night to hunt tigers. Terife asserted that if we made so much noise we should frighten all the game as far as the head waters of the Rio Guaviare, which no white man had seen, and I admitted that we should. We compromised by agreeing to go more slowly.

We plodded along for half an hour or more, squirming uncomfortably among wet branches, and pushing with painful frequency against the needle-points of giant shrubs of the cactus family; but at length we came upon a narrow, winding trail which led obliquely across the valley. It was apparently a wild-beast trail over the mountains, a sort of common highway trodden out of the tropical undergrowth by wandering animals of the wilderness. The hunter went down on his face to examine it, and when he arose he knew that neither foot of man nor hoof of domestic animal had helped to make it. We found an overhanging rock a short distance away, and we climbed to the top of it to wait for the day. It was already past five o'clock, and the new day was at hand.

"See!" said Terife, under his breath, pointing to the eastward with the butt of his spear.

A faint, far-away tremulous line of ashen gray hung in the sky over the peaks of the mountains. A moment before the sky had been brilliant with swarms of stars. I had seen the tropical sun rise in a blood-red glare out of the Spanish main; I had watched its angry crimson chase the night from the weed-strewn Sargasso Sea: but I had never waited for the day in the voiceless solitudes of the wilderness of the South; so that if at that moment I cared less for tigers than for sunrise it was not without valid reason.

The tremulous line of gray broadened, and the stars grew pale. Only the Southern Cross, hanging low above the great hills to the south, glowed in undiminished radiance.

Then, as the ashen gray spread out like the opening of a pallid flower, a tinge of pink crept in and gave it the beginnings of life. The gray swept up from mountain peak to zenith, inviting the pink to follow. Soon, over behind the pink, a deeper tinge, with something of orange in it, swung across the horizon, and then a broad belt of crimson stood out against a far-away background of blue, a radiant herald of the king. From that insistent presence the modest gray withdrew, leaving the pink to linger timidly, as one who hopes to be overlooked.

Light clouds rose from behind the massive bulk of a shadowy mountain, and drifted drowsily across the sky, intercepting shafts of crimson and orange and gold, until the whole eastern heaven was a splashed and barred mass of riotous color.

For a few moments the revelry of tints and shades and solid colors dominated the sky and the earth beneath, until it seemed as though even the awakening beasts of the forest must pause in mute wonder. The grays and pinks faded out, to shine, with the Southern Cross, in remoter longitudes; and almost as this blazonry of royal splendor reached the climax of its pride and its strength it vanished into nothingness. A round, red ball of quenchless fire had lifted itself above the distant mountain-peaks, and it was day.

I turned from it all with a sigh, for the landscape that it left revealed had only beauty of form and outline, without that outpouring of radiance or waywardness of design.

Undulating, rolling masses of mountains lay under the fervent sun, with the bright glare of day on the ridges, and the cool shadows of morning clinging to western ravines and slopes. It was a tumultuous sea of broken earth, each uplifted bulk shrouding itself in haze more and more as it receded down the valley, and the last one merging into the blue sky with the vague suggestion that away off there might be the end of the world.

Slowly I came back to the prosaic things of life and to Terife Valdez. There were strange, almost inaudible noises in the forest, and the stoical Indian was listening and watching like a beast of prey. In some way he and his spear and his brownish-yellow face seemed to be incongruous and out of tune. I turned my spear over in my hand, and wondered at it. Was that an adequate weapon with which to hunt the ravenous animals of the wilderness? Could such a thing as that withstand the angry spring of the tiger or the quick coil of the boa-constrictor? I could not pretend to tell.

Yet Terife had found it potent enough at

more than one critical moment of his eventful career, if the narratives of his friend and patron, the Venezuelan general, could be relied upon. His confidence in it was beyond question. For the purposes of tiger-hunting he would not have exchanged it for the finest gun man ever saw; for he had told me, as we journeyed over the mountains, that it was the only really reliable thing to bring to bear against the courage and marvelous agility of the tiger. A gun he had no use for. It was noisy, and dangerous to carry. Many good men came to their death, in fact, through carrying guns.

