DU FOUILLOUX, JACQUES—continued pleasant in Poitou, in the stag-hunting season, which did not begin till after the middle of May and lasted till the middle of September.

Another rhyme tells us how the huntsman should make his report, and then a chapter of "How to speak in terms of venery" brings us to the stagrelays, and what the berners in charge of the hounds should and should not do to make the day's sport a success. He writes that although Phoebus says they should be clothed in green for the stag, and grey for the wild boar, there is little use in this, but as long as the pricker is lightly clothed and wears good high bottes (boots), and his horn slung round him, the colour may be according to his own phantasy. The berners having received the previous night from the master the name of the relay they are to have charge of, they should write it on a little bulletin so as to make no mistake; then go and see that their horses are well shod, and provide them with oats, and go to bed so as to rise two hours before daybreak. Having arrived at the place where the relay is to be posted, a nice tree was sought for shelter, and here the man, with his hounds ready to slip, was to wait quietly till he heard or saw the hunted stag. "It seems to me," says Du Fouilloux, "that to take a stag well at force one should never relay until one sees the hounds of the first running (or the pack). Then one would see some good hunting, and the strength and swiftness of the hounds, but now a days I see few hunt the hart as he ought to be hunted, for men give not their hounds leisure to hunt, neither are there more than two or three that can hunt, for there are so many hunters on horseback, which can neither blow, holloa, prick (hunt) perfectly, who ride in amongst the hounds, crossing them and breaking their course, so that it is impossible for them to run or hunt, therefore I say, it is the horses that hunt, and not the hounds." How history repeats itself even in matters of sport! The relays placed, the king and all the huntsmen go to unharbour the stag; each should be armed with a good houssine (stout switch), which Phoebus calls tortuere, to turn the branches back when one rides in the thick wood. The huntsman with his limer draws to the stag's lair, the hounds are coupled and led at some distance behind him. And, when he has dislodged him, the huntsman must be sure, before the hounds are laid on, that it is the right stag that has gone away. "For there are some stags so malicious that they do nothing but turn about, and seek the change, or sometimes they have some brocket with them. Therefore, the huntsman should never blow the horn when the stag first leaves his lair, but cry 'Gare, gare approche les chiens,' till he has followed the stag some fifty paces, and then when he sees the stag or sure signs of him, he is to blow for the hounds. crying 'Tya hillaud!'"

But space forbids us giving all the interesting details of Du Fouilloux's stag-hunting. After describing the many foils the stag makes, and his many endeavours to rid himself of the hounds, the huntsman

is told how to know when a stag is nearly done, then what to do when the stag is at bay. Here care must be exercised, for Du Fouilloux says many accidents have happened, and stags have often killed their aggressors. If the stag is in deep water the first thing to be done is to couple up the hounds, so that they shall not swim after, and thus get a chill hunting itself. First we learn how to place the or even be drowned. If the hounds and huntsman hide themselves, the stag may then come to land; but, if not, a boat must be got, or, failing this, the huntsman must swim out with a hunting-knife in his hand and kill the stag. "This I have done several times," says Du Fouilloux, "in the presence of many men and swimming pushed the stag to shore." If the stag stand at bay in a wooded place, the huntsman creeps up behind whilst the hounds bay in front, and gives the coup de grace, or, if it is in an open country, he can call off the hounds, and when the stag tries to move away, to ride up as close to him as he can and stab him. In the chapter on the Undoing of the stag and the curée there is nothing striking. The stag was undone, and certain dainty morsels reserved for the Master, while the entrails, mixed with a mess of bread and the blood of the deer, and placed on the hide, formed the reward of the hounds (see Appendix: Curée). The limer had the head, and was rewarded first, the forhu and horn-blowing finishing the ceremony.

> After stag-hunting, Du Fouilloux writes, as he says briefly, of the chase of the wild boar, because he does not consider he is a beast that should be counted among those to be hunted at force with running hounds; "mais est le vray gibier des mastins et leurs semblables," as it is a heavy, slow beast, putting more trust in the defence of his tusks than in his running. He says a wild boar, if pursued by running hounds, will go into the dense thicket, where he knows he can easily kill the hounds, and he has seen a boar hunted by fifty running hounds suddenly face round and create such havoc that not twelve whole hounds were taken back to the kennel. Another drawback is that hounds accustomed to hunt the boar will not afterwards easily hunt the stag, buck, and roedeer, as they are accustomed to a stronger scent. After a few chapters on the nature of the wild boar, and the terms to be used in the sporting vocabulary of the boar hunter, is a chapter on hunting it, beginning: "You must understand that one should never attack a young boar in his third year, that is, to hunt him at force, for he will fly before the hounds longer than a stag carrying six points, but in his fourth year he can be taken as a stag of ten." It seems as if a long fast run was not what Du Fouilloux could appreciate. The boar was hunted with relays in the same way as the stag, and the oldest and the wisest hounds should, Du Fouilloux says, be placed in these relays. When at bay the huntsmen are to surround him and run at him with their spears; in the woodcut illustrating this chapter three men have their spears lodged in a boar's side. "It is a certainty that if bells are fastened to large collars and put on the dogs, the boar will not kill them as soon, and will run longer before them without holding bay."

