

Ellie's miscellaneous.

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For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, and Poultry. 500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and their Diseases. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Corner William and John Sts., New York.

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Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH RAREBITS, &c. Beware of Imitations; see that you get Lea & Ferriss' Peppercorn Sauce.

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BRITISH POACHERS.

Wakeman Wandering Among Other Curious People.

The Habits, Artifices and Ingenious Vagabondism of British Game Marauders, With New Incidents Illustrative of Their Character and Woodcraft.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

CARLEISLE (Eng.), June 8, 1891.

My first introduction to a British poacher was in the ancient city of Galway on a summer's morning in 1888. I wandered out of Elie Madigan's quaint little inn before sunrise, and after a few moments on the quay among the strolls of Claddagh had started for the fish-works on Oughterday way. As I was crossing Queen's bridge my attention was attracted by hundreds upon hundreds of salmon in the shallow waters of the Corrib beneath. They lay, bunched in groups and scores and hundreds of the greatest depth, their noses pointing up stream, but all the shoals apparently as motionless as the rocky bed of the river beneath them. It was early for Galway, save that the Claddagh-side, as the sleepy old town is hardly astir before 9 o'clock. But I had stood there scarcely five minutes when a man in a high-collared, jockey-cap and visor and bearing a huge club in his hand, approached me from the city side. He gave me a sharp look of scrutiny, and then, looking at me generally, and walking smartly away, crossed the bridge and scrambled along the opposite shore, looking closely here and there in the bushes and shadows of the rocks along the bank. Finally he disappeared in the vicinity of the Salmon Leap of the Corrib above. He was one of the Royal Fishery guards, and was in quest of salmon poachers.

THE POACHERS.

He was hardly out of sight before a barefooted man followed upon the bridge. He turned round and looked at me, and passed. A moment later the man in the arm-sling along the waist-high stone coping of the bridge. Then there was a gentle splash in the water, and a shadowy figure kept straight on, increasing the speed of his walk. Directly I saw his arm jerked back, as if by a sudden grasp from the bridge-side, and he was gone. He seemed to exert very great strength, while there was some little commotion in the stream beneath. But the man kept straight along, and now in a position as if dragging a half-floating burden. When near the end of the bridge he turned, put his elbows upon the coping in an attitude of watch and shadowy waited thus for a few minutes. Finally he passed off the bridge end and turned toward the bay. Without seeming to watch him, I soon saw him in a position near an old falling-mill several rods away. With him was now a many-headed lad with a basket in his hand, and the bottom of his trousers unrolled, and while carrying his basket in a singularly heavy and lazy way with the other. The barefooted man had within three minutes time captured.

TWO HUGE SALMON.

With a murderous "drag-hook" armed with six huge hooks; and the lad with the poachy jacket who had rejoined him was in waiting beneath the bridge, and care for fish, books and line. In fifteen minutes more the two salmon were dressed and the "berring-skills" of the fishwives, being now in a position, and the Corrib poacher had secured eight shillings for his day's morning's work. The poacher, who was an amazingly audacious and clever, that no poacher later in the day I took him with his performance. He knew I would not betray his secret, and he was a respectable family, a brother being a reputable contractor in New York City, where he had himself held a decent wage position; but he was a man of means and poverty were more fascinating in Galway than contracts and a career in America. My next experience was while a guest during the previous evening at the demesne of a young nobleman in one of the English Midland counties. Some time during the day's murderous onslaught upon the poachers, I was so fortunate as to be invited to a dinner, but to me valuable, note-book. It so worried me that I arose the next morning dressed and stole down into the garden, and there, through the huge open gate facing the side next the demesne, before a soul was astir about the entire place. The demesne, which covered nearly two acres square of "park"—tiny lakes, magnificent carriage and drive ways, dense patches of young fir interspersing huge beech trees and oaks—was altogether one of the finest preserves in England. I felt sure of my ability to discover the locality of the poachers' "beating" by following the "beating" of the pheasant, which must lead to the little patch of low, open copse where the pheasants had been driven to "beat" the day before, a number of whom noted for their woodcraft, and who were loungers at the near village, had been pressed into the service.

DEER POACHING.

Poaching is carried on among the vast deer-forests, and in stream and pool sweeping by net in a most lawless and detestable manner. It is simply impossible to provide sufficient gamekeepers and gillies to protect the forests from the incursions of poachers, and the poachers of fish are so thoroughly organized and in sudden conflicts with water-bailiffs handle the latter so mercilessly, that they usually seek seclusion rather than the marauders. Genuine cunning, patience with marvelous moor and woodcraft are therefore essential to the poacher, who hangs about the out-crooks of well-wooded "shootings" and preserves, alert as sparrow-hawk or moor-buzzard for points of entry, and which have market value. Pheasant and grouse poaching bring the most profitable returns. Aside from the night raids described above, the poacher is also resorted to of fitting a gamecock with artificial spurs, and stealthily placing him alongside the pheasant covey. The pugnacious pheasant usually responds to the gamecock's crowing challenge, and often three or four brace of pheasants are thus taken. Again in the high ways near where pheasants are driven they may often be seen scratching and rolling in the dust of the road. The poacher provides himself with corn kernels into which short bristles have been inserted, and these are greedily devoured, and the birds, choking to death in the hedges, are quickly and quietly dispatched.

GROUSE TAKING.

Grouse are taken by being shot from behind stone walls, an entire brood often being picked off at a time, if the poacher keep himself out of sight, with fine hair snare set on the moor hillocks, and "runs" around them, and between the "rests" among the heather; and just before daybreak, the sick drag-net with glazed bottom, on which the grouse are systematically burnt, an entire covey often being bagged at one sweep. But the most detestable of all British poachers is the "game-baiter," who has no soul for nature love, whose artifices are never marvelously ingenious for the sake of the art. In their hands, who never possess the slightest attractiveness of sunny and genial vagabondism. This is that poacher or moucher who rents for from twenty to eighty shillings, from some moorland farmer or yeoman, a tiny "HILL SHOOTING."

He will see that it has a moorland stream and patches of sweet heather and that it is sunny and sheltered. This is all that is required to comprise a favorite resort for moor game. It will also furnish a few hares and perhaps some black game among the bracken. To this spot covey after covey of moor-birds will come for heather and water. They come in well-defined flights and alight in the very same place every morning. The moucher simply notes all these flights, courses, "dips" of flight and alighting grounds, and sets his fly-net before daybreak, and on striking the net become hopelessly entangled or drop stunned into the bog beneath. A moucher renting a hillside shooting at forty shillings, will thus often without discharging a gun take more game than can be shown as bagged at the end of a shooting season on the moorland best conducted game preserves of Britain.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A MILITARY INCIDENT.

Yes! I will write it down at last! For years and years I have kept to the resolve that none should ever know the history of an event which was the turning point of my life, but to-day a change has come over me. To-day has been for me a happy day; one of the happiest, indeed, I have ever known.

I am an old fellow now and have served my Queen for many a long year, in many a distant land. It has pleased God to bless my career, and to have enabled me to do my duty to the satisfaction of my superiors. I have met with far greater rewards for my services than their merit, and to-day has come my crowning triumph. My gracious sovereign (whom God ever bless and preserve) has this day sent me, with a letter so kindly and so sweet that it made my old eyes dim to read it. The Queen's Dowager was over the wall into the waiting cart in the few minutes of my investigation. The poles, the land and the little old man followed him. I burst into a fit of laughing followed them, and he was still astride the wall where he had pounded the glass away and dashed a covering of hard clay, and said to him, "How many times have you been taken. 'Hus don't rightly know' was his modest and hoarsely whispered rejoinder. 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