But did not many Indians, I asked, come to their death through hunting jaguars with a short spear? He admitted reluctantly that they did. But, then, it was their own fault: they did not observe the ordinary precautions through being too confident. Sometimes accidents happened. There was his own father, for instance, a most brave and worthy man; but his eyesight was not always to be relied upon. One day, just as a tiger was about to spring upon him, a bit of sand blew into his eyes.

«I got the spear,» said Terife, simply; «this is it.»

It was the crudest sort of offensive weapon. The shaft was four feet long, with the diameter of the handle of a Canadian canoe-paddle. The wood was tough and elastic, with something of the nature of hickory or ash about it. The grain ran straight and true, and there was not the suspicion of a flaw in its entire length. It was a perfect thing of its kind. In color it was nearly black, doubtless owing more to age and grime than to the natural color of the wood. The shaft was very old—just how old the Indian could not say. His arithmetic was sadly at fault when he counted above twelve. His lamented father, however, had said that the shaft had been handed down to him from a former generation of Guajira jaguar-hunters, by whom it was highly regarded as an unusually fine weapon.

The original spear-head had been of wood, like many of the lances of the llaneros of the present day. In shape it closely resembled the pointed arrowheads of the aborigines of the United States. That shape had been followed as closely as practicable in all the wooden spear-heads that succeeded it; but Terife had aspired to an iron spear-head, and had been compelled to content himself with the clumsy forging of a not altogether sober native blacksmith of Cucuta. Notches had been filed into the hilt of the spear-head, and corresponding

notches cut in the end of the shaft, and spear-head and shaft were bound together tightly with deer-thongs. Terife explained the reason for this method of binding by saying that it was more secure than an iron band, since it would not break. Iron might rust, and break at a critical moment. The point of the spear Terife kept as sharp as a dagger by means of a smooth stone. The spear with which I was armed for the hunt was of more recent construction and of less intrinsic value, but was, on the whole, a serviceable weapon. In construction it closely resembled the weapon of Terife.

In justice to Terife and his people, it should be said that not all the Indians of the jaguar districts of South America hunt with the short spear. Only the proudest and bravest of them, and notably the savage inhabitants of the Guajira peninsula, use the short spear. It would seem that they deliberately choose the most perilous way of hunting, as though to show their tribal superiority. Other Indians who hunt the jaguar with a spear use a weapon from six to seven, and sometimes eight, feet in length.

In hunting with the long spear the hunter plants the butt of the spear-shaft in the ground, holds the point toward the jaguar at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and crouches directly behind it. The jaguar springs for the hunter, but lands squarely upon the point of the spear, while the hunter dodges to one side and rolls over out of harm's way. The shaft of the spear is nearly two inches in diameter, and is made of hard and heavy wood. The point is a barb of iron.

This is the favorite method of hunting the jaguar on the Amazon in Brazil, but it has never become popular in Venezuela or Colombia. The Venezuelan Indians think it a rather poor way, since less depends upon the skill and judgment of the hunter than with the short spear. Anybody, they say, can hold a spear so that a tiger will jump on it, but only a Guajira can use the short spear.

The civilized natives of South America are less bold, for they hunt the jaguar with guns, when they hunt him at all. It is not a popular sport, for reasons that are not difficult to imagine. There is no recognized way of hunting tigers with guns. Sometimes the hunters go out on horseback, particularly in the cattle districts of the Orinoco llanos and the valley of the Amazon, with dogs and Indian servants to drive up the game. Oftener the hunter lies in wait for the tiger to approach a tethered calf.

When several hunters with guns go out to-

gether there is serious peril, as an incident I have in mind will show. A Venezuelan man of affairs, whom I know well, went to visit a friend on a coffee-plantation, and incidentally to try a new rifle. The host called in two neighbors, and arranged a hunt. When the hunting-party left in the morning the host's two young sons remained at home with three servants. Late in the afternoon, when the party returned, neither boys nor servants were to be seen. As the hunters roamed about the plantation, looking for the boys, they heard a crying in the top of a slender tree. The boys were in the tree, white with terror.