DU FOUILLOUX, JACQUES—continued

Du Fouilloux is much more enthusiastic when it comes to hare-hunting; saying it is the best, most pleasant sport for gentlemen, as it can be pursued with little cost at any time, and that they can see their hounds hunting, and judge which hunts wit, or, as Turbervile translates it, "be wary and wise to marke her subtilties. The which I have practised all my life, which has caused me to put a part

of my experiences into writing." He does not say whether he hunted with running hounds and greyhounds, as was frequently the custom, but we can gather that he sometimes did so, as he instructs the breaker of young hounds not to give these their reward with the greyhounds, for if one accustomed them to see the greyhounds take the hare, they would ever after, when they were holloaed to when hunting, throw up their heads and not put their noses to the ground, expecting the greyhounds to take the hare in front of them. Two long chapters on the science of this chase, and one on giving the hounds the hallow at the end of the day, bring us to the chapters on badger and fox-drawing and badger-baiting. The fox is treated as vermin, and there is no suggestion even that he could afford good sport if hunted with hounds; he is, like brother badger, to be smoked out or pulled out of his earth by small bassets or a cruel-looking pair of tongs. "As touching foxes I account small pastime in hunting of them, especially within the ground. For as soon as they perceive the terriers, if they yearne hard, and lie near unto them they will bolt and come out straightways, unless it be when a bitch hath cubs, then they will not forsake their young ones, though they die for it " (p. 56 rec.).

Less pleasant reading is the instruction that when taken the lower jaw of the badger or fox should be broken, and the young dogs set on to them thus maimed.

At last comes the entertaining account in which Du Fouilloux gives his idea of how to make a pleasant day's sport, as before mentioned when alluding to the woodcuts. He has himself conveyed in a cart with many picnic accessories to the field of action, with spades, pickaxes, and other implements: "Et faut que le Seigneur marche en bataille de cette façon, equippés de tous les ferrements cy dessus mentionnez, afin d'aller donner l'assaut aux gros Tessons et Vulpins en leur fort, et rompre leurs et contre mine, jusques au centre de la terre, pour en avoir les peaux à faire des carcans pour les Arbaslestiers de Gascongne." Thus writes our gentilhomme, more in joke, it is easy to see, than in earnest.

Then follow the remedies for hounds, of which there are five for the curing of the "five different kinds of madness," and others for mange, and to kill fleas, and for many another canine trouble.

In the poem written by Du Fouilloux and entitled "L'Adolescence," which ends his Venerie, he gives a slight sketch of his youth, though by no means a complete biography. But in the introduction written by M. Pressac to his 1864

edition of La Venerie are collected many interesting details, which we have no space to give in full here. Jacques' father was Antoine Du Fouilloux, descendant of an old family possessing considerable property in Gatine. That he was also fond of the chase we learn from the assurance given by his and quests best. The huntsman must have a good son, and Antoine seems not to have been content with the sport to be had within his own domains, but to have trespassed and hunted on forests claimed by the Abbey of Fontaine le Comte. The monks of this abbey lodged a complaint against him in the courts at Poitiers for bringing nets, ropes, and other hunting appliances into woods and lands where they claimed the sole rights of the chase: "tout droit de chasse et guerre à cor et cry à toutes manières de bestes a poel et à plume." Jacques Du Fouilloux was born in 1521, his mother, Guerine Taveau, dying at his birth, or shortly afterwards. She brought the castle of De Bouillé into the Du Fouilloux family, and her son was hence Seigneur of Du Fouilloux and De Bouillé, the latter being an estate situated on the high road between Fontenoy and Niort. In the poem entitled "L'Adolescence," Jacques Du Fouilloux tells us that he was sent away from home at the early age of five:

> "Transporté fus dehors de ma Gastine Dans un pays de bois et de rochers, Lieu bien hanté de Cerfs et de Sangliers: En servitude en ce lieu fus long temps."

His father's second marriage, which took place about this time, was probably the reason why he was sent to his cousin René de Rochefoucault, at Liniers, to be brought up. He remained under his tutelage for fifteen years, and the servitude he complains of benefited him in so far that he there received the education which enabled him to write his book; but the boyhood was not all spent in studying, for he tells us he exercised himself constantly in the chase. He evidently was impatient of the control of his relatives and determined at the age of twenty to emancipate himself, and to return to his own country. As a wild boar leaves the sounder at the age of three, so does a young man of twenty wish to go away by himself, says Du Fouilloux, and one fine morning, with his limer on leash, and with a bottle swinging at his belt, he took French leave of his foster-parents, and started to walk back to Gatine.

> "De bon matin m'en allay de ce lieu N'oubliant rien sinon à dire à Dieu."

chasmates, plocu, paraspets et les avoir par mine, The castle of Liniers upon which Jacques turned his back, was situated not far from Thouars, about two and a half leagues to the west, and not, according to our modern ideas, a great distance from his native country for which he sighed. A glance at the map shows that it cannot be more than twenty to thirty miles as the crow flies. During his journey he comes across the fresh slot of a stag; encouraging his limer to follow the scent, they hunt through forest and thicket. Presently a gentle sea-breeze and the scent of the hawthorn blossom warn him that he is nearing his goal, and he seats himself to rest on a tree-trunk, and, as he says, "regardant ma bouteille." He again follows the line of the