«What is the matter?» called the father. «Why are you in the tree?»

«The tiger! the tiger!» shrieked the boys. «A big female tiger is at the bottom of the tree.» The tiger had been unable to climb so slender a tree.

The father pushed his way quickly through the bushes to shoot the tiger before it should escape. His friends followed slowly. In a few moments a shot was heard, and then a wild scream. The hunters rushed forward. Their friend and a big tiger were rolling on the ground together. They fired twelve times, as rapidly as they could work their magazine-rifles, and then tiger and man lay still.

Four bullets had entered the tiger, and eight had pierced the body of the man.

With this sad tragedy vividly in mind, I was disposed to admit, as I sat on the overhanging rock turning the slender spear over and over in my hand, that Terife's argument was not wholly without foundation, after all, especially among a people who have yet to acquire the Northern habit of skill with the rifle and quick readiness with the revolver.

While my mind was yet occupied with these things, Terife slid down the face of the rock, and disappeared along the narrow trail. As I shifted my position, in the hope of keeping him in view, my foot sent a piece of bone rolling toward the edge of the rock. Looking more carefully about, I noted, with a sort of puzzled surprise, that bits of bone and tufts of hair were strewn on the top of the overhanging rock for a distance of several yards.

I did not need Terife to explain the significance of this, for it came upon me, with a chilly kind of shudder, that we had taken possession of a lookout used by tigers when lying in wait for their prey. Clearly the cunning tiger crouched on the top of this convenient rock, and sprang upon the passing deer in the path beneath, afterward dragging the body to the feasting-place above.

Having no desire to dispute possession with any casual jaguar that might claim priority of right, I swung down from the rock, and concealed myself between two limbs of a tree that leaned across the trail. The stillness, the loneliness, of the forest had something of the foreboding of evil in it, nor could the rising sun, touching peaks and topmost boughs in lavish brilliance, do more than merely lessen the savage melancholy. Even in the sunlight the solitude was all but voiceless. Only a few small birds, calling timidly from tree to tree, disturbed the gruesome quiet.

On the slope to the right the queer behavior of a redbird soon attracted my attention. I was hunter enough to know that its circlings; its dartings about in well-nigh insane frenzy, and its shrill cries of anger meant that something had alarmed it to an uncommon degree. It might be a huge snake that menaced the bird's younglings, or perhaps a wildcat had stolen in upon the domestic quiet. In a moment or two a second bird took up the crazy dance, and then a third and a fourth. This was interesting, especially as the birds seemed to be circling nearer. Other birds joined the frantic swarm, and in another moment I thought it well to look to the fastenings of my spear-head. Some creature that aroused the fury of the winged inhabitants of the forest was apparently making its way slowly along the mountain-slope. As I watched the birds circling nearer, there came a quick rush of pattering feet, and three wildly affrighted peccaries raced along the trail, and plunged headlong into the undergrowth.

If I thought regretfully of the hunting-rifle and the heavy revolver left behind in the mountain-side camp, and if the breath came a little more quickly just then, there was some reasonable excuse; for civilized man has been taught to rely upon a more potent weapon than a four-foot spear bound together with deer-thongs, and there is no more painfully anxious moment in life than when the hunter waits the coming of an unknown beast of prey. The reality at its worst is never half so trying as are uncertainty and suspense.

When I had looked again at the primitive weapon of savage man, and had turned its slender shaft over in doubt and misgiving, and had once more measured the distance from me of the circling birds, I saw Terife standing in the path, looking up at the overhanging rock.

"Here, Terife," said I, in a whisper of relief.

The Indian allowed a smile to flicker on his stolid face a moment, as the motive for my

change of position made itself clear to him. With a positive air of triumph he pointed to the agitated birds.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The tiger," he replied, at the same time raising a warning hand—"big tiger."

In some unexplainable way I felt relieved that it was no worse, although what could be worse in these tropical solitudes than a tiger, and a big tiger at that, I was not prepared to say. Most likely I felt relieved that the uncertainty was over.

Terife watched the birds thoughtfully, tested the point of his spear with what must have been purely a mechanical motion, adjusted a large cotton handkerchief loosely about his neck, and waited. About it all there was a touch of an ancient gladiator waiting stoically in the arena for the coming of the hungry beast which a cruel emperor had set him to fight; only in this case the cruel emperor was a curious American who had risked his own life, and the life of an honest Indian, merely that he might write the story afterward for the entertainment, not of the lords and ladies of the blood-stained Colosseum, but of kindly men and women in Christian America. Should the gladiator's spear break at the critical moment, or should native cunning fail before the monarch of the forest, it would be all the more thrilling—provided, of course, that he who was to tell the story escaped. If he did not escape—ah, well, there would be a hunting-rifle and revolver at the little camp for some roving Indian to wonder at, perhaps years afterward, and faint traces of a campfire, and that is all.

Yet, taking it at its worst, it would not be all loss; for the exquisite thrill of the nerves and the quickened action of the heart, as the tiger slowly advanced, were worth as much as one whole prosaic and uneventful life. A man of flesh and blood—a man as nature made him, without the dross and incrustations of civilization—would say that life had not been in vain.

The birds came nearer and nearer. The hunter placed himself in the middle of the path, with his spear poised above his right shoulder. The circle of birds was just beyond the last turn of the trail. The outer edge touched the tree in which I lay concealed. The critical moment was at hand. I watched the vanishing-point of the trail with painful intensity.

Ah! A flash of brown and yellow appeared for an instant through the shrubs; there was a crash and a commotion of bushes below the trail, and then silence. The Indian threw down

his spear in an ecstasy of disappointment. The tiger had escaped.

Terife examined the trail long and carefully, unable to explain the tiger's sudden panic. There were only two reasonable explanations: either the great beast had been frightened by some creature that we did not see, while his mind was intently occupied with the birds, or, having prowled about civilization until shot at, he had learned to fear man at sight. To bear out the first theory, there were fresh traces of a boa-constrictor near the place where the tiger had left the trail.

We renewed the hunt the next morning, with even less success. Although the tiger came along the mountain-side, he left the trail farther down before we had a glimpse of him.

On the third morning Terife went out alone, possibly thinking that the white man had an evil influence over the beasts of the forest. He waited beside the rock in the trail while the crimson of dawn came into the eastern sky. Then, out of the silence of the forest, there arose a sudden stir of small things, as though a giant had drawn a deep breath. Birds circled and screamed, and peccaries fled affrightedly, as before. It was the homage of the humble that is never omitted when the king walks abroad.

With regal deliberation the commotion moved along the mountain-side in the direction of the hunter. As it drew near, Terife faced about with uplifted spear, ready for what might befall.

In a moment a great brown-and-yellow beast, spotted and ringed with black, strode leisurely into view, looking upward at the screaming birds. It was the fierce and cruel jaguar, the South American tiger, king of all beasts south of the Isthmus of Darien, and matched in ferocity and courage only by the wounded grizzly bear of North America.

The monstrous creature suddenly paused, with a massive foot lifted from the ground. He had seen the hunter.

Terife was as one turned to stone, a sort of bronze image that might have stood neglected in the wilderness since the days of the Chibchas whom Quesada conquered to found the viceregal state of New Granada.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he had asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood and the inscrutable stillness of inanimate rock.

It was splendid courage that this dumb brute did not turn tail and bound away. I

know of no other animal that would have stood his ground. Even the grizzly bear, more terrible to meet than the lion of Africa or the monarch of the Bengal jungle, would have growled savagely and retired.

Matchless in his calm courage, the great jaguar put down his uplifted paw and advanced a few steps, half crouching, with lowered head and neck, as a cat creeps upon its prey. Then he paused, swinging his long tail slowly from side to side. Terife stood like a stone, superior in courage even to this remarkable ruler of the forest.

Slowly, cautiously, the tiger came on again, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path. He was a beautiful creature—wonderfully beautiful in his sinewy strength and graceful curves.

As the tiger drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. Apparently he was giving way to the idea that the strange thing in the path was flesh and blood. Still, he was not quite certain, and he meant to investigate. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring little for the impending death-grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled. Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eyes searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Then the tiger crouched in the path; his giant muscles quivered in tense knots, his red tongue curled stiffly between his keen fangs, his tail thrashed viciously, and his spotted skin moved in bristling waves of anger, as a quick squall races across standing grain.

In an instant all would be over: a lonely tragedy far away in the South American wilderness—a tragedy for beast, or a tragedy for man.

The tiger gathered himself for the spring, his sinewy length all a-tremble; but just as his bunched muscles were quivering with the first

impulse of upward motion, the hunter came back to life. Terife snatched the loose handkerchief from his neck, and cast it full in the tiger's face. In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders, and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terife aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear-shaft and

staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered. He died as he had lived, fierce, cruel, savage, with no abatement of his splendid courage.

Going forth in the first flush of the new day, I found Terife there, beside the vanquished jaguar; and as the shadows lifted slowly from the slopes of the ravines he told me the story with graphic detail and circumstance. When he had finished I leaned across the stiffening body of the tiger, and grasped his hand.

William Willard Howard.

SPORTS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



HE belief of the middle ages that none but those devoted to the chase could become great, or reach a green old age, was the verdict of an age in which throughout Europe warfare was the only occupation, and the chase the only pastime, of the ruling classes. Frederick the Great, that iconoclast among royalty of the last century, was the first who dared to raise his voice against this doctrine, by showing in his «Anti-Machiavel» that such famous warriors as Turenne, Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and Gustavus Adolphus not having been Nimrods, the old belief was one unworthy of the enlightened eighteenth century. That century showed in other ways that the noble art of venery had seen its best days, and that the well-being of downtrodden subjects rather than that of the antlered denizens of the forest was becoming the question of the hour.

Those wishing to gain an insight into matters appertaining to the chase at the height of its vogue must, therefore, turn to the preceding century. In England the kings and nobles were far less ardent worshipers of Diana than those of the two other countries of which we propose chiefly to speak—namely, France and Germany. The art of capturing wild animals by means of dogs, without employing arms or other devices to arrest their flight, which was the original meaning of «venery,» was of French parentage, and was unknown to the ancient races, with the exception of the Gauls. Already in the days of the Merovingian kings the stag, the boar, and the buffalo were hunted *à trait de limier* (with hounds in leash), and the sport was introduced into Britain with William the Conqueror. The French terms of the chase were

used in that country for the next two centuries, as we know from William de Twici's «The Art of Venery,» which work he wrote when master of the hunt under Edward II. It was not, however, kept up with the same vigor as it was in the country of its birth; for among the numerous foreigners of distinction who visited England in the following two or three centuries a consensus of opinion appears to have prevailed that stag-hunting was a much-neglected art in Britain, and that the English chiefly excelled in hunting the hare, in falconry, and in the breeding of dogs. When De Vieilleville, the French ambassador at the court of Edward VI, returned to France, he told Henry II that the English knew more about navigating vessels than about hunting the stag. «They took me,» he reported, «to a great park full of fallow-deer and roe-deer, where I mounted a Sardinian horse, richly caparisoned; and in company of forty or fifty lords and gentlemen we hunted and killed fifteen or twenty beasts. It amused me to see the English ride at full tilt in this hunt, the hanger in their hand; and they could not have shouted louder had they been following an enemy after a hard-won victory.» This was altogether different from the French *chasse à courre*, a sport in which the French nobles had attained a mastership no other nationality could rival. It meant hunting the fleet red deer, not the lazy fallow-deer, in its wild state, following it often for two or three days consecutively before the quarry was at last brought to bay.

English hunting literature of the late middle ages is very scanty—much more so than that of France and Germany. The few works that did appear in England were